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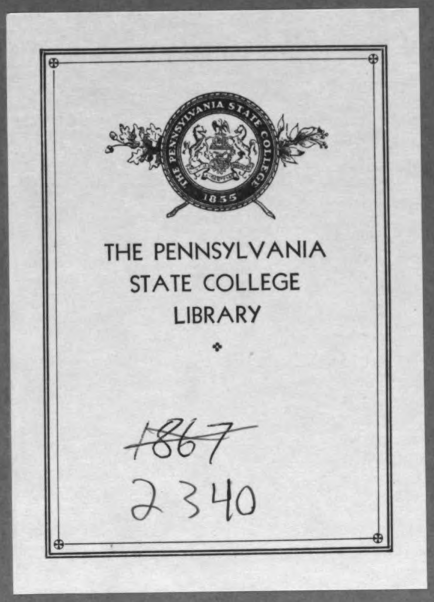
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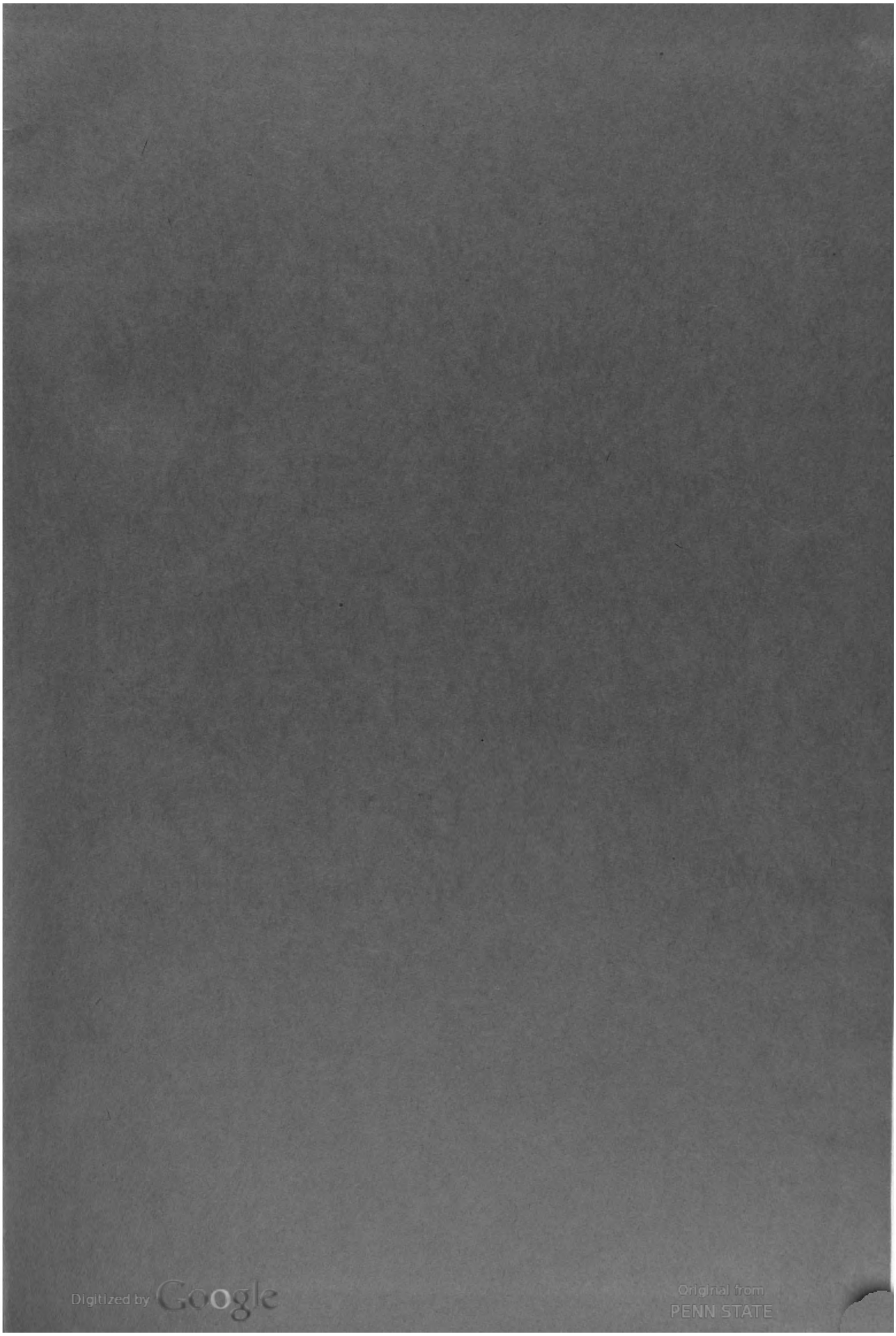
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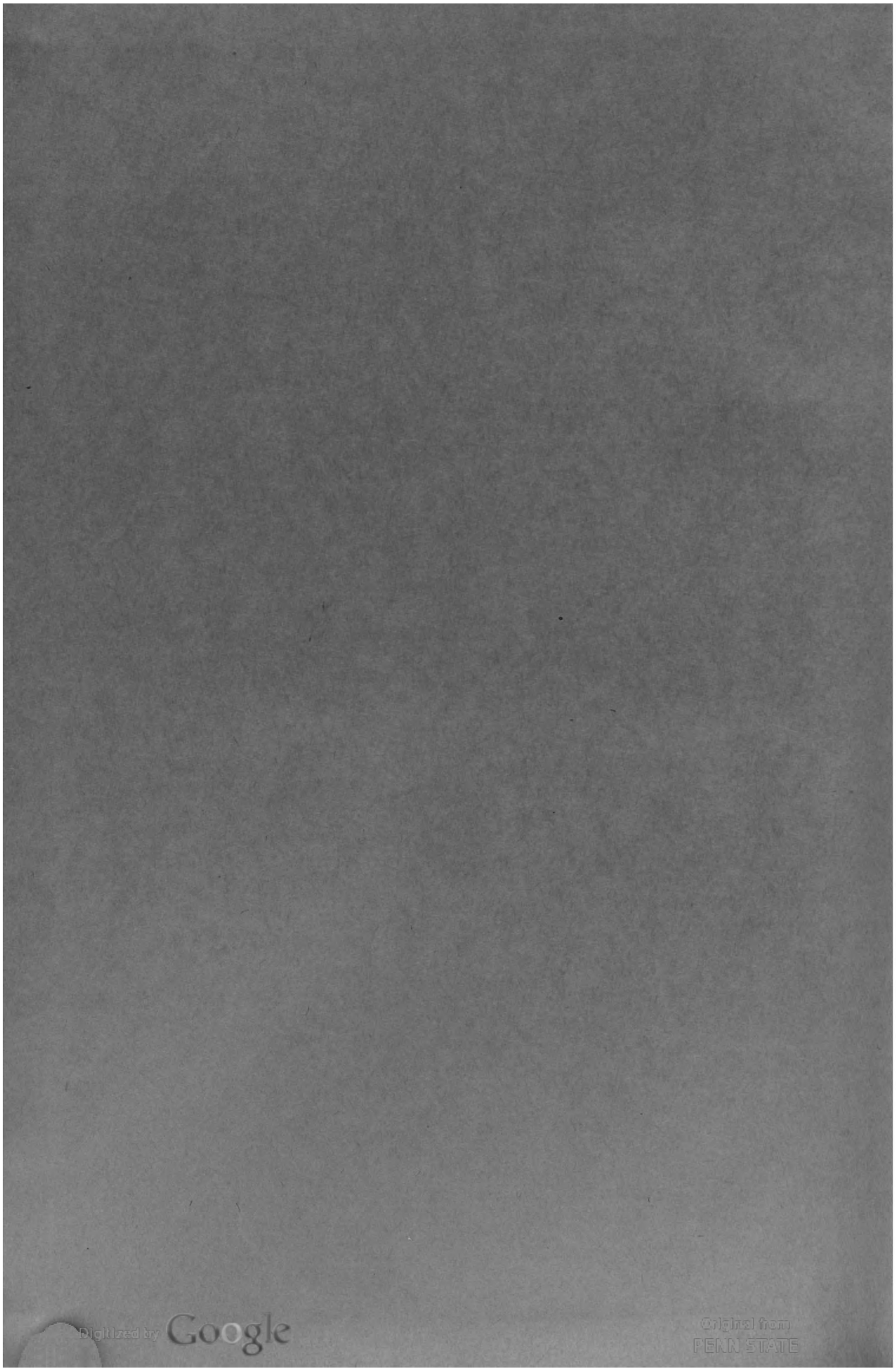
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The Treaty of Peace

THERE is likely to be no serious opposition to its ratification when the treaty of Paris comes before the Senate for consideration. There has always been, however, a sufficient number of Senators to defeat the treaty who, in one way or another, in public or in private, have expressed themselves as opposed to expansion. It is said now that most of these Senators will vote for ratification. Some of them will do so because it is alleged that the ratification of the treaty has been made the policy of the Republican party, but by what authority, or when, it is impossible to say. Surely no party national convention has declared such a policy, and we know of no one or nothing else that has the power to do so. It may be said that the common consent of Republicans is the sufficient authority, but there is nothing easier than such an assertion, and nothing less convincing. We are aware, however, that one method of forcing party agreement in favor of or against a policy is to do the thing desired, thus leaving to the party the choice between accepting the deed as its own or repudiating its leaders. In this way, probably, the acceptance of the Paris treaty is to become a leading feature of the Republican party's programme, and Republican Senators who vote for its ratification will be vindicated. Others will accept the situation and vote against their expressed opinions because they are convinced that public opinion demands such a vote.

But by far the most curious and inexplicable reason is given by Democrats who are still crying out against expansion. They are for ratification because they want the war to end, and because they say that the treaty does not bind the United States to keep the Philippines. This notion is cunningly encouraged by the leading expansionists. Senator FRYE, for example, who is a great deal of an expansionist, says, if he is correctly reported, that "the ratification of the treaty will leave us free to do as we please." He also is reported to have said: "The whole matter is in the hands of Congress. Congress can make any disposition of the islands it sees fit. Ratification of the treaty will not in any way curtail our privileges in this direction." He adds: "I believe we will retain the Philippines, and that the people of this country will not consent to their abandonment." And in this last opinion we agree with Mr. FRYE. We also believe that if the Philippines once become part of the territory of the United States, as they will by the ratification of this treaty, they will always remain so.

The expansionists are encouraging the belief that Congress may surrender the Philippines to the people of the islands or to some other power, notwithstanding the cession of them to this country by the terms of the treaty. We speak, of course, of the terms of the treaty as they have been published in the newspapers, the treaty itself not having yet been made public. The Democrats, believing that the country wants peace and that opposition to the treaty would be unpopular, are professing to intend to ratify the treaty, with the idea of undoing it hereafter, so far as the Philippines are concerned, by a subsequent declaration by Congress against expansion, and, we assume, by giving over the archipelago to some other government than our own, although no plan has yet been proposed except by Senator HOAR.

We have no sympathy with this programme, and we do not believe that it will serve any purpose but that of a campaign issue. That nothing practical will be accomplished by reason of it is as certain as anything human and political can be. It is also clearly the belief of the expansionists that the ratification of the treaty will end the whole historic episode so far as the mere acquisition of territory is concerned, and that henceforth Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and perhaps Cuba will form part of the United States. For our own part, we had hoped that the President would permit this treaty to be an issue in the next Presidential campaign, knowing that its ratification is not really necessary to peace, as we have heretofore abundantly shown, and that the changes in our system that are involved are so great that the people have the right to be heard upon them. This right being denied to the people, the only way to prevent the permanent acquisition of the Philippines is to fight and defeat the treaty. Fighting is always possible, though victory in this instance may be impossible. Of one thing we may be certain, that if the struggle is not made now, any struggle in the future will be useless, and a waste of time which ought to be devoted to devising good government for our colonial possessions. The intention to permit the treaty to be ratified without opposition is, in effect, a complete surrender, and the talk about parting with these islands afterwards is either the airiest of visions or else the windiest of demagogy. Mr. FRYE'S remark is doubtless true, that, the Philippines once acquired, "this country will not consent to their abandonment." It is impossible to understand a mind which hopes that the country will give up territory, in view of the undoubted effect which has been produced by the utterly absurd outcry against hauling down the flag where it has once been raised.

In the treaty, as it has been given us by the daily press, Spain cedes the Philippines to the United States. The treaty ratified, these islands belong to us, as Florida and the Louisiana territories belong to us by purchase, as Hawaii does and Puerto Rico will belong to us by cession. By the interpretation of the Supreme Court of an article of the Constitution which never contemplated this kind of territory, Congress will then assume jurisdiction, and in the course of time will establish governments for these new possessions. Whatever commercial interests may be opened or established in the Orient, it is certain that political interests will grow and flourish there, and those who are benefited by them, or who hope to be benefited, will never accept a mandate to surrender them. Besides, it is not likely that the mandate will be given, unless the burden of taxation by reason of our colonies becomes so heavy as to lead to a popular revolt—a cause that has not operated in this way in what we now call modern times. The people will soon regard the question of the Philippines as an abstract one out of which politicians will make issues, and in which the private citizen will have little concern. We do not expect to see any political victory won at the polls on Mr. BRYAN'S issue, although we are of the opinion that if the issue were at the polls before the islands were actually ours, the result would be different. The expansionists are right in anticipating a triumph with the ratification of their treaty. After that is accomplished, the annexation of the Philippines is *un fait accompli*, and the voters of the United States are not given to unthroning the established thing.

There are many ways in which time may be better spent than in speech-making and resolution-offering over the abstract or general question of expansion. As to these islands, we shall have a duty when they are really ours which we cannot have until then, no matter what the expansionists may have said to the contrary. We must provide a good and stable government for them. We must send to govern them the best administrative officers we can find, men such as General WOOD has shown himself to be at Santiago, and as General LUDLOW is likely to prove at Havana. We cannot send such men as our Presidents have been wont to appoint as Governors of Territories, nor can we every four years replace with new and untried men those who have gained experience and, what is of the utmost importance, the confidence of the natives. We must have a colonial service, and the colonial Governor must not only be a wise and judicious man, but he must not be hampered by Congress, or by politicians with a pull. He must have a wide discretion, something that harmonizes much better with arbitrary than with democratic power, because it is more essential to a power that governs than to a servant of a self-governing people. His subordinates must be trained members of an established service, and absolutely protected against the wiles and whims of politicians. These last must learn that they cannot extend their spoils system to the colonies, because, while we can stand the eccentricities of the heeler in office at home, subject races need something better, and foreign powers are likely to resent what we may tolerate. In a word, spoils politics in distant lands, and on what we may call touchy frontiers, simply add to the dangers of war which will be present for years to come in the part of the world in which we are expanding.

It is to tasks such as this that Congress should devote itself after the treaty shall be ratified, instead of to idle talk about surrendering what has become our own, for the tasks are pressing and practical, but the idea of surrender is a hopeless fantasy.

An American Career

THERE has never been a finer illustration of the scope of the opportunities offered by American institutions than the career of Senator MORRILL, for he was not a strong leader of men who won his way to the front by vigorous self-assertion, or through the forceful command of a happy occasion. He did not rise, therefore, to the greatest of heights. So far as we know, he was never considered as a possibly strong executive, but always as a thoughtful, studious, and safe counsellor, whose ways were those of peace and wisdom. What he gained was due to a pervasive recognition of his character, and especially of his prudence, among his fellow-citizens of his own neighborhood and State.

He began life, like many another American who has been duly appreciated by his countrymen, a poor boy. He did not enjoy the advantages of even the best education which the schools and colleges of Vermont could give him, but after a short course of study in the common school he went into business as a country merchant. As such he prospered, and was able to retire from money-getting at the age of thirty-eight. That he was willing to retire then is evidence not only of his sound sense and sterling character, but of the possession of something better—of an unconquerable desire for self-improvement and for intellectual development. His home was where he was born, in an intelligent American community, where his virtues were early recognized and continued to be valued to the last day of his life. He was stimulated by the intensely active intellectual life about him, and was inspired by the earnest moral sentiments of his neighbors, sentiments which found full expression in antislavery times and in the great civil war. For forty-five years nearly he was a member of Congress. Six times in succession his State elected him to be one of its Senators, not because he was a great orator—he was never that—but because he was a patient, laborious, and wise legislator, whose long experience at Washington made him often of inestimable value to the country and to his commonwealth.

At every step of his career his mind accepted readily all the accessions of knowledge and culture which his opportunities offered to him. He was a gentleman by nature and instincts, and he became one of the most refined members of Washington society, possessing a culture that was remarkable when the educational limitations of his youth are considered.

It may be that men like him are produced in other countries and under different institutions than our own, but Senator MORRILL'S career is not so exceptional in America as to excite surprise and wonder. It not only suggests the altitudes which may be reached here in public career through merit alone, but the polish and graces that may be taken on in the intellectual atmosphere of a free country, where education to some extent is a native inheritance and right, and where intellectual attainments are highly esteemed and encouraged. The free school and free institutions made the community in which Mr. MORRILL was born actively intellectual, one that was willing to reward mental superiority even when it did not approach to genius. In other countries men of the people have risen to great heights in science, art, and literature, and have adorned the polite societies of the capitals of the Old World, but when the son of the European peasant becomes, as he sometimes does in these modern democratic times, a leading man of affairs, his manners and accomplishments are not likely to keep pace with his advancement. The giant of the field of arms or of the legislative halls often remains the peasant in the drawing-room and the library. Mr. MORRILL was at home everywhere, a simple democratic American gentleman, who outside of the schools had trained his mind and his tastes, had even cultivated a certain style in literary composition, and all this he did not only because his mind was capable of the cultivation, not merely because he was disposed towards arts and letters, but because the political and social institutions under which he was born and reared stimulated his desires and ambitions and presented him with opportunity.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT has been computed that the pecuniary accumulations of Mr. John Rockefeller already exceed three hundred million dollars, and that the pile of them is rolling up so fast as to make it seem possible that their owner may live to be the first American billionaire. A billion dollars is a good deal of money, and if Mr. Rockefeller gets together half as much as that he will be doing well enough. How thankful we his fellow-citizens ought to be that he continues to consent to handle all this dross! He might get quit of part of it if he chose, for he is a man of resources, but his strength seems still equal to his day, and he goes on planning for the profitable investment of the masses of capital which keep rolling in on him. We are used to think of wealth as "easy circumstances," but Mr. Rockefeller must long ago have got far beyond that stage of affluence. His circumstances can't be easy, and probably if his health and energy are holding out well he has no desire that they should be so. A man of his resources can, of course, command the labor of armies of his fellows, but the thing works both ways. The employer has to work too, and work hard, to find outlets for his surplus. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Rockefeller's millions and the fortunes allied with his have done towards developing our country and spreading the comforts of civilization. For one recent thing, the rapid improvement of surface transportation in New York is attributed to the abundant capital which the Standard Oil Crœsi were able to furnish to the altruists of the Metropolitan Railway. Most people still think of millionaires as folks with abundance of money to spend for their pleasures. That view of them is out of date now. When a man has three hundred millions the fraction of his income that he can spend for his personal entertainment is unimportant. His important function is to direct the distribution of capital. What these great millionaires spend or for what they spend it is of less vital consequence than what they invest in.

MANY newspapers have lately quoted from the London *Times* its narrative of the life of James Tyson, the richest man in Australia, who lately died and left a fortune of £5,000,000. That is not very much for an American, but in Australia it is considered to be positive affluence. Tyson was an Australian by birth, who began life in poverty, and made all his money in buying and selling cattle and sheep. In that he began and in that he ended, devoting himself to it to the absolute exclusion of all other concerns and interests. He knew nothing about spending money, and was as indifferent to the luxuries of life as our own Russell Sage. He wore cheap ready-made clothes, lived frugally, avoided society, and remained unmarried. But according to his lights he had fun. His fun was the cattle business, and what he called "fighting the desert." His money did not seem to interest him. Once he said, "The money is nothing; it is the little game that was the fun." And being asked what the little game was, he answered:

> "Fighting the desert. That has been my work. I have been fighting the desert all my life, and I have won! I have put water where was no water, and beef where was no beef. I have put fences where there were no fences, and roads where there were no roads. Nothing can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten."

Tyson seems to have been the modern millionaire reduced to his simplest terms. The chief end of millionaires, after they get the few millions which they require to make them comfortable, is to bestow their surplus in such a manner that it will grow. It seems hard to do that successfully without incidentally promoting the comfort and well-being of one's fellows. The "little game" is a good game; so good, indeed, that the players are always in some danger of getting over-interested in it and forming too many of the combinations called "trusts." It may be necessary presently to put a limit to it. How would it do to proclaim that when a man has played it till he has won five hundred millions he shall keep five per cent. of his winnings, and the rest shall be put back into the general pool and the cards reshuffled?

ANOTHER British subject whose death has called out many interesting stories was Sir William Jenner, the leading medical man of his day, and for more than thirty years the Queen's physician. He was greatly honored, was made a baronet, K.C.B., and G.C.B., and is said to have been the only physician to whom this last adornment was ever conceded. He must have got rich too, since for many years his professional income was between $60,000 and $70,000 a year; but he seems to have been somewhat like Tyson the Australian in being interested in his work to the exclusion of other things. It is told of him that, amusements being under discussion once in his presence, he said, "*My* amusement is pathological anatomy." He seems to have worked all the time, except when he was eating or was asleep. He received patients at his house from nine in the morning until a quarter of two, allowing fifteen minutes or less to each. About two o'clock, after a light lunch, he started out in his carriage on his round of visits, and sometimes staid out until ten o'clock. He was a great tea-drinker, ate a good deal, drank very little alcohol, did not smoke, and was remarkable for his power of sleeping. He lasted well, for he lived to be eighty-three years old, though he had to give up practice some years before his death. His only recreation in the years in which he was busiest was reading shilling novels on his railway journeys. He was a great doctor among doctors, and was held to be the best teacher of medicine of his day. One pleasant story about him is that he refused to raise his fee from two guineas to three, as many of his brethren had done, on the ground that it would keep away some people who needed his advice. Any loss, however, that he may have sustained from this forbearance was made up to him by the huge fees that he received when he went out of town for consultation.

THE exhibition now going on in the American Art Galleries of pictures from the Powers Gallery in Rochester, marks the breaking up of a collection which for many years was a source of daily entertainment to its owner, and the occasion of a wide range of emotions in the breasts of thousands of observers. The gallery in Rochester filled the upper stories of the Powers celebrated commercial building, and was open to visitors on payment of a fee of twenty-five cents. There were some thousands of pictures in it, including many that were good, and very many more that were not. The pictures that are now to be sold include about 250 of the masterpieces of the collection. There are admirable paintings among them, and the average of the lot must be high. No doubt they will make an interesting sale.

FROM time to time the newspapers continue to impute far-reaching and important commercial purposes to Mr. Joseph Leiter. The Chicago *Record* lately announced that he is the moving spirit in a milk trust, which is to have a capital of ten millions, and is now negotiating with railroads for low rates of transportation. The trust's intentions are thus concisely stated:

> After milk has been sold for low prices until every rival has closed his shop and sold his wagons, the trust expects to regulate the price of milk on the price of butter. It will then retail for five or six cents, as the Elgin butter market may be up or down.

This is cheerful news for rivals, some of whom, however, will doubtless be let into the trust. Chicago is not likely to suffer, as the patent on cows expired long ago, and one big concern with a good system would probably give the city better average milk than it gets at present.

Another enterprise in which Mr. Leiter is reported to be active is the introduction at home and abroad of an American patent for the application of compressed air as a motor for vehicles.

THERE is no time of life at which a good sentimental story is not welcome, but there are times and seasons when such stories take particularly strong hold. There is William Black's *Princess of Thule*. Persons who had reached an age of appreciation when that story came out, and who read it when it was new, have never ceased to have a tenderness for it, and to hold its author in affectionate regard. It was clear gain, that story, a consoling book, full of affection, fresh air, landscapes, Gaelic, and Scotch whiskey, with no more pain in it than was indispensable to the development of its consolations. Do all kindly and deserving young persons read the *Princess of Thule* as they attain to a proper age? They ought to. Twenty years ago there were few pleasures more innocent and satisfying, and the book must be as good as ever, for peat smoke has an enduring flavor, sunsets fade, but not in print, and love is still popular even in this age of vastly increased opportunities, when you can ride twenty miles in a trolley-car for five cents.

At a pinch, and in deference to his notions of literary obligation, Black could write tragic stories that ended in grief, but his heart went out to the cheerful side of life, and to the best of his ability he lived in the sunshine. In a letter written a year or two ago there is an amusing and characteristic passage in which he denounces with humorous violence a discourse of Mr. Henry James upon George du Maurier, published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, as being too grave a picture, and "utterly unlike our dear, good old frolicsome du Maurier." "Good gracious," he cried, "du Maurier was a humorist!" He loved him best for the fun there was in him and for the pleasure he gave the world. Black himself is loved for analogous reasons—not exactly as a humorist, but as a story-teller who saw pleasant sights, knew good people, and wrote books that make readers happy.

THE recent testing of the 8-inch Gatling rifle at Sandy Hook was of especial interest because this gun is a solid casting, and not, like guns of recent construction, either a built-up or a wire-bound weapon. An article in the WEEKLY for May 7, 1898, told all about the making of this new gun, which has, so far, stood all the tests which have been given it. It is being watched with close attention by British ordnance experts, whom Dr. Gatling and Hiram Maxim have taught to anticipate important results from the experiments of American inventors in gun-making.

NEWS from France of the increasing popularity of kerosene as a beverage suggests the possibility of agitating differences between the Standard Oil Company and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The new habit has made more progress in Paris than elsewhere, and is under observation there by the guardians of the public health. The *petroliques* seem to begin their evil courses not because they are out of humor with alcohol, but because kerosene is the only stimulant they can get. It produces an intoxication which, though a low-spirited affair, has its attractions for the experimenters. How unwholesome kerosene is in its effects, and whether it is worse than alcohol, has not yet been fully determined Meanwhile alcohol is in no present danger of being crowded out of France. The number of wine-shops has increased twenty-five per cent. in twenty-four years, and in the larger cities the consumption of wine varies from forty to sixty gallons a head, besides more or less spirits and beer. Thirst like that must either be restrained or sated by home products. There is no prospect that any considerable part of it will ever be allayed by kerosene.

A REPORT comes from Keokuk, Iowa, of the successful use of crude petroleum on country roads. It is asserted that the petroleum makes a dirt road water-proof, so that it will stay dry and hard in wet weather. One barrel of it, worth ninety cents at the place of production, is said to be enough to treat one hundred feet of road twelve feet wide. At that rate, roads could be improved at a cost of about fifty dollars a mile. How long the effects of the treatment last does not appear, but the experiment is easily made wherever crude petroleum is obtainable. Of course it may all be just a device of the Standard Oil people to induce folks to buy petroleum and put it back into the ground, where the Standard can find it and pump it out again. But that seems unlikely, for the plan was commended to the Good Roads Association of Missouri by Major M. Meigs, of Keokuk, and "M. Meigs" is *nomen clarum* among engineers.

NOTHING that Lieutenant Hobson did or did not do in his journey across the continent at all affected the fervor of his welcome in San Francisco. There was a public reception for him there on the morning of the 24th, and he made a speech. In the afternoon, when he went to the dock to board the steamer *Gaelic*, a huge crowd accompanied him. He had to make more speeches, and finally started for Hong-kong to the noise of all the steam-whistles in the harbor.

On the whole, the episode of Hobson, who sunk the *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor, recalls in some particulars the episode of Bryan, who told of the cross of gold at the convention at Chicago. In each case the exploit made its author known to the whole American people, and when seventy millions of people make a new acquaintance suddenly and unexpectedly, it takes a good while for the uproar to die out.

The New York *Herald* reports Hobson to have said in public, in San Francisco, before he sailed:

> "I have suffered deeply through printed reports of my actions. These reports are untrue. It is a fact that I have kissed some of my relatives in public, and also children, but I cannot express too strongly my disgust at the exaggerated accounts of my actions."

NO doubt the roads were bad in Flanders, and that was a chief reason why the armies there swore so terribly. One cannot look at Mr. Walker's spirited drawing, in this week's WEEKLY of an incident in the Puerto Rico campaign without longing to know what Major Rodney's men are saying. Perhaps, though, it is as well that we cannot hear. There is a more or less general impression that the Puerto Rico campaign was all picnic; that all the marching was done over a fine military road built by the Spanish; that every one had coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, and other meals *à la carte*, and that everything went off well. Everything did go off well, but not without timely pushing. Mr. Walker has made it clear that this march of Major Rodney's had very little of the picnic element about it. Whether twenty-four miles a day is a big march for artillery or not depends, of course, on the roads. In this case it was undoubtedly big.

THE Waring Fund, on December 28, had reached $94,823, so that its completion is near at hand. Republics may be ungrateful, but this fund will attest that cities are not incapable of appreciation.

WAKE ISLAND, so called, no doubt, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it is a sleepy place, promises to be Uncle Sam's next territorial acquisition. Information about it is scarce, and as much may be said of the island itself. What there is of it lies north of the Marshall Islands, between Hawaii and Guam, and word has been sent to Captain Taussig of the gunboat *Bennington*, now or lately at Honolulu, to stop on his way to Guam and annex it. It is 2300 miles from Honolulu and 1200 from Guam, its nearest neighbors being the Marshall Islands, which are British. If Captain Taussig can find the island, he can probably annex it by merely nailing up a sign to say it is ours, and that no trespassers are allowed, for, so far as is known, no one lives there at present, or claims to own it. It is reported to be three miles long and eight feet high, and is of coral formation. We are taking it because we think it will make a convenient station for the cable which we may want to lay presently between this continent and the Philippines. It will make one of the queerest places to live in in the world, as remote as any place can well be in these days, and yet in hourly communication with the civilized world. Guam is far away and somewhat drowsy, but Guam has eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and is a metropolis compared to Wake.

It must be ever so interesting to be a cabinet officer nowadays, and go to sleep with an atlas under your pillow, and wake up with an idea for annexing a new island. It has all the excitement of piracy without goriness, scurvy, wounds, or bad food.

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DR. SVEN HEDIN.

*Asia High and Dry**

WE are familiar with Asia from the water side, both south and east. On the north the Russians are making lower Siberia not only traversable, but habitable. Yet right in the centre of the largest continent on the globe is a vast area marked on the map as a great white spot. This shows that it is suffering from anæmia; that the rich red blood of commerce is not flowing as it ought, to enrich the veins and arteries of social existence.

Yet here is a region rich, in parts at least, in game to tempt the rifleman, unmapped regions to delight the geographer, mountains peerless in height to dare the Alpine climber, and ruins of Buddhist civilization and relics of Greek art to fascinate the archæologist.

Here was once a whole rosary of thriving cities. Along this path Marco Polo travelled. This is the region of the geyser springs of humanity, whence have arisen those great hordes which have rushed in devastating or fertilizing floods upon China and Europe. With so much, then, to tempt the men of peace who yearn either for fresh worlds or for goodly slices of this old one to conquer, the wonder is that so many stay away. The very thought of penetrating into these cradle lands of mystery and of beginnings must mean temptation to a daring soul.

In reading his fascinating story (which he has left unencumbered from many technical details, reserving these for a future volume) we have, besides nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs, two very clear maps, which shows us how thorough he accomplished his geographical work, and such maps are eloquent. His book is a feast for the general public. It is the fascinating narrative of a man who in good health enjoyed everything he saw, who had a keen eye for both the sublime in nature and the ridiculous in men, dogs, camels, yaks, and other animals that furnish assistance or sustenance.

Hedin's route was across Russia to Orenburg, and thence over the Kirghiz Steppes from Lake Arel to Tashkeng, and thence to Margelan. By this time he was near that fortieth parallel of latitude which we may think of as the great highway of the Mongols when they rushed into Europe. Then began his winter journey over the Pamirs. Here, it will be remembered, Russian officers to their joy, and British military men to their exasperation, were long engaged "rectifying" frontiers or trying to create "scientific" ones. They carried on a work which in winter cannot accurately be called luxurious, and makes a Londoner long for the comforts of his club and the "social life of the British army." Up the world's vastest slopes, through passes that reveal the glory of scenery unsurpassed, along the glacier-lined valleys, and over many a hut or lake, the author reached Fort Pamir, and was handsomely treated by the Russian officers. Cold as it is in those regions, this spot once threatened to be a boiling-point in politics, until Lord Salisbury accepted the results of the Russian and British surveys.

As if not high enough on "the roof of the world," the author moved eastward and spent many months around the western basis of Mus-Tagh-Ata, or Father of the Ice Mountains, one of the loftiest peaks in the world, and the culminating point of a meridional chain. It towers to the height of 25,000 feet, like a mighty bastion, overlooking the barren wastes of Central Asia. Clad in white robes of snowy purity, and sheathed in breastplates of ice, its silvery sheen flashes like the gleam of a lighthouse to a vast distance across the desert ocean. Distant nations may bless this ice-father, for he keeps a colossal cold-storage establishment, down whose sides and in whose deep gorges are glaciers that feed rivers and oceans. After three attempts Hedin succeeded in reaching the top. Exultingly he devotes a chapter to the moonlight.

One secret of Hedin's astonishing success is that after each severe campaign he rested and recuperated. He dwelt a while, after his great climb, among the Kirghiz people. These folks follow the advice of the Japanese proverb, "Live under your own hat." Not only do they wear head-gear of imposing size, but their tents are made of hat material, or felt. Though cleanliness is not at a premium, they live comfortably. From Kashgar, where there were missionaries and European society, our hardy geographer prepared to penetrate the great Takla-Makan desert. Now all around the edges of this desert are mountain ranges and rivers, but every honest map shows not only man's ignorance, but suggests the horrors of dryness and barrenness. At first all promised well. On the outskirts were found streams and greenery, and the route seemed like that in the Twenty-third Psalm. Soon they struck into the great thirst-land. Sand will not support human life, whether quiet and cushionlike under the feet, drifted into colossal dunes, or sifted in the air by hurricanes. One had to breathe semi-solid matter. Fearful were the sufferings of the dogs and camels. In the dust haze of the next day the crests of the dunes gleamed out of the gloom like fantastic ghosts, or yellow dolphins with arched backs, mocking the travellers for audacity in daring to defy them. All sense of distance and perspective was lost. By-and-by, with no moisture in sight, except a few quarts of water reserved for the men, "the ships of the desert," man's only hope on that endless sea, became wrecks. Suddenly a gadfly came buzzing among the camels. Instantly the hopes rose to fever-point. They believed they were nearing "land." Mocking deception! The winged creature had probably lain hidden in the hairy hide of one of the camels. By ripping open the pack-saddles and feeding the camels on the material, with a few drops of water, they were able to move on a little further, hoping to make the Khotan Daria (or River).



DR. HEDIN CARRYING WATER IN HIS BOOTS.
PART OF A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR.



CAMELS TRAMPLING A PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

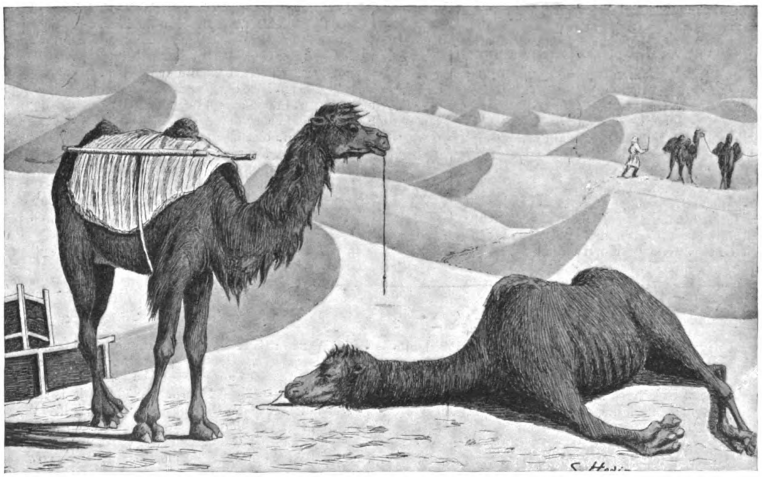
In vain they tried for water amid the red flood of a cloudless sunset after-glow. They dug in the sand to make a well. After hours of labor they had passed through a cool stratum only to feel the sand drier and warmer than before. One by one the camels died. Then, after no drinking had become possible, but only the moistening of the men's lips, the last drop of water gave out. In "the camp of death" the crisis came.

Abandoning the wreck of the caravan and the dead camels, Hedin and one of his men made a desperate march. Kasim fell exhausted when they had reached a tamarisk, and, willing to die there, left Hedin in his rags to crawl through the forest in search of a pool. The hero succeeded. Precious water revived him. It was as the angel to Hagar's boy. "Never before and never since have I so vividly realized the sublime influence of the Eternal," writes the author, who talks of the rustling robes of an unseen presence. Then, not like Lord Marmion's shivering monk (who brought water from Sibyl Grey's well in a helmet), but rather like a Dutch boy who makes a cup out of his klomps, the Swede, with his two water-proof boots filled to the leg-tops, went back to Kasim. The water in the leather cups saved the Yarkand man's life. Then they met shepherds, who formed a rescue party and went back to the deserted camp.

The author's next explorations were along the river valleys north and west, whence he returned to Kashgar for recuperation. The summer was spent in a trip to the southern Pamirs. Between the Russian and British officers of the Boundary Commission, delighted with Lord Salisbury's telegram of acceptance of their labors, lively were the festivities on "the roof of the world."

Another desert, the famous one of Gobi, or the dried-up sea, with whose name we are so familiar on the maps, remained to be traversed. While travelling to Lop Nor, the author passed through a region which, though vastly higher altitude, is not historically unlike Yucatan or Cambodia in its archæological interest and abundance of relics. Here Buddhism and civilization once flourished, and evidently from quite respectably ancient times. This part of the book will delight the scholar, for the relics collected by Mr. Hedin show that even Greek taste and principles of art had penetrated this region. The beauty of the human faces and the lion and other figures on the toys, the terra-cotta ornaments, and the tiles is striking. None the less so is the abundance of Buddhist relics. Here, too, are mighty forests, reed swamps, and wild camels, asses, and yaks. In one instance the author expected himself and his horse to be tossed into the air, but fortunately got a bullet in the right place at the exact second. Great indeed were the wonders and thrilling were the adventures of the author's desert journey. At one time he was robbed, but fortunately met with a resolute energy and quick sense of justice in protecting the interests of the European, which are not usual qualities in a Chinese mandarin. Once more from Khotan he pushed toward the rising sun, through northern Tibet and Tsaidam. Over the dunes and passes and down through a valley, which seemed little more than a chain of lakes, he reached inhabited regions again. With vigilance he passed the Tangut robbers scathless. Then, studying the Mongols, he passed Kokonor. Buddhist temples by the thousands and images by the millions were seen. Then he moved eastward until he reached Peking.

No one has excelled Hedin in the value of the assured results of adventure and science nor in charm of story. The winsomeness and bonhomie of the author, his interest in children of all growths, as well as in the wonders of nature, account largely for the fascination of his narrative.



THE FIRST TWO CAMELS ABANDONED IN A DYING STATE.
SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

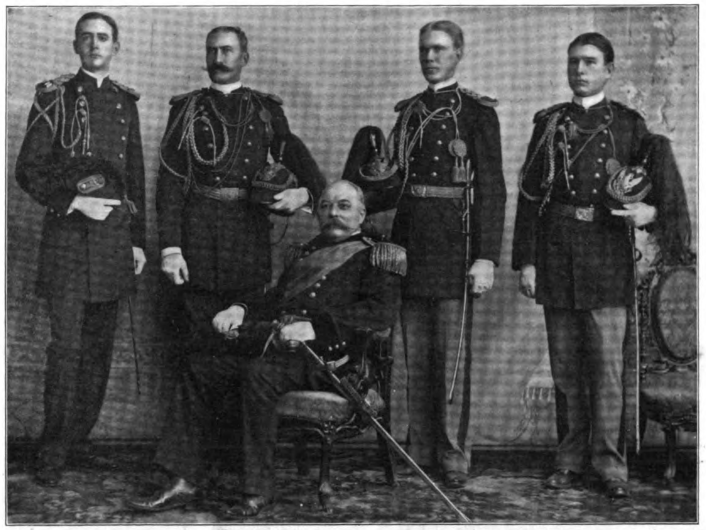


TERRA-COTTA LIONS' HEADS FROM BORASAN.

Mr. Sven Hedin, whose photograph shows a well-built Swede somewhere about the region of forty, and probably on its sunny side, is a traveller unusually well equipped for his work. Besides years of study of Asiatic problems, and the perusal of the works of his pioneers and predecessors, he made journeys to Persia and Central Asia in the middle of the last and early in the present decade. During this time he learned the peculiarities of Asiatic human nature, and mastered two of the most important languages. His success emboldened him to seek royal and private aid for the purpose of exploring northern Tibet and Mongolia. He proposed to study their geology and archæology, and to learn all about the mountains and rivers, but especially the human beings, of that region. Despite many hardships and adventures, and once just grazing death by thirst, he was successful. After four years of travel he was able, on March 2, 1897, to ride in at the gate of Peking, and make his last entry on the five hundred and fifty-second sheet of his surveying journal.

* *Through Asia.* By Sven Hedin. Two vols., 8vo., illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Judge Advocate.



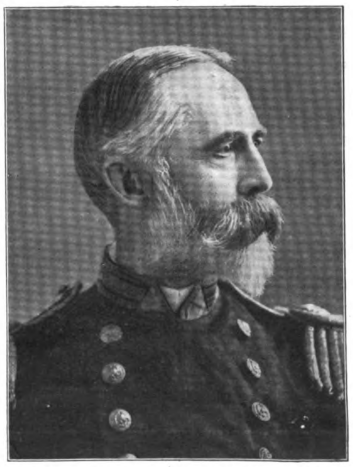
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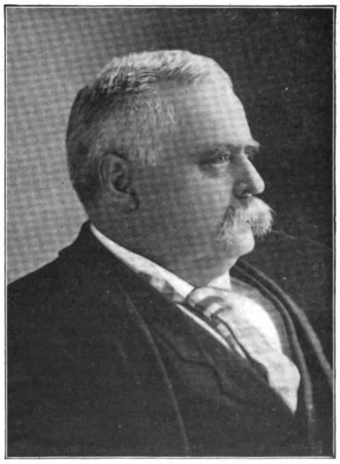
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Governor of Province of Havana.

THE EVACUATION OF CUBA BY SPAIN.

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DRAMA

THE idea upon which Miss Marie Corelli based her *Sorrows of Satan* is of very deep philosophical significance. Satan, though fallen, is a being of light—Lucifer, Angel of the Morning. In an evil hour he has sworn enmity to mankind, and the punishment God has given him is that he must keep his oath. He longs passionately to return to heaven, to which he was born, but is fated to tempt mankind to evil, and his wicked mission will not end until mankind has risen above every temptation. The common or garden devil is sad only when men are good. Miss Corelli's somewhat original devil is saddest when they are

Why the Devil is Sad.



AVONIA BUNN (ELIZABETH TYREE),
In "Trelawny of the Wells," Act II.

bad. We have here one of the oldest as well as of the profoundest of philosophical paradoxes. It is the essence of the saying, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth"; and almost every system of philosophy is tinged with the idea that the mission of disease, sorrow, and sin is to purify mankind. As a fable for a true drama, this has one very grave difficulty: it is hard, or impossible, to imagine that a being in human form, even a devil, should be so clever in doing a thing that is forever repugnant to him. In other words, the character of the sorrowing Satan has no dramatic propriety. The magnificently malignant devil of the Middle Ages—the Satan of "Paradise Lost"—is powerful as a dramatic figure because he fits our usual conceptions of the evil in life. The Corellian Satan can have place only in a drama of metaphysical thought. Yet in the hands of a poet who is sufficiently powerful this metaphysical drama of the "Sorrows of Satan" might be made as great as the philosophical drama of "Faust."

The treatment of Miss Corelli's Satan, I need scarcely point out, is not sufficiently powerful in either the novel or the drama. The novel, I must say, is far better than I would have believed in the days when all I knew of Miss Corelli was the fact that she is the favorite novelist of Queen Victoria, as well as of her more bourgeois subjects. Conventional as it is in treatment, and innocent of intellectual depth, it has a certain crude sublimity of conception, which has raised my estimate of Miss Corelli and of the Queen. The nameless dramatization of the novel at The Broadway is far from being a pure drama. It is a spectacular melodrama. This, it is only fair to add, is all it pretends to be; and after the conventional manner of spectacles and melodramas, it is not half bad. Essentially shallow and vapid as it is, it would be in no way surprising if it turned out to be a success.

A Sorry Satan at the Broadway.

Several of the people in the bill are pleasant to see. Miss Mary Shaw plays *Lady Sibyl Elton* much better than so crude a character deserves. I had the feeling that, granted a few speeches with a grain of dramatic propriety (I leave out the question of moral seemliness), she would have been well worth hearing. The other women, too, are better than their stupid and noxious parts deserve. I except only Miss Violet Dene, "from the Gaiety Theatre, London," who does La Danse d'Amour in the garden fête that Satan conjures up for the temptation of his hero. Miss Dene's dance was bad enough to tempt any man. As *Prince Louis Rimânez*—that is to say, Satan—Mr. John E. Kellard was, in his few good passages, strikingly effective. His only difference in costume (until his apotheosis at the end) lay in the fact that he wore a black evening tie with an afternoon coat—which certainly did look like the devil; but he somehow carried himself with a loftiness of bearing that kept his Satanic Majesty always in one's mind, and gave the only palpably artistic effect in the play—if one except La Danse d'Amour. I should like to see Mr. Kellard in a part that has real tragic possibilities.

The Devil and his Crew.

The fact that "Phroso" is an out-and-out melodrama, I take it, is by no means to be counted against it. The difference between a drama and a melodrama lies mainly in the fact that a drama develops from situation to situation in harmony with the characters and the passions at play, whereas the incidents of a melodrama are the result of accident merely. If the successive situations of a melodrama are truly conceived, and are adequately put into effect, only a pedant could object. In its fundamental action "Hamlet" is, and always will be, a melodrama. More than this, it has been observed that generations that have lost the taste for melodrama produce few or no tragic actors. About the only school in which the power of tragic utterance is to be learned is the too often despised melodrama. To any one who cares for tragedy the saddest fact connected with the very sad dearth of Shaksperean productions is that melodrama has passed away from Broadway, and is passing even from the Bowery. I accordingly went to the Empire Theatre with a willingness to be grateful to Mr. Hope for writing the novel of *Phroso* and to Messrs. Edward Rose and H. V. Esmond for putting it on the stage. I am still grateful to them, but not as I expected to be.

In Praise of the Melodrama.

The successive adventures in "Phroso" are truly enough conceived in themselves; but they come and pass so rapidly that they fall on each other's necks. I confess to a liking for a hero that gets into trouble as fast as he gets out of it; but you can see the troubles of the hero of "Phroso" awaiting him in battalions. I also like a secret door. Mr. Sothern's secret door in "A Colonial Girl" I thought a marvel of Yankee ingenuity. The English secret door in "Phroso" wins from it hands down. It is a double-back-action secret door; a grand-right-and-left secret door. When the hero (Mr. William Faversham) wants to get into it, it turns only from the outside, and when the hero wants to get out, it turns only from the inside. When the Turk wants to go either way it turns him inside outside. These are not all the wonders! At the end of the third act the heroine (Miss Jessie Millward) goes into the secret passage in one gown, and when she emerges on the Bay of Sands, at the beginning of the fourth act, she has on another and even more beautiful gown. Such a secret door I adore! I like a villyun, too, and I do not particularly object if he villyuns so hard that everybody in town would certainly be on to him. In "Phroso" there is a Greek villyun and a Turk villyun, and each one has a band of heelers that go villyuning with him. It fares pretty ill with the hero until one villyun kills the other villyun, and the hero's band of heelers arrive just in time to pull him out of his last scrape before the curtain falls. At this point some critic remarked that there was too much incident in the play. I beg to differ. The audience was made up largely of pink-cheeked boys home from school for the holidays, of schoolgirls with their hair braided down their backs, and of sentimental parties like myself; and in that supreme moment when the stage was full of Greek villyuns and Turkish villyuns and sailor heelers, when the hero was triumphant over all, only a miserly old skinflint of a stage-manager could have the heart to deny us a ballet.

So Generous of you, Mr. Hope.

A fleeting impression I had had of "Trelawny of the Wells" was recalled by my reflections on amateur actors who imitate professionals, and I gladly made it the pretext for a third visit to the Lyceum. It seems to me now, as on the first hearing, that Mr. Pinero, expert as he often is in portraying the people of the real world, has not done as well by Cavendish Square as by the gypsies of the Wells. *Captain de Fienix*, with his monocle and his weeper whiskers, is outwardly a replica of that swell of Leech's who could not drink coffee at breakfast because it kept him awake all day; but in all *de Fienix* says and does there is not one trait as vital as that jest of Leech's. Young *Arthur Gower* might be anything that would fit Mr. Woodruff's curly blond wig and his curly blond smile. The great-aunt *Trafalgar* is at

Mr. Pinero and Cavendish Square.



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.



JOHN E. KELLARD,
In "The Sorrows of Satan," at the Broadway Theatre.

most designated by her horror of things "out of place." The Vice-Chancellor is more distinctly imagined, but even he has his trade-mark in his "have we no cheers!" and is otherwise a character of the kind familiar to the conventional English novel. A gentleman of the old school would scarcely have been so complaisant as to let himself be hidden behind the calico hangings that hide *Rose Trelawny's* bed, even to help along one of Mr. Pinero's situations. The actors of the Wells, on the other hand, appear more distinct and more complex on every hearing. If they have a tendency to mannerisms, as in the case of Ferdinand Gadd's often-repeated *Hahch!* it is the work of the Lyceum actors, not of the playwright. Miss Mannering, even granting the limitations of her power, shows the simple sweetness of the Leech girl, and perhaps more than the Leech girl's humor; her smile of appreciation as she hustles the Vice-Chancellor behind her hangings (which smile, by-the-way, as the book does not call for it, is possibly "business" of her own) almost redeems an impossible situation. Miss Tyree's *Avonia Bunn* is full of the exaggerated affection, the impossible loyalty, and the mental shallowness of the primitive histrionic temperament. Mr. Morgan's *Wrench*, at first a trifle heavy, is gaining in variety of comic effect, and is always rich and sincere in feeling. Miss Hilda Spong's *Imogen Parrott* "of the Olympic" is the life. In a word, while the manners of Mr. Pinero's "non-theatrical-folk," as he calls them, are capable of only the vaguest and most conventional portrayal, his "theatrical folk" show a depth of knowledge and an intimacy of satire greater than he has hitherto evinced. The struggle after "life" and "society," of which Mr. Pinero's comedietta shows us the beginning, has, after forty years, produced no more than this! Perhaps the Amateur Comedy Club is to be pardoned if it too begins and ends with the portrayal of the manners of the stage.

JOHN CORBIN.

The Ocean is Ours

This poem was written by Hon. Bellamy Storer, United States Minister to Belgium, under the inspiration of a paragraph in an article published in the Paris *Temps*, on the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago, and was sent to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who has kindly consented to its publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The following is a translation of the paragraph in question:

"If it is true that all the Spanish fleet has been destroyed except a single ship, it is a disaster almost equal to that of the Grand Armada. Once more the sea has betrayed Spain to the profit of that Anglo-Saxon race which appears decidedly, under whatever flag it fights—under the stars and stripes, or under the union jack—to have all the favors of that element."—THE EDITOR.

O'ER the Atlantic
Comes the roar of the ship guns—
The English-speaking ship guns—
Telling the "Latin race," frantic and old,
Telling all Russia, gigantic and young,
Telling the feudal boy-Kaiser romantic,
What the Spanish Armada by Howard was told;
What the winds to the salt seas for ages have sung.
Telling the Powers:
"The ocean is *ours*.
Together we pull,
Nelson and Farragut,
Rodney and Hull."

O'er the Pacific
Comes the roar of the ship guns—
The English-speaking ship guns—
Singeing the beard of the Don at Manila
As Drake did at Cadiz three centuries gone.
The Orient shakes at the thunder terrific,
Drake's message from Dewey: "We sank their flotilla
In spite of their forts! As *you* did, we've done!
The ocean is *ours*,
The ocean is *ours*.
Together we pull,
Nelson and Farragut,
Rodney and Hull."

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MUSIC

THE absorbing home-interests that focus themselves affectionately between Christmas and New-Year's Day appear to have been no particular interference to musical audiences in this city during all the past fortnight. The Opera House has been crowded, and, moreover, the audiences have been brilliant socially. The concerts have succeeded, one by one, with what theatrical gentlemen call excellent business. Noticeable too this year has been a mighty influx of strangers from various quarters of the country; of strangers obviously with money to spend on other and more soothing pastimes than the struggle to purchase Christmas gifts for the grateful—and ungrateful—absent. To some of us who remember when, not so many years ago, the opera fairly went to bed to rest itself during the whole holiday term, or went afar on tour, when no musical managements in the city tried announcements, unless in the case of an annual "The Messiah" performance, this change is of some interest. To the artistic profession it must indeed be so. An old letter lies before me as I write, in which Teresa Tietjens says to a friend, "There is no money to be made in New York until past Christmas week; and Mr. —— is afraid that this year every one will be so poor after it that we shall never have good houses." Apparently the pinch of high-grade and wealthy poverty is not severe in the country's jubilant January of peace treaties, of territorial expansion, and of assorted singers, pianists, violinists, conductors, and what not.

Music's lost Holidays.



PIETRO MASCAGNI,
Composer of "Iris."

Apropos of "The Messiah," and of the custom, pious but by no means appropriate, of "offering" Handel's oratorio amid the hilarities of Christmas, it is pleasant to see how independent of the practice of engaging great foreign stars of doubtful English diction our Oratorio Society has become. The wise conclusion evidently has been reached that to sing Handel well demands American artists, or English ones, distinctively of the concert stage and of the oratorio manner—rather than the aid of foreign operatic people, charm they never so exquisitely. Apparently, too, that faithful (and curiously distinctive) thing the "'Messiah' public" is now intelligent enough to be satisfied with home-made competency, and with trustworthy, if not world-famous, voices in the familiar solo parts. Incidentally it is thus spared hearing German and French and Italian accents maltreat some of the most solemn and lovely of Biblical extracts. The Oratorio Society is this year under Mr. Frank Damrosch's progressive guidance. Its presentation of the old oratorio (not yet given as I write) should be a pleasure to all who esteem either the best or least admirable episodes in it. The quartet announced for it is solidly excellent—composed of Miss Sara Anderson, Mrs. Katherine Fiske, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, and Mr. David Bispham. Miss Anderson this year has been ranked, with deserved honors, among our younger sopranos. Mrs. Fiske, a contralto, originally of Chicago, but prominently identified with the finer concert incidents of the British stage during many seasons, is an unusual artist in the warmth of her large voice and in the sincere quality of her art.

Of "The Messiah."

Pietro Mascagni, even comparing him with Newest Italy in music, can hardly be regarded as a composer who has gone from strength to strength. "Cavalleria Rusticana" remains his most robust and representative opera. What its writer has put forth in the way of a later advance in elegance is not so eloquent. No new effort has achieved more than a shadow of the success of that passionate drama of Santuzza and Turiddu. "L'Amico Fritz" is feeble and finicky. "I Rantzau" is dull and finicky. "Ratcliff" has not made headway, though rewritten. "Silvano" is a failure. "Zanetto" is merely a refined and poetic trifle of delightful orchestral diction. To that score due notice was given in this department a year ago, when the opera—or operetta—was produced, rather casually, in this city.

Mascagni's new Opera "Iris."

To the composer's newest opera, "Iris," now only six weeks old, a reference has already been made here; but a trusty correspondent gives me some sober impressions of the work, after two or three hearings of it. They define its general course and quality and chances of success with more emphasis than do most discussions of it in print since its Roman *première*. The illustrations given herewith are of interest in the connection, a recent portrait of Mascagni included. The story and stage pictures of "Iris" are wholly Japanese. Luigi Illica has shaped a tragic, half-mystical tragedy in three acts, setting forth the pursuit of the innocent girl *Iris* (an absurd Latin name for a Japanese!) by *Osaka*, a young voluptuary. She is abducted by him during a street-ballet, to the despair of her blind old father. Imprisoned in a den of luxurious wickedness, *Iris* repels *Osaka*, and at last throws herself from a window over a precipice to escape him. She dies where she falls; but not till morning. As the sun rises it invests her corpse with all the splendors of morn, opens the flowers that are her emblem about her, glorifies her fate with a curious symbolism. Such is the outline of Illica's libretto, and it seems dramatic and picturesque. We have not had another serious Japanese opera, though the speaking stages have had several plays tragic or Niponese in character and local color. The praise for the score of "Iris" is especial to the richness and variety of its instrumentation, in which Mascagni appears to have told everything that he knows about writing an opera on symphonic lines—and he has studied diligently, perhaps overstudied, that matter for a good while. Of the lyrical quality and the dramatic force of the dialogues not so much is said, but the opera appears to be tolerably straightforward in them. A serenade at the beginning, a narrative scene in the second act, and a lyric duet that ensues, and a certain "Hymn to the Sun" which affords a prelude, and is described as "one of the most sumptuous and elaborate pieces of orchestral writing of the day"—are episodes of mark. The first performances have been brilliant in patronage; the Court, the Italian musical world, and a long list of impresarii from all over Europe attending. The chief rôles were taken by two singers known to New York—Ericlea Darclée (*Iris*), an extremely bad French soprano and a singularly powerful actress, who sang a few nights at the Academy of Music in 1896; and de Lucia (*Osaka*), a tenor of almost identical faults and virtues, who was with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau a few seasons ago with some effect.

Just as it chances, the present time of writing is out of joint for discussing a series of notable incidents in the way of fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House. The lustrous roster of Mr. Grau's company for the season has been completed by the coming of yet other prima donnas and of other men singers of the first notability and vogue here. Mr. Jean de Reszké, Mr. Maurel, Madame Saville, and Madame Lehmann have arrived. They are late laborers in the Metropolitan's vineyard; but certain to receive a pretty penny, and really with a good deal of the burden and heat of the season before them. Madame Schumann-Heink, the star contralto of the season, is just on the eve of her delayed New York début as these lines leave me. So far, Madame Calvé and Miss Fanchon Thompson are the only singers originally announced as of Mr. Grau's tuneful battalion who will not, after all, be of its membership. It is significant of the company as it remains that two such absences are not more than remarked. Miss Suzanne Adams, one of our compatriots, and a young soprano of European success, has also a first New York appearance before her. Mr. de Reszké made his rentrée as *Roméo* last week, before a house of unbounded cordiality. It may be noted that the cordiality was prettier than it was discriminating. Mr. de Reszké was not in good voice, nor was his art as refined as the past has disclosed it in the same rôle. *Roméo*, for that matter, is no longer a happy assumption to a tenor of mature face and figure. All the *bel canto* in the power of such a master in it as is in Mr. de Reszké cannot atone for a *Roméo* obviously of more than middle years. Mr. de Reszké should be amiably but firmly warned away from the boyish lover of *Juliette*. In like manner, this representation made it clear that the part of *Juliette* can never be a joy to those of us who admire the wonderful endowments of Madame Sembrich. Gounod's music is curiously exact in revealing just how and where Madame Sembrich's lovely voice has been touched with time. As in Mr de Reszké's instance, the subtlest acting cannot counterfeit youth. This week Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is to be revived in all honor, with a cast that will be historic, even among so many revivals of it preceding to-day.

The Season's Height.



KATHERINE FISKE,
Contralto.

The Castle Square Company added an odd operatic incident to the last week by reviving, or "resurrectionizing" (as goes the ominous old term of the police courts), "Lurline," that once popular "fairy opera" by the author of "Maritana." Whatever vitality the feeble piece possessed in the ears and eyes and imaginations of British audiences some forty years ago certainly cannot be discerned now. Wallace's personal history is nothing if not lively. His operas are nothing if not flaccid feebleness. The Castle Square should spend its capital powder and shot on better old targets than "Lurline." Perhaps the management thought that we have Wagnerian indigestion and need—a whey cure!

Wallace's "Lurline" resurrected.

In those cities hardly in close touch with New York to which it is pleasant to credit a considerably independent musical life, Dayton, Ohio, appears to be a somewhat special name. The Philharmonic Society of that city has just issued a record of its orchestral and choral presentations between 1878 and the present season. It makes a praiseworthy classical showing. The present conductor is Mr. W. L. Blumenschein. The orchestra I have not heard, so I cannot judge of its merits; but its repertory is distinctly honorable.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



BALLET GROUP IN MASCAGNI'S NEW OPERA, "IRIS," AS PRODUCED AT ROME.
"Death." "Pleasure." "The Vampire."

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"THE MUSIC OF THE PAST"—MUSIC-ROOM DECORATION IN THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARTIST.

New Pictures by Frederick A. Bridgman

IN these days mural painting is absorbing the attention of many of our best painters, and it is interesting to note how one by one their number is being increased. Frederick A. Bridgman does not reckon himself among them yet. He has not so far painted a mural canvas—treated frankly, that is to say, as a part of the flat work, and designed with direct reference to some architectural space. But the fascination of the decorative style of painting has entered into him, and is leading him nearer and nearer to that dividing-line upon the other side of which the canvas ceases to count independently as a picture, and gains its chief strength and value by subordinating itself to the requirements of the architecture.

Mr. Bridgman has had several distinct manners. After a course of study at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, under Gérôme, he spent five years in Brittany, where he painted a Breton interior, "Jeu Breton," which was given a position upon the line at the Paris Salon. This was in 1868, since which he has been a constant contributor to the same exhibition, and always maintained his position on the line. A visit to Algeria in 1872 led him to adopt Oriental subjects, with which the majority of people chiefly associate his name. Two examples of this style are "The Funeral Rites of a Mummy," in the possession of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and "The Sacred Bull, Apis," which hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

Since 1876, when he was awarded a medal at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, he has steadily added to his list of honors. Among them are medals of the third and second class at the Paris Salon, received respectively in 1877 and 1878, the Order of the Legion of Honor, bestowed the latter year, and gold medals at Berlin, Antwerp, and Munich. The Regent of Bavaria has also conferred upon him the Order of St. Michael. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, and of the Paris Society of American Artists.

In consequence of his wife's health, he has been a constant sojourner in Europe, but is at present in this country. During January he proposes to hold an exhibition of his work at Boussod & Veladon's gallery on Fifth Avenue, comprising Grecian subjects, marines, portraits, and five important decorative pictures. The subjects of the latter are "Music of the Past," "Fête of the Woods: Bacchanti," "Harmony" (now placed in the Harmonic Club of New York city), and "The Rivulet" and "The Torrent," companion pictures which were exhibited at this year's Salon, and mark the farthest point to which Mr. Bridgman has gone in his latest manner. The first and last of these are reproduced upon this page. They represent the two poles of their author's method—complete restfulness and excessive movement. His versatility is illustrated not only by the variety of subjects which has occupied his brush, but by the wide difference of feeling that characterizes his work, of which these two reproductions are excellent examples. Nothing could be more unlike than the treatment of these two pictures. Viewed in the black and white it is difficult to realize that they are by the same hand; and it is all the more remarkable that the vigor of "The Torrent" should be the product of his latest style. The scene is a mountain torrent, studied in the Alps. A brilliant sunset glow burns behind the trees, and in a mass of foam the water is plunging into an abyss. The spirits of the torrent are in complete accord with the character of the scene. They represent both the beauty and the horror of the resistless, reckless force. Three beautiful forms are clinging to the overhanging branches, their draperies trailing amidst the foliage, while in a confused tangle the rest are being swept over the verge.

The same remarkable power of expressing movement is apparent in the picture of the Bacchanti, alluded to above. There the figures are thrown into a variety of joyous attitudes, but the variety does not interfere with rhythmic continuity which proceeds through the whole group, just as in "The Torrent" the individual action of the despairing spirits forms only an incident in the collective movement downwards.

The companion picture to this last is "The Rivulet," in which the painter's mood rebounds from tumult to perfect quietude. The scene is again amidst the woods; there is a placid pool of water, and round it are grouped in simple and unaffected attitudes the fresh young spirits of the brook. "The Music of the Past," shown in the illustration above, occupies a frieze in the painter's residence in Paris. Its dimensions are fifteen feet by seven. The treatment of the scene recalls Mr. Bridgman's Greek subjects, but the instruments are of later date. It is an allegory, and need not be pinned down to chronological exactness. The pervading notion is a bevy of musicians listening to the strains of two harpers of Egypt—that mysterious cradle of civilization, in which were nursed the beginnings of our arts, sciences, and philosophies.

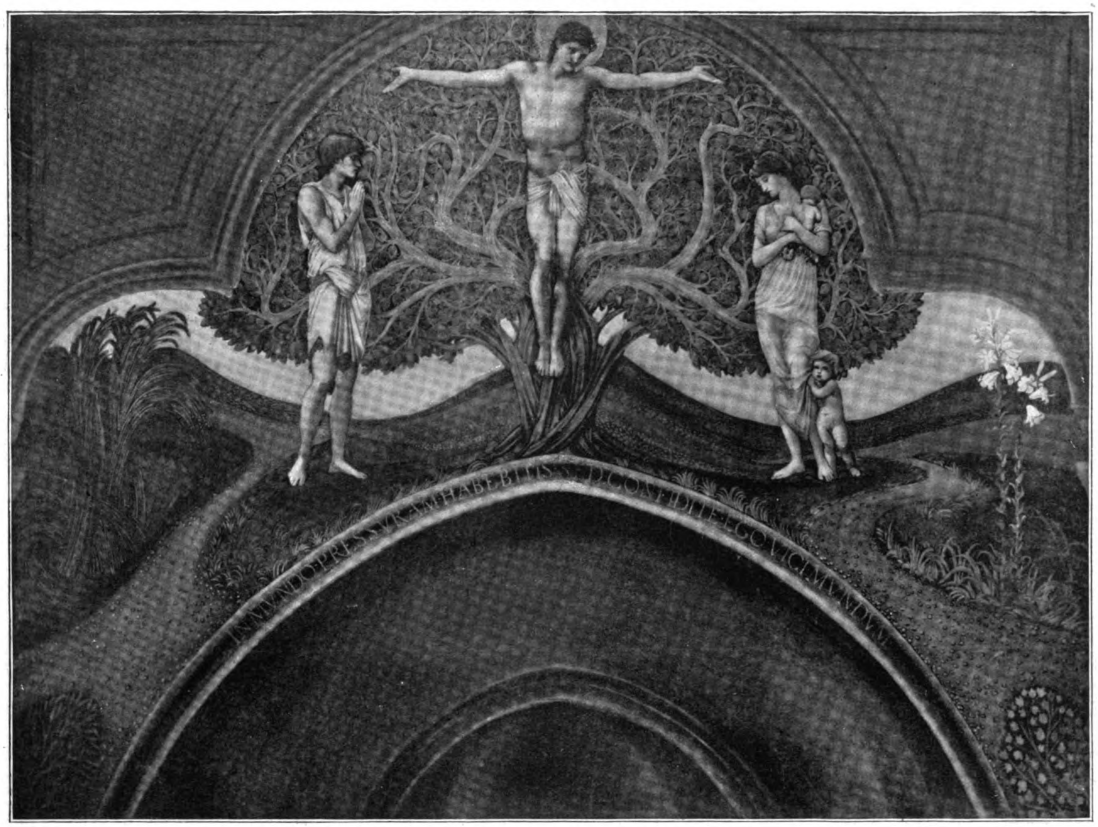
CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



"THE TORRENT."

TWO NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF F. A. BRIDGMAN.

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"THE CRUCIFIXION"—ABOVE THE ARCH CONNECTING CHOIR AND APSE.



URIEL.



MICHAEL.



GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING ANNUNCIATION, CRUCIFIXION, AND CHRIST IN GLORY.



GABRIEL.



ANGEL OF THE SAN GRAAL.



"THE CHURCH MILITANT"—SUGGESTED FRIEZE AROUND THE APSE.—From the Original Charcoal Sketch.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'S MOSAICS IN THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT ROME.—[See Page 10.]

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Mosaics in the American Church at Rome

ROME has always kept alive the art of mosaics, and the Pontifical factory, established by Pope Urban VIII. between 1623 and 1644, is the largest in the world. It is therefore a matter of considerable interest that, if you wish to see what are generally regarded as the finest modern examples of mosaic in Rome, you will find them, not in one of the Catholic churches, but in the American Episcopal church of St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, situated on the Via Nazionale, at the corner of the Via Napoli, and the Vatican factory has had no part in them. They were designed by the English painter, recently dead, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and executed under his closest supervision by the Venice and Murano Glass Company. The secret of their excellence is that the designer has followed—one might almost say revived—the best traditions of the old mosaics, from which the Pontifical factory has departed. The object of the latter was to reproduce oil paintings in glass cubes. The results, as seen in St. Peter's, are marvels of patience and ingenuity. Many visitors are taken in by them, thinking them to be real paintings, and then experiencing quite a delight when they find out the cunning deception. They come away and say they are like real paintings. But if they would only go and examine the originals from which they were copied, they would see for themselves that they are not like the real pictures, but more like one of the cheap chromos of the pictures. Those qualities which make the picture something more than a collection of figures in garments of certain colors—the wonderful effects of light and shade, the depth or tenderness of the colors, the way in which they fuse or reflect one another, and the variety of characterization in the faces.

Gradually, however, the moderns are admitting that, after all, the old men were right. Mosaic has distinct advantages over paint; it has equally distinct deficiencies. It cannot produce subtle effects, more especially in the way of characterization; but with its vitreous surface it can make the work look much more solid and rich; in fact, more of a wall than the flat coat of paint. It is accordingly particularly adapted to high and dimly lighted places, and its indestructibility is an additional advantage. Boldness and simplicity, therefore, were aimed at in the figures and ornament; and the backgrounds were broad open spaces of color, very often gold, with a few well-defined lines. The result is that the old work, though often faulty to the verge of absurdity in drawing, looks better in its place than the modern, notwithstanding the latter's superior craftsmanship.

The architectural spaces covered by mosaics at St. Paul's are two arches and an apse, and the subject selected may be conveniently summarized as the "Scheme of Salvation." Over the arch at the entrance to the choir is a representation of the Annunciation, which differs from those with which one is familiar because the painter has adhered to the tradition of the Greek Church, which places the scene in the open air beside a fountain of water. This has given opportunity for a plain sweep of background, with hills behind. Upon the right of the arch is the stream at which the Virgin has been filling her pitcher, and on the left is the pelican piercing her breast to feed her young: the early symbol of Christian charity, and of the Mother of Sorrows, of whom it was said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own breast also." There is a beautiful contrast in the rigidity of the poised figure of the angel and the reverential and submissive yield of the Virgin's.

Above the arch which connects the choir to the apse is portrayed a crucifixion, in which the painter has excelled himself in the originality and beauty of the spiritual imagery and in the unaffected graciousness of its representation. It is the perfectibility of the Divine sacrifice in its relation to mankind that he has sought to express—not the pain or humiliation of suffering, but its benediction. This is a new thought in pictorial representation. There are no traces of nails. The body hangs as if by its own volition—a "willing sacrifice." Instead of thorns, an aureole surrounds the young and beautiful face. The "accursed tree" is glorified by the poet-painter into the Tree of Life: Hela, as our Scandinavian forefathers called it, which had its roots in death, whose branches stretched into all lands, and whose leaves throbbed with the emotions of humanity. In this mosaic the group of stems overlap each other like bands of muscle; the branches are formed like arteries, and the contour of the foliage suggests the shape of a heart. Out of death comes life; labor results in fruitage. On each side of the tree, instead of the little band of Marys and the apostles and Roman soldiers, are figures typical of mankind. Every purely local signification is lost sight of. Imagination seizes on the broadest meaning of the mystery. Beside the man are sheaves of wheat, evidences of work; while the little ones nestling up to the woman suggest the joy and duty of maternity, and the lilies the beauty of her share in life. In this contrast of wheat and lilies readers will not fail to be reminded of Ruskin's allegory of "Sesame and Lilies."

To this inadequate description of the spiritual significance of the conception one can add an intimation only of the technical methods employed to express it. What words are to the writer, lines and masses and color are to the painter. He has a language of his own which speaks directly, while words take time, and then are often inadequate. The painter appeals to our imagination, which is always in excess of our power of expressing it. An examination of the reproduction will show how beautiful, as a piece of ornament, the whole is; what feeling there is in the individual parts; for example, the rich labyrinth of lines in the tree, the pure and simple enjoyment produced by the sweeping curves of the landscape, and the spirit of highest poetry expressed in the figures. The general effect is of perfect calm and orderliness, as if the painter would have us feel the reasonableness and holy fitness of the profound mystery of human pain.

Upon the ceiling of the apse is represented Christ triumphant. The lower portion is filled with the golden walls of the new Jerusalem. Six doors are visible, five of which are guarded by archangels, while the sixth is vacant, in memory of the fallen Lucifer. On the left stands Uriel, clasping the orb of the sun. Next to him is Michael or Azrael, with spear and shield. Beyond are, in order, Gabriel, with ceremonial rod and the lily of the Annunciation; Chemnel, the angel of the San Graal, holding the cup; and Zophiel, in whose hands rests the orb of the moon. In the centre is the sitting figure of the Christ, with right hand raised in benediction, and in the left the globe of the world. The posture recalls some of the old representations of this subject, and the face and form are young and comely, as in early Christian art, when the painters saw in the classical Apollo some counterpart of Christ. Behind the throne is a crimson mass of cherubim and seraphim and other angel forms, with purple wings. His feet rest upon the rainbow, and beneath gush out the four rivers of living water, mingling in a stream that encircles all the composition. Upon the vault above is a living aureole of angelic forms with instruments of music.

To complete the scheme, as it was originally conceived by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Dr. Nevin, the rector of the church, a frieze is needed round the apse, to provide for which the present windows will have to be filled up. The painter had already provided a suggestion for the treatment in the form of a charcoal drawing, of which a reproduction accompanies this paper. The subject is the Church Militant upon Earth. The top of the drawing is fitted with a border of angels arranged in a way that would allow of very beautiful treatment. In the centre are the dignitaries of the church; to the left the matrons and penitents, and on the right the virgins and soldiers of the Cross. The sketch has noble possibilities, and it is much to be desired that opportunity may be found to complete it. The lamented death of the painter is a serious obstacle, but Dr. Nevin is such a profound connoisseur, and was so closely identified with the production of what is already executed, that his influence may be relied upon to enable the new work to be carried out in the spirit and method of the old.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

The Russian Budget for 1897

THIS Budget, the latest accessible, presented to the Czar at the end of the year 1896, is now nearly two years old. But it represents the general policy of the Russian government and its financial condition, and may be accepted as substantially the Budget of to-day, as no great change has taken place in either. So far as can be learned, the policy outlined in this report is consistently and energetically pursued, and the remarkable results disclosed by it have been confirmed and enlarged. The financial policy of Russia is not disturbed by popular agitation, due to party struggles, or by the *amateur* financial views of an ignorant people. An autocratic paternal government controls it, which can maintain a fixed, undeviating policy and purpose through a series of years. The Autocrat of All the Russias—a title which practically means a large body of bureaucratic experts surrounding the person of the Emperor—is, in fact, one of the most intelligent forces now at work in the financial world, and one which, from its independent and absolute position, is quite as likely solidly to carry out its plans and purposes as any other existing institution.

The most striking fact revealed by this Budget is the wonderful reform in the currency, the final accomplishment of which it announces. For more than a generation the money of Russia had consisted practically of depreciated paper. Its value was subject to violent fluctuations, and all the evils of an irredeemable legal-tender currency were experienced throughout the empire. Its fluctuations were a perpetual temptation to speculations in gold, and in all forms of capital. Honest industry ceased to be the open path to fortune. This state of affairs is unquestionably, to a large extent, the cause of the general commercial demoralization in Russian cities. As soon as the government felt itself strong enough it began a reform, and has prosecuted it with the utmost persistence and vigor for more than thirty years. Up to the time of the war with Turkey it seems to have contemplated the ultimate restoration of the ruble, the unit of value in Russia, to its nominal gold value of about seventy-eight cents; but that war could only be carried on by large legal-tender issues, and the ruble depreciated so much that this idea was abandoned. The government then wisely sought to strengthen as rapidly as possible its credit, and, as soon as a somewhat fixed rate of exchange could be established, to convert the entire issue of paper into redeemable currency at the new value. The treasury accumulated, by collecting customs in gold and by foreign loans, more than nine hundred millions of dollars of gold. It was found, as early as 1887, by a committee of experts, that the just average value of the ruble was in the neighborhood of two-thirds of its nominal gold value, and for ten years the government kept steadily in view the establishment of a redeemable currency on this basis. Finally, in 1896, it began the redemption of notes at this rate, and from that time the currency of Russia has consisted of gold and of paper redeemable in gold, though the gold coin is freely received, and paid at a rate fifty per cent. higher than the paper. This policy has avoided the steady and grinding reduction of values which would have followed an attempt to restore the original basis, and has attained the great end of a stable and redeemable currency.

This achievement is unquestionably the greatest that has ever been accomplished by a government in the administration of the currency. After the Napoleonic wars in 1815, England had a similar problem, but of much less difficulty. After the civil war in the United States, our government was in the like situation. But neither studied the problem with so much intelligence or solved it with so much wisdom and energy as has Russia. The result is not only to establish in the confidence of the world the financial soundness of the Russian money system, but to set before all other commercial nations a model and example of financial management worthy of the closest study, and, in many respects, of imitation. That it has been carried out by a despot is doubtless an important feature of the situation, but does not of itself prove that similar wisdom and persistency are impossible in a more popular government.

The Budget discusses the taxes at considerable length. For more than twenty years the policy of protecting home industry by discriminating customs duties has been pursued with a consistency and steadiness of purpose never equalled even in the United States. The ministry proclaims this policy as permanent, and justifies it because Russia's resources are highly developed only in the direction of agriculture. The purpose of the government is to foster mining and manufactures. Scientific economists understand the necessary results of this policy in the end. Manufactures are developed with rapidity, but at a cost to the people much greater than the benefit. The fact, however, remains that the policy has achieved its purpose. The aggregate product of manufactures and mines in the empire is shown, in this Budget, to be greater than the aggregate product of agriculture. This fact involves a remarkable revolution in social conditions, as well as in industry. Naturally enough, the forced development of industry has brought to distress large sections of the population. Immense and widespread suffering has been experienced by the agricultural masses. The Finance Ministry is laboring for the partial relief of this distress. Fortunately the condition of the treasury permits large remissions of the taxes which are hardest upon the poor. As the customs duties become more productive it is also proposed to modify in some directions the policy of extreme protection, wherever an equivalent can be obtained through commercial treaties. The net result of the whole Budget in this respect is a striking illustration of the familiar truth that any policy pursued consistently and permanently is better than no policy at all. The free-trader must admit that the strenuous protective system of Russia, pursued undeviatingly through a generation, is infinitely better for the nation than an unsettled and fluctuating system of duties subject to indefinite changes at any time as the result of a political struggle.

The total expenditures of the Russian Empire for all purposes are about seven hundred millions of dollars per annum. Much of this is productive, invested in public works. In 1896 about sixty-five millions of dollars were expended in constructing railroads, about half of it in the unfinished road across Siberia. The revenue from railways and other property, including invested funds, already amounts to about one hundred and sixty-five millions, or, in round numbers, one-fourth of the expenditure. This revenue is likely to be largely increased when works now under construction are completed. The growing activity of industry, and particularly the development of mines, add to it every year. There is a definite prospect that within ten years the taxation, now so oppressively felt by the agricultural districts, will be materially lightened. The most serious drawback to the national prosperity, and the greatest disgrace to Russian civilization, is the condition of the peasantry in these districts. The government has set itself seriously to work for their relief, and is making gratifying progress. If its present policy can be maintained for another generation, the material condition of the Russian people as a whole will probably be fairly equal to that of any large section of the population of Europe outside of the British Islands and France.

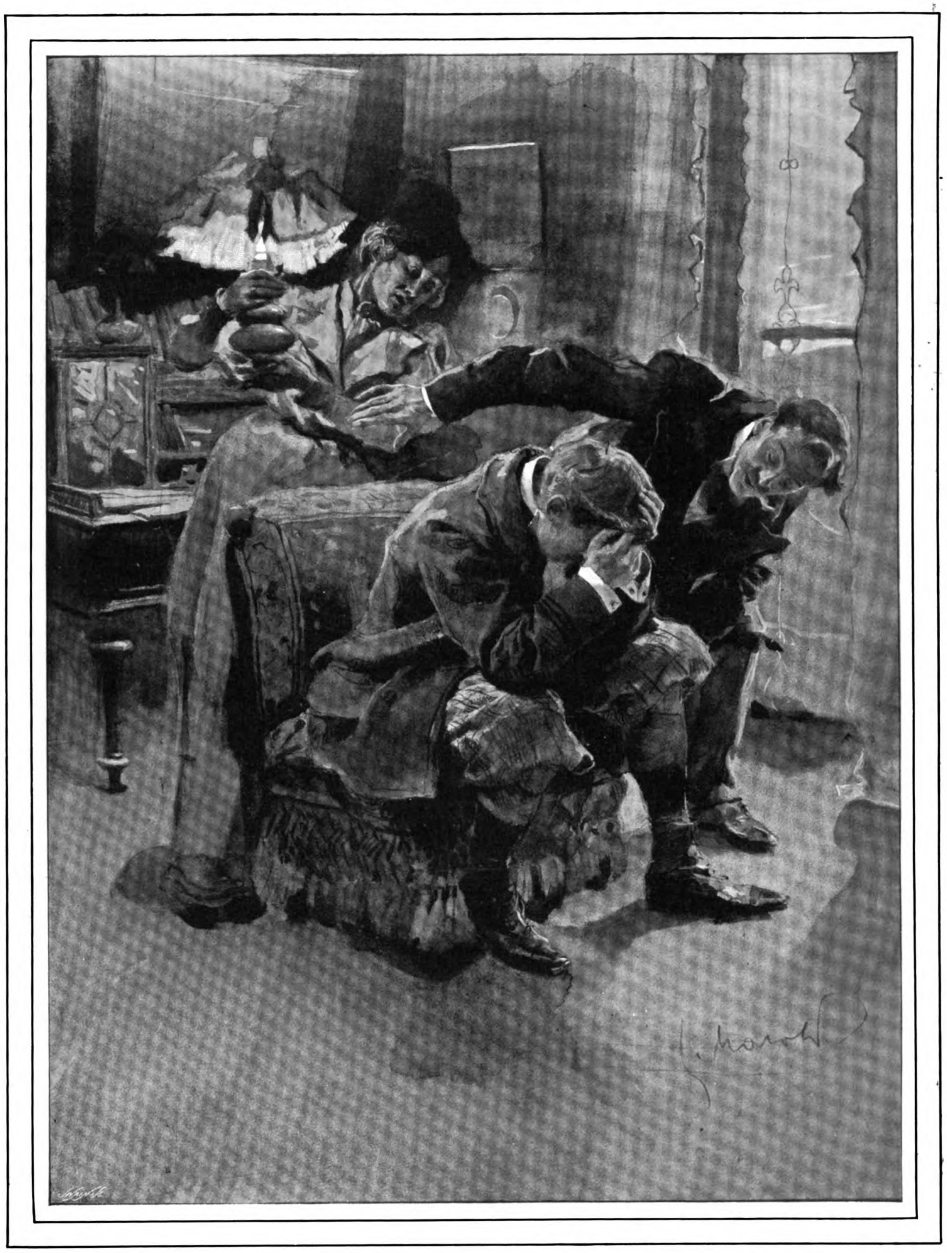
The general corruption of official administration is the greatest hinderance to this policy. The Emperor and his immediate dependents are unquestionably doing all they can for reform. It is, however, a herculean task, and will require time and patience as well as energy. But by far the greatest danger to the entire financial system of Russia lies in the possibility of war. The plans of the administration for the currency, for the gradual moderation of taxation, and for the diversifying and development of industry assume as their first condition the continuance of peace. The Czar is personally known to be not only a friend of peace, but almost fanatically devoted to its preservation. His personal convictions and wishes have hitherto resisted the military spirit in the government, and the determination of his most influential friends to push to the danger-point aggressive measures for expansion. There are elements of conflict in the situation which, with a different character on the throne, might at any time provoke war with England or with Germany, and possibly with Austria. It is needless to say that any foreign war at this time would defeat the plans of the government, and throw the entire fiscal system of Russia into utter confusion. The power of the financial administration and of moneyed society in general is strong for peace, and is growing year by year, so that if the impending crisis in the relations between Russia and England be once safely past, the prospect of a peace of long duration in eastern Europe will be greatly strengthened. Apart from the single contingency of a great war, which becomes less probable every year, the financial condition of the Russian Empire is as satisfactory and as promising for a long era of prosperity as that of any great power in the world other than Great Britain and the United States.

Thus the study of this Budget in the light of all other information accessible leads to two important conclusions. First. The interests of Russia have been so shaped during the present generation of men that they are now conspicuously and earnestly enlisted in the cause of peace. The great Eastern autocracy is no longer a menace to the peace of the world, being exposed to greater dangers, indeed to the assurance of more sweeping ruin from an important war than any other nation in Europe, and having as its absolute monarch the most earnest and intelligent lover of peace who has worn a crown in our times. The person of the Czar, and the more and more settled policy of his administration, promise to relieve Europe of those apprehensions of a terrible conflict, either with Austria on the ground of competing interests in the direction of the Balkan peninsula, or with Germany in the matter of the Baltic provinces, or with England in the perpetual struggle for supremacy in Asia, which have for many years troubled statesmen and darkened the prospects of the future.

Secondly. Apart from the single danger of war, the credit of the Russian government in the loan markets of the world is sure to be strengthened and improved as time goes on. There is no borrowing government in Europe which has to-day a prospect of an advance in the value of its obligations so great as that which is possible, and even probable, in the case of Russia.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INSOMNIA.

ONE afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Half-way down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came round a mass of rock, suddenly, upon a man in an attitude of profound distress. He was seated on a projecting ledge of slate, his hands hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red and staring before him, and his face was wet with tears.

He glanced round at Isbister's footfall. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger, shortly, hesitated a second, and added, in a colorless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredible," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep—no sleep at all—for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My nervous system . . . . They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea, natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said, in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known, people have usually found something—"

"I dare make no experiments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.

"Exercise?" suggested Isbister, diffidently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps, I have followed the coast, day after day—from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this unrest was overwork—trouble. There was something—"

He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself:

"I was a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I had no part. I was wifeless, childless—who is it speaks of the childless as the dead twigs on the tree of life? I was wifeless, childless—I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I *will* do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if *you* feel the heavy inconvenience of the body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind—time—life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then come the dull digestive complacencies—or irritations. We have to take the air, or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without, and then come drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep. How little of a man's

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day is his own—even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest—black coffee, cocaine—"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man, with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"

"Yes."

For a little while the two remained without speaking.

"You cannot imagine the craving for rest that I feel—a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done; my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive, and incessant, a torrent of thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady—" He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with the air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Presently—"

"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of this day, out of the sweet world of sanity—down—"

"But—" expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way—at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water patters down. There, at any rate, is . . . . sleep."

"That's unreasonable," said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust of emotion. "Drugs are better than that."

"There, at any rate, is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.

Isbister looked at him, and wondered, transitorily, if some complex providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon. "There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove—as high, anyhow—and a little girl fell from top to bottom. And lives to-day—sound and well."

"But those rocks there—"

"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister, with a sense of devil-may-carish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff, for the matter of that)—really, as an artist—" He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish."

"But the other thing," said Graham, irritably—"the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night—"

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

"Yes."

"Silly sort of thing to do. If you'll excuse my saying so. Alone! As you say, body fag is no cure for brain fag. Who told you to? No wonder! Walking! And the sun on your head, heat, fag, solitude, all the day long; and then, I suppose, you go to bed and try very hard—eh?"

Isbister stopped short and looked at the sufferer doubtfully.

"Look at these rocks!" cried the seated man, with a sudden force of gesture. "Look at that sea that has shone and quivered there forever! See the white spume rush into darkness under that great cliff. And this blue vault, with the blinding sun pouring from the dome of it. It is your world. You accept it; you rejoice in it. It warms and supports and delights you. And for me—" He turned his head and showed a ghastly face, bloodshot pallid eyes and bloodless lips. He spoke almost in a whisper. "It is the garment of my misery. The whole world . . . is the garment of my misery."

Isbister looked at all the wild beauty of the sunlit cliffs about them and back to that face of despair. For a moment he was silent.

He started, and made a gesture of impatient rejection. "You get a night's sleep," he said, "and you won't see much misery out here. Take my word for it."

He was quite sure now that this was a providential encounter. Only half an hour ago he had been feeling horribly bored. Here was employment the bare thought of which was righteous self-applause. He took possession forthwith. It seemed to him that the first need of this exhausted being was companionship. He flung himself down on the steeply sloping turf beside the motionless seated figure, and deployed forthwith into a skirmishing-line of gossip.

His hearer seemed abruptly to have lapsed into apathy; he stared dismally seaward, and spoke only in answer to Isbister's direct questions—and not to all of those. But he made no sign of objection to this benevolent intrusion upon his despair.

In a helpless way he seemed even grateful, and when presently Isbister, feeling that his unsupported talk was losing vigor, suggested that they should reascend the steep and return towards Boscastle, alleging the view into Blackapit, he submitted quietly. Half-way up he began talking to himself, and abruptly turned a ghastly face on his helper. "What can be happening?" he asked, with a gaunt illustrative hand. "What can be happening? Spin, spin, spin, spin. It goes round and round, round and round for evermore."

He stood with his hand circling.

"It's all right, old chap," said Isbister, with the air of an old friend. "Don't worry yourself. Trust to me."

The man dropped his hand and turned again. They went over the brow in single file and to the headland beyond Penally, with the sleepless man gesticulating ever and again, and speaking fragmentary things concerning his whirling brain. At the headland they stood for a space by the seat that looks into the dark mysteries of Blackapit, and then he sat down. Isbister had resumed his talk whenever the path had widened sufficiently for them to walk abreast. He was enlarging upon the complex difficulty of making Boscastle Harbor in bad weather, when suddenly and quite irrelevantly his companion interrupted him again.

"My head is not like what it was," he said, gesticulating for want of expressive phrases. "It's not like what it was. There is a sort of oppression, a weight. No—not drowsiness; would God it were! It is like a shadow, a deep shadow falling suddenly and swiftly across something busy. Spin, spin into the darkness. The tumult of thought, the confusion, the eddy and eddy. I can't express it. I can hardly keep my mind on it—steadily enough to tell you."

He stopped feebly.

"Don't trouble, old chap," said Isbister. "I think I can understand. At any rate, it don't matter very much just at present about telling me, you know."

The sleepless man thrust his knuckles into his eyes and rubbed them. Isbister talked for a while, while this rubbing continued, and then he had a fresh idea. "Come down to my room," he said, "and try a pipe. I can show you some sketches of this Blackapit. If you'd care?"

The other rose obediently, and followed him down the steep.

Several times Isbister heard him stumble as they came down, and his movements were slow and hesitating. "Come in with me," said Isbister, "and try some cigarettes and the blessed gift of alcohol. If you take alcohol?"

The stranger hesitated at the garden gate. He seemed no longer clearly aware of his actions. "I don't drink," he said, slowly coming up the garden path, and after a moment's interval repeated absently: "No—I don't drink. It goes round. Spin, it goes—spin—"

He stumbled at the door-step, and entered the room with the bearing of one who sees nothing.

Then he sat down abruptly and heavily in the easy-chair, seemed almost to fall into it. He leant forward with his brows on his hands, and became motionless.

Presently he made a faint sound in his throat. Isbister moved about the room with the nervousness of an inexperienced host, making little remarks that scarcely required answering. He crossed the room to his portfolio, placed it on the table, and noticed the mantel clock.

"I don't know if you'd care to have supper with me," he said, with an unlighted cigarette in his hand—his mind troubled with a design of the furtive administration of chloral. "Only cold mutton, you know, but passing sweet. Welsh. And a tart, I believe." He repeated this after momentary silence.

The seated man made no answer. Isbister stopped, match in hand, regarding him.

The stillness lengthened. The match went out; the cigarette was put down unlit. The man was certainly very still. Isbister took up the portfolio, opened it, put it down, hesitated, seemed about to speak. "Perhaps," he whispered, doubtfully. Presently he glanced at the door and back to the figure. Then he stole on tiptoe out of the room, glancing at his companion after each elaborate pace.

He closed the door noiselessly. The house door was standing open, and he went out beyond the porch, and stood where the monk's-hood rose at the corner of the garden bed. From this point he could see the stranger through the open window, still and dim, sitting, head on hand. He had not moved.

Presently a number of children going along the road stopped and regarded the artist curiously. A boatman exchanged civilities with him. He felt that possibly his circumspect attitude and position seemed peculiar and unaccountable. Smoking, perhaps, might seem more natural. He drew pipe and pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe slowly.

"I wonder—" he said, with a scarcely perceptible loss of complacency. "At any rate, one must give him a chance." He struck a match and proceeded to light his pipe.

Presently he heard his landlady behind him, coming with his lamp lit from the kitchen. He turned, gesticulating with his pipe, and stopped her at the door of his sitting-room. He had some difficulty in explaining the situation in whispers, for she did not know he had a visitor. She retreated again with the lamp, still a little mystified, to judge from her manner, and he resumed his hovering at the corner of the porch, flushed, and less at his ease.

Long after he had smoked out his pipe, and when the bats were abroad, his curiosity dominated his complex hesitations, and he stole back into his darkling sitting-room. He paused in the doorway. The stranger was still in the same attitude, dark against the window. Save for the singing of some sailors aboard one of the little slate-carrying ships in the harbor, the evening was very still. Outside, the spikes of monk's-hood and delphinium stood erect and motionless against the shadow of the hill-side. Something flashed into Isbister's mind; he started, and leaning over the table, listened. An unpleasant suspicion grew stronger, became conviction. Astonishment seized him and became—dread.

No sound of breathing came from the seated figure!

He crept slowly and noiselessly round the table, pausing twice to listen. At last he could lay his hand on the back of the easy-chair. He bent down until the two heads were ear to ear.

Then he bent still lower to look up at his visitor's face. He started violently, and uttered an exclamation. The eyes were void spaces of white.

He looked again, and saw that they were open, and with the pupils rolled under the lids. He was suddenly afraid. Overcome by the strangeness of the man's condition, he took him by the shoulder and shook him. "Are you asleep?" he said, with his voice jumping into alto, and again, "Are you asleep?"

A conviction took possession of his mind that this man was dead. He suddenly became active and noisy, strode across the room, blundering against the table as he did so, and rang the bell.

"Please bring a light at once," he said in the passage. "There is something wrong with my friend."

Then he returned to the motionless seated figure, grasped the shoulder, shook it, and shouted. The room was flooded with yellow glare as his astonished landlady entered with the light. His face was white as he turned blinking towards her. "I must fetch a doctor at once," he said. "It is either death or a fit. Is there a doctor in the village? Where is a doctor to be found?"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRANCE.

THE state of rigor into which the man had fallen lasted for an unprecedented length of time, and then he passed on slowly to the flaccid state, to a lax attitude suggestive of profound repose. Then it was his eyes could be closed.

He was removed from the hotel to the Boscastle surgery, and from the surgery, after some weeks, to London. But he still resisted every attempt at reanimation. After a time, for reasons that will appear later, these attempts were discontinued. For a great space he lay in that strange condition, inert and still—neither dead nor living, but, as it were, suspended, hanging midway between nothingness and existence. His was a darkness unbroken by a ray of thought or sensation, a dreamless inanition, a vast space of peace. The tumult of his mind had swelled and risen to an abrupt climax of silence. Where was the man? Where is any man when insensibility takes hold of him?

"It seems only yesterday," said Isbister. "I remember it all as though it happened yesterday—clearer, perhaps, than if it had happened yesterday."

It was the Isbister of the last chapter, but he was no longer a young man. The hair that had been brown and a trifle in excess of the fashionable length was iron gray and clipped close, and the face that had been pink and white was buff and ruddy. He had a pointed beard shot with gray. He talked to an elderly man who wore a summer suit of drill (the summer of that year was unusually hot). This was Warming, a London solicitor, and next of kin to Graham, the man who had fallen into the trance. And the two men stood side by side in a room in a house in London, regarding his recumbent figure.

It was a yellow figure lying lax upon a water bed and clad in a flowing shirt—a figure with a shrunken face and a stubby beard, lean limbs, and lank nails, and about it was a case of thin glass. This glass seemed to mark off the sleeper from the reality of life about him; he was a thing apart, a strange, isolated abnormality. The two men stood close to the glass, peering in.

"The thing gave me a shock," said Isbister. "I feel a queer sort of surprise even now when I think of his white eyes. They were white, you know, rolled up. Coming here again brings it all back to me."

"Have you never seen him since that time?" asked Warming.

"Often wanted to come," said Isbister; "but business nowadays is too serious a thing for much holiday-keeping. I've been in America most of the time."

"If I remember rightly," said Warming, "you were an artist?"

"Was. And then I became a married man. I saw it was all up with black and white very soon—at least, for a mediocre man—and I jumped on to process. Those posters on the cliffs at Dover are by my people."

"Good posters," admitted the solicitor, "though I was sorry to see them there."

"Last as long as the cliffs, if necessary!" exclaimed Isbister, with satisfaction. "The world changes. When he fell asleep, twenty years ago, I was down at Boscastle with a box of water-colors and a noble old-fashioned ambition. I didn't expect that some day my pigments would glorify the whole blessed coast of England from Land's End round again to the Lizard. Luck comes to a man very often when he's not looking."

Warming seemed to doubt the quality of the luck. "I just missed meeting you, if I recollect aright."

"You came back by the trap that took me to Camelford railway station. It was close on the Jubilee—Victoria's Jubilee, because I remember the seats and flags in Westminster, and the row with the cabman at Chelsea."

"The Diamond Jubilee it was," said Warming; "the second one."

"Ah, yes! At the proper Jubilee—the fifty-year affair—I was down at Wookey—a boy. I missed all that. . . . What a fuss we had with him! My landlady wouldn't take him in, wouldn't let him stay—he looked so queer when he was rigid. We had to carry him in a chair up to the hotel. And the Boscastle doctor—it wasn't the present chap, but the G. P. before him—was at him until nearly two, with me and the landlord holding lights and so forth."

"It was a cataleptic rigor at first, wasn't it?"

"Stiff!—wherever you bent him he stuck. You might have stood him on his head and he'd have stopped. I never saw such stiffness. Of course this"—he indicated the prostrate figure by a movement of his head—"is quite different. And of course the little doctor—what was his name?"

"Smithers?"

"Smithers it was—was quite wrong in trying to fetch him round too soon, according to all accounts. The things he did! Even now it makes me feel all—ugh! Mustard, snuff, pricking. And one of those beastly little things, not dynamos—"

"Induction coils."

"Yes. You could see his muscles throb and jump, and he twisted about. There was just two flaring yellow candles, and all the shadows were shivering, and the little doctor nervous and putting on side, and *him*—stark and squirming in the most unnatural ways. Well, it made me dream."

Pause.

"It's a strange state," said Warming.

"It's a sort of complete absence," said Isbister. "Here's the body, empty. Not dead a bit, and yet not alive. It's like a seat vacant and marked 'engaged.' No feeling, no digestion, no beating of the heart—not a flutter. *That* doesn't make me feel as if there was a man present. In a sense it's more dead than death, for these doctors tell me that even the hair has stopped growing. Now with the proper dead the hair will go on growing—"

"I know," said Warming, with a flash of pain in his expression.

They peered through the glass again. Graham was indeed in a strange state—in the flaccid phase of a trance, but a trance unprecedented in medical history. Trances had lasted for as much as a year before, but at the end of that time it had ever been a waking or a death; sometimes first one and then the other. Isbister noted the marks the physicians had made in injecting nourishment, for that device had been resorted to to postpone collapse; he pointed them out to Warming, who had been trying not to see them.

"And while he has been lying here," said Isbister, with the zest of a life freely spent, "I have changed my plans in life—married, raised a family. My eldest lad—I hadn't begun to think of sons then—is an American citizen, and looking forward to leaving Harvard. There's a touch of gray in my hair. And this man, not a day older nor wiser (practically) than I was in my downy days! It's curious to think of."

Warming turned. "And I have grown old too. I played cricket with him when he was nine and I fourte[illegible]

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And now he looks a young man still. Yellow, perhaps. But that *is* a young man, nevertheless."

"And there's been the war," said Isbister.

"From beginning to end."

"I've understood," asked Isbister, "that he had some moderate property of his own?"

"That is so," said Warming. He coughed primly. "As it happens, I have charge of it."

"Ah!" Isbister thought, hesitated, and spoke: "No doubt—his keep here is not expensive—no doubt it will have improved, accumulated?"

"It has. He will wake up very much better off—very much better off—if he wakes—than when he slept."

"As a business man," said Isbister, "that thought has naturally been in my mind. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that, speaking commercially, of course, this sleep may be a very good thing for him. That he knows what he is about, so to speak, in being insensible so long. If he had lived straight on—"

"I doubt if he would have premeditated as much," said Warming. "He was not a far-sighted man. In fact—"

"Yes?"

"We differed on that point. I stood to him somewhat in the relation of a guardian. You have probably seen enough of affairs to recognize that occasionally a certain friction— But even if that was the case, there is a doubt whether he will ever wake. This sleep exhausts slowly, but it exhausts. Apparently he is sliding slowly, very slowly and tediously, down a long slope, if you can understand me?"

"It will be a pity to lose his surprise. There's been a lot of change these twenty years. It's Rip Van Winkle come real."

"It's Bellamy," said Warming. "There has been a lot of change, certainly. And, among other changes, I have changed. I am an old man."

Isbister hesitated, and then feigned a belated surprise. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"I was forty-three when his bankers—you remember you wired to his bankers—sent on to me."

"I got his address from his check-book in his pocket," said Isbister.

"Well, the addition is not difficult," said Warming.

There was another pause, and then Isbister gave way to an unavoidable curiosity. "He may go on for years yet," he said, and had a moment of hesitation. "We have to consider that. His affairs, you know, may fall some day into the hands of—some one else, you know."

"That, if you will believe me, Mr. Isbister, is one of the problems most constantly before my mind. We happen to be—as a matter of fact, there are no very trustworthy connections of ours. It is a grotesque and unprecedented position."

"It is," said Isbister. "As a matter of fact, it's a case for a public trustee, if only we had such a functionary."

"It seems to me it's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian—if he really is going on living—as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body—the British Museum trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red-tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."

Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up."

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold-supplies are running short, there is a tendency towards.... appreciation."

"I've felt that," said Isbister, with a grimace. "But it makes it better for *him*."

"*If* he wakes."

"If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinched-in look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?"

"I doubt if he will wake."

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles—divorced his wife, in fact—and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical—a Socialist. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote—a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were a few prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part, to read such a thesis is to realize how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to relearn, when he wakes—if ever a waking comes."

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear what he would say to it all."

"So would I," said Warming. "Ay, so would I," with an old man's sudden turn to self-pity. "But I shall never see him wake." He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen figure. "He will never wake again."

But Warming was wrong in that. An awakening came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.* *By Henry James*

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

A Novel.

(*CONCLUSION.*)

XXXVI.

BUT surely you're not going already?" she asked. "Why in the world then do you suppose I appealed to you?"

"Bless me, no; I've lots of time." He dropped, laughing for very eagerness, straight into another chair. "You're too awfully interesting. Is it really an 'appeal'?" Putting the question indeed, he could scarce even yet allow her a chance to answer it. "It's only that you make me a little nervous with your account of all the people who are going to tumble in. And there's one thing more," he quickly went on; "I just want to make the point in case we should be interrupted. The whole fun is in seeing you this way alone."

"Is *that* the point?" Nanda, as he took breath, gravely asked.

"That's a part of it—I feel it, I assure you, to be charming. But what I meant—if you'd only give me time, you know, to put in a word—is, what, for that matter, I've already told you: that it almost spoils my pleasure for you to keep reminding me that a bit of luck like this—luck for *me:* I see you coming!—is after all, for you, but a question of business. Hang business! Good—don't stab me with that paper-knife. I listen. What *is* the great affair?" Then as it looked for an instant as if the words she had prepared had just, in the supreme pinch of her need, fallen apart, he once more tried his advantage. "Oh, if there's any difficulty about it, let it go—we'll take it for granted. There's one thing, at any rate—do let me say this—that I *should* like you to keep before me: I want, before I go, to make you light up for me the question of little Aggie. Oh, there are other questions too as to which I regard you as a perfect fountain of curious knowledge! However, we'll take them one by one—the next some other time. You always seem to me to hold the strings of such a lot of queer little dramas. Have something on the shelf for me when we meet again. *The* thing, just now, is the outlook for Mitchy's affair. One cares enough for old Mitch to fancy one may feel safer for a lead or two. In fact I want regularly to turn you on."

"Ah, but the thing I happen to have taken it into my head to say to you," Nanda now placidly enough replied, "hasn't the least bit to do, I assure you, either with Aggie or with 'old Mitch.' If you don't want to hear it—want some way of getting off—please believe *they* won't help you a bit." It was quite, in fact, that she felt herself at last to have found the right tone. Nothing less than a conviction of this could have made her after an instant add: "What in the world, Mr. Van, are you afraid of?"

Well, that it *was* the right tone a single little minute was sufficient to prove—a minute, I must yet haste to say, big enough, in spite of its smallness, to contain the longest look ever, on any occasion, exchanged between these friends. It was one of those looks—not so frequent, it must be admitted, as the muse of history, dealing at best in short cuts, is often, by the conditions of her trade, reduced to representing them—which, after they have come and gone, are felt not only to have changed relations, but absolutely to have cleared the air. It certainly helped Vanderbank to find his answer. "I'm only afraid, I think, of your conscience."

He had been indeed, for the space, more helped than she. "My conscience?"

"Think it over—quite at your leisure—and some day you'll understand. There's no hurry," he continued—"no hurry. And when you do understand, it needn't make your existence a burden to you to fancy you must tell me." Oh, he was so kind—kinder than ever now. "The thing is, you see, that *I* haven't a conscience. I only want my fun."

They had on this a second look, also decidedly comfortable, though discounted, as the phrase is, by the other, which had really, in its way, exhausted the possibilities of looks. "Oh, I want *my* fun too," said Nanda, "and, little as it may strike you in some ways as looking like it, just this, I beg you to believe, is the real thing. What's at the bottom of it," she went on, "is a talk I had not long ago with mother."

"Oh yes!" Van returned with brightly blushing interest. "The fun," he laughed, "that's to be got out of 'mother'!"

"Oh, I'm not thinking so much of that. I'm thinking of any that she herself may be still in a position to pick up. Mine, now, don't you see? is in making out how I can manage for this. Of course it's rather difficult," the girl pursued, "for me to tell you exactly what I mean."

"Oh, but it isn't a bit difficult for me to understand you!" Vanderbank spoke, in his geniality, as if this were in fact the veriest trifle. "You've got your mother on your mind. That's very much what I mean by your conscience."

Nanda had a fresh hesitation, but evidently unaccompanied, at present, by any pain. "Don't you still *like* mamma?" she at any rate quite successfully brought out. "I must tell you," she quickly subjoined, "that, though I've mentioned my talk with her as having finally led to my writing to you, it isn't in the least that she then suggested my putting you the question. I put it," she explained, "quite off my own bat."

The explanation, as an effect immediately produced, manifestly, for Vanderbank—and also on the spot—improved it. He sat back in his chair with a pleased—a distinctly exhilarated—sense of the combination. "You're an adorable family!"

"Well then, if mother's adorable, why give her up? That I don't mind admitting she did, the day I speak of, let me see that she feels you've done; but without suggesting either—not a scrap, please believe—that I should make you any sort of scene about it. Of course, in the first place, she knows perfectly that anything like a scene would be no use. You couldn't make out even if you wanted," Nanda went on, "that *this* is one. She won't hear us—will she?—smashing the furniture. I didn't think, for a while, that I could do anything at all, and I worried myself, with that idea, half to death. Then suddenly it came to me that I could do just what I'm doing now. You said a while ago that we must never be—you and I—anything but frank and natural. That's what I said to myself also—why not? Here I am for you therefore, as natural as a cold in your head. I just ask you—I even press you. It's because, as she said, you've practically ceased coming. Of course I know everything changes. It's the law—what is it?—'the great law' of something or other. All sorts of things happen—things come to an end. She has more or less—by his marriage—lost Mitchy. I don't want her to lose everything. Do stick to her. What I really wanted to say to you—to bring it straight out—is that I don't believe you thoroughly know how awfully she likes you. I hope my saying such a thing doesn't affect you as 'immodest.' One never knows—but I don't much care if it does. I suppose it *would* be immodest if I were to say that I verily believe she's in love with you. Not, for that matter, that father would mind—he wouldn't mind, as he says, a twopenny rap. So"—she extraordinarily kept it up—"you're welcome to any good the information may have for you: though that, I dare say, does sound hideous. No matter—if I produce any effect on you. That's the only thing I want. When I think of her downstairs there so often nowadays practically alone, I feel as if I could scarcely bear it. She's so fearfully young."

This time at least her speech, while she went from point to point, completely hushed him, though, after a full glimpse of the direction it was taking, he ceased to meet her eyes and only sat staring hard at the pattern of the rug. Even when at last he spoke it was without looking up. "You're indeed, as she herself used to say, the modern daughter! It takes that type to wish to make a career for her parents."

"Oh," said Nanda, very simply, "it isn't a 'career' exactly, is it—keeping hold of an old friend; but it may console a little, mayn't it, for the absence of one? At all events I didn't want not to have spoken before it's too late. Of course I don't know what's the matter between you, or if anything's really the matter at all. I don't care, at any rate, *what* is—it can't be anything very bad. Make it up, make it up—forget it. I don't pretend that's a career for *you* any more than for her; but there it is. I know how I sound—most patronizing and pushing; but nothing venture nothing have. You *can't* know how much you are to her. You're more to her, I verily believe, than any one *ever* was. I hate to have the appearance of plotting anything about her behind her back; so I'll just say it once for all. She said once, in speaking of it to a person who repeated it to me, that you had done more for her than any one, because it was you who had really brought her out. It *was*—you did. I saw it at the time myself. I was very small, but I *could* see it. You'll say I must have been a most uncanny little wretch, and I dare say I was, and am keeping now the pleasant promise. That doesn't prevent one's feeling that when a person has brought a person out—"

"A person should take the consequences," Vanderbank broke in, "and see a person through?" He could meet her now perfectly, and proceeded admirably to do it. "There's an immense deal in that, I admit—I admit. I'm bound to say I don't know quite what I did—one does these things, no doubt, with a fine unconsciousness: I should have thought indeed it was the other way round. But I assure you I accept all consequences and all responsibilities. If you don't know what's the matter between us, I'm sure *I* don't either. It can't be much—we'll look into it. I don't mean you and I—*you* mustn't be any more worried; but she and her so unwittingly faithless one. I *haven't* been so often, I know"—Van pleasantly kept his course. "But there's a tide in the affairs of men—and of women, too, and of girls and of every one. You know what I mean—you know it for yourself. The great thing is that—bless both your hearts!—one doesn't, one simply *can't* if one would, give your mother up. It's absurd to talk about it. Nobody ever did such a thing in his life. There she is, like the moon or the Marble Arch. I don't say, mind you," he candidly explained, "that every one *likes* her equally: that's another affair. But no one who ever *has* liked her can afford ever again, for any long period, to do without her. There are too many stupid people—there's too much dull company. That, in London, is to be had by the ton; your mother's intelligence, on the other hand, will always have its price. One can talk with her, for a change. She's fine, fine, fine. So, my dear child, be quiet. She's a fixed star."

"Oh, I know she is," Nanda said. "It's *you*—"

"Who may be only the flashing meteor?" He sat and smiled at her. "I promise you then that your words have stayed me in my course. You've made me stand as still as Joshua made the sun." With which he got straight up. "'Young,' you say she is?" he, as if to make up for it, all the more sociably continued. "It's not like anything else. She's youth. She's *my* youth—she *was* mine. And if you ever have a chance," he wound up, "do put in for me that, if she wants *really* to know, she's booked for my old age. She's clever enough, you know"—and Vanderbank, laughing, went over for his hat—"to understand what you tell her."

Nanda took this in with due attention; she was also now on her feet. "And then she's so lovely."

"Awfully pretty!"

"I don't say it, as they say, you know," the girl continued, "*because* she's mother, but I often think when we're out that wherever she is—"

"There's no one that, all round, really touches her?" Vanderbank took it up with zeal. "Oh, so every one thinks, and in fact one's appreciation of the charming things that, in that way, are so intensely her own, can scarcely breathe on them all lightly enough. And then, hang it, she has perceptions—which are not things that run about the streets. She has surprises." He almost broke down for vividness. "She has little ways."

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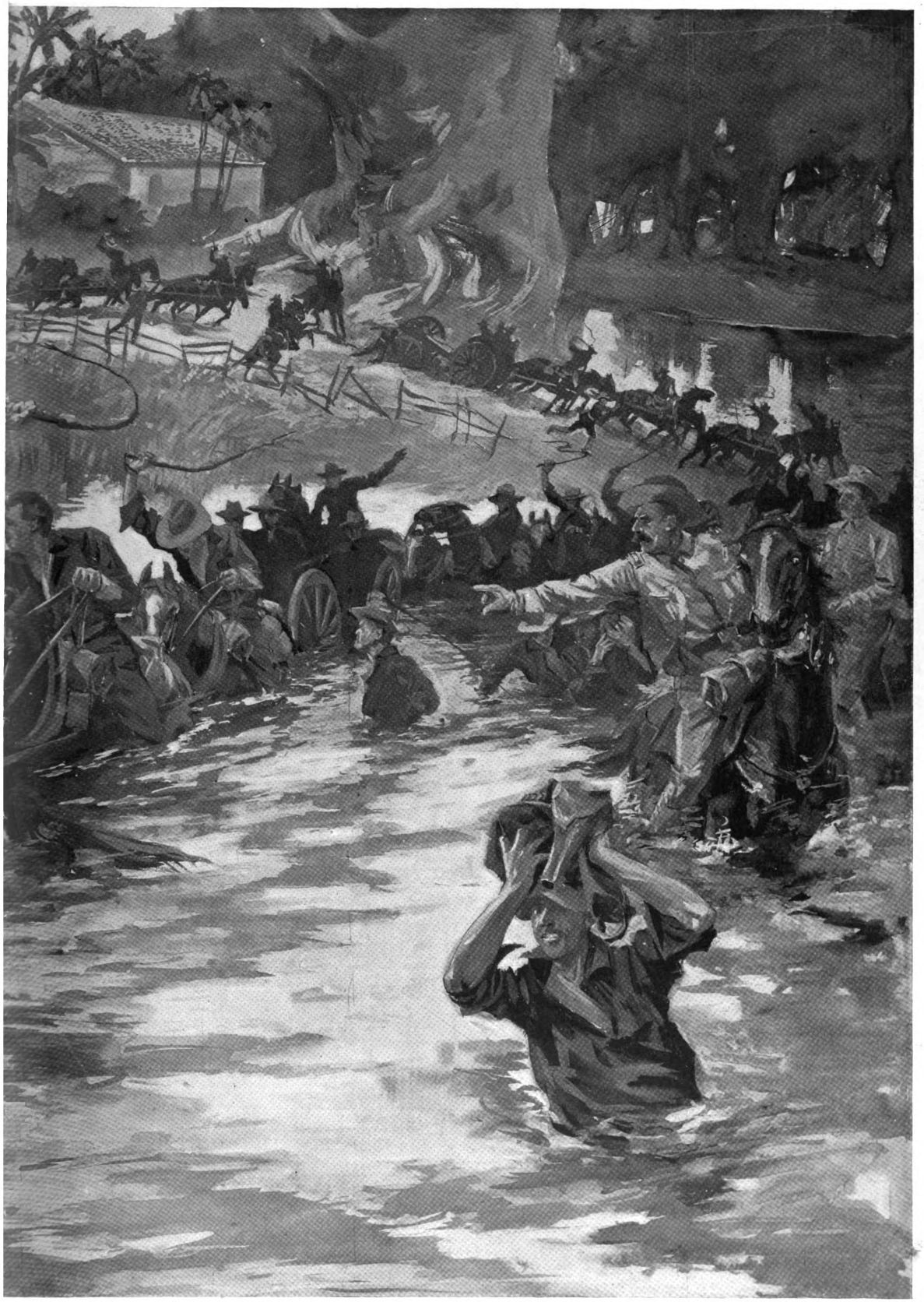


Captain Curtis, of the Indiana Battery.

MOVING ARTILLERY IN PUERTO RICO—MAJOR RODNI

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THI

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Major Rodney and Adjutant.

'S FAMOUS MARCH OVER ALMOST IMPASSABLE ROADS.

SPOT BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 3.]

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"Well, I'm glad you do like her," Nanda gravely replied.

At this again he fairly faced her, his momentary silence making it still more direct. "I like, you know, about as well as I ever liked anything, this wonderful idea of yours of putting in a plea for her solitude and her youth. Don't think I do it injustice if I say—which is saying much—that it's quite as charming as it's amusing. And now good-by."

He had put out his hand, but Nanda hesitated. "You won't wait for tea?"

"My dear child, I can't." He seemed to feel, however, that something more must be said. "We shall meet again. But it's getting on, isn't it, toward the general scatter?"

"Yes, and I hope that this year," she answered, "you'll have a good holiday."

"Oh, we shall meet before that. I shall do what I can, but upon my word I feel, you know," he laughed, "that such a tuning-up as *you've* given me will last me a long time. It's like the high Alps." Then with his hand out again he added: "Have you any plans yourself?"

So many, it might have seemed, that she had to take no time to think. "I dare say I shall be away a good deal."

He candidly wondered. "With Mr. Longdon?"

"Yes—with him most."

He had another pause. "Really for a long time?"

"A long, long one, I hope."

"Your mother's willing again?"

"Oh, perfectly. And, you see, that's why."

"Why?" She had said nothing more, and he failed to understand.

"Why you mustn't too much leave her alone. *Don't!*" Nanda brought out.

"I won't. But," he presently added, "there are one or two things."

"Well, what are they?"

He produced in some seriousness the first. "Won't she see, after all, the Mitchys?"

"Not so much, either. That of course is now very different."

Vanderbank hesitated. "But not for *you*, I gather—is it? Don't you expect to see them?"

"Oh yes—I hope they'll come down."

He moved away a little—not straight to the door. "To Beccles? Funny place for them, a little though, isn't it?"

He had put the question as if for amusement, but Nanda took it literally. "Ah, not when they're invited so very very charmingly. Not when he wants them so."

"Mr. Longdon? Then that keeps up?"

"'That'?—she was at a loss.

"I mean his intimacy—with Mitchy."

"So far as it *is* an intimacy."

"But didn't you, by-the-way,"—and he looked again at his watch—"tell me they're just about to turn up together?"

"Oh, not so very particularly together."

"Mitchy first alone?" Vanderbank asked.

She had a smile that was dim, that was slightly strange. "Unless you'll stay for company."

"Thanks—impossible. And then Mr. Longdon alone?"

"Unless Mitchy stays."

He had another pause. "You haven't, after all, told me about the efflorescence of his wife."

"How can I if you don't give me time?"

"I see—of course not." He seemed to feel for an instant the return of his curiosity. "Yet it won't do, will it? to have her out before *him?* No, I must go." He came back to her, and at present she gave him a hand. "But if you do see Mr. Longdon alone will you do me a service? I mean indeed not simply to-day, but with all other good chances?"

She waited. "*Any* service. But which first?"

"Well," he returned in a moment, "let us call it a bargain. I look after your mother—"

"And I—?" She had had to wait again.

"Look after my good name. I mean for common decency to *him*. He has been of a kindness to me that, when I think of my failure to return it, makes me blush from head to foot. I've odiously neglected him—by a complication of accidents. There are things I ought to have done that I haven't. There's one in particular—but it doesn't matter. And I haven't even explained about *that*. I've been a brute, and I didn't mean it, and I couldn't help it. But there it is. Say a good word for me. Show him somehow or other that I'm *not* a brute. In short," the young man said, quite flushed once more with the intensity of his thought, "let us have it that you may quite trust *me*, if you'll let me a little—just for my character as a gentleman—trust *you*."

"Ah, you may trust me," Nanda replied with her hand-shake.

"Good-by then!" he called from the door.

"Good-by," she said, after he had closed it.

XXXVII.

It was half past five when Mitchy came in; and Nanda's relapse had in the mean time known no arrest but the arrival of tea, which, however, she had left untouched. He expressed, on entering, the fear that he failed of exactitude, to which she replied by the assurance that he was, on the contrary, remarkably near it, and by the mention of all the aid to patience she had drawn from the pleasure of half an hour with Mr. Van—an allusion that of course immediately provoked on Mitchy's part the liveliest interest. "He *has* turned up at last then? How tremendously exciting! And your mother?" he went on; after which, as she said nothing: "Did *she* see him, I mean, and is he, perhaps, with her now?"

"No; she won't have come in—unless you asked."

"I didn't ask. I asked only for you."

Nanda thought an instant. "But you will still sometimes come to see her, won't you? I mean you won't ever give her up?"

Mitchy, at this, laughed out. "My dear child, you're an adorable family!"

She took it placidly enough. "That's what Mr. Van said. He said I'm trying to make a career for her."

"Did he?" Her visitor, though without prejudice to his amusement, appeared struck. "You must have got in with him rather deep."

She again considered. "Well, I think I did rather. He was awfully beautiful and kind."

"Oh," Mitchy concurred, "trust him always for that!"

"He wrote me, on my note," Nanda pursued, "a tremendously good answer."

Mitchy was struck afresh. "Your note? What note?"

"To ask him to come. I wrote at the beginning of the week."

"Oh—I see," Mitchy observed as if this were rather different. "He couldn't then of course have done less than come."

Yet his companion again thought. "I don't know."

"Oh come—I say: you do know," Mitchy laughed. "I should like to see him—or you either!" There would have been for a continuous spectator of these episodes an odd resemblance between the manner and all the movements that had followed his entrance and those that had accompanied the installation of his predecessor. He laid his hat, as Vanderbank had done, in three places in succession, and appeared to have very much the same various views about the security of his stick and the retention in his hand of his gloves. He postponed the final selection of a seat, and he looked at the objects about him while he spoke of other matters. Quite in the same fashion indeed at last these objects impressed him. "How charming you've made your room, and what a lot of nice things you've got!"

"That's just what Mr. Van said too. He seemed immensely struck."

But Mitchy hereupon, once more, had a drop to extravagance. "Can I do nothing then but repeat him? I came, you know, to be original."

"It would be original for *you*," Nanda promptly returned, "to be at all like him. But you *won't*," she went back, "not sometimes come for mother only? You'll have plenty of chances."

This he took up with more gravity. "What do you mean by chances? That you're going away? That *will* add to the attraction!" he exclaimed as she kept silence.

"I shall have to wait," she answered at last, "to tell you definitely what I'm to do. It's all in the air—yet I think I shall know to-day. I'm to see Mr. Longdon."

Mitchy wondered. "To-day?"

"He's coming at half past six."

"And then you'll know?"

"Well—*he* will."

"Mr. Longdon?"

"I meant Mr. Longdon," she said after a moment.

Mitchy had his watch out. "Then shall I interfere?"

"There are quantities of time. You must have your tea. You see at any rate," the girl continued, "what I mean by your chances."

She had made him his tea, which he had taken. "You do squeeze us in!"

"Well, it's an accident your coming together—except of course that you're *not* together. I simply took the time that you each independently proposed. But it would have been all right even if you *had* met. That is, I mean," she explained, "even if you and Mr. Longdon do. Mr. Van, I confess, I did want alone."

Mitchy had been glaring at her over his tea. "You're more and more remarkable!"

"Well then, if I improve so, give me your promise."

Mitchy, as he partook of refreshment, kept up his thoughtful gaze. "I shall presently want some more, please. But do you mind my asking if Van knew—"

"That Mr. Longdon's to come? Oh yes, I told him, and he left with me a message for him."

"A message? How awfully interesting!"

Nanda thought. "It *will* be, awfully—to Mr. Longdon."

"Some more *now*, please," said Mitchy while she took his cup. "And to Mr. Longdon only, eh? Is that a way of saying that it's none of *my* business?"

The fact of her attending—and with a happy show of particular care—to his immediate material want added somehow, as she replied, to her effect of sincerity. "Ah, Mr. Mitchy, the business of mine that has not by this time, ever so naturally, become a business of yours—well, I can't think of any just now, and I wouldn't, you know, if I could!"

"I can promise you then that there's none of mine," Mitchy declared, "that hasn't made, by the same token, quite the same shift. Keep it well before you, please, that if ever a young woman had a grave lookout—"

"What do you mean," she interrupted, "by a grave lookout?"

"Well, the certainty of finding herself saddled for all time to come with the affairs of a gentleman whom she can never get rid of on the specious plea that he's only her husband or her lover or her father or her son or her brother or her uncle or her cousin. There, as none of these characters, he just stands."

"Yes," Nanda kindly mused, "he's simply her Mitchy."

"Precisely. And a Mitchy, you see, is—what do you call it?—simply indissoluble. He's moreover inordinately inquisitive. He goes to the length of wondering whether Van also learned that you were expecting *me*."

"Oh yes—I told him everything."

Mitchy smiled. "Everything?"

"I told him—I told him," she replied with impatience.

Mitchy hesitated. "And did he then leave me also a message?"

"No, nothing. What I'm to do for him with Mr. Longdon," she immediately explained, "is to make practically a kind of apology."

"Ah, and for me"—Mitchy quickly took it up—"there can be no question of anything of that kind. I see. He has done me no wrong."

Nanda, with her eyes now on the window, turned it over. "I don't much think he would know even if I had."

"I see. I see. And we wouldn't tell him."

She turned with some abruptness from the outer view. "We wouldn't tell him. But he was beautiful all round," she went on. "No one could have been nicer about having for so long, for instance, come so little to the house. As if he hadn't only too many other things to do! He didn't even make them out nearly the hinderances he might. But fancy, with his important duties—all the great affairs on his hands—our making vulgar little rows about being 'neglected'! He actually made so little of what he might easily plead—speaking so, I mean, as if he were all in the wrong—that one had almost, positively, to *show* him his excuses. As if"—she really kept it up—"he hasn't plenty!"

"It's only people like me," Mitchy threw out, "who have none?"

"Yes—people like you. People of no use, of no occupation and no importance. Like you, you know," she pursued, "there are so many." Then it was with no transition of tone that she added: "If you're bad, Mitchy, I won't tell you anything."

"And if I'm good what will you tell me? What I want really most to *know* is why he should be, as you said just now, 'apologetic' to Mr. Longdon? What's the wrong he allows he has done *him?*"

"Oh, he has 'neglected' him—if that's any comfort to us—quite as much."

"Hasn't looked him up, and that sort of thing?"

"Yes—and he mentioned some other matter."

Mitchy wondered. "Mentioned it?"

"In which," said Nanda, "he hasn't pleased him."

Mitchy, after an instant, risked it. "But what other matter?"

"Oh, he says that when I speak to him, Mr. Longdon will know."

Mitchy gravely took this in. "And shall you speak to him?"

"For Mr. Van?" How, she seemed to ask, could he doubt it? "Why, the very first thing."

"And then will Mr. Longdon tell you?"

"What Mr. Van means?" Nanda thought. "Well—I hope not."

Mitchy followed it up. "You 'hope'—?"

"Why, if it's anything that could possibly make any one like him any less. I mean I shan't in that case in the least want to hear it."

Mitchy looked as if he could understand that and yet could also imagine something of a conflict. "But if Mr. Longdon insists—?"

"On making me know? I shan't let him insist. Would *you?*" she put to him.

"Oh, I'm not in question!"

"Yes, you are!" she quite rang out.

"Ah—!" Mitchy laughed. After which he added: "Well then, I might overbear you."

"No, you mightn't," she as positively declared again, "and you wouldn't at any rate desire to."

This he finally showed he could take from her—showed it in the silence in which, for a minute, their eyes met; then showed it perhaps even more in his deep exclamation: "You're complete!"

For such a proposition as well she had the same detached sense. "I don't think I am in anything but the wish to keep *you* so."

"Well—keep me, keep me! It strikes me that I'm not at all now on a footing, you know, of keeping myself. I quite give you notice in fact," Mitchy went on, "that I'm going to come to you henceforth for everything. But you're too wonderful," he wound up as she at first said nothing to this, "I don't even frighten you."

"Yes—fortunately for you."

"Ah, but I distinctly warn you that I mean to do my very best for it!"

Nanda viewed it all with as near an approach to gayety as she often achieved. "Well, if you should ever succeed it would be a dark day for you."

"You bristle with your own guns," he pursued, "but the ingenuity of a lifetime shall be devoted to taking you on some quarter on which you're not prepared."

"And what quarter, pray, will that be?"

"Ah, I'm not such a fool as to begin by giving you a cue!" Mitchy, on this, turned off with an ambiguous but unmistakably natural sigh; he looked at photographs, he took up a book or two, as Vanderbank had done, and for a couple of minutes there was silence between them. "What does stretch before me," he resumed after an interval during which, clearly, in spite of his movements, he had looked at nothing—"what does stretch before me is the happy prospect of my feeling that I have found in you a friend with whom, so utterly and unreservedly, I can always go to the bottom of things. This luxury, you see, now, of our freedom to look facts in the face is one of which, I promise you, I mean fully to avail myself." He stopped before her again, and again she was silent. "It's so awfully jolly, isn't it? that there's not at last a single thing that we can't take our ease about. I mean that we can't intelligibly name and comfortably challenge. We've worked through the long tunnel of artificial reserves and superstitious mysteries, and I at least shall have only to feel that in showing every confidence and dotting every 'i' I follow the example you so admirably set. You go down to the roots? Good. It's all I ask!"

He had dropped into a chair as he talked, and so long as she remained in her own they were confronted; but she presently got up and, the next moment, while he kept his place, was busy restoring order to the objects that both her visitors had disarranged. "If you weren't delightful you'd be dreadful!"

"There we are! I could easily, in other words, frighten you if I would."

She took no notice of the remark, only, after a few more scattered touches, producing an observation of her own. "He's going, all the same, Mr. Van, to be charming to mother. We've settled that."

"Ah, then he *can* make time—?"

She hesitated. "For as much as *that*—yes. For as much, I mean, as may sufficiently show her that he has not given up. So don't you recognize how much more time *you* can make?"

"Ah—see precisely—there we are again!" Mitchy promptly ejaculated.

Yet he had gone, it seemed, further than she followed. "But where—?"

"Why, as I say, at the roots and in the depths of things."

"Oh!" She dropped to an indifference that was but part of her general patience for all his irony.

"It's needless to go into the question of not giving your mother up. One simply *doesn't* give her up. One can't. There she is."

"That's exactly what *he* says. There she is."

"Ah, but I don't want to say nothing but what 'he' says!" Mitchy laughed. "He can't at all events have mentioned to you any such link as the one that in my case is now almost the most sensible. *I're* got a wife, you know."

"Oh, Mitchy!" the girl protestingly, though vaguely, murmured.

"And my wife—did you know it?" Mitchy went on, "is positively getting thick with your mother. Of course it isn't new to you that she's wonderful for wives. Now

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that our marriage is an accomplished fact she takes the greatest interest in it—or bids fair to, if her attention can only be thoroughly secured—and more particularly in what, I believe, is generally called our peculiar situation: for it appears, you know, that we're, in the most conspicuous manner possible, *in* a peculiar situation. Aggie is therefore already, and is likely to be still more, in what's universally recognized as your mother's regular line. Your mother will attract her, study her, finally 'understand' her. In fact, she'll help her, as she has helped so many before, and will help so many still to come. With Aggie thus as a satellite and a frequenter—in a degree in which she never yet *has* been," he continued, "what will the whole thing be but a practical multiplication of our points of contact? You may remind me of Mrs. Brook's contention that if she did in her time keep something of a saloon, the saloon is now, in consequence of events, but a collection of fortuitous atoms; but that, my dear Nanda, will become, none the less, to your clearer sense, but a pious echo of her momentary modesty or—call it at the worst—her momentary despair. The generations will come and go, and the *personnel*, as the newspapers say, of the saloon will shift and change, but the institution itself, as resting on a deep human need, has a long course yet to run and a good work yet to do. *We* sha'n't last, but your mother will, and as Aggie is happily very young she's therefore provided for, in the time to come, on a scale sufficiently considerable to leave us just now at peace. Meanwhile, as you're almost as good for husbands as Mrs. Brook is for wives, why aren't we, as a couple, we Mitchys, quite ideally arranged for, and why mayn't I speak to you of my future as sufficiently guaranteed? The only appreciable shadow I make out comes, for me, from the question of what may to-day be between you and Mr. Longdon. Do I understand," Mitchy asked, "that he's presently to arrive for an answer to something he has put to you?"

Nanda looked at him a while with a sort of solemnity of tenderness, and her voice, when she at last spoke, trembled with a feeling that clearly had grown in her as she listened to the string of whimsicalities, bitter and sweet, that he had just unrolled. "You're wild," she said simply—"you're wild."

He wonderfully glared. "Am I then already frightening you?" He shook his head rather sadly. "I'm not in the least trying yet. There's something," he added after an instant, "that I do want too awfully to ask you."

"Well, then—!" If she had not eagerness she had at least charity.

"Oh, but you see I reflect that though you show all the courage to go to the roots and depths with *me*, I'm not—I never have been—fully conscious of the nerve for doing as much with you. It's a question," Mitchy explained, "of how much—of a particular matter—you know."

She continued ever so kindly to face him. "Hasn't it come out all round now that I know everything?"

Her reply, in this form, took a minute or two to operate, but when it began to do so it fairly diffused a light. Mitchy's face turned of a color that might have been produced by her holding close to it some lantern wonderfully glazed. "You know, you know!" he then rang out.

"Of course I know."

"You know, you know!" Mitchy repeated.

"Everything," she imperturbably went on, "but what you're talking about."

He was silent a little, with his eyes on her. "May I kiss your hand?"

"No," she answered: "that's what I call wild."

He had risen with his inquiry, and after her reply he remained a moment on the spot. "See—I've frightened you. It proves as easy as that. But I only wanted to show you and to be sure for myself. Now that I've the mental certitude I shall never wish otherwise to use it." He turned away to begin again one of his absorbed revolutions. "Mr. Longdon has asked you this time for a grand public adhesion, and what he turns up for now is to receive your ultimatum? A final, irrevocable flight with him is the line he advises, and he'll be ready for it on the spot with the post-chaise and the pistols?"

The image appeared really to have for Nanda a certain vividness, and she looked at it a space without a hint of a smile. "We sha'n't need any pistols, whatever may be decided about the post-chaise; and any flight we may undertake together will need no cover of secrecy or night. Mother, as I've told you—"

"Won't fling herself across your reckless path? I remember," said Mitchy—"you alluded to her magnificent resignation. But father?" he oddly inquired.

Nanda thought for this a moment longer. "Well, Mr. Longdon has—off in the country—a good deal of shooting."

"So that Edward can sometimes come down with his old gun? Good then too—if it isn't, as he takes you by the way, to shoot *you*. You've got it all shipshape and arranged, in other words, and have only, if the fancy does move you, to clear out. You clear out—you make all sorts of room. It *is* interesting," Mitchy exclaimed, "arriving thus with you at the depths! I look all round and see every one squared and every one but one or two suited. Why then reflection and delay?"

"You don't, dear Mr. Mitchy," Nanda took her time to return, "know nearly as much as you think."

"But isn't my question absolutely a confession of ignorance and a renunciation of thought? I put myself from this moment forth with you," Mitchy declared, "on the footing of knowing nothing whatever and of receiving literally from your hands all information and all life. Let my continued attitude of inquiry, my dear Nanda, show it. Any hesitation you may yet feel, you imply, proceeds from a sense of duties in London not to be lightly renounced? Oh," he thoughtfully said, "I do at least know you *have* them."

She watched him with the same mildness while he vaguely circled about. "You're wild, you're wild," she insisted. "But it doesn't in the least matter. I sha'n't abandon you."

He stopped short. "Ah, that's what I wanted from you in so many clear-cut golden words—though I won't in the least of course pretend that I've felt I literally need it. I don't literally need the big turquoise in my neck-tie; which incidentally means, by-the-way, that if you should admire it you're quite welcome to it. Such words—that's my point—are like such jewels: the pride, you see, of one's heart. They're mere vanity, but they help along. You've got of course always poor Tishy," he continued.

"Will you leave it all to *me*?" Nanda said as if she had not heard him.

"And then you've got poor Carrie," he went on, "though *her* of course you rather divide with your mother."

"Will you leave it all to *me*?" the girl repeated.

"To say nothing of poor Cashmore," he pursued, "whom you take *all*, I believe, yourself?"

"Will you leave it all to *me*?" she once more repeated.

This time he pulled up, suddenly and expressively wondering. "Are you going to do anything about it at present?—I mean with our friend?"

She appeared to have a scruple of saying, but at last she produced it. "Yes—he doesn't mind now."

Mitchy again laughed out. "You *are*, as a family—!" But he had already checked himself. "Mr. Longdon will at any rate, you imply, be somehow interested—"

"In *my* interests? Of course—since he has gone so far. You expressed surprise at my wanting to wait and think; but how can I not wait and not think when so much depends on the question—now so definite—of how much further he *will* go?"

"I see," said Mitchy, profoundly impressed. "And how much does that depend on?"

She had to reflect. "On how much further I, for my part, *must*."

Mitchy's grasp was already complete. "And he's coming then to learn from you how far this is?"

"Yes—very much."

Mitchy looked about for his hat. "So that of course I see my time's about up, as you'll want to be quite alone together."

Nanda glanced at the clock. "Oh, you've a margin yet."

"But you don't want an interval for your thinking—?"

"Now that I've seen you?" Nanda was already very obviously thoughtful.

"I mean if you've an important decision to take."

"Well," she returned, "seeing you *has* helped me."

"Ah, but at the same time worried you. Therefore—!" And he picked up his umbrella.

Her eyes rested on its curious handle. "If you cling to your idea that I'm frightened you'll be disappointed. It will never be given you to reassure me."

"You mean by that that I am primarily so solid—"

"Yes, that till I see you yourself afraid—"

"Well?"

"Well, I won't admit that anything isn't exactly what I was prepared for."

Mitchy looked with interest into his hat. "Then what is it I'm to 'leave' to you?" After which, as she turned away from him with a suppressed sound and said, while he watched her, nothing else, "It's no doubt natural for you to talk," he went on, "but I do make you nervous. Good-by—good-by."

She had stayed him, however, by a fresh movement, as he reached the door. "Aggie's only trying to find out—"

"Yes—what?" he asked, waiting.

"Why, what sort of a person she is. How can she ever have known? It was carefully, elaborately hidden from her—kept so obscure that she could make out nothing. She isn't now like *me*."

He wonderingly attended. "Like you?"

"Why, I get the benefit of the fact that there was never a time when I didn't know *something* or other and that I became more and more aware, as I grew older, of a hundred little chinks of daylight."

Mitchy stared. "You're stupendous, my dear!" he murmured.

Ah, but she kept it up. "*I* had my idea about Aggie."

"Oh, don't I know you had? And how you were positive about the sort of person—"

"That she didn't even suspect herself," Nanda broke in, "to be? I'm equally positive now. It's quite what I believed, only there's ever so much more of it. More *has* come—and more will yet. You see, when there has been nothing before, it all has to come with a rush. So that if even I am surprised, of course *she* is."

"And of course *I* am!" Mitchy's interest, though even now not wholly unqualified with amusement, had visibly deepened. "You admit then," he continued, "that you *are* surprised."

Nauda just hesitated. "At the mere scale of it. I think it's splendid. The only person whose astonishment I don't quite understand," she added, "is Cousin Jane."

"Oh, Cousin Jane's astonishment serves her right!"

"If she held so," Nanda pursued, "that marriage should do everything—"

"She shouldn't be in such a funk at finding what it *is* doing? Oh no, she's the last one!" Mitchy declared. "I vow I enjoy her scare."

"But it's very bad, you know," said Nanda.

"Oh, too awful!"

"Well, of course," the girl appeared assentingly to muse, "she couldn't after all have dreamed—!" But she took herself up. "The great thing is to be helpful."

"And in what way—?" Mitchy asked with his wonderful air of inviting competitive suggestions.

"Toward Aggie's finding herself. Do you think," she immediately continued, "that Lord Petherton really is?"

Mitchy frankly considered. "Helpful? Oh, he does his best, I gather. Yes," he presently added—"Petherton's all right."

"It's you yourself, naturally," his companion threw off, "who can help most."

"Certainly, and I'm doing my best too. So that with such good assistance"—he seemed at last to have taken it all from her—"what is it, I again ask, that, as you request, I'm to leave to you?"

Nanda required, while he still waited, some time to reply. "To keep my promise."

"Your promise?"

"Not to abandon you."

"Ah," cried Mitchy, "that's better!"

"Then good-by!" she said.

"Good-by." But he came a few steps forward. "I *mayn't* kiss your hand?"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Oh!" he oddly sounded as he quickly went out.

XXXVIII.

The interval he had represented as likely to be useful to her was in fact, however, not a little abbreviated by a punctuality of arrival on Mr. Longdon's part so extreme as to lead, the first thing, to a word almost of apology.

"You can't say," her new visitor immediately began, "that I haven't left you alone, these many days, as much as I promised on coming up to you that afternoon when, after my return to town, I found Mr. Mitchett, instead of your mother, awaiting me in the drawing-room."

"Yes," said Nanda, "you've really done quite as I asked you."

"Well," he returned, "I felt half an hour ago that, near as I was to relief, I could keep it up no longer; so that, though I knew it would bring me much too soon, I started at six sharp for our trysting-place."

"And I've no tea, after all, to reward you!" It was but now, clearly, that she observed it. "They must have removed the things without my noticing."

Her old friend looked at her with some intensity. "Were you in the room?"

"Yes—but I didn't see the man come in."

"What then were you doing?"

Nanda thought; her smile was, as usual, the faintest discernible outward sign. "Thinking of *you*."

"So tremendously hard?"

"Well, of other things too and of other persons. Of everything, really, that in our last talk I told you, you know, it seemed to me best I should have out with myself before meeting you for what I suppose you've now in mind."

Mr. Longdon had kept his eyes on her, but at this he turned away; not, however, as an alternative, embracing her material situation with the embarrassed optimism of Vanderbank or the mitigated gloom of Mitchy. "Ah"—he took her up with some dryness—"you've been having things out with yourself?" But he went on before she answered: "I don't want any tea, thank you. I found myself, after five, in such a fidget that I went three times in the course of the hour to my club, where I have the impression that I each time had it. I dare say it wasn't there, though, that I did have it," he after an instant pursued, "for I've somehow a confused image of a shop in Oxford Street—or was it rather in Regent?—into which I gloomily wandered to beguile the moments with a liquid that if I strike you as upset I beg you to set it all down to. Do you know in fact what I've been doing for the last ten minutes? Roaming hither and thither in your beautiful Crescent till I could venture to come in."

"Then did you see Mitchy go out? But no, you wouldn't"—Nanda corrected herself. "He has been gone longer than that."

Her visitor had dropped upon a sofa where, propped by the back, he sat rather upright, his glasses on his nose, his hands in his pockets and his elbows much turned out. "Mitchy left you more than ten minutes ago, and yet your state on his departure remains such that there could be a bustle of servants in the room without your being aware? Kindly give me some light then on the condition into which he has plunged you."

She hovered before him with her obscure smile. "You see it for yourself."

He shook his head with decision. "I don't see anything for myself, and I beg you to understand that it's not what I've come here to-day to do. Anything I may yet see which I don't already see will be only, I warn you, so far as you shall make it very clear. There—you've work cut out. And is it with Mr. Mitchett, may I ask, that you've been, as you mention, cutting it?"

Nanda looked about her as if weighing many things; after which her eyes came back to him. "Do you mind if I don't sit down?"

"I don't mind if you stand on your head—at the pass we've come to."

"I shall not try your patience," the girl good-humoredly replied, "so far as that. I only want you not to be worried if I walk about a little."

Mr. Longdon, without a movement, kept his posture. "Oh, I can't oblige you there. I *shall* be worried. I've come on purpose to be worried, and the more I surrender myself to the rack the more, I seem to feel, we shall have threshed our business out. So you may dance, if you like, on the absolutely passive thing you've made of me."

"Well, what I *have* had from Mitchy," she cheerfully responded, "is practically a lesson in dancing; by which I perhaps mean rather a lesson in sitting, myself, as I want you to do while *I* talk, as still as a mouse. They take," she declared, "while *they* talk, an amount of exercise!"

"They?" Mr. Longdon wondered. "Was his wife with him?"

"Dear no—he and Mr. Van."

"Was Mr. Van with him?"

"Oh no—before, alone. All over the place."

Mr. Longdon had a pause so rich in inquiry that when he at last spoke his question was itself like an answer. "Mr. Van has been to see you?"

"Yes. I wrote and asked him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Longdon.

"But don't get up." She raised her hand. "Don't!"

"Why should I?" He had never budged.

"He was most kind; staid half an hour and, when I told him you were coming, left a good message for you."

Mr. Longdon appeared to wait for this tribute, which was not immediately produced. "What do you call a 'good' message?"

"I'm to make it all right with you."

"To make what?"

"Why, that he has not, for so long, been to see you or written to you. That he has seemed to neglect you."

Nanda's visitor looked so far about as to take the neighborhood in general into the confidence of his surprise. "To neglect *me*?"

"Well, others too, I believe—with whom we're not concerned. He has been so taken up. But you above all."

Mr. Longdon showed, on this, a coldness that somehow spoke for itself as the greatest with which he had ever in his life met an act of reparation, and that was infinitely confirmed by his sustained immobility. "But of what have I complained?"

"Oh, I don't think he fancies you've complained."

"And how could he have come to see me," he continued, "when for so many months past I've been so little in town?"

He was not more ready with objections, however, than his companion had by this time become with answers. "He must have been thinking of the time of your present stay. He said he hadn't seen you."

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"He has quite sufficiently tried—he has left cards," Mr. Longdon returned. "What more does he want?"

Nanda looked at him with her long, grave straightness, which had often a play of light beyond any smile. "Oh, you know, he does want more."

"Then it was open to him—"

"So he so strongly feels"—she quickly took him up—"that you must have felt. And therefore it is that I speak for him."

"Don't!" said Mr. Longdon.

"But I promised him I would."

"Don't!" the old man repeated.

She had kept, for the time, all her fine clearness turned to him; but she might on this have been taken as giving him up with a movement of obedience and a strange soft sigh. The smothered sound might even have represented to a listener at all initiated a consenting retreat before an effort greater than her reckoning—a retreat that was in so far the snap of a sharp tension. The next minute, none the less, she evidently found a fresh provocation in the sight of the pale and positively excessive rigor she had imposed, so that, though her friend was only accommodating himself to her wish, she had a sudden impulse of criticism. "You're proud about it—too proud!"

"Well, what if I am?" He looked at her with a complexity of communication that no words could have meddled with. "Pride's all right when it helps one to bear things."

"Ah," said Nanda, "but that's only when one wants to take least from them. When one wants to take most—"

"Well?"—he spoke, as she faltered, with a certain small hardness of interest.

She faltered, however, indeed. "Oh, I don't know how to say it." She fairly colored with the attempt. "One must let the sense of all that I speak of—well, all come. One must rather like it. I don't know—but I suppose one must rather grovel."

Mr. Longdon, though with visible reluctance, turned it over. "That's very fine—but you're a woman."

"Yes—that must make a difference. But being a woman, in such a case, has then," Nanda went on, "its advantages."

On this point perhaps her friend might presently have been taken as relaxing. "It strikes me that even at that, the advantages are mainly for others. I'm glad, God knows, that you're not also a young man."

"Then we're suited all round."

She had spoken with a promptitude that appeared again to act on him slightly as an irritant, for he met it—with more delay—by a long, derisive murmur. "Oh, *my* pride—!" But this she in no manner took up; so that he was left for a little to his thoughts. "That's what you were plotting when you told me the other day that you wanted time?"

"Ah, I wasn't plotting—though I was, I confess, trying to work things out. That particular idea of simply asking Mr. Van, by letter, to present himself—that particular flight of fancy hadn't in fact then at all occurred to me."

"It never occurred, I'm bound to say, to *me*," said Mr. Longdon. "I've never thought of writing to him."

"Very good. But you haven't the reasons. I wanted to attack him."

"Not about me, I hope to God!" Mr. Longdon, distinctly a little paler, rejoined.

"Don't be afraid. I think I had an instinct of how you would have taken *that*. It was about mother."

"Oh!" said her visitor.

"He has been worse to her than to you," she continued. "But he'll make it all right."

Mr. Longdon's attention retained its grimness. "If he has such a remedy for the more then, what has he for the less?"

Nanda, however, was but for an instant checked. "Oh, it's I who make it up to *you*. To mother, you see, there's no one, otherwise, to make it up."

This at first, unmistakably, sounded to him too complicated for acceptance. But his face changed as light dawned. "That puts it then that you *will* come?"

"I'll come if you'll take me as I am—which is, more than I've ever done before, what I must previously explain to you. But what *he* means by what you call his remedy is my making you feel better about himself."

The old man gazed at her. "'Your' doing it is too beautiful! And he could really come to you for the purpose of asking you?"

"Oh no," said the girl briskly, "he came simply for the purpose of doing what he *had* to do. After my letter how could he not come? Then he met most kindly what I said to him for mother and what he quite understood to be all my business with him; so that his appeal to me to plead with you for—well, for his credit—was only thrown in because he had so good a chance."

This speech brought Mr. Longdon abruptly to his feet, but before she could warn him again of the patience she continued to need he had already, as if what she evoked for him left him too stupefied, dropped back into submission. "The man stood there for you to render him a service?—for you to help him and praise him?"

"Ah, but it wasn't to go out of my way, don't you see? He knew you were presently to be here." Her anxiety that he should understand gave her a rare, strained smile.

"I mustn't make—as a request from him—too much of it, and I've not a doubt that, rather than you should think any ill of him for wishing me to say a word, he would gladly be left with whatever bad appearance he may actually happen to have." She pulled up on these words as if with a quick sense of their really, by their mere sound, putting her in deeper; and could only give her friend one of the looks that expressed: "If I could trust you not to assent even more than I want, I should say 'You know what I mean!'" She allowed him, at all events—or tried to allow him—no time for uttered irony before going on: "He was everything you could have wished; quite as beautiful about *you*—"

"As about you?"—Mr. Longdon took her up.

She demurred. "As about mother." With which she turned away as if it handsomely settled the question.

But it only left him, as she went to the window, sitting there sombre. "I like, you know," he brought out as his eyes followed her, "your saying you're not proud! Thank God you *are*, my dear. Yes—it's better for us."

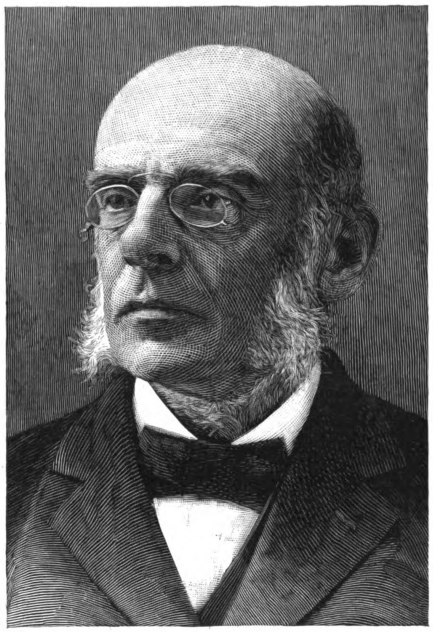
At this, after a moment, in her place, she turned round to him. "I'm glad I'm anything—whatever you may call it and though I can't call it the same—that's good for *you*."

He said nothing more for a little, as if, by such a speech, something in him were simplified and softened. "It would be good for me—by which I mean it would be easier for me—if you didn't quite so immensely care for him."

"Oh!" came from Nanda with an accent of attenuation at once so precipitate and so vague that it only made her attitude at first rather awkward. "Oh!" she immediately repeated, but with an increase of the same effect. After which, conscious, she made, as if to save herself, a quick addition. "Dear Mr. Longdon, isn't it rather yourself most—?"

"It would be easier for me," he went on heedless, "if you didn't, my poor child, so wonderfully love him."

"Ah, but I don't—please believe me when I assure you I *don't!*" she broke out. It burst from her, flaring up, in a queer quaver that ended in something queerer still—in her abrupt collapse, on the spot, into the nearest chair, where she choked with a torrent of tears. Her buried face could only, after a moment, give way to the flood, and she sobbed with a passion as sharp and brief as the flurry of a wild thing for an instant uncaged; her old friend meantime keeping his place in the silence broken



PRESIDENT DWIGHT, OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

by her sound and distantly—across the room—closing his eyes to his helplessness and her shame. Thus they sat together while their trouble both conjoined and divided them. She recovered herself, however, with an effort worthy of her fall, and was on her feet again as she stammeringly spoke and angrily brushed at her eyes. "What difference in the world does it make—what difference ever?" Then, clearly, even with the words, her checked tears suffered her to see that it made the difference that he too had been crying; so that "I don't know why you mind!" she, on this, with extravagance, wailed.

"You don't know what I would have done for him. You don't know, you don't know!" he repeated—while she looked as if she naturally couldn't—as with a renewal of his dream of beneficence and of the soreness of his personal wound.

"Well, but *he* does you justice—he knows. So it shows, so it shows—!"

But in this direction too, unable to say what it showed, she had again broken down, and again could only hold herself and let her companion sit there. "Ah, Nanda, Nanda!" he deeply murmured; and the depth of the pity was, vainly and blindly, as the depth of a reproach.

"It's I—it's I, therefore," she said as if she must then so look at it with him; "it's I who am the horrible impossible and who have covered everything else with my own impossibility. For some different person you *could* have done what you speak of, and for some different person you can do it still."

He stared at her with his barren sorrow. "A person different from him?"

"A person different from *me*."

"And what interest have I in any such person?"

"But your interest in me—you see well enough where *that* lands us."

Mr. Longdon now got to his feet and somewhat stiffly remained; after which, for all answer, "You say you *will* come then?" he asked. Then as—seemingly with her last thought—she kept silent: "You understand clearly, I take it, that this time it's never again to leave me—or to *be* left."

"I understand," she presently replied. "Never again. That," she continued, "is why I asked you for these days."

"Well then, since you've taken them—"

"Ah, but have *you?*" said Nanda. They were close to each other now, and with a tenderness of warning that was helped by their almost equal stature she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "What I did more than anything else write to him for," she had now regained her clearness enough to explain, "was that—with whatever idea you had—you should see for yourself how he could come and go."

"And what good was that to do me? *Hadn't* I seen for myself?"

"Well—you've seen once more. Here he was. I didn't care what he thought. Here I brought him. And his reasons remain."

She kept her eyes on her companion's face, but his own, now and afterwards, seemed to wander far. "What do I care for his reasons so long as they're not mine?"

She thought an instant, still holding him gently and as if for successful argument. "But perhaps you don't altogether understand them."

"And why the devil, altogether, *should* I?"

"Ah, because you distinctly want to," said Nanda, ever so kindly. "You've admitted as much when we've talked—"

"Oh, but when *have* we talked?" he sharply interrupted.

This time he had challenged her so straight that it was her own look that strayed. "When?"

"When."

She hesitated. "When *haven't* we?"

"Well, *you* may have: if that's what you call talking—never saying a word. But I haven't. I've only to do, at any rate, in the way of reasons, with my own."

"And yours too then remain? Because, you know," the girl pursued, "I *am* like that."

"Like what?"

"Like what he thinks." Then so gravely that it was almost a supplication, "Don't tell me," she added, "that you don't *know* what he thinks. You do know."

Their eyes, on that strange ground, could meet at last, and the effect of it was presently for Mr. Longdon. "I do know."

"Well?"

"Well!" He raised his hands and took her face, which he drew so close to his own that, as she gently let him, he could kiss her with solemnity on the forehead. "Come!" he then very firmly said—quite indeed as if it were a question of their moving on the spot.

It literally made her smile, which, with a certain compunction, she immediately corrected by doing for him, in the pressure of her lips to his cheek, what he had just done for herself. "To-day?" she more seriously asked.

He looked at his watch. "To-morrow."

She paused, but clearly for assent. "That's what I mean by your taking me as I am. It *is*, you know, for a girl—extraordinary."

"Oh, I know what it is!" he exclaimed with an odd weariness in his tenderness.

But she continued, with the shadow of her scruple, to explain. "We're many of us, we're most of us—as you long ago saw and showed you felt—extraordinary now. We can't help it. It isn't really our fault. There's so much else that's extraordinary that if we're in it all so much *we* must naturally be." It was all obviously clearer to her than it had ever been, and her sense of it found renewed expression; so that she might have been, as she wound up, a very much older person than her friend. "Everything's different from what it used to be."

"Yes, everything," he returned with an air of final indoctrination. "That's what he ought to have recognized."

"As *you* have?" Nanda was once more—and completely now—enthroned in high justice. "Oh, he's more old-fashioned than you."

"Much more," said Mr. Longdon with a queer face. "He tried," the girl went on—"he did his best. But he couldn't. And he's so right—for himself."

Her visitor, before meeting this, gathered in his hat and stick, which for a minute occupied his attention. "He ought to have married—"

"Little Aggie? Yes," said Nanda.

They had gained the door, where Mr. Longdon again met her eyes. "And then Mitchy—"

But she checked him with a quick gesture. "No—not even then!"

So again, before he went, they were for a minute confronted. "Are you anxious about Mitchy?"

She faltered, but at last brought it out. "Yes. Do you see? There I am."

"I see. There we are. Well," said Mr. Longdon—"to-morrow."

THE END.

Yale's President

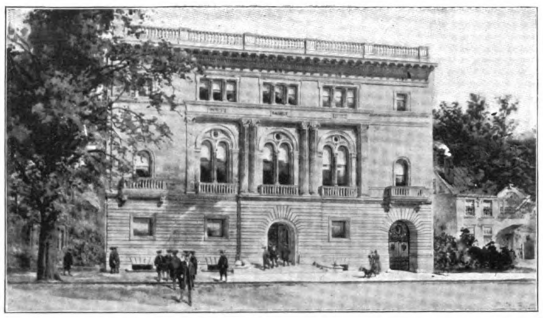
I.

ONE has to get altogether outside of his own university in order to justly appreciate it. One must have adjusted himself to the comparatively haphazard conditions prevailing in "the world" to which undergraduates so often refer, to which they constantly look forward, and for which they are in training. Then one must go back. But melancholy and sentiment are out of fashion; and so the visitor must cheerily forget himself, lest his mind should form a reproachful suggestion now and then, as though Alma Mater were saying to him something wonderfully like Tennyson's—

> Having known *me*, to decline
> On a range of lower feelings, . . .

This is not by any means just my individual echo of a common and trite old observation. It is the outcome of

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LAW-SCHOOL—FRONT VIEW.



OSBORN HALL.

a vivid bit of actual experience, which showed that certain college ideals at least are as important as they are admirable.

A few weeks ago it was reported that President Dwight of Yale had resigned his position, the resignation to take effect at the close of the present academic year. I went up to New Haven to see him and some of the leading men in the various departments of the university, and it so happened that an officer of the regular army, not a university man, went with me. Colonel R. had never visited Yale; I had not been there for a long time; we should have been rank outsiders in a less hospitable place. In a word, the conditions were uncommonly well suited to appreciation. We paid some of our calls together, and the colonel's impressions as well as my own enter into the comments I have to make.

Dr. Dwight's letter of November 17 to the corporation of the university began with the statement: "It has been my conviction for many years that it is desirable—alike with reference to his own happiness in the later, less active, and more restful period of his life, and as related to the highest interests of the institution—that a person who is placed in the chief administrative office in a large university like ours should not continue in that position beyond the age of seventy. In accordance with this conviction I have had the purpose ever since I entered upon the presidency to offer my resignation at the time when I should myself reach that age. As that time has just now arrived, I make known to you my desire to withdraw. . . ." But the two visitors from New York found it difficult to believe that the man whose face, especially in profile, was like Gladstone's at seventy, could insist that seventy was the age of withdrawal. There had been years of such splendid activity for Gladstone after threescore and ten! One of us thought to approach the subject rather diplomatically, speaking of the desire of the corporation and the faculty that the president should reconsider his decision.

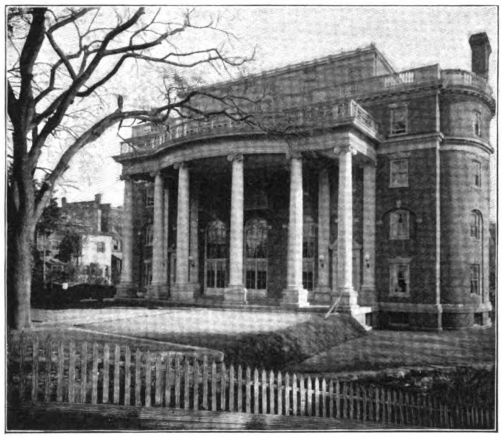
"But," said President Dwight, "I *have* resigned."

II.

It did not seem to be at all a question of the man's ability to continue his work successfully; it seemed to be the president's view of an *average* president's ability, and of the normal limit of usefulness. His own vigor was exceptional; but, if he should not withdraw, future incumbents of the office might also serve beyond the age of seventy. A false precedent would be established; or, rather, a wise example would not be set. In the long-run the university would enjoy greater prosperity if each succeeding president should accept the view expressed in the letter which I have just cited. The life of a university is a continuous development, not merely from year to year, but from generation to generation and from century to century; and, as a rule, it is easier for young men to look forward hopefully while making far-reaching plans.

"The special duty pertaining to the central office of administration in a great university," Dr. Dwight has written in official papers which he gave me, "is to take a comprehensive survey of its present life, its needed development, its future possibilities, and the method and means of securing the fulfilment of what is desired. This central office must, accordingly, be a place of large outlook and a place for well-considered and wide-extending plans. . . . The work would be a less grand one, and one having in itself less of inspiration, if it did not reach out in its aim and purpose beyond the immediate present or the early future. . . . The single years, it must be remembered, can count but little, because of the greatness of the work." And thus it is always with him: the future, the greater future, is his inspiring theme, which his own courage chose long ago, and which has made everything possible. And more than any other characteristic, I think it is this one which distinguished the man.

Professor Andrew W. Phillips, dean of the Graduate Department, has written me: "The key-note to President Dwight's administration has been the evolution of the university from the college. He has strengthened



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PROSPECTUS

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY NELSON A. MILES, MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING THE U. S. ARMY

Sold Only by Subscription

THE publication of HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR met with UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS; and yet, notwithstanding the STUPENDOUS SALE of that work, it is even MORE HIGHLY PRIZED to-day by subscribers THAN WHEN it was FIRST ISSUED, more than THIRTY YEARS AGO. The PERMANENT VALUE of VIVID PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES, made on the field by special artists and war correspondents, CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED.

As soon as war with Spain was declared, SPECIAL ARTISTS and CORRESPONDENTS were ENGAGED to go to the front with each division of the army and each squadron of the navy, TO RECORD AND ILLUSTRATE graphically the TRAGIC EVENTS of the war. The HIGH CHARACTER of these artists and correspondents, the LONG VOYAGES they were compelled to make, and the PRIVATION and DANGER to which they WERE EXPOSED enabled them TO COMMAND ENORMOUS SALARIES. However, this EXPENSE has been CHEERFULLY BORNE, in the firm belief that the READING PUBLIC will FULLY APPRECIATE the value of an ACCURATE and AUTHENTIC HISTORY of the war, in which every INCIDENT OF NOTE has been FAITHFULLY ILLUSTRATED by distinguished artists.

COLORED LITHOGRAPHS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS

The great ART DEPARTMENT of the publishers has been TAXED TO ITS UTMOST, and two OTHER LARGE ART ESTABLISHMENTS have been EMPLOYED to prepare the illustrations in this GREAT WORK. The war was carried on almost WHOLLY WITHIN THE TROPICS, and so RICH and VARIED is the COLOR of the FOLIAGE, the ATMOSPHERE and WATER of this WONDERFUL COUNTRY, that many COLORED LITHOGRAPHS will be introduced into the history in order MORE VIVIDLY to PORTRAY the actual SCENE as WITNESSED by the participants.

A PARTIAL OUTLINE OF CONTENTS

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Spain and Cuba:—The Noble and Gentle Race Columbus found in Cuba—By Subjugation, Cruelty, and Oppression, Spain Annihilated More than a Million Aborigines—She Imported Negroes into the West Indies and Instituted Slavery—Spanish Devices for Capturing and Torturing Fugitive Slaves—The Buccaneers in Cuba and the West Indies—The First Cuban Revolts—The Lopez Expeditions—The "Black Warrior"—The Ostend Manifesto—"Cuba Libre!"

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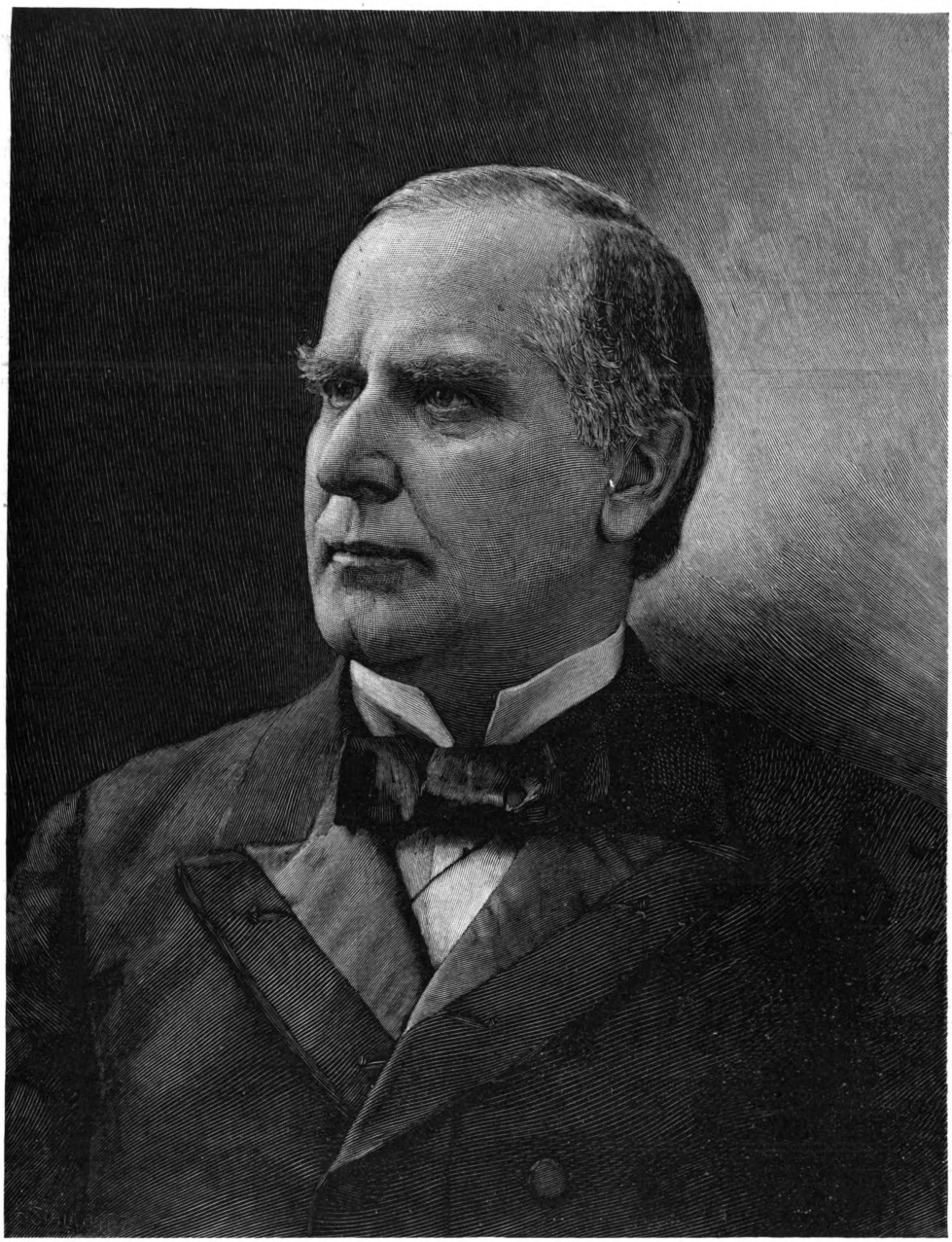
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WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL MESSAGE

DECEMBER 6, 1897

"THE most important problem with which this Government is now called upon to deal pertaining to its foreign relations concerns its duty towards Spain and the Cuban insurrection. Problems and conditions more or less in common with those now existing have confronted this Government at various times in the past. The story of Cuba for many years has been one of unrest; growing discontent; an effort towards a larger enjoyment of liberty and self-control; of organized resistance to the mother-country; of depression after distress and warfare, and of ineffectual settlement to be followed by renewed revolt. For no enduring period since the enfranchisement of the continental possessions of Spain in the Western Continent has the condition of Cuba or the policy of Spain towards Cuba not caused concern to the United States.

"The prospect from time to time that the weakness of Spain's hold upon the island and the political vicissitudes and embarrassments of the home government might lead to the transfer of Cuba to a continental power called forth, between 1823 and 1860, various emphatic declarations of the policy of the United States to permit no disturbance of Cuba's connection with Spain unless in the direction of independence or acquisition by us through purchase; nor has there been any change of this

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every department, and in every way worked towards the unification of the forces and the economization of the same, so as to produce the grandest development of the higher education. This has reacted on the several departments, and has produced in each a corresponding increase of scholarly spirit, and developed in the student a more manly spirit as well."

Yes, no doubt the university idea is the key-note to his administration, but not the key to his power, I submit. He has been attached to the university idea because, as he has looked hopefully forward, he has seen that the larger and freer form is not only desirable, but indispensable. I have been reading once more his report dated 1896, in which he traces the growth of the university idea from its beginning in 1795, when his grandfather was college president, and when the entire teaching force consisted of the president, one professor, and three tutors. He tells us with precision how poor and weak in external things the college was a century ago, but I think he cares to give these details chiefly because he is able to add that the first Dr. Dwight's guiding and planning mind took to itself the vision of the future; and in conclusion he impulsively expresses his strong faith "that the coming century has yet greater things in its keeping—things as far beyond what we know to-day as the things that have come to us are greater than those which were revealed before the sight and in the experience of our fathers." The plans for the expanding university, he says, "should be directed by a wisdom that looks forward—a wisdom that acts at the right moment, but is willing to wait for the right moment."

The practical value of "a wisdom that looks forward" has been demonstrated at New Haven. Since President Dwight took office, in 1886, and since the name of the institution was changed from Yale College to Yale University, in March, 1887, almost a score of new buildings for the uses of the university have been erected, and half as many more either purchased or considerably enlarged or altered. The value of the new buildings alone, it is authoritatively stated, is more than $2,000,000. A comparison of the latest Yale catalogue with that for 1886–7 shows, besides the building added to the Medical School, the Psychological Laboratory, and the Dean's offices in High Street, the following acquisitions: The Kent Laboratory, which was completed in 1888; Osborn Hall (displacing the old Yale Fence), completed in 1889; the Chittenden Library Building, 1890; the new Gymnasium, 1892; Welch Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1892; Winchester Hall (scientific school), 1892; the Infirmary, 1892; the Laboratory Building of the Medical School, 1893; Vanderbilt Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1894; White Hall and Berkeley Hall, dormitories, completed in 1894; the Chemical Laboratory of the Scientific School, 1895; the Law Building, 1895; Phelps Hall, 1896, and Pierson Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1896. The former residence of the founder of the Scientific School has been transformed into a Biological Laboratory; one of the Congregational churches of the city has been purchased and devoted to university purposes ("College Street Hall"); the Battell Chapel has been very much enlarged; the old Gymnasium has been adapted to the purposes of the University Dining Hall; important changes and repairs have been made in the older Medical Building and in Sheffield Hall, and, partly to provide for other halls and dormitories, the college grounds have been enlarged by very considerable purchases of land near the academic campus.

As for the financial resources of the university, and its growth in the number of teachers and students, Yale has much more than doubled its strength during the twelve years. In 1885–6 there were 1104 students and 114 instructors; at the present time there are 2796 students and about 270 instructors. The proportion of one instructor to about ten students has been steadily maintained. If we examine the records of that department which most perfectly expresses the university ideal, inasmuch as it is especially devoted to research work—the Graduate School—the increase is more striking. The general catalogue for 1886–7 contains the names of only 56 graduate students, while that of 1898–9 will show 283 or more. The membership in the Department of Music and the Courses for Teachers, both of which have come into existence since the college became a university, is at present 239. Only the Divinity School has remained nearly stationary in this respect, its membership reaching 119 in 1893–4, and declining to 95 at the beginning of the present academic year. But the whole story may be briefly told, for the summary of students for the first term, 1898, made up by the secretary, Mr. Dexter, on December 16, has been sent to me, together with the corresponding figures for 1885–6, as follows:

	1885–6.	1898–9.
Graduate School	42	283
Yale College	563	1224
Sheffield Scientific School	251	567
Art School	48	84
Department of Music	0	76
Divinity School	110	95
Medical School	28	110
Law School	62	194
Teachers' Courses	0	163
Total	1104	2796

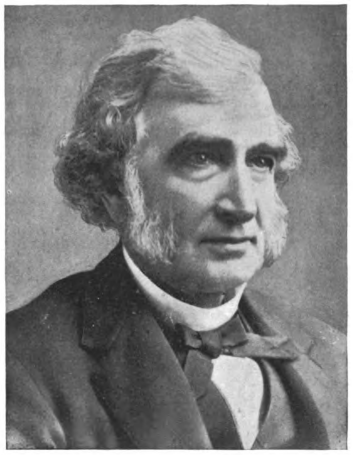
The permanent funds or invested funds belonging to the institution have more than doubled since 1886, increasing from $2,200,000 in 1885–6 to $4,600,000 in 1898–9; and in a decade (1887–97) the gifts to the university amounted to about four millions of dollars. It is of course proper to consider under this head the increased attendance as a cause of a similar increase of the resources for meeting annual expenditures. With this item added, the increase of the annual income of the corporation, for all purposes, is seen to be more than 150 per cent. The number of the courses of study offered under the elective system has increased in equal measure. Within the same period it also has more than doubled.

III.

This evenness of growth is a striking fact, certainly. The opportunities for liberal study, the funds for the support of a great institution, the brotherhood of students, and the brotherhood of teachers have advanced in a line. And if one searches for an explanation of Yale's symmetry, I think it will not be hard to find. President Dwight—first of all a scholar and a practical teacher—fully realized that as the sphere of knowledge widens everywhere, the call which comes to a university for the advancement of learning is more imperative and more exacting in its claims. "The impulse which quickens its efforts, therefore," he says, "must be the impulse which asks for greater resources, to the end that there may be larger work and richer results for educated life in the State and the nation."

It is true that Dr. Dwight mentions "greater resources" first and "larger work" in the second place, but one misses the whole significance of the message who does not see that the logical order in the opinion of the president is almost the reverse of this. Entering upon his office at a critical moment in the history of the institution, he was not content with merely guiding the development that had begun, but he stimulated it with his confidence that the end *secures* the means. A symmetrical growth was planned and promised, and therefore realized. If a university truly sympathizes with the spirit of progress that is abroad in the world, and is equipped for real service, there need be no misgivings or over-cautious pondering of ways and means—at least a man of Dr. Dwight's disposition would have none. Every obligation that the university assumes in such a cause makes its connection with the great world more vital. It cannot be permitted to want, for it stands ready to give. *Date, et dabitur.*

The attachment of the university to its president, in addition to the personal and unofficial manifestations, has more recently been well expressed by the Yale corporation. A committee of that body, appointed on November 17, submitted its report at an adjourned meeting of the corporation, held at New Haven on the 13th of December, and by the adoption of its report the resignation of Dr. Dwight was accepted. "Urgent representations," the committee states, "have failed to persuade him to postpone, as the fellows would unanimously desire, the date at which he proposed that his resignation should take effect." The members of the corporation, therefore, were compelled most reluctantly to acquiesce in his decision, declaring in their resolutions that his administration "will



HON. JUSTIN S. MORRILL,
Late Senior Senator from Vermont.
Photograph by Bell.

be a memorable period of the history of this institution in all future time." The advances which have been made in many directions since 1886 are indicated, and this comment follows: "In the progress thus exhibited the personal character and personal services of President Dwight have been a most significant factor, and with noteworthy disinterestedness and devotion he himself has given the university considerably more than $100,000, or more than twice the amount of the remuneration to which his office was entitled."

In regard to the succession it may be stated that at the December meeting of the corporation the names of between twenty and thirty persons were suggested as possible candidates. All or nearly all of these were laymen. At most the names of one or two clergymen were considered at that time. There is, of course, positively no legal obstacle in the way of choosing a non-clerical president.

While it is not at all probable that a selection will be made before next May, it is hoped that the list of candidates will be narrowed down to a few names—perhaps two or three—by March; and meantime it is interesting to note the two currents of opinion, one setting in favor of the promotion of some member of the teaching body at New Haven, the other as strongly favoring the election of an outsider—that is, a graduate of the college whose laurels have been won in other fields. Briefly, then, a successor or a "success"?... The feeling seems to be strong that a Yale president should be a Yale graduate; subject to this condition, however, a larger freedom of choice than has been customary would, it is thought, be approved by the *alumni* who do not reside in New Haven.

But when considering the possibility of choosing a Yale president from the ranks of eminently successful outsiders, it is impossible to overlook one serious difficulty. The salary attached to the office at present is only $4200, and the pecuniary sacrifice involved in the acceptance of the office would be prohibitive in many cases.

The lesson of Dr. Dwight's policy, if I have not entirely misapprehended it, seems applicable here: "If Yale's guardians and friends guide its course and *fill up the measure of its wants under the inspiration of all encouraging suggestions*, the years, as they move onward, will witness the realization of our hopes." The man who is best qualified to serve the university in this honorable position should be chosen, wherever he may be found.

MARRION WILCOX.

Justin S. Morrill

SENATOR MORRILL, who died December 27, 1898, was called "The Father of the Senate." He was more than that: he was the oldest member of Congress, both in years and in length of service, for he was born April 14, 1810, and had served in one House or the other since December, 1855. From 1867 to the time of his death he was a Senator from Vermont. John Sherman entered the House with Mr. Morrill, but he was Secretary of the Treasury during Hayes's administration. The next longest career in Congress which is recalled is that of Thomas H. Benton, who served thirty years in the Senate and two in the House. It therefore appears that Mr. Morrill's twelve years in the Lower House and nearly thirty-two years in the Upper make the longest legislative career in our national history. He was in his eighty-seventh year when he was chosen for his sixth term.

Senator Morrill's success in life was due mainly to great industry. Beginning with only a common-school education and some experience in business and farming, he soon obtained and retained a very high position among men whose natural abilities, education, and wealth were far superior to his. Mr. Morrill had few, if any, of the qualities of a popular orator, but in the committee-room, where our laws are formulated and the hard work is done, he was a power. Because he never took part in every-day politics and rarely spoke in political campaigns, except in Vermont, his fame was not great.

His name, however, will always remain prominent in connection with the tariff history of the United States. Toward the close of the fifties our national finances were in disorder, and the public debt yearly increasing. The tariff bill of which he was the author, and which bears his name is supposed by many to have been a "war measure," and that the great increase in customs rates was made largely with a "protective" purpose. These are mistaken notions. The bill was introduced in the House early in 1860, and Mr. Morrill, in his opening speech, said: "The first object of the bill proposed is to authorize a loan to pay off the Treasury notes and the accruing interest. . . . The principles upon which the present tariff bill are founded do not necessarily raise the question of protection *per se*. . . . Most of the highest duties fixed upon have been so fixed more with a view to revenue than protection." It was sought to accomplish the end in view by changing the duty from an *ad valorem* to a specific one. This, in fact, greatly increased the tariff.

In the revenue measures throughout the war Mr. Morrill was one of the most important factors, and he had charge in the House of the tariff acts of 1862 and 1864. His many speeches on the tariff question evince much careful study, are modest, here and there show a keen sense of humor, and are often enlivened by a well-chosen anecdote. He spoke in favor of the Tariff Commission in December, 1881, and in the following March made a keen argument in reply to Senator Beck of Kentucky, who was then the Democratic leader in the Senate in opposition to protection. For over thirty years the question of protection was almost constantly in his mind, and his party considered him one of its best expounders.

On the monetary questions which have at different times since the civil war caused protracted discussions in Congress and in the press Mr. Morrill generally took a wise and conservative view, arguing with force against a cheap currency, and favoring the resumption of specie payments. He noticed the increasing demand of the silver States with much regret, and in June, 1890, he told the Senators from Colorado and Nevada that they were not trying to realize the pledge of the Republican platform of 1888 to use "both gold and silver," but that their aim was "indirectly to demonetize gold." In a few years nearly every one saw that he was right.

But whenever the question became so broad as to take in commerce between nations, his belief in the old mercantile system—the theory that national prosperity follows the current of the precious metals—caused him to flounder. Reciprocity treaties, whether proposed by his own party or not, seemed to inspire him with horror or contempt. He could see nothing good in them, whether they were with a country as large as Spain or as small as Hawaii. It was clear to him, as it did not seem to be to many others, that reciprocity was contrary to the spirit of his favorite doctrine of protection. He believed that the clause of the Constitution giving Congress the right to regulate commerce with foreign nations made it unconstitutional for the President and the Senate to regulate it by treaty. But this was merely the beginning of his objections. "If reciprocity treaties," he said, in the debate on the ratification of the treaty with Hawaii, in March, 1875, "are to become the settled policy of the country, then farewell to all stability in our revenue laws. The Executive will agitate these questions as well as Congress. We shall be subject to all the changes which foreign powers may successfully urge upon whoever may happen to be an able and influential Secretary of State. Our own interest will have to be bartered for the interest of foreigners, and reciprocal compromises will be the order of the day." Almost regardless of his advanced age, he took a prominent part in the great contests over silver and the tariff in 1893–4, and again in 1896 he denounced the folly of the craze for free coinage at sixteen to one.

Mr. Morrill's manner and appearance were in perfect harmony with the highest dignity of the Senate. In stature he was tall and slender; in bearing, grave and gentle. His handsome head and face, beaming with benevolent intelligence, made him an attractive figure. His modesty in debate won the respect of all his fellow-members. So great was the esteem in which he was held by his associates that of late years it needed merely to be suggested that it would suit the convenience of the Senator from Vermont to speak on any question at a certain time, and the plans of others and the regular order of business promptly yielded to Mr. Morrill's pleasure. He carried the best traits of New England honesty and simplicity into politics. For many years every old resident of Washington was sure to go on April 14 to a house on Thomas Circle and wish the veteran Senator's old age might continue to be as green as spring. Mr. Morrill's charming little book on *The Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons*, published anonymously in 1882, showed that he possessed a graceful literary style and was an extensive reader of the best literature.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

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The Sale of Jamaica to United States

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

A. WHY should not England sell the West Indies to the United States?

B. Why should she?

A. Because they are a permanent expense, of no use, and potentially a source of danger, and it may even be of humiliation.

B. Can you not say the same of every other outlying colony? Of Mauritius or St. Helena, for example.

A. No, not of one of them. Where they are an expense to England the expense is justified by their usefulness. Where they are no expense they justify, *ipso facto*, their retention. The two you mention lie in the highways of British commerce, and are most useful.

B. Why is Jamaica of no use? Experts consider the island a strategic position of considerable value, and, in view of the opening of an Isthmus canal, a possession of immense importance.

A. You are mistaken. No expert has said that Jamaica is of any strategic value now. Before America took Cuba and Puerto Rico she may have been; but even on that point expert opinion has always been divided. As regards the cutting of a Panama or a Nicaraguan canal, it is the opinion of experts that the new waterway will not make any appreciable difference to Great Britain or her commerce. It will neither diminish the distance from Great Britain to anywhere, nor shorten any of her trade routes, nor cheapen freights.

B. Those are assertions.

A. Yes—of simple facts. Later on, if you like, we can thresh out each of them, one by one; but to save time in arriving at the main point—the sale of the West Indies—let us for the present accept them as facts.

B. But surely Jamaica is an invaluable coaling-station?

A. Yes—while we are at peace, and for merchant vessels. But if we were at war what use would the island be? What ships would she coal? She lies on no highway that we should ever need to use. We are never likely to be at war with the South-American republics, and for what other scene of operations would our war-ships go to Jamaica for coal? St. Lucia as a coaling-station is all that Great Britain needs in West-Indian waters.

B. You say the West Indies are a source of permanent expense.

A. Of course they are. Jamaica especially. What does Great Britain get in return for the half-million she spends every year? Jamaica costs a quarter of a million a year, and what does she give in return? Only anxiety.

B. What cause for anxiety is there in Jamaica?

A. History will answer that question as regards the past. The existence of West-Indian garrisons and a West-Indian squadron proves it in the present; and as for the future, the immediate future, the appearance of the United States in the Caribbean Sea is quite sufficient.

B. You mean, then, when you say that the island is "potentially a source of danger," that the danger is from the United States?

A. Precisely. While we are at peace with the United States, Jamaica is of no use to us, strategically. If we were at war with the States she would be a terrible weakness to us. The sooner, therefore, that Great Britain parts with a possession that is of no use, but likely to be a great danger, the better.

B. But you surely do not expect Great Britain to be at war with the United States?

A. I certainly do not expect it. But the improbable is not the impossible, and in anticipation of such a contingency I think the retention of Jamaica is a political and military mistake. That it will before long be a cause of dissatisfaction with the States I am convinced, but how far the feeling may go remains to be seen.

B. Why a "cause of dissatisfaction"?

A. Because the commercial policy of the States toward the British West Indies is certain to be harsh and unfriendly. Tariffs do not admit of sentiment. The "blood thicker-than-water" theory does not extend to trade; and when we consider the enormous commerce of Cuba with the States—it will in ten years be as large as the whole of American trade with the rest of the world, outside Great Britain—it is obvious that our "cousins" will be justified, in a cousinly way of course, in strangling the British West Indies. If the West Indies belonged to the States they would all very soon be flourishing, and the palmy days of old would return to Jamaica.

B. Why?

A. Because, if for no other reason, Jamaican produce would go into American markets free of duties. Secondly, because the Americans would soon bring every cultivable acre of the island under cultivation, and not be content, as the Jamaicans under British rule are, to live in an island where two-thirds of the cultivable land is lying waste.

B. You believe that if Jamaica belonged to the States, she would again be prosperous?

A. Certainly. Can anybody in his senses doubt it?

B. And do you think the States would buy the West Indies if they were offered to them?

A. Yes, I do. Politically and commercially the West Indies *ought* to belong to the States. They are of immense direct value to the Americans. Of none, except indirectly, to anybody else; and once admitted to the Union, the "Islands State" would become one of its wealthiest.

B. Well, supposing America would buy, do you think Great Britain would sell?

A. Why not? Of course, if you make the suggestion in so many words to any Englishman, he scorns and scouts the idea, but as soon as you prove to him how the individual and the country generally would advantage by the sale, his opinion changes.

B. Would not popular sentiment forbid it?

A. I think not. The nation collectively could, I feel sure, be as easily persuaded to look at the transaction sensibly as any individual Englishman. There is very little "sentiment" in Great Britain about the West Indies. This is partly the fault of the Jamaicans themselves, who are always crying down the island. But it is also due to larger facts. The West Indies, for one thing, can never be "a white man's country."

B. Nor can India, Burma, Ceylon, or China.

A. True; but then these possessions reflect glory upon the nation that possesses them, and they are of prodigious commercial value to Great Britain. Moreover, they afford large outlets in their government and administration for the upper classes of Britishers. Jamaica does not reflect any glory upon England, nor does she contribute to the imperial revenue, nor does she absorb officials in any appreciable numbers; furthermore, she has an evil reputation, perhaps quite undeserved, as "the white man's grave," and as an island with a rebellious population. Canada and British Africa and Australasia are white men's countries, attracting immense numbers of immigrants, and compensating materially and substantially for the great anxieties and responsibilities of their possession. Jamaica attracts virtually no immigration. The island is annually becoming less and less white, and the word "mother-country," as meaning Great Britain, is (outside the officials and a proportion of the planting and commercial communities) quite inapplicable to Jamaica; so that there is no ground here for sentiment.

B. But, sentiment apart, would not national pride prevent England from selling Jamaica?

A. She "swapped" Heligoland the other day, which was really a matter touching national pride. If you were to ask me whether England would part with Cyprus, Malta, Aden, Gibraltar, or Nova Scotia, I should say no at once. But with Jamaica the case is altogether different, and I say yes.

B. Then you would advocate the sale of British colonies on the ground of their having no material value in pounds, shillings, and pence, and of their being liable to complicate us in quarrels?

A. No. I would be the last to approve of Great Britain shirking any of the responsibilities of extended empire; and yet, speaking as an Englishman—and a jingo, for the matter of that—I cannot see anything dishonorable in England giving the West Indies a chance of prosperity, such as she herself can never promise them, especially if the transfer of the island removes a cause for friction with a friendly power.

B. But surely you would not expect the British-born population of the island to acquiesce in a sale which would transfer them in a body to American masters, and be so prejudicial to their pockets?

A. Of course not. If America bought Jamaica every English official would have to go; and I think you will agree with me that there is not a single official in the island who would not joyously send in his resignation if the government paid him his full salary in one lump, calculated up to the date of his retiring-time, and added to that, in a lump, a pension at the rate of half his salary for, say, twenty-five years. That would be my proposal as regards officials, and I am much mistaken if the sale of Jamaica would not, under such conditions, have the cordial approval of every member of every department. Then the pension list of the island would have to be closed up on correspondingly generous terms. And the planters would have the option given them of selling their estates to the government, the purchase-moneys being calculated on strictly business lines. The same with business firms, who, having invested their capital under the security of British government, might think their transfer to American rule prejudicial. But how many planters or men of business, knowing that Jamaica was to become American, would part with their acres or their stores? Do you think there would be a single one? I do not.

B. And how much would your scheme cost, do you suppose?

A. I have calculated it from the Handbook, to the best of my ability, and found that five millions sterling would cover it.

B. Then you propose to sell Jamaica for five millions?

A. Not at all. If America, after conquering the Philippines, gives Spain four millions as compensation for improvements, I should not think of letting Jamaica go for five. But how much more I should ask I have never thought: it is neither here nor there. If England will sell and America will buy Jamaica, the question of price would soon be settled, and the transfer, in my opinion, would be most advantageous to both parties.

B. Meanwhile, have you not forgotten an important factor in the problem—the colored population? What would you do for them?

A. Nothing. I do not recognize any grounds, moral or other, for taking them into consideration. Their unfortunate parents were carried away from Africa and made slaves of. But the present population are freemen living in a colored man's paradise. What more could be done for them?

B. America is not popular with the negro.

A. Perhaps not. But what is the value, in such a matter, of negro fancies? American government is good enough for white men of every nationality, and the negro would have to find out that it was good enough for him too.

B. You are quite serious in propounding such a scheme?

A. As serious as need be. It is an open secret that the matter has been seriously considered in the States. PHIL. ROBINSON.

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The Management of an Ocean Steamship Line

THE moment a transatlantic liner reaches port, that moment the ocean-travelling grumbler is set loose. There are always a half-dozen of his species on every voyage. The table is invariably bad; the service is execrable; the sanitary condition of the ship is frightful; the ventilation resembles that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and now and then the captain and officers are criminally careless and downright foolhardy. The ocean-going grumbler usually rages most after his first voyage. He fancies that it gives him an air of distinction to talk knowingly upon the details of steamship management. The probabilities are that he is ignorant of the care with which he has been guarded every moment that he has been afloat.

It is the old story of every man knowing how to run a railroad or a newspaper over again, except that this time this highly superior knowledge is focussed upon the management of the steamship line. The grumbler does not pretend that he knows the intricacies of navigation any more than he knows how to run a locomotive or manage a signal tower on a railroad, any more than he knows how to collect news or set the type on a newspaper. He simply knows how to conduct a steamship line on broad principles, just as he is sure that he could increase the earning capacity of a railroad and add to the delight of every man who rides on one of its trains; just as he knows how to increase the circulation of a newspaper, and vastly add to its power to demolish his political and personal enemies. He imagines that all there is to running a steamship line is to get your boats, load them with freight and passengers, get some competent men to guide them across the ocean, and then discharge freight and passengers on the other side. It is simply a question of seaworthy boats, good seamanship, efficient attention to passengers.

It is true that all these things are necessary to the successful management of a steamship line, but there is a great deal more in the work than loading and unloading a set of stanch vessels after they have been navigated safely across the ocean. Of course there cannot be a steamship line without boats, without competent men to run them, without business to support them. Neither can there be a steamship line without an intricate system of business machinery on land. It is the management on land that the average person rarely hears of, and that the ocean-going grumbler ignores entirely. This land management is complex and far reaching. Any one who has considered the vast amount of advertising that is done, any one who has seen the stores and storehouses necessary to supply food for passengers and fuel and other requirements for ships, any one who has stopped to think of the constant repairs and maintenance of vessels, any one who has witnessed the system in operation of loading and unloading vessels expeditiously—such a one can begin to realize what it means to run a steamship line on its business side. It requires the services of a small army on shore, from the man trained in finance and in the conduct of tremendous vested interests, from the man used to personal dealing with the masses—people of every kind—from the man skilled in the purchase of an enormous amount of supplies, down to the mere clerk or the clumsy longshoreman who trundles box, barrel, or crate from truck to steamship hold.

All great steamship lines, like all great railroads or great newspapers, are run practically on similar lines. The activity on shore centres in two places—the chief business office of the line, and the dock or pier where the vessels land. There are two great departments in the chief business office. One is the passenger department, and the other is the freight department. It is through these two departments that revenue comes to the line. It is through other departments that this revenue is expended. The ocean-traveller or the importing or exporting merchant knows something of the freight or passenger business in a general way; the other departments are a sealed book to him. Particularly is this true of the dock management, the maintenance of vessels, the purchase of supplies.

The only transatlantic steamship line with headquarters in this country is the International Navigation Company, which conducts the American and Red Star lines. If one would write in this country of the management of such a tremendous business he must have some knowledge of the system employed by that company. It is for that reason that I refer to it, revealing only those general features of business management as practically are common to all lines of similar importance with headquarters abroad, such as the Cunard, the White Star, the Hamburg-American, or the North German Lloyd lines. Details such as are intended to add to the efficiency of business management or the commercial advantage of the line, of course, can have no place here.

There are two general branches leading direct from the active management. One has to do with people who do business with the line—the passengers and shippers—and the other has to do with the management of the fleet. The active management of the fleet proper is conducted through a marine superintendent. He is the executive officer of the line. He is the medium of communication between the commanders of nearly twenty-five steamships and the manager of the line. All the captains report to the marine superintendent. He has charge of what might be called the dock management of the vessels. Changes in the *personnel* of the officers are made through him. The moment the lines of a ship touch the pier at the end of a voyage the ship is in his charge. He must see that she is properly officered before she leaves port, that all the legal requirements pertaining to the navigation of the high seas are complied with. He must look after all repairs to hull and spars. He is responsible for the selection of the crew, although the duty of selecting sailors is generally left with the first officer of each vessel. Nevertheless the responsibility lies with the marine superintendent.

In a general way it is the duty of the marine superintendent to dock and, if one may use the word, undock the ships. He knows when to expect each vessel. He engages several tugs, and when the news comes that a ship is sighted, the tug-owners are notified. Sometimes it is necessary to send a tug to quarantine with special instructions to a captain. The ship leaves quarantine, and soon approaches the pier. She slows down; the tugs group themselves about her to push here and pull there. The 10,000-ton ship inches her way toward the end of the pier, great hawsers are attached, and there the responsibility of her captain practically ends. The marine superintendent now has her in charge. The shore bo's'n and his gang of a score or more of men must work fast. There are lines to be fastened and cast off, fenders to be used, spars to be lowered and put against the ship's side, gangways to be made ready for use.

Inch by inch the ship must be pushed into her berth, and at a given spot the momentum of the great mass must be checked. When the vessel is made fast she passes into the direct custody of the dock department, so far as loading and unloading her goes. The captain comes ashore, files his reports, gets his orders if there be any, and is practically free from further responsibility, until he goes to the Custom-House to clear his ship just before she sails again. Meanwhile the marine superintendent is busy looking after repairs outside the engine department, in painting hull and spars, in seeing that the rigging is in good order, and that all navigation supplies, instruments, signals, etc., are in perfect order. It is a most responsible place, this office of marine superintendent. The discipline of the line depends upon him largely. With more than a score of ships arriving, some in New York and some in Philadelphia, he has his hands full constantly.

The dock management of a transatlantic line is complex. Nearly three hundred men are employed in it almost constantly in various capacities. The work consists solely of unloading and loading the vessels and in caring for the pier. When a ship is made fast to her pier it is the duty of the dock department to put the gangways in position, and the unloading begins at once. The passengers and their baggage are taken off first. If the mails have not been removed at quarantine during the night, they are also hustled off as the passengers are leaving the ship. Frequently two vessels of the International Navigation Company will arrive at the same hour. Their New York pier is without doubt the finest in the world for the discharge of freight and passengers. The passengers are taken from the deck to the second story of the pier. The baggage is landed there at the same time, and grouped under big letters. The customs officials are speedy in their work, and it is no uncommon task to land and clear the pier of 1000 passengers and their luggage in a little more than two hours.

While the passengers are being cared for on the upper story of the pier, freight is being taken out of the ship to the ground-floor. This requires the services of more than two hundred longshoremen. They are paid by the hour, and generally work for one line steadily. They know when a ship is to arrive, and although they are not employed constantly, because some days there are no ships of the line in port, they usually work for no other line. It requires nearly a score of foremen to manage this force of longshoremen, and to so dispose of the freight as it is taken from the ship as to require the least possible handling before its final removal by the consignees. So expert are these workmen that the biggest vessel of the line is usually unloaded in about twenty-four hours of actual work. Although the ships of the American line are rarely in port more than four days, it is almost never necessary to work nights either to load or unload them.

The dock management centres in a dock superintendent. One of his numerous duties is to attend to the coaling of the ships. Of course it is known almost to a ton how much coal a vessel will need to fill her bunkers after a voyage of ordinary length. The engine department makes requisition for a certain amount of coal, and at once the tugs begin to push the loaded canal-boats alongside the ship, and the disagreeable work of coaling begins. The coal is shovelled into scoops and swung on board, where it is stowed in bunkers. Every pound of it has to be disposed of by manual labor, but so expeditious are the men at the work that 2500 tons are usually stowed away in from fifteen to eighteen hours.

The steamer once unloaded and most of the freight removed, another rush begins. The dock superintendent receives from the main business office of the line lists of freight engagements. These are given to the head foreman or one of his dozen assistants, and he plans where to have the freight deposited by the truckmen so as to require the least handling when it is stowed away on shipboard. From long experience the foreman and his assistants know just where certain grades of freight will be stowed in the ship, and as the trucks arrive they and their freight are disposed of systematically. The longshoremen keep pegging away at the piles of freight, and it is a race to keep the pier as clear as possible.

The day before the ship sails the baggage of the outgoing passengers begins to arrive. The morning of the sailing it pours into the shed of the pier, late arrivals of freight are hurried to the pier, and there seems hopeless confusion as the passengers hasten there and begin a clamor about their luggage and the disposition of it. Shipping-clerks are busy making out manifests, baggagemen are darting here and there, cabs and trucks of late arrivals add to the excitement, and it seems as if the ship would never get off. Nevertheless, just as the sky clears after a summer shower, the pier is swept bare almost in an instant, and, as the clock strikes the sailing-hour, the dock management pulls in the gangways, the marine superintendent sees that the ship starts, and as she clears the pier the captain probably tips his cap or waves his hand to acknowledge that his responsibility has begun, and that the responsibility of those on shore has ceased.

The work on the pier, however, does not cease. The dock superintendent has a fire drill once a month. Every clerk and salaried employé has his station. These fire drills are no mere formal affairs. It is not a play spell but hard work to respond to an alarm. Promptness and efficiency are desired, and it is only by thorough work at every drill that these are secured. The dock superintendent has charge of a score of watchmen, must see to the employment of the force of carpenters, must look after the thorough sweeping of the dock at regular intervals. The sweeping is done by a machine that resembles an ordinary street-sweeper, except that it is propelled by hand.

Altogether the dock management of a big steamship line gives fine opportunities for executive work; it requires a study of the value of time and space in the saving of labor; it calls for an active responsibility for property day and night; it requires adaptability in handling persons of all grades and peculiarities.

Another great department in the shore organization of a transatlantic steamship line is the engine department. It is under the management of a superintending engineer. He is to the engine department what the marine superintendent is to the dock department. All the chief engineers report to the superintending engineer at once on their arrival. The amount of coal consumption is one of the chief topics required in the report, and another is the amount of repairing, if any, that is necessary before the ship leaves port again. The engines of every ship are thoroughly overhauled and inspected every time she comes into port. Few people realize the care with which this work is undertaken and finished. The marine engine is such a complex and at the same time such a delicate affair that the examination into its condition after a voyage must be most careful. Every vital part is gone over, and some of them are taken apart. The entire machinery is cleaned scrupulously. Valves, bearings, tubes, wheels, joints, gauges, are tested, and before the ship sails the superintending engineer pronounces all her machinery in good condition.

The engine department is as important as any connected with a steamship line, and it is also the one which even the ocean-going public knows least about. They hear the roar of the machinery at sea, and see the smoke pour out of the ship's funnels, and there their knowledge ends. The enormous activity in the engine-rooms is hidden from them, just as the work that goes on in port in every engine-room under the guidance of the superintending engineer is hidden from them. The superintending engineer is not only responsible for the condition of the machinery of each vessel of the fleet, but he is responsible for the men who run the engines and their subordinates. He must see that every ship is properly equipped with men in the engine department before she starts out. Promotions and changes in the force are made through him. Final responsibility for the condition of the machinery rests with him, and he reports directly to the active management, making requisitions for all supplies that are needed.

The port steward's or the purchasing agent's department is another department of first rank. The port steward provisions the ships. He must supply thousands of people with food of various grades at one time. It is a most responsible task. When a ship comes in the chief steward of the vessel sends to the port steward a list of the supplies unused on board. A day or two before the ship leaves port the port steward consults with the passenger department as to the probable number of passengers on the outgoing trip, and the probable number that will come back from Europe on the return trip of the vessel. Perishable food, such as meat, is bought in this country for a round trip of the vessel.

The number of probable passengers being ascertained, the port steward begins his purchases. He keeps constantly in touch with the market-prices, and with extraordinary skill buys so as to take advantage of every turn in the market. He decides that such and such things are needed in such and such quantities for stocking up the ship. He sends word to this or that house to deliver at the ship a certain quantity of goods. One might think that this would be a simple matter, but it is not so. Articles of food have to be stowed as carefully as articles of the cargo. Certain grades of food and drinking supplies have to be delivered at certain hours so as to secure the most effective stowage in the vessel. All supplies have to be counted and vouched for. Hundreds of articles in various quantities have to be purchased in a day or two by the port steward. Certain staple articles are bought in great quantities, to be stowed away until needed and to be delivered when called for. Some of the foreign lines have immense storehouses filled with staple supplies sufficient for many months. On this side of the water arrangements for delivery of goods obviates the maintenance of a vast storehouse plant.

The port steward, like the marine superintendent and the superintending engineer, has entire charge of and responsibility for the stewards of each ship. The stewards report to him, and he reports to the management. The chief steward of a vessel has a most onerous task. His hardest work is to prevent waste. He is required to keep an elaborate record of the use of supplies. Every steamship line tabulates these records and works out a system of percentages. They know almost to the pound how much of each staple the average passenger uses on a given trip, and they can estimate the care used on every voyage to prevent undue waste.

The management of the linen of a ship, and the supply of all table, kitchen, and other utensils, lie with the port steward. He engages all help practically. A complete list of breakage must be kept. The element of wear and tear must be met economically. A ship's linen-supply must be increased or decreased at certain seasons of the year. Certain articles must be bought in this country and certain other articles must be purchased on the other side. The steward department of a big steamship line, it will thus be seen, is one that calls for most careful business management. The system employed in keeping up with its work is complex. It takes a level head to manage it to the best pecuniary advantage of the line.

Little need be said about the freight and passenger business of a transatlantic line. No line cares to have details of its business in these matters made public. The freight in all lines is classified as east-bound and west-bound. Like most of the great railroads, the large steamship lines have travelling agents who seek trade from large shippers. The passenger department has to do with three grades of passengers—those of the first cabin, the second cabin, and the steerage. It has to do with all the advertising for the line. It has fully five thousand agencies throughout the country, with which the home office must keep in touch. It, too, has its travelling agents looking after the line's interests.

All the departments of the land machinery of each steamship line finally centre in one place—the executive head of the entire system. As in the case of a railroad or other large corporation, this executive is responsible to the board of directors, and they to the stockholders—the final owners of the property. It will thus be seen that it requires something more than a fleet of ships with competent men to run them to constitute a great steamship line.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THIS is the time of the athletic year when the "wind bloweth whither it listeth," and when every sportive straw caught up thereon does not necessarily indicate the direction thereof.

The withdrawal of Harvard and Yale from the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association has been widely published as a forerunner of an approaching "dual league" between those two universities.

What a fascination that dual-league bogey appears to hold for the public and a dear old class of "grads," who cannot shake clear from visions of "lapstreaks" and coxswainless crews! Every little while it pops up through some entirely irrelevant procedure, only to be threshed into exhaustion by vigorous exploitation in the daily press. And yet it comes again, and while it lasts robs many a college man of his peace of mind. We are just now quite in the midst of one of its visitations—"prominent alumni" being interviewed, prognostications by the yard flung in our faces—and, indeed, the fate (and certainly the happiness) of the collegiate sport world apparently hanging in the balance. Having expended its vitality, however, the little perturbation soon whirls out of mind—and once more we return to the even tenor of our ways.

THE DUAL-LEAGUE QUESTION is quite of a piece with the Irish question. Harvard and Yale already are enjoying all the advantages and privileges of a dual league in track athletics, in baseball, in football, and in rowing, and, in fact, have been in possession of them for several years. Furthermore, I believe I am safe in saying that the present athletic arrangements between Harvard and Yale constitute as much of a dual league as the two universities either desire or seek.

Years ago there was talk, by a few underbalanced and overloaded sons of both universities, of dual arrangements to the exclusion of all contests with other university teams or crews. That was when all the pure of heart were believed to live in Boston or at New Haven; but the passing of an especially bleak and depressing New England winter disclosed to view a measure of sportsmanship in other directions.

The present, and healthful, I may add, trend of college sport is to forsake associations and leagues and the like for dual arrangements with natural or particularly desirable rivals.

One reason for this tendency is aversion to the abhorrent "championship" idea which league schedules imply; another reason, and perhaps an even more strongly persuasive factor in Harvard and Yale's recent attitude towards the Inter-collegiate Association, is the danger that league management may, and usually does, fall into impotent or indifferent hands.

The expression of distrust in the ability or desire of the Inter-collegiate Association to keep its annual meetings free of objectional features, implied by the withdrawal of Harvard and Yale, is fully warranted. For several years the officers of the Association have legislated weakly on matters taken in hand, and ignored questions which should have stirred to immediate and decisive action any body concerned in keeping amateur sport clean. The tone of the inter-collegiate meeting has been lowering gradually, and the officers who have served during the last five years are directly responsible for it. To have permitted the entry of a man whose amateur status is so notoriously uncertain as that of B. J. Wefers was to invite dissolution of the Association. And it is beginning.

THERE IS ANOTHER DIRECTION in which the Inter-collegiate Association could have exerted influence in upholding the best ideals of university sport.

In recent years it has come to pass that excessive desire to win points has prompted long and distant trips for recruiting purposes. In a number of cases these searches have resulted in effecting the entrance to a university of men (perhaps already attending a local college) whose reputation in the athletic world, small or wide, was already established.

It is entirely possible, of course, that athletes gathered in this manner may never have offended the ethics of amateur sport; their entrance to the recruiting university may have no connection with their signal athletic ability; no inducement of any sort may have been held out to them that would not be offered another who had no athletic possibilities.

All this may be. But there is no question that every such case creates suspicion of motives, both of the athlete and of the university which has recruited him. Sometimes the athlete is done injustice, and at all times the university is accountable, and, I fear, too often culpable to a greater or lesser degree. Now and again, no doubt, athletes of distinguished and established ability find their way unsolicited and unaided to the larger universities—but rarely. Too often we have men who come from afar, like Orton, McCracken, Kraentzlein, or from a nearby smaller college, like Cregan, and thereby arouse suspicion as to their status; or men like Wefers, whose motives are too obvious, and whose disposition is too well understood to admit of question.

The strengthening of university athletics by such diligence and far-seeking hurts college sport at home and abroad. It creates Western or local belief in professionalism existing in the East, thereby hindering the spread of a wholesome sport spirit, and it arouses suspicion and aversion for the Eastern university implicated.

THAT THE MISSOURI VALLEY colleges are no part of the general movement making for the elevation of athletic ideals and a more exact conception of the ethics of amateur sport is explained in two words—faculty indifference.

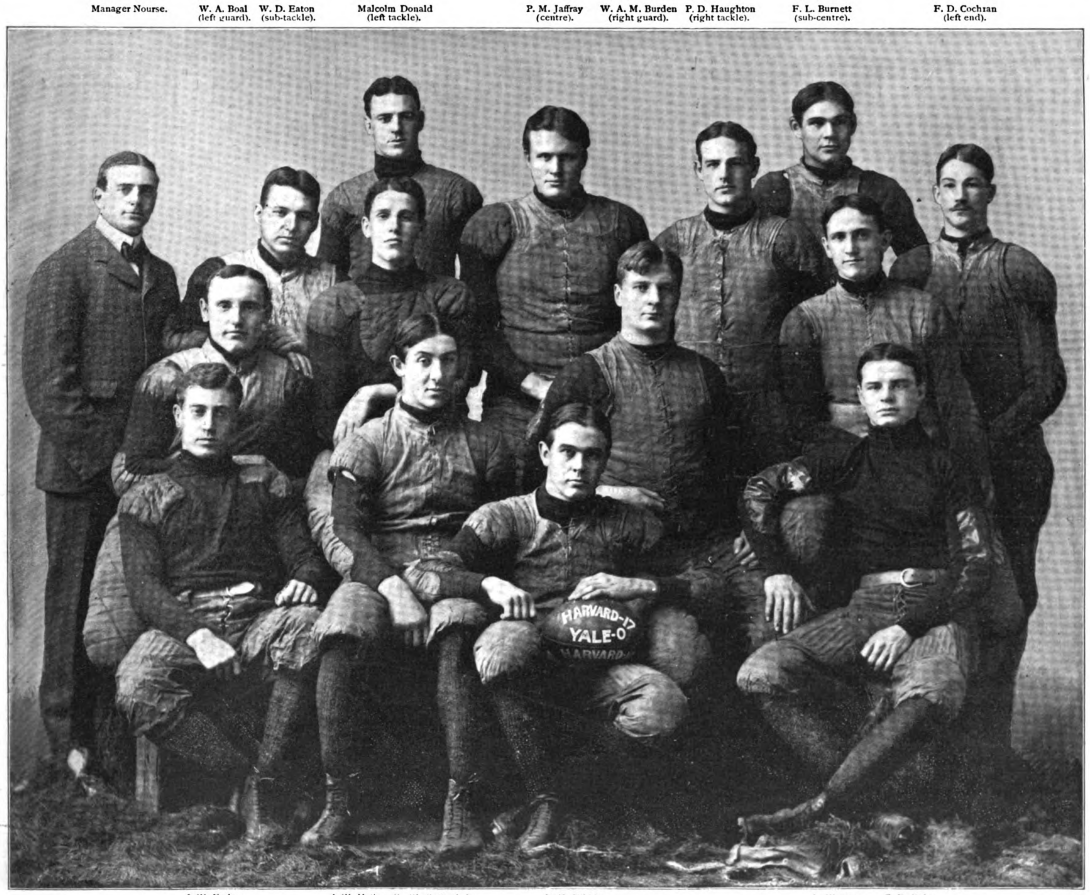
It is certain there are no protests, which fact, together with the equally certain infraction of rules, suggests either lack of vigilance on the part of the faculties or offence shared by the colleges in common. Offence there is most assuredly, although the transgressions are not so patent that "he who runs may read." Professionalism is not an agitated subject, to any extent, in this Valley. Faculties shy at it; no one grapples with it. But long familiarity with the field, frequent visits, and careful study of its players convince me of the tainted condition of the college-sport atmosphere in this section.

The State faculties have the actual and absolute power of controlling sport in their respective universities.

At Kansas the Faculty Advisory Committee dictates to the athletic associations of the student body. Little is ever heard of faculty interference at Missouri. But in these universities, and in fact in Missouri Valley football, the real agent for good or for ill—the athletic Poo-Bah—is the hired coach. He is expected to work up interest, to get players out—you might say, almost, to "furnish" players—directs the policy of the team, even the business management, and decides, practically, who shall play. With the power—not the power, perhaps, but the most active interest—thus centralized it is easy to see how ethics are violated, especially in cases such as that of the Kansas University coach this year, whose remuneration was dependent, to an extent, upon the amount of the season's gate, and therefore upon his team's success.

THIS SOUNDS STRANGE TO SPORTSMEN'S EARS, but soothing as compared with the statement going the rounds of the Missouri Valley press—and not yet contradicted—that the manager of Missouri, a student, for his second year received $200, exclusive of expenses, for his services. The football-managership is an honored place for which Kansans strive, but the game excites less interest at Missouri, which, by-the-way, is not looked upon as the equal of Kansas University in any respect, the latter having much the better standing.

As illustrating the power of the coach, the following incident is significant. Walker, a Kansas alumnus, and coach of Haskell, was chosen as an official for a game between Kansas and St. Mary's. Coach Woodruff of Kansas, finding his centre lame and another hard game but three days distant, put in Walker, as he considered the regular sub-centre too weak. Both captain and man-



Manager Nourse. W. A. Boal (left guard). W. D. Eaton (sub-tackle). Malcolm Donald (left tackle). P. M. Jaffray (centre). W. A. M. Burden (right guard). P. D. Haughton (right tackle). F. L. Burnett (sub-centre). F. D. Cochran (left end).

J. W. Farley (sub-end). J. W. Halloweil (right end). W. T. Reid, Jr. (full-back). B. H. Dibblee (captain and left half-back). L. Warren (right half-back). C. D. Daly (quarter-back).

THE VICTORIOUS HARVARD ELEVEN OF 1898.

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ager, it seems, protested in vain. St. Mary's protested Walker, also in vain.

THE FACULTIES SETTLE DISPUTES, but if there is no dispute, or rumored irregularity, because of student connivance or faculty complaisance, there naturally is no faculty intervention. Take the case, for example, of Hamill, a fair and skilful player, who was only nominally a student. He has played on Kansas 'varsity teams in '92, '93, '95, '96, and '98; yet the presidents' agreement, in force elsewhere in the Middle West, obtains also at the State universities. It contains, I believe, the four-year rule. No other college objected to Hamill, and in this light it must indeed have been a fearless exponent of honest sport at Kansas to have protested her favorite player in his announced last season, when not even a murmur of disapproval was heard coming from the other universities.

Another non-student was Tipton, who left college as soon as he failed to make the team — it was brazenly announced he did so for "financial reasons." But people evidently were not expected to connect his going with his failure to make the team, because his departure was published as a loss to Kansas of a much-needed substitute. Tipton, a native of Kansas City, is a big, well-formed fellow of 210 pounds, with a little experience, and is just the physical specimen to attract the eye of the football recruiter. He entered Kansas this autumn, played from the first day on the 'varsity, and, like Hamill, "took" music or painting, or some course equally as æsthetic and unrestraining.

Surely it was an unkind fate that deprived the artistic world of an aspirant so promising, and a relentless one—that drove him into the throes of financial embarrassment simultaneously with his failure to secure tackle position on the Kansas eleven. He played as Hamill's substitute against Nebraska—the first game to reveal his rejection for the 'varsity—left Lawrence that night, and never returned to the diversions of (Kansas) university life.

One would have scarcely expected a nature so sensitive in a frame so bulky.

NEBRASKA IS STANCH IN ITS OPPOSITION to professionalism. And that it practises what it preaches was proven by the faculty taking some of the best men out of the game for not living up to the prescribed scholarship standard. Cowgill, the veteran quarter, was taken off early in the season, and several weeks later the faculty also barred Elliott, his clever successor, who played in the Kansas-Nebraska game, so that Nebraska had to rely on Drain, a very mediocre quarter, the rest of the season. From this evidence, and other information in my possession, I believe no one played for Nebraska in '98 against whom objections could be raised on ethical grounds. This was especially commendable, since none of these men was protested by other colleges.

I can see no great uplift, in either play, ethics, or interest, in Missouri Valley football. In '95, when Bliss coached Missouri, and Hector Cowan, Kansas, 8000 persons saw the Thanksgiving match; in '96, 4000; in '97, 3000; and in '98, 2000. This is undoubtedly due, in some measure, to Missouri's weakness since '95, the scores being — '96, 0–30; '97, 0–16; and '98, 0–12—though it is true the Kansas-Nebraska contest drew the largest crowd (2000 to 2400) that ever assembled at a football match on the college grounds at Lawrence. But I believe the decided falling off in popular interest is really the direct result of the indifference to unwholesomeness the faculties have shown, and the consequent quasi-professionalism, dissension, slugging, and other objectionable features. The class of spectators naturally attracted to college contests has become disgusted, lost interest, and withdrawn its support. That appears to be the reasonable explanation, for elsewhere under similar conditions the results are the same, while everywhere spectators increase in number and interest so long as the sport is healthful and honest.

INELIGIBLE PLAYERS ARE IN THE GAME throughout the Missouri Valley section merely by sufferance. Not a complaint on ethical grounds was made this year against any player by another university—except in the St. Mary's game, and that was, to an extent, a minor matter, since Kansas would not have tried to put in Walker or any other graduate in a match of any consequence, not even in one for which the agreement is so elastic as that for a Kansas-Medic game. So long as no other university protests, it seems that each Missouri Valley college faculty, if not actually ignorant of the status of its players, at least considers its duty done in holding its peace.

A tacit understanding appears to exist that each university work diligently along its own lines to strengthen its team, and not attempt to discover infraction of rules or ethics on the part of its opponents. And so long as no other college protests, each faculty tacitly encourages the professional spirit by making no effort to correct the abuses known to exist.

A VASTLY DIFFERENT SITUATION obtains in the South, where university faculties do not consider their duty done in passively viewing athletic ills until public scandal drives them to activity.

The Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association is composed of University of the South; Vanderbilt, Cumberland, Nashville, Tennessee, Central, Georgia, Mercer, Furman, Southwestern Presbyterian, Tulane, Louisiana, Texas, and Alabama universities; Georgia School of Technology; Clemson College; Alabama Polytechnic Institute; and Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College. The faculties of the institutions are honestly working for the purity of Southern college sport, and their accomplishments to that end are most gratifying. The Association is just closing the fourth year of its existence, with materially increased membership and in greater strength than it has ever enjoyed.

The condition of sport in these institutions is indeed excellent. The undergraduate sentiment is wholesome; rarely is there evidence of even a suggestion of professional spirit. There was only one athlete protested this autumn, and his misdemeanor was violation of the rule prohibiting students playing on athletic-club teams unless the club is a member of the Amateur Athletic Union, and approved by the Southern Inter-collegiate Association. The charge was made owing to misunderstanding, and subsequently withdrawn.

The constitution of this Association is undeniably rigid; the laws are enforced to the fullest, and in most cases firmly upheld by the faculties.

In some respects the new football rules of the Southern Association depart from those used by the Northern and Western colleges—for instance, the scoring differs. A touch-down yields 4 points; "goal obtained by touch-down, 5"; goal from field-kick, 4; goal from place-kick, 3; "safety by opponents, 2." Then, too, seven men are required to be on the line. The rules appeared to work well this autumn, but it seems a mistake to make any alterations in football rules that will shape sectional play differently from that found at the larger Eastern universities, which must be accepted as the standard and as setting the pace of development.

FOOTBALL WAS SERIOUSLY HAMPERED this autumn in the South by yellow fever, Tulane, Mississippi, and Louisiana having no teams on that account. Alabama had no team, and, in fact, has played no inter-collegiate games of football for several years, because of prohibition by the trustees. The University of Tennessee had no team, on account of lack of interest or of material, or of both, and so also Cumberland and Southwestern Presbyterian University. Consequently much difficulty was experienced in filling schedules.

Vanderbilt had the weakest eleven in many years, due to graduation of nearly all the old players and necessary dependence on green material. The strong team of last season, which was not scored against (besides playing Virginia to a standstill in a 0–0 game), was succeeded this year by one that had great difficulty in saving itself from overwhelming defeat. Seven men on this year's eleven never before played in a 'varsity game, though the material steadily improved as the season advanced; therefore much is expected of next year's development.

VANDERBILT WAS DEFEATED on Thanksgiving day by the University of the South for the first time in six years. The latter's team was composed of fine material in first-class shape, and was decidedly the best the University of the South (Sewanee) has ever put forth. Vanderbilt played six games, winning but one—5–0, from Nashville; she lost to Cincinnati (0–10), Georgia (0–4), Virginia (0–15), Central (0–10), and Sewanee (4–19).

Sewanee played four games during the season, winning them all handily, one each from University of Nashville (10–0), Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans (28–0), University of Texas (4–0), and Vanderbilt (19–4).

Georgia played five games—against Mercer, Georgia School of Technology, Vanderbilt, North Carolina, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute of Auburn. She won from the first three and lost to the last two. Winning from Vanderbilt appeared to give Georgia over-confidence, not realizing how weak Vanderbilt was, and she was, in consequence, perhaps, surprised and overwhelmed by North Carolina, who defeated her 44–0. It was evident that Georgia had not equalled last year's standard, and subsequently, in a game with the Alabama Polytechnic Institute on Thanksgiving day, the team exhibited babyishness in addition to mediocre play. The score of the game at the time it came to a sudden and premature end was really A. P. I., 18, to Georgia, 17, when Georgia took exception to the decision of an official and left the field. As a penalty for such puerility the Southern football rules provide that her score be reduced to 0.

Auburn A. P. I. played but two games—one lost to North Carolina, 24–0, and one won from Georgia, 18–0.

SEWANEE WAS UNFORTUNATE in not being able to secure more contests—from no lack of effort on Sewanee's part, however, whose manager endeavored, unsuccessfully, to make dates with North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia, while games arranged with Washington and Lee, Central of Kentucky, Tulane, and Baton Rouge were cancelled by those institutions.

Comparative scores are an unsatisfactory basis for deciding upon the relative merits of teams, but some idea of Sewanee's strength is conveyed by the respective showings made by Georgia and Sewanee against Vanderbilt. Sewanee has had three especially good men in Captain Smith at right tackle, Simkins at full-back, and Waitis at left end. Smith played cleverly throughout the season, his punting being especially praiseworthy.

Sewanee undoubtedly had the strongest team in the Southern Association, and, judging by the form shown against Vanderbilt, the second actually strongest eleven in the South; but as both North Carolina and Virginia ignore the ethics of college sport and resort to illegitimate means to strengthen their elevens, Sewanee must be declared the strongest amateur college team of the South.

BOTH VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA universities, in practice and spirit, are utterly impure in their athletic morals. They are the outlaws of Southern college sport. Time and again they have been urged to join the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, and as repeatedly the invitation has been declined. They profess purity, and their protestations simply add to their offence, for the subordination of all regard for wholesome sport to their athletic needs continues flagrant and base. One favorite method of these unsportsmanly colleges is to spring something crooked just before the game, even on the playing field, and trust in bulldozing to silence the protests of the opponents. They have no hesitation in keeping spectators waiting during an hour of wrangling, therefore a self-respecting and sportsmanly opponent often yields out of mere consideration for the public.

The past season was no exception in exhibiting the athletic venality of these two universities. North Carolina played Koehler, who will be recalled as a member of that noisome Orange Athletic Club (New Jersey) which polluted Northern club sport up to the very day it dissolved in bankruptcy and disgrace. Koehler matriculated at Carolina in time for the football season.

VIRGINIA PLAYED SUMMERSGILL, the ex-Brown pitcher and ex-member of the Elizabeth Athletic Club—not only played him last year, but has made him captain for '99. This seems to harmonize with Virginia's previous policy. The '98 captain, Collier, has been a Southern rounder in baseball and football for ten years. He was first at Tennessee, then at North Carolina, then a teacher at St. Alban's School, Radford, Virginia (which makes sure the teachers employed are good athletes, so they may play on this prep. school's teams), and finally seems to have wound up his career at Virginia, where he has been for years.

Virginia also attempted last season to play against North Carolina a man named Martin, who had matriculated only the day before the game—and North Carolina protested!

It is surprising Virginia and North Carolina should remain signally sordid in these days when wholesomeness in sport is the rule and impurity the exception. But even more surprising is the continued indifference the other Southern colleges exhibit by arranging games with the outlaws.

It is not only surprising in the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association; it is decidedly weak and harmful.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, where but little is understood of the ethics of college sport, and that little so frequently misdirected, there are two institutions—Washington and Jefferson and Allegheny colleges—that appear to be making, and with some slight measure of success, at least an effort to attain purer athletic life.

The main obstacle to wholesomeness in this section has been startling and widespread ethical ignorance evinced not only by college-town citizens, but by students, and even in many cases by faculty members. The end and all of college sport seems to have been considered attained in winning teams. To win appears to have been the chief concern—the method of slight consequence.

Thus we have seen boys kept on the school roll, nominally students, so their athletic prowess might be utilized; athletic-club teams that paid their players cash, and yet passed them off as amateurs—and were accepted as such by the townspeople! It is the citizens—among whom are reckoned the alumni—that stand in more need of reform than the boys of the schools and young men of the colleges. The booming citizen, the enthusiastic alumnus—with their aggressive loyalty and ever-ready money—have done their utmost to wreck the athletic morals of the colleges within the zone of their influence.

But the friends of amateur sport have been persistent and alert, and a lessening of the evils is apparent.

This year at Allegheny, after two years of hard struggling against professionalism, every player on the baseball and football teams was at least a *bona fide* student, taking full work, and attaining a general average of sixty per cent., or over, as the faculty rules require.

THERE HAS BEEN SOME IMPROVEMENT, too, in a healthful direction at Washington and Jefferson, although not so much as there was hope of last year. For instance, the scholarship qualification has not been enforced, not even so much as it was last year, and therefore the ethical standing of the eleven was lower in '98 than it was in '97.

The football team at the beginning of the season was in a highly demoralized condition, due largely to the fact that four members of last year's team who would have been members of this year's, and four prospective members, were then and are now in the ranks of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers at Manila. The consequent weakening of the team behind the line led the Athletic Committee to be more lenient towards class-room shortcomings.

Further leniency—weaker leniency, I may add—permitted the team to follow its former custom of playing post-graduates, two of whom, that had coached, were played in the games against the Pittsburg Athletic Club and the Duquesne Athletic Club.

QUITE THE HEALTHIEST SIGN I see is the lack of interest, as compared with that of past years, felt in these games with athletic clubs, and the greater interest shown in contests with college teams.

The custom of playing the Pittsburg athletic clubs grew out of what was considered as a practical necessity. Washington and Jefferson was the first college in western Pennsylvania to take up Rugby football. The game was then neither understood nor appreciated by the local public, and in order to obtain enough revenue to pay the legitimate expenses of such college matches as could be had, the gate receipts of these games appeared a bare necessity. But permission has been constantly refused to accept games with the many athletic clubs that have been anxious to arrange them. The very satisfactory attendance upon the game with Western Reserve College at Cleveland, and with Pennsylvania State College on the home grounds, suggests future possibilities which, together with the little difficulty Washington and Jefferson experienced in defeating Lafayette, 16–0, the defeat of Reserve, 8–6, the close game with Pennsylvania State, 6–11, as well as holding down Duquesne to a score of 11, lead us to hope that next year a schedule of games will be arranged with college teams, to the absolute abandonment of professional club elevens.

THERE IS NO SURER WAY of creating the local interest needed for the support of the college eleven. And at all events, it is fairly certain that athletic-club teams will not be played another year.

The majority of the games Washington and Jefferson played this season were with teams too greatly inferior to make the contests of interest, as the aggregate score of 174 to 28 indicates. In addition to which, 72 points were made against the Allegheny College eleven in less than thirty minutes of play, the game being interrupted almost as soon as the second half began, to enable the latter team to make a train. They were completely overmatched, neither knowing the game nor possessing individual strength.

It is due to the Washington and Jefferson team and to the College Association to say that in collegiate games the personnel of the team was kept strictly undergraduate.

Despite objectionable features of the year, there has been much hard and conscientious work in the right direction, and we shall look, and with some confidence, for a material advance in the theory and practice of sport for its own sake next year.

Chicago's interpretation of ethics discussed next week.

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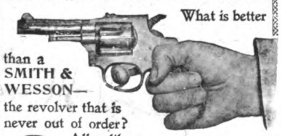
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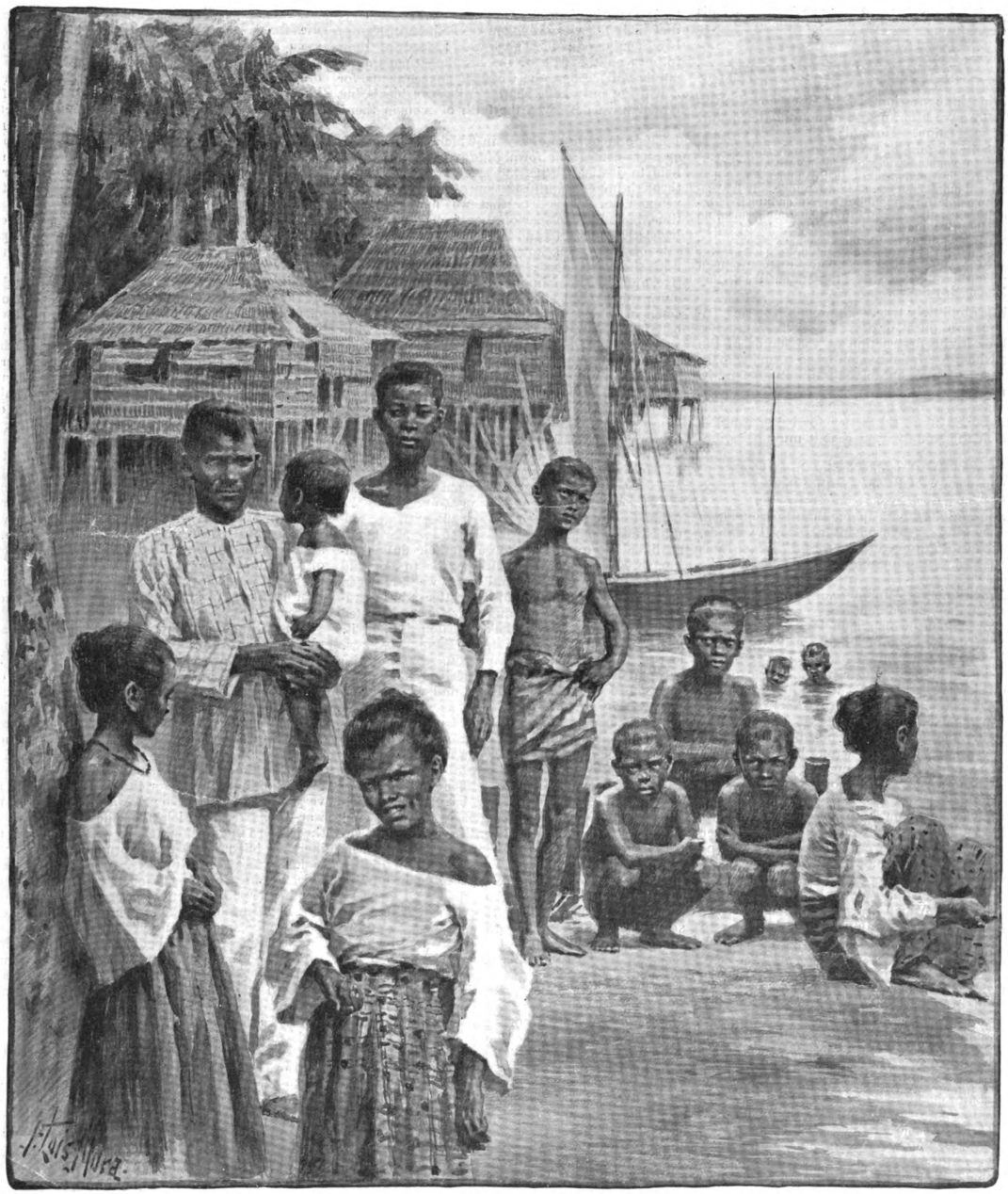
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A Danger to Democracy

IN his inauguration speech Governor ROOSEVELT gave utterance to a thought that is full of suggestion. He said:

Under no form of government is it so necessary thus to combine efficiency and morality, high principle and rough common-sense, justice and the sturdiest physical and moral courage, as in a republic. It is absolutely impossible for a republic long to endure if it becomes either corrupt or cowardly; if its public men, no less than its private men, lose the indispensable virtue of honesty; if its leaders of thought become visionary doctrinaires; or if it shows a lack of courage in dealing with the many grave problems which it must surely face, both at home and abroad, as it strives to work out the destiny meet for a mighty nation.

This is absolutely true. The republican government must be honest, or cease to exist. It must be moral, or invite destruction at the hands of the people whose forefathers established it, and who, in their turn and their epoch, maintain and defend it. It must be efficient if it is to be respected, and it must have principle and common-sense—which, by-the-way, is none the better for being rough—for much the same reason that it must have morality.

The reason for thus demanding high ideals and commensurate performance is that there is no excuse for democracy unless its government is naturally on a higher moral plane than that on which any other kind of government necessarily stands. If the people do not grow in grace, if humanity is not ennobled, if the humblest citizens are not the better for it, there is very little to be said in favor of self-government. Moreover, if it is not just and honest, popular government can be worse than any other government which men have ever yet invented. The tyranny of the majority—and we have had more than one taste of it in the United States—is the bitterest under which man can suffer, for it invades every right which he holds dear, and every neighbor may help to administer the unjust laws which oppress him. It does not matter whether the tyranny be honest or dishonest, it is often cruel and generally wrong-headed, because it is often an attempt to change those habits and tastes which are properly beyond the jurisdiction of government, and it is almost always the result of ignorance and fanaticism. Indeed, it may be said that while it is possible for an arbitrary ruler to be intelligent, and even beneficent, intelligent action by a republic is never tyrannical; for majorities, at least in America, as a rule, cannot be induced to be unjust and tyrannical if their reason is appealed to. When they are oppressive they act hastily and passionately, or in obedience to bigotry and prejudice, generally inherited and always blind. In the same way corruption is not the natural expression of popular government, but means either that the people have been deceived, as they often are by political scoundrels, or that they have become indifferent to their duties. So long as the people themselves are not actually corrupted there is more hope of recovery from a bad state of affairs in a democracy than there can be from like conditions in a monarchy, for the people have only to comprehend and keenly feel that their servants are unjust or wicked, and the remedy is applied. On the other hand, a bad monarch is simply bad himself, but a corrupt democracy is a corrupt state, and the source of power is foul. There is hope that a bad monarch may be succeeded by a good one, or that the decent people over whom he rules may rebel and overthrow him. When the people themselves are corrupt nothing good can be expected from their government. Evil must prevail everywhere, and the honest minority must suffer wrong and injustice, without the solace of hope of any escape except through the destruction of the republic in which such things are possible. In a republic the people are the source of government, and while a bad government may exist for a time without corruption of the people who are really responsible for it, it cannot exist long without infusing its moral poison into the whole body of the state. When the whole country, represented by a majority of its voters, becomes as bad as QUAY or CROKER or TANNER, for example, the republic will not be worth saving.

It is the office of democracy to lift up humanity. Through its establishment man may attain his highest possibilities, and it has accomplished, or at least it has hastened, the great blessings which we enjoy at the end of the nineteenth century, including the gains of science, and the application of its laws to the promotion of health and the increase of comforts and of happiness. If our republic should fail in this work; if at any time or in any quarter of the globe men may say that their condition is worse for the rule of democracy; that their liberties are taken from them instead of being enlarged; that darkness instead of light follows on the rule of the people—then the republic will become the worst of governments, for it will not only have shattered its own ideals, but it will have destroyed the faith of men in themselves.

There is only one way in which the republic, or any democratic form of government, can be held to justice, virtue, and efficiency, and that is through honest administration of its laws by competent men. It is true that we must at some time, and that not far off, have a reform of our legislative system and of its personnel. The sale of legislation, however, will not be stopped until the boss is dead; and if the boss continues to live, and is to remain much longer at the head of our party system—a system in the essential character of which Governor ROOSEVELT asserts his belief—we shall have an end to the republic, without doubt. Temporarily we have it now in some States and in most large cities; but we have faith that the boss and his legislative underlings, who sell laws to ready purchasers, are not for always, perhaps not for long. Granted a proper representation of the people in the personnel and the acts of the legislative body, the greatest danger to our institutions at the present time is ignorant, corrupt, and inefficient administration; and the evil of this will grow apace after we have once established colonial governments, unless in the mean time we devise a system under which administrative officers shall be chosen for merit, and shall be left to the discharge of their duties unhampered by politicians with favors to ask and pulls to work. For several years we have been very slowly working towards a better administration of our civil service, and it is to be regretted that the first serious attack threatened upon it, since the passage of the first, the PENDLETON, law, is now said to be in contemplation. If we are to succeed in the colonies, the merit system must be applied much more largely and with greater particularity and detail, as well as with a much more extensive scope, than was ever contemplated before; indeed, with our new possessions in mind, we must contemplate a service based on merit, and in which the tenure of good behavior, and promotion based on excellence, in the lower branches of the service, shall be leading principles, and which will be greater in numbers and importance than was our entire civil establishment before the war with Spain. Not only will we do our new subjects the injustice of giving them bad government if we depend for the administration of affairs upon such men as the party managers recommend to the President, but we shall vastly extend the source of evils which now affect our political system. We shall multiply the poison which is constantly threatening the whole body-politic—an insidious poison readily assimilated by a passive people, such as we are sometimes accused of being. We do not know to whom especially Governor ROOSEVELT referred when he spoke of the "leaders of thought" who become "visionary doctrinaires," but we are not aware of any men more visionary—whether they can be called "doctrinaires" we doubt—than those who believe that we can properly govern colonies under a system of appointments to executive and administrative offices which does not rest on merit, and which does not contemplate continuance in office during good behavior. Whatever Governor ROOSEVELT may have meant by this expression in his inaugural address, he would probably agree with us that nothing could be more visionary than to hope for good and efficient administration of colonial government under the spoils system, for he believes, we are sure, as we do, that the welfare of the republic depends upon honest and efficient service, upon character, morality, and high ideals, and that every departure from this tends to corrupt the source of power, to the injury of democracy, and to the destruction of the particular form of democracy in which corrupting conditions prevail.

Army Organization

IF we are to have army reorganization and a larger force, it ought to go without saying that none but military considerations should be taken into account in the preparation of the bills for that purpose. Moreover, we are not only just through with a war with a weak power, which taxed our military resources to the uttermost, but we are taking upon ourselves the government of distant possessions which for years to come will require military administration. In view of the weaknesses in our army system which were revealed by the war, and in view of the demands which are to be made upon our officers and their forces in distant colonies for an indefinite period in the future, it would seem as though our legislators should approach their task in the proper spirit, and with a desire not only to increase the army, but greatly to improve its efficiency. Admitting that the necessity of increasing the army is the most impressive fact to the Congressional mind in connection with our new departure, what hope is there for the enactment of wise laws for the civil government of our new islands if Congress cannot now enact a law for reorganizing the military force on a purely military basis, and without regard to politics?

The important facts, so far as the army is concerned, that were developed by the war with Spain were the splendid quality of the line of the regular army and the inefficiency of the staff. We say nothing of the volunteers, for nothing was added by the war to the knowledge of that class of troops of which intelligent military men were not aware before the war broke out. The officers and men of the line were an honor to the country, and added new glories to the flag under which they serve, with sterling loyalty and courage and with great self-sacrifice, in peace and war. Of all our public servants, the officers and men of the army and navy are, as a body, the most faithful and the most devoted. Those who love their country best are stimulated to hope for the greatness of its future when they read of the splendid achievements of its soldiers and sailors. It is so to-day; it has been so throughout our history; and these citizens in uniform are types of the plain American citizen who never serves the country except when service means sacrifice and danger. We shall never tire, we hope, of sounding the praises of our valiant regulars, for when we do we shall have lost faith in American institutions and in the worth of American character.

It is strange that there should be need of any plea in behalf of the line at this time, when its achievements are so fresh in the public mind, but that the plea is needed must be clear to any one who will take the trouble to analyze the bill which has been reported to the House of Representatives by its military committee. We shall not discuss this measure in detail now, but we shall return to the subject again. We shall content ourselves now with the statement that this bill is for the promotion of inefficiency, for the exaggeration of the very evils whose existence was disclosed by the war—evils from which the officers and men of the line are the chief sufferers. It is a bill for the increase, but not for the reform, of the staff. It makes places for volunteers, some of whom are, indeed, worthy of recognition, but not one of whom should be appointed into the regular establishment at the expense of regular officers. It makes places, also, for the appointment of civilians even into the Engineer Corps. It embodies a direct and vicious attack upon the artillery arm and upon its instructed officers, who have earned their commissions in that arm by good work as cadets at the Academy. It is a bill, indeed, in which fitness and training are not considered at all, or inadequately considered, for examinations for the determination of mental efficiency are not to be required even where efficiency is most requisite. In preparing this measure, so much were the volunteer and the civilian in mind that, as the bill originally stood, there seemed to be no place for regular officers in the staff corps, and no exemption as to the age limit that was expressly devised for the benefit of volunteers. Therefore an amendment was submitted in effect putting regular army officers on an equal footing with volunteers and civilians.

If we are to have army increase, the line should be the first consideration; and if there are to be rewards and honors scattered about—and well there may be—let them be for those who won the battles in Cuba against the Spaniards and despite the staff.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A READER and friend of the WEEKLY takes exception to a recent passage in this department of it which spoke of the American family of Leiters as presumably of Jewish origin. Perhaps the mere fact that a man's first name is Levi and that he has a genius for trade is not enough to raise a presumption that Jacob was his ancestor. At any rate, this informant says that Mr. Levi Z. Leiter grew up at Leitersburg, Maryland, and comes of Pennsylvania German stock, and that such of the Leiters as still live in Leitersburg go to the German Reformed Church.

Another correspondent writes from Oklahoma, giving corroborative testimony of much interest to the same effect. He says:

> I have known Mr. Levi Zeigler Leiter personally since 1869. He is a native of Leitersburg, a village six miles from Hagerstown, Maryland—a village started by his grandfather. My own home, and that of my father and grandfather, was but four miles from that place.
>
> I also well remember Mr. Leiter's father, Joseph Leiter. His father's family and his mother's family—the Zeiglers—were German Lutherans, belonging to the very best German immigration which ever came to this country—that which settled in southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland in the eighteenth century.
>
> Both Leiters and Zeiglers have, for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, been esteemed to be, by all who knew them, families of the highest integrity and moral purpose.

So it looks as if the Leiters never had any Jewish forebears. So much the more credit to them for getting on so well in the world without that advantage! Jewish ancestry is not nearly so much the fashion as it should be. Think what extraordinary merit the Hebrew stock has! Think of its talent and tenacity and wonderful vitality! Professor Ripley has been telling us (in the *Popular Science Monthly*) that if one hundred Jewish infants and a hundred American infants, born, say, in Massachusetts, begin life the same day, half of the Americans will have died within forty-seven years, while the first half of the Jews will not be gone before the end of seventy-one years. So Lombroso says that of 1000 Jews 217 die before the age of seven, while of 1000 Christians 453 die before that age. Evidently the Jews are either a great deal tougher than other folks, or they know better how to live.

THE second vote of the graduates of Harvard College on the question of granting to the graduates of all the schools of the university the right to vote for overseers resulted in a reversal of the vote taken a year ago. The first vote was in favor of extension by 1749 to 1359. The second vote was against it by 2782 to 1481. The change of sentiment is very decided. Perhaps it is partly due to the fact that Boston folks are just now cordially opposed to expansion of every sort; but the argument that seems to have appealed most strongly to the voters was that the schools were full of graduates of other colleges, whose first allegiance was to those colleges, and whose ideas and opinions were formed in them before they came within the sphere of Harvard influence, and that it was inexpedient to give to such men a voice in the management of Harvard. There were many voters, for example, who could not see the propriety of inviting a Yale man who happened to have been through the Harvard Law School to help in the selection of Harvard overseers. The objection was not that the Yale man would do a mischief with his vote, but simply that he was and always would be a Yale man, and didn't want a voice in Harvard affairs, and ought not have it. There are graduates of the schools, however, who, not being identified with other colleges, are true Harvard men in feelings and interest, and who ought to have a voice in Harvard concerns. Their votes Harvard is not likely to gain at present, and that is matter for regret. The recent vote, however, does not necessarily settle anything. It lies with the Massachusetts Legislature to say who shall vote for Harvard overseers. The bill to extend the suffrage, which was introduced last year, passed the Lower House, but, being opposed in the Senate, was referred to the next Legislature, which is now in session. It might now be passed, but in view of this vote of the graduates that is not likely.

DAWSON, so lately associated with Alaskan gold-fields, has become an ambiguous name since the recent strike in Colorado. The new gold camp of Dawson City is far up in the Greenhorn Range of the Rocky Mountains in southern Colorado. The new city is not a namesake of its arctic sister, but is named for the three Dawsons, who, with two companions, own the Copper King claim, in which about a month ago they stumbled upon gold in surprising quantities while blasting to make a level place for a wood-pile. Their quest for a year past had been for copper.

NO appearance of manifest destiny is available to simplify the selection of a new president for Yale. Next May the corporation is expected to choose a successor to President Dwight, but who he will be seems as yet to be entirely undetermined, and it is not even clear what sort of a man he will be—whether of the type of President Eliot or a college president of the older style. The tendency of the day, however, is to choose men of affairs and of demonstrated executive capacity for presidents of great universities, rather than men of especial distinction in scholarship, and the belief that it accords with fitness that college presidents should be doctors of divinity is not so widespread as it used to be. It is not expected that the new president of Yale will be a clergyman, because no one at present seems to have a clergyman in mind who is conspicuously suited to the place. Judge Taft of Cincinnati and Professors Woolsey and Hadley of New Haven are among the possible candidates whose qualifications have been discussed.

Yale, by-the-way, seems to have parried successfully the attempt of the New Haven assessors to make her pay taxes on her dormitories and other income-yielding local real estate. The decision of the Connecticut Supreme Court holds as exempt from taxation the dormitories and other college buildings, and every other piece of Connecticut real estate which the university owns, the annual income of which does not exceed $6000.

THE Young Men's Christian Association lost one of its oldest and most efficient leaders in Robert R. McBurney, general secretary of the association in New York, who died on December 27, at Clifton Springs, New York. Over thirty-five years ago Mr. McBurney, then twenty-six years old, became secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in New York, so that he saw and took part in nearly all its development. The association now has fourteen branches, and owns eleven buildings in New York alone, while, as every one knows, it has spread all over the United States and Canada, and is strong in Europe.

JEFFERSONIAN simplicity may have suffered some impairment from the decision of the justices of the New York courts to wear gowns, but there is no complaint, and the innovation seems to be generally approved. Gowns are becoming to judges, and most judges seem to like them. They add somewhat to the dignity of the courts, and doubtless have an effect even upon the attorneys and counsellors who do not wear them. New York is a town well qualified to set a fashion in such things, and it is probable that gowns will grow familiar in all the higher American courts. They have long been worn by the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and have agreed well with the judges of the New York Court of Appeals, who have worn them long enough now to form a sound opinion as to their effect.

IF Mr. Keely of Philadelphia had a secret, it died with him, but he left behind some apparatus, upon the possibilities of which a Boston inventor, Mr. T. L. Kinraide, has been appointed to meditate. To him the material evidences of Mr. Keely's dreams have been shipped in twenty large packing-cases, and he says he will think about them for a year and see what comes of it. Mr. Kinraide was a friend and, to some extent, a confidant of Mr. Keely, and is believed to know more of what the deceased inventor had in mind than any one else. He makes no professions of ability to work out Mr. Keely's problem, but merely says he will look into it as far as he can, and try to determine, after due investigation, whether there seems to be a fighting chance to solve it.

It is interesting to notice the announcement of the death, on January 5, in London, of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Mr. Keely's faithful friend and backer. So far as is known, she believed in him to the end, and afforded him the means to continue his experiments.

THERE is reason to believe that Mr. Oscar Strauss, of New York, who went to Turkey as successor to Minister Angell because there was important business to be done there, has made excellent progress in accomplishing the special undertakings he had in view. There were four of these undertakings—(1) to have an exequatur issued to our consul at Erzerum, (2) to secure passports for travellers to the interior of Turkey, (3) to secure payment of damages for destruction of property belonging to American missionaries, and (4) to make a treaty recognizing naturalization. The first two jobs were promptly accomplished after Mr. Strauss reached Constantinople. The third important and difficult undertaking is understood to be this far along, that the damages have been assessed, the ministers of the Sultan's council have advised payment, and finally the Sultan has ordered payment. This means money, so far as anything that is not cash can mean money in Turkey. The naturalization treaty remains to be negotiated, or did remain at last accounts, though Mr. Strauss may by this time have accomplished that too. The report seems credible that Mr. Strauss's line of diplomacy is greatly admired in Constantinople, especially by the representatives of other powers.

THE detective story entitled "A Sender of Cyanides, or The Athletic Club Mystery," which is now running in the newspapers, is one of the best constructed and most interesting of the remarkable series which has recently been offered to readers. Stories of the detection of criminals are lawful forms of entertainment, and so far as morals go it seems not to make much difference whether they are true tales which one reads in the newspapers or fiction served between covers. In the case of the dismembered bath-man, in that of the woman whose pieces were disclosed by the receding tide in Connecticut, in the candy-poisoning case, where the victim lived in Delaware and the murderess has just been convicted in San Francisco, the interest was not in the taking of life, but in the following up of clews and the discovery of what was hidden. It is an intellectual interest, and lawful to indulge.

In the athletic-club mystery now running there is such excellent entertainment that we need to stop and remind ourselves that the thing was not gotten up to amuse readers, but is a real tragedy, in which the life of an innocent person has been sacrificed. At this writing two chapters a day are being published, and we are assured that the police are confident that they are on the trail of the murderer, and that his arrest is imminent. The indications that a previous crime of the same sort was successfully accomplished adds interest to the elucidation of this one.

It is gratifying that this current story is free so far from all complications which would make it unsuitable for family reading. In this respect it has the advantage of the recent lively narrative of the Moores, which, though abounding in morals and of great dramatic interest, revealed too much of the wickedness of this world to make it miscellaneously desirable as literature.

THERE was not much fighting in Puerto Rico, though, as every one knows, the ends for which fighting is usually necessary were duly accomplished. But though bloodshed was minimized, there was warfare, and if any one doubts it he is invited to examine two pictures given elsewhere in this week's WEEKLY. One of them represents the Alfonso XIII. Infantry as it appeared in the Colon Plaza, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, on the 10th of August, 1898, just before its meeting with the Eleventh United States Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Burke, that afternoon, at Hormiquero. The second picture represents the same band of Spanish soldiers entering Mayaguez as prisoners, four days later, after an engagement with the Eleventh Infantry near Las Maris on August 13. In the ambulance in the rear Colonel Loto and Lieutenant-Colonel Ossez, captured officers, are riding. Evidently the fighting in those parts was not of so mild a character but that very nice-looking soldiers could get seriously mussed up in it.

THE distinction of having held a Presidential commission longer than any other civil officer in the United States is claimed for James E. Dumont, Supervising Inspector-General of Steam Vessels, who was appointed on November 24, 1876, by President Grant. When appointed he was the seventh man to hold the office since its creation, six years before. He originated the present system of inspection.

IT appears that the story that the late Calvin Brice had a hand on the rope that pulled down the Vendôme Column is probably true. At any rate, Mr. Brice's acquaintances say that when the complications in Paris that succeeded the Franco-Prussian war became acute, Mr. Brice, who was then a young lawyer in Ohio, became extremely interested, and felt that he must have a hand in what was going on. He could speak little or no French, but he hied him to Paris, and got as much into the thick of the scrimmage as he could. His friends say that his narrative of his experiences was prodigiously interesting. It seems that he was ready for whatever was going; that he introduced himself to the Communist leaders as an ardent friend of freedom from America, and made himself exceedingly acceptable to them. His inadequate command of the French language limited his opportunities of usefulness, but he got the freedom of the city in the form of an order permitting him to go where he pleased and do anything that seemed to him timely and expedient. So indorsed, he went about and enjoyed himself, and when the sport waned he came home.

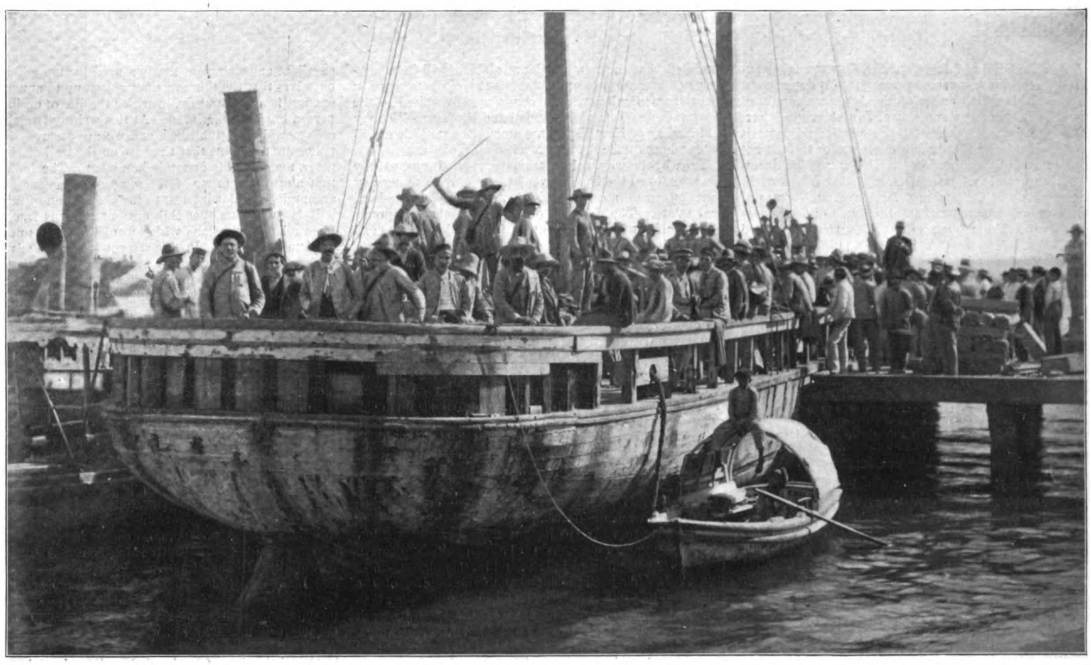
The writer of the great American novel will do well to take note of Mr. Brice, and try to inform himself about his ups and downs and ins and outs, including his views of life and turns of thought. He seems to have shared in full measure the conviction of Tyson, the late Australian millionaire, that "the little game" was better worth while in itself than the mere acquisition of the stakes. He loved to rub the lamp and see the genie hump himself.

THE Waring fund is complete. It is a fine thing that it should have been gathered, and we all owe a debt to the men who have raised it. Colonel Waring is still constantly in the public mind. Not a snow-storm comes to New York that does not remind us that we have lost him; not an eye is blinded with the dust of Manhattan on a windy day that does not grow moist as it recalls him.

MRS. PHŒBE HEARST seems bent on leaving the world far more beautiful than she found it. It will be remembered that she provided for an elaborate competition among the architects of America and Europe for the best plans for the reconstruction, on a grand scale, of the grounds and buildings of the University of California. Now she has undertaken a like labor in behalf of the city of San Francisco. She has formally proposed to set the minds of the ablest engineers in the world at work on plans for rearranging the streets of that town, opening and grading new boulevards, and constructing a new system of sewerage. The city hears her proposal gladly, and it is pointed out that inasmuch as San Francisco has no debt, there is no reason why such plans as Mrs. Hearst may provide should not be carried out.

We have no Mrs. Hearst in New York, but it is gratifying to notice that our Architectural League has the needs of our town on its mind, and lately spent an evening discussing plans for the city which include many grand projects for civic beatification.

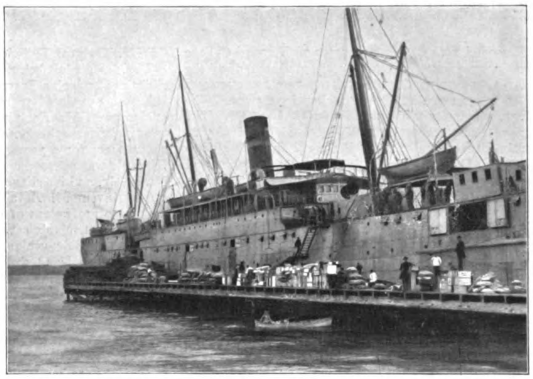
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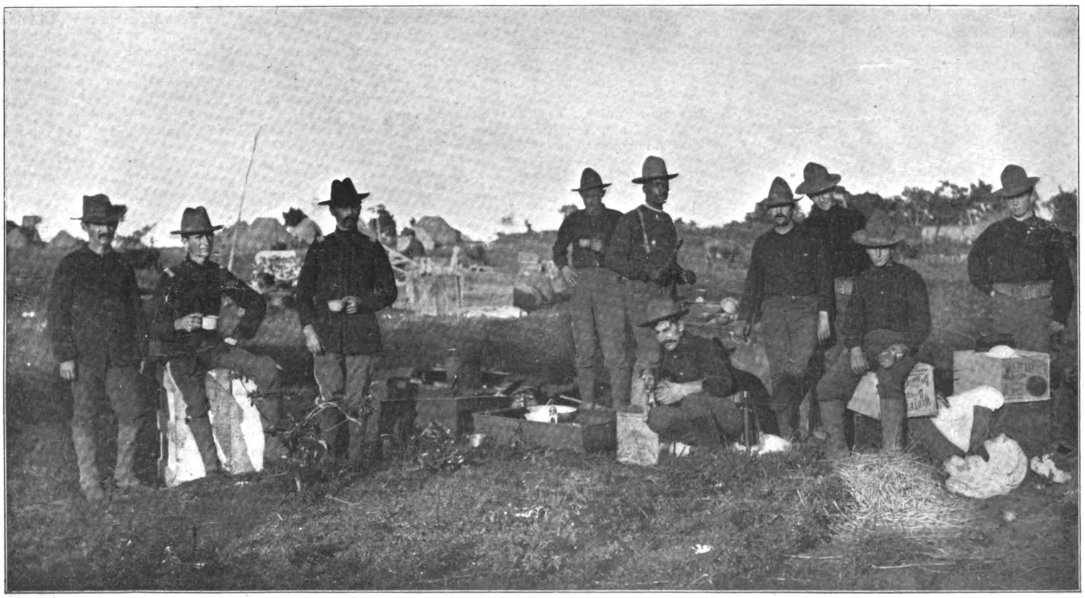
SPANISH TROOPS GOING ABOARD LIGHTERS, FOR EMBARKATION ON TRANSPORTS FOR SPAIN.



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT MARIANAO.



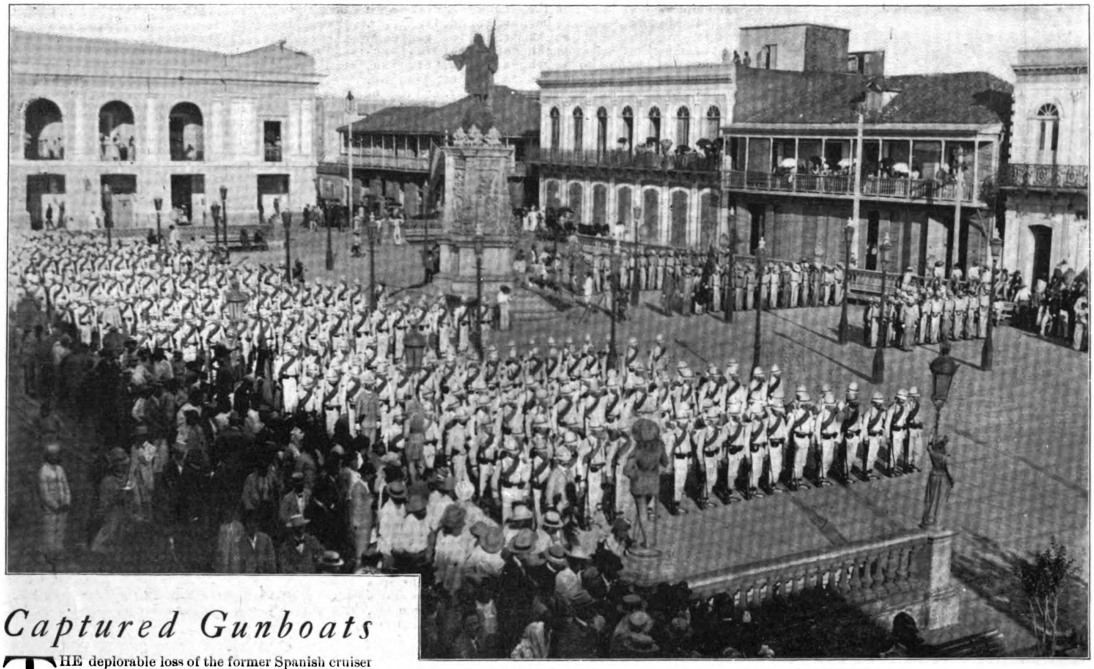
UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT AT SAN JOSÉ DOCKS.



UNITED STATES TROOPS IN CAMP AT MARIANAO, NEAR HAVANA.

THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAVANA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. A. COHNER.

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THE ALFONSO XIII. INFANTRY LEAVING MAYAGUEZ, AUGUST 10, TO MEET THE 11TH U. S. INFANTRY.

Captured Gunboats

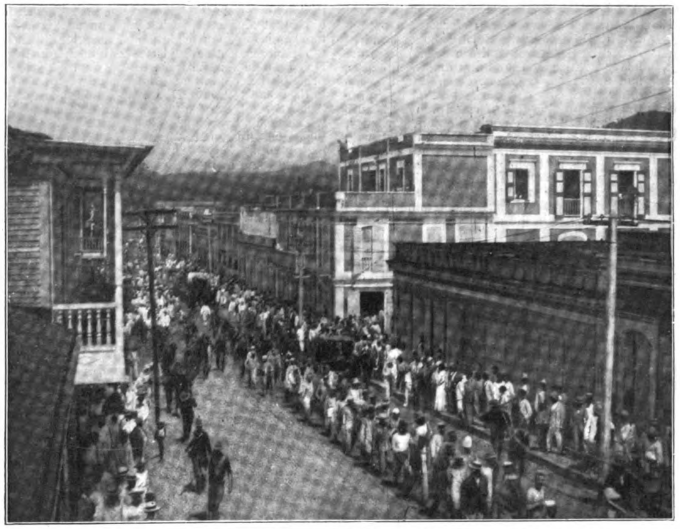
THE deplorable loss of the former Spanish cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the Navy Department's final decision not to attempt to raise any more of the sunken war-ships of Cervera's squadron, leave us with only two small trophies of the naval campaign in Cuban waters. They are the tiny Spanish gunboats *Alvarado* and *Sandoval*, and in size they are not as large as some of our converted yacht-gunboats. The two are sister ships, being identical in all important essentials. They are 110 feet long, 8 feet beam, and 5 feet draught. Their rating is that of torpedo-boats, although, strange to state, they have no torpedo-launching tubes. Their engines are in excellent condition, and it is believed that they can be altered to develop high speed. The two vessels will be remodelled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for which navy-yard they sailed from Norfolk last week, touching at Annapolis in order to let the cadets inspect the trophies.

The boats came from Guantanamo Bay, where they were fitted out under the supervision of Captain McCalla. The *Sandoval* is commanded by Lieutenant A. Anderson, the gallant young North-Carolinian who cut the cables at Cienfuegos, under fire, in an open boat. Lieutenant Victor Blue, the first American naval officer positively to locate Cervera's squadron in Santiago Harbor, commands the *Alvarado*. She was one of the gunboats captured when Santiago surrendered.

The *Sandoval* was dismantled and wrecked by her own captain when he saw that escape from the American fleet in Guantanamo Bay was impossible. The breech-blocks were broken off and thrown overboard, and the guns otherwise rendered useless. The vessel was then sunk, the captain afterward explaining to Admiral Sampson that his ship was in a sinking condition, and went down before he could beach her. The *Sandoval* was afterward raised and refitted by Lieutenant Anderson, under the supervision of Captain McCalla.

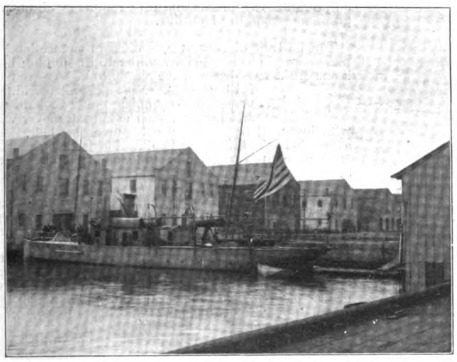
The little vessels had a hard time between Cape Fear and Norfolk. A heavy gale accompanied by fog forced them to anchor off Point Lookout. Later they proceeded, and owing to fog could scarcely find Ocracoke Inlet, through which they entered the safer waters of the sounds. They were forced to anchor several times, completely losing each other in the impenetrable fog. While in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal they had a narrow escape from destruction by collision with the end of a long raft, but skilful navigation extricated them.

A. McKAY GRIGGS.

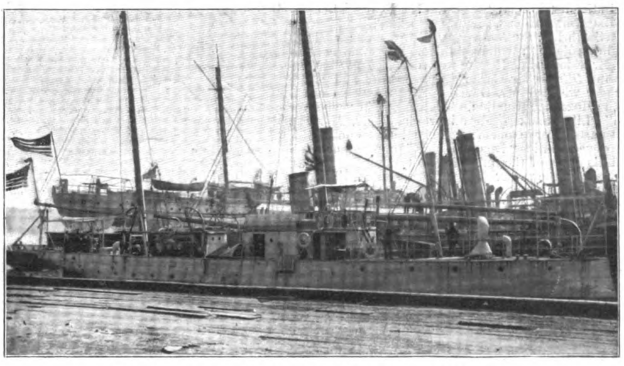


THE ALFONSO XIII. INFANTRY ENTERING MAYAGUEZ AS PRISONERS, AUGUST 14.

AN ECHO OF THE PUERTO RICO CAMPAIGN.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



THE CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT "SANDOVAL."



THE CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT "ALVARADO."

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LILLI LEHMANN,
Soprano, of The Maurice Grau Opera Company.

MUSIC

"I declare to you before God, as a man of honor, that your son is the greatest composer that I know, either personally or by reputation; he has *taste*, and beyond that the most consummate knowledge of the art of composition."—Haydn to Leopold Mozart.

"....Poetry in the opera ought to be absolutely the obedient daughter of music."—Mozart.

AROUND the score and the performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," during about a hundred and a dozen years of its life, a special literature has crystallized. The admiration, the affection, and the reverence of one generation after another of the highest musical authority (quite apart from the mere public sense of its supremely beautiful traits) have lauded the opera only the more formally, decade by decade. Mozart has this in common with Raphael—the untaught sense is captivated by him, so lucid and so immediate is his appeal to a temperament at all æsthetic; while at the same time he is the musician's musician. Few of the greatest music-makers have failed to take off their hats to him on one occasion or another; appreciative of him, even to admitting their own inferiority to his spontaneous and consummate genius. Let us take another genius, one not a world removed from Mozart by any means—Rossini. Rossini is asked which of his—Rossini's—operas he most esteems, and Rossini answers, with his wink of incredible slyness, "Oh, 'Don Giovanni.'" Meyerbeer finds, "My obligations to the incomparable 'Don Giovanni' often seem humiliating." Gounod says, "The score of 'Don Giovanni' has exercised the influence of a revelation upon the whole of my life—a pinnacle beyond which it is impossible to advance." Even Wagner, absorbed in himself, and seldom quitting his quintessent egotism, could speak with respect of "Don Giovanni" and of the four greater Mozart symphonies. We shall never pass beyond "Don Giovanni" musically and dramatically, not even in "The Wedding of Figaro." In that other miracle of opera the dramatic seriousness had not to attain an equal height.

Mozart as the "Musician's Musician."

I think that some of us—perhaps a great many—came away from a certain performance of Mozart's work the other evening, at the Metropolitan, feeling that, in spite of our recollections of great representations of it in the past and despite endless testimonies to its inexhaustible splendors, never before had we heard "Don Giovanni" so sung. This production of "Don Giovanni" was expected to be exceptional; a cast had been announced possible only to so special a company. We awaited much—yes; but we came away conscious that we had received more. In the distribution, the *Donna Anna* was Lilli Lehmann; the *Donna Elvira*, Madame Nordica; the *Zerlina*, Marcella Sembrich; the *Don Giovanni* presented Mr. Victor Maurel in a rôle with which his name is peculiarly associated; Mr. Edouard de Reszke was the *Leporello;* Mr. Salignac sang *Ottavio*, Mr. Carbone was *Massetto*, and as the *Commander* we had Mr. Devriès. Not all these could rise to the Mozartian situation. That was plain, "whoever is who." Like Shakspere's minor characters, Mozart's smallest parts deserve and often demand artists not small. Who has ever heard a "Don Giovanni" production which satisfied his sense of the unity of beauty and dignity and charm latent in the work? Only those people easily satisfied. But on this rare occasion we had an assemblage of singers in the obviously greater rôles, that, Hamlet-like, "struck us into amazement and admiration." I could run over in my mind, merely as one professional auditor, a noble list of representations, ordinary and extraordinary, of "Don Giovanni," at which I have been present during many years, in the greater operatic centres of the world, from New York to the Carpathians, apart from those of purely routine merits. As such a reflective listener, at least, I could find few that approached this memorable night, and none whatever that advanced beyond it in its nobler and more necessary qualities of a Mozartian, a Don Giovannian, exposition. Those performances historic to the same house did not reach its fulness. If one wishes to save himself harmless from the charge of extravagance of enthusiasm, why, let it be duly admitted that Mr. Maurel's voice has lost its resonance in many tones, and that his superb art lacks something of the caressing seductiveness that pertains to the winning *Lothario* of Seville. Granted, too, that Madame Lehmann is not youthful, however noble and elegant in her maturity, and that of the power of her lower notes time has been a thief. Mr. de Reszke sings and acts *Leporello* to perfection; but a six-foot *Leporello* is not desirable. Madame Sembrich does not dress *Zerlina* in keeping—but there! that is all that one can possibly find as a flaw in Madame Sembrich's *Zerlina!* Mr. Salignac sang admirably—for Mr. Salignac, but *Ottavio* stood for Campanini's best Mozart work, and Campanini's tenor in it was glorious. Madame Nordica was lovely in physique and full-voiced, yet hardly as impassioned as the abased and abused *Elvira* should be. Yet stop! For is not one already running straight into the danger against which we must be guarded—the asking for too close a realization of Mozartian ideals. As has been said, at the height of "Don Giovanni" almost *all* are ideal. We have not characters, we have allegories—proud, evil, lovely, graceful, bucolic, self-sacrificing, servile, injured—set in a frame of matchless and divine melody and clear drama. Mozart owed much to Molière, and even more to Lorenzo da Ponte, his librettist—an ally who lies buried obscurely in our own city after his Columbia College professorship and operatic career. But the greater glory ever is to Mozart. On one assumption that came, so to say, face to face with the Mozart conceptions the other evening, no one present ever ought to fail to dwell with all the ardor due it. That was Madame Lehmann's *Donna Anna*. It is a great thing to give us an unsurpassable *Fidelio*, a really typical *Norma*, a *Brünhilde* without peer. But to put before us a *Donna Anna*, such as Madame Lehmann can present, classic, dominant, and musically triumphant, through all the length and breadth and depth of "Don Giovanni's" chain of music and words! It means the apex of an exceptional singer's high career.

"Don Giovanni" as sung last week in New York.

Apropos of Mozart's hero, we have, many of us, seen acted, in France, Molière's "Don Juan," which was drawn from a Spanish drama by Molina. More of us, probably, have heard Mozart's opera. Some staid general readers, too, at last will admit familiarity with the non-heroic hero of Byron's brilliant fantasia. But not every one knows that Don Juan was a real personage, and that the natural course of a Sevillian rake's career has been not so much exaggerated as given a supernatural ending. There were, in fact, two Don Juans of Sevillian life and evil-doing. One was Don Juan Tenorio (this suggests that Mozart shouldn't have made his hero a baritone) and Don Juan de Mañara. The latter outlined the disreputable, charming, and classical rascal of the theatre. Don Juan de Mañara was a young Sevillian, rich and unprincipled as could be found. Exactly as in the plays and in da Ponte's libretto, Don Juan de Mañara killed, out of hand, the father of a young and noble lady of the city, whom he had wronged. But it was well enough known that Don Juan de Mañara was the murderer, and the unhappy young lady—the *Donna Anna* of the affair—had no need to go about the country so intrusively, endeavoring to trace the slayer of her parent by his seductive voice. There was no secret about the matter, though much scandal. The real Don Juan was brought to justice, or rather to lynch-justice, under curiously simple circumstances, just the sort to be effectively distorted for an opera. The dead Ulloa had been a benefactor to a Franciscan monastery of the city. Ulloa's body was buried in the monastery garden. One night, at a supper, Don Juan declared to some guests that he would be willing to have the statue on the tomb of the Commander as a guest at his table, at any time. This was merely bravado, and there that part of the incident ends. The Scene in the Cemetery never occurred, much less the statue's awful visit, with which Mozart's trombones and other instruments awake to freeze our blood. But a little later Don Juan was inveigled into a festivity in the Franciscan establishment. A fire broke out suddenly, it is supposed *not* by accident. Don Juan de Mañara did not escape from the wing of the building consumed. He was burned to death. The Franciscans declared that fire had fallen upon the villain, from heaven, as he sat with them. Hence the coloring given the story with the visit of the "statua gentilissima" and after that the devils and flames. The story is a curious example of how fact and fiction can be interwoven.

The Historic "Don Juan."



VICTOR MAUREL,
Barytone, of The Maurice Grau Opera Company, as *Don Giovanni*.
Photograph by A. Liebert, Paris.

It is not worth while to come out of such performances as was this one of "Don Giovanni" pontificating as to whether the audience (enormous and repre-senting, it was stated, about twelve thousand dollars' worth of tickets) came because it was a great "prima-donna performance," with so many stars all flashing together, or whether they came with Mozart as the first thought in their hearts. The end justifies the means. "Don Giovanni" is worthy any glory in its vehicle, at any time. It was a Mozart night more than it was a prima-donna night. Exactly such has been the effect of the two extraordinary "Nozze di Figaro" representations that have drawn vast audiences. On the strength of such evenings we are having a "Mozart season" rather than a Wagner season. It means a kindly and priceless grace. We may thank Mr. Grau for it with a warmer tone than for all the Nibelungen Cycles, cut or uncut. Our New York musical world, so styled or actual, for some time has needed more Mozart and less Wagner, and it is getting it. It needs just such great lessons in true musical beauty, balanced by classic dramatic power, to recall its traitorous wits. They should remind those who need the reminders, of the more vital and eternal principles of æsthetics in opera-making, of the beauty of true proportion in a composer's message, of the absolutely beautiful in music (if we ever meet with the absolute in beauty anyhow or anywhere), in the indispensableness of the finest singing when masterpieces are to be delivered.

A Mozart Season.



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.
From the "Dora Stock Portrait," 1798.

Such scores as "Don Giovanni," such representations, are like the Catholic doctrine of works of supererogation by the saints. They make amends for the impudently elaborate efforts of many later music-writers, among them a goodly number of notables, to induce the world to believe that ugliness is loveliness. They atone for the hundred and one occasions when a *chef-d'œuvre* is maltreated by artists whose voices or intelligences cannot rise to it. In "Don Giovanni," when it is so fittingly illustrated, we can realize, too, that where Mozart is accused of a lack of depth in his graver emotionality, the fault is with those who do not realize his Greek conservatism, with those hearers who do not realize that *Donna Anna* is to be an avenger, *Donna Elvira* to be avenged, without tearing their passions into tatters and shrieking dissonances. Mozart has, indeed, as Haydn declared, "taste." The short word "taste," in considering "Don Giovanni," contains a dozen larger words. Aside from Mozart's surpassing Mozartian mastery of orchestration and dramatic development of opera, there is only one other composer of whom we are likely to think quite justly for comparisons when thinking of Mozart. That other one is Schubert. But Schubert did not possess the Mozart sense of proportion. Schubert had not the Mozartian idea of composition in its finer and architectural meaning. Mozart as a "divinely inspired melodist" has no peer, and he built his musical structures with unerring grace and strength of outline.

The portrait of Mozart presented in connection with these paragraphs is one not familiar to the public; but it is one of the two that we have reason to believe are truthful likenesses. Most portraits of him are made into Olympian music-gods in wigs and powder, such as Mozart never was—with his small figure, delicate features, fair hair, simple expression. The likeness in question is that drawn by Dora Stock, the friend of Schiller and the near relative of Theodore Körner.

Mozart Portraiture.

No; beyond Mozart we shall never go. We ought never to fancy ourselves musically wise or enlightened in getting away from him. We turn our backs on the descending white light of music in such a withdrawal. He is like an inspired child that shall lead us, in his seriousness and his simplicity blent into buoyant youth. He did not live to grow old. His operas reflect that fortune. When all of us are dust, "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Die Zauberflöte" will indeed flourish in their immortal youth. We may expect echoes of them whithersoever we may go; for there can be nothing more beautiful to fill our ears—Anywhere. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

Music will never outgrow Mozart.

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Mr. Howell Hansel as *Geoffrey Tempest.* Miss Mary Shaw as *Lady Sibyl Elton.* Mr. John E. Kellard as *Prince Lucio Rimanez* (Satan).

A SCENE FROM ACT III. OF "THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Lady Sibyl: "If you will not love me I will stab myself, and call out to *Geoffrey* that I killed myself to save his honor!"

DRAMA

VERY much to my surprise, the paragraph with which this department closed a fortnight ago has been construed into a personal attack upon Miss Rehan. It was never intended as such, and, in point of fact, it was quite the reverse, being a tribute to her as one of the most accomplished actresses of the American stage.

In reviewing the first night of Miss Rehan's appearance in Sardou & Moreau's "Madame Sans-Gêne," there is particular need to keep in mind the vigor of her powers and the breadth of her intelligence.

Miss Rehan as *Madame Sans-Gêne.*

First performances are notoriously apt to be misleading; but the first performance of the revolutionary washer-woman was a complete reversal of what one is justified in expecting. In the prologue Miss Rehan acted at the part of the Latin Quarter blanchisseuse, but she quite failed to act it. One felt that there were two people on the stage: one was Miss Rehan in person, and the other was the washer-woman she was obviously trying to impersonate. She was far too much Miss Rehan to be *sans-gêne*. In the first act, when the washer-woman was endeavoring to live up to the estate of a duchess by the aid of dancing-masters and costumers, there was a similar discrepancy. She was so studiously the blanchisseuse that it was not possible to believe in her for a moment as a duchess, even of the upstart world of Napoleon. Because of the breadth of the comic situation here, the act went off with good effect, but as an impersonation the part was artistically as undeveloped as in the prologue. The last two acts were similarly defective, though the defect was somewhat obscured by the greater rapidity of the action. Throughout Miss Rehan was obviously ill at ease. Her manner lacked the fluency of perfected art, and at times she was at a loss even as to her lines. In a word, the first-night performance showed the lack of correspondence between intention and effect, the lack of adjustment of means to ends, which is to be expected at an early rehearsal. In view of the fact that the play is wanting in sustained interest, and that the critical standard of the title rôle is nothing less than Réjane's ripened performance, Miss Rehan's comparative failure in the opening performance is not hard to comprehend. There is hope, however, of the future of the production in the fact that the part lies so well within the range of Miss Rehan's most pronounced gifts. She brings to it a womanly wholesomeness, a vigor of impulse, and a breadth and buoyancy of humor that make ultimate success in the part simply a question of the perfection of technique. Even during the crude performance of the first night there were moments in every phase of the impersonation that showed the touch of a master working happily in his medium. By the time this paragraph appears, I make no doubt that the performance will be in every way worthy of Miss Rehan.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," which is playing at the Knickerbocker, has been so universally welcomed, both because it is an American play on an American subject and because it has proved so acceptable in itself, that a single adverse voice, however vigorous in utterance, cannot do serious harm. I find this exceedingly fortunate; for, in spite of the interest I cannot help feeling in every attempt to portray American history and American life, and in spite of a strong disposition to be pleased with anything from Mr. Fitch, I find myself dissenting from the verdict of three cities—Chicago, Boston, and New York—and of the critics I most respect in all of them. I must admit that the play is clever enough in its passages of comedy, and quiet enough, on the whole, in its dramatic movement. Moreover, it gives both Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin a chance to do the kind of work they want to do and we all want them to do. This is enough to justify the popularity of a passing show, but it is not enough to gain serious respect for a drama.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale."

The one thing needful to a drama is some vital human motive that shall illuminate the men and women it inspires, and lead us from beginning to end of the play through the events that are necessary to its development. In "Nathan Hale" the motive is a tragic one—the patriotism that leads a young man to give up life and love itself in order to serve his country as a spy upon the enemy. Few motives could be better fitted for the purposes of a drama; few require so thorough and comprehensive a presentation, or lend themselves to so great a variety of dramatic effect. One of the latest as well as the best of the plays treating this motive is Mr. Gillette's "Secret Service," the constructive skill and emotional power of which are consummate. The play lacked only a single touch of greatness: at the supreme moment the hero—with a weakness quite human, and wholly effective dramatically, if you will—permits his personal relations with a young woman to defeat his patriotic aim. By so doing he risks the ultimate success of the Federal cause, and brings disaster to a Federal charge against Richmond which was of such magnitude that, compared to it, the late affair at San Juan was a skirmish. *Nathan Hale* is more deeply heroic in that he places patriotism before love; but for that reason we miss all the more keenly the dramatic skill and power that distinguish "Secret Service."

The "Secret Service" Motive.

The main motive of the play does not appear until the end of the second of the four acts: the previous time is taken up with inconsequent character-sketching—comic froth of the social sort that, amusing enough in itself, pertains to anything rather than to the fate of *Nathan Hale*. And when the motive of the play is broached, it is developed with scarcely a vestige of dramatic propriety. No doubt it affords a fine "situation" to make all *Hale's* comrades refuse the secret service, and then object to *Hale's* undertaking it, on the ground that it is not honorable to a soldier—but what nonsense! It is also, no doubt, pleasing to the caramel contingent that *Hale* betrays himself in the British camp by interfering between a drunken soldier and a barmaid; but to the real Hale, I suspect, his patriotic mission was too important to be risked for such gallantry. No doubt, too, Mr. Fitch found it convenient to make the British villain—an out and-out cur of the melodramatic sort—leave *Hale* at liberty after he was all but known to be a spy, and again to make *Hale* sleep quietly in the inn all night without thinking of escape; but one cannot imagine such gross falsifications of motive in "Secret Service." The last scene of all descends into the sphere of the stage carpenter and the gasman. These gentlemen—again, no doubt, to the infinite delight of the caramel contingent—show us a real orchard in all the gradations of light between night and day, while some one stands in the fly and does a canary-bird on a water-whistle. Then *Hale* comes in and utters the one historical speech of the play: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country"—a speech so simple and so true that it is quite lost in the shuffle of stage properties. Both structurally and emotionally, "Nathan Hale" is of the flimsiest.

Mr. Fitch and the Caramel Contingent.

This, at least, is my conviction. Perhaps I should add that I have gained the courage of it by stepping out into City Hall Park and looking at Macmonnies's statue of Nathan Hale. The young man has his elbows bound, and the half-gesture with which he is accompanying his dying speech is characteristic as it is simple. He is romantically handsome enough, to be sure, to suit the caramel contingent—if the caramel contingent had eyes for anything as cold as bronze; but the heroic motive is there, and it is expressed with a sculptural truth to which the heart warms. Mr. Fitch's play fritters away the heroic motive in superficial stage situations, and when the supreme moment of heroism comes, it is lost in a scenic effect.

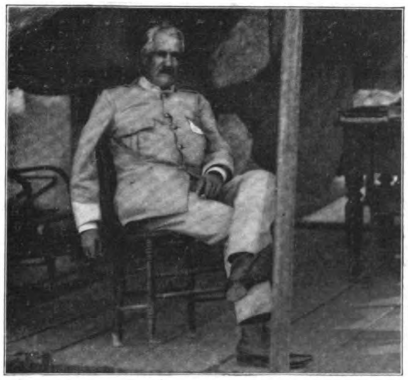
Nathan Hale in Sculpture and in Drama.

In my notice of Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" I pointed out that our elaborate modern stage-settings and our sentimental modern interpretation of the character of *Shylock* are as different as can be from the spirit of the old play that Shakspere modelled into "The Merchant," and that they have played hob with the effect of the play as a drama. Since then London theatre-goers have had a chance to see the play acted in its original manner by the Elizabethan Stage Society. In this production of "The Merchant" the stage was as bare as the stages of old on the Bankside, and the actors wore not the costumes of Venice, but the costumes of Elizabethan London. To reproduce the absolute spirit of the Elizabethan theatre, of course, the actors would have had to wear the dress of the audiences that saw the performance—trousers and black coats—but that is a point of pedantry. The significant fact is that the interpretation was true to the spirit of the old play from which Shakspere got his material—that is to say, it was interpreted as a comedy, at once romantic and grotesque. The part of *Shylock* was played in the Judas wig of red hair that was associated with such parts on the Elizabethan stage; and it was made generally as comic in effect as the lines permitted. In gait and gesture it suggested the hated, the ridiculous Jew; and at the climax of the third scene, where modern *Shylocks* often strive for tragic effect, the rough comedy of this old Elizabethan plot rose to its height. *Shylock* had been caught in his own trap, to the infinite delight of the audience. When *Shylock* was thus interpreted, *Gratiano's* cruel jests were quite in place, and there was no impropriety in *Portia's* comedy of the rings that closes the trial scene. And when there were no waits for the scene-shifter, the scene in *Portia's* gardens brought the comedy to a speedy and a gracious close. With such a readjustment of the dramatic values, "The Merchant" evinces a consistent and harmonious comedy scheme, and one which, except for the brutal manners it implies, is perfectly intelligible. My purpose in mentioning this is not to advocate a return to the spirit of the old plot upon which Shakspere worked. Whatever its limitations, Shakspere's presentation of it has raised it forever out of the mire of Elizabethan brutality. The work of the Elizabethan Stage Society is important only as a warning. If we are to get at the pith of a play like "The Merchant," we must guard against an elaboration of scenery that clogs the action, and against any modern reading of *Shylock* that destroys the dramatic propriety of the play as a whole. To make *Shylock* anything more refined than a vigorous grotesque is to stultify Shakspere.

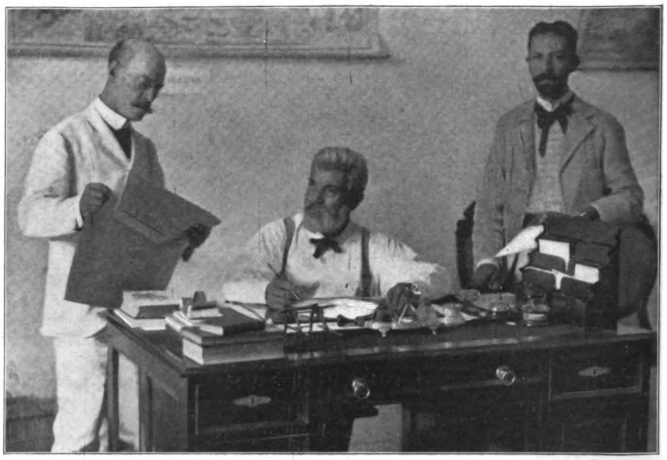
JOHN CORBIN.

"This is the Jew that Shakspere drew."

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COLONEL H. B. FREEMAN,
24th U. S. Infantry.



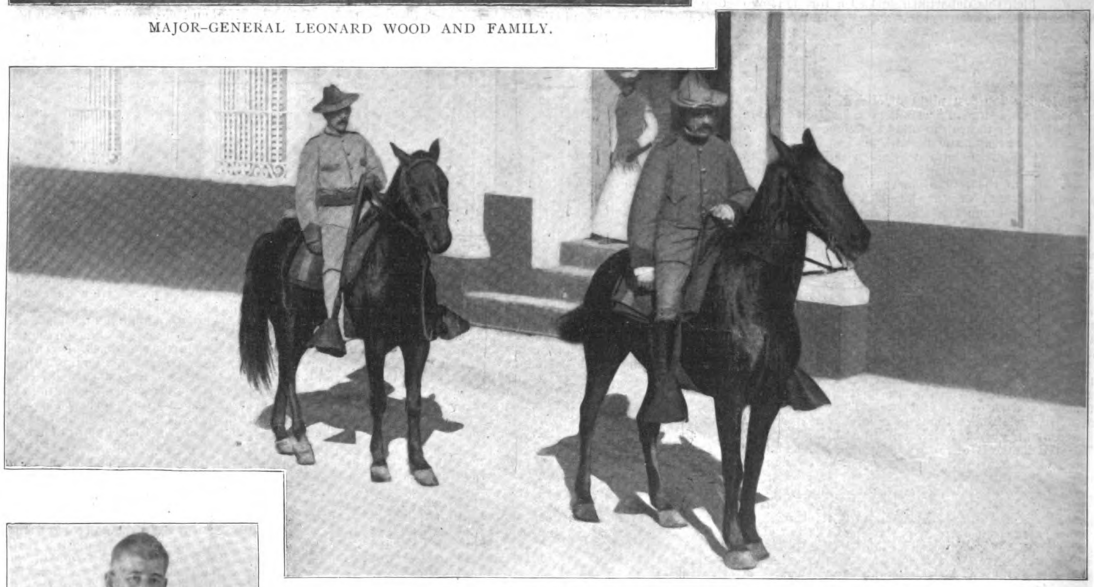
MAJOR J. H., MacLEAVY,
First Mayor of Santiago.



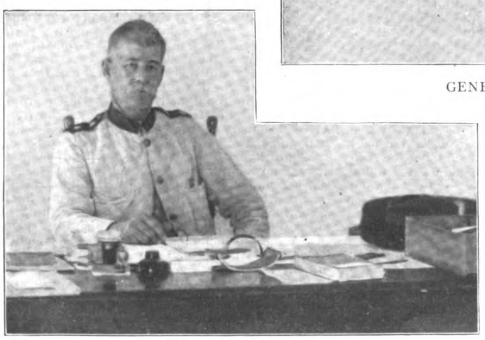
MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD AND FAMILY.



FATHER MESNIER,
A Pro-American Priest.



GENERAL WOOD AND ORDERLY LEAVING THE PALACE.



MAJOR-GENERAL LAWTON AT HEADQUARTERS.



UNITED STATES MAIL WAGON.

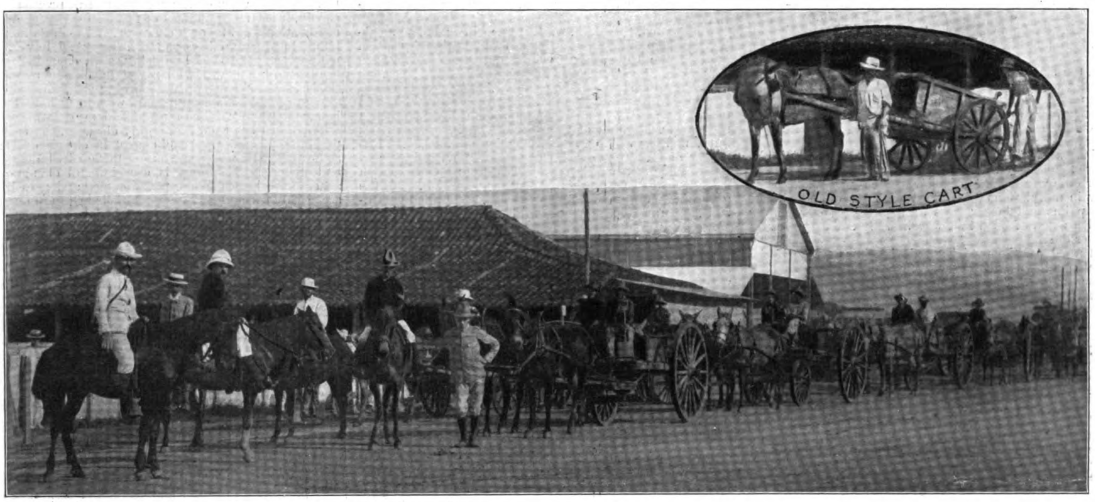
SANTIAGO UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

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BARBED-WIRE OBSTRUCTION NEAR MORRO CASTLE.



WORKMEN LAYING NEW PAVEMENT ON MARINA STREET.

SANTIAGO UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

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Our New Possessions—Santiago Revisited

By Phil Robinson, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

Once more I find myself in Siboney, and what a change has taken place! The times of peace have returned. The railway is again at work, and as I come on to the well-remembered bridge an engine with a train of trucks is passing. The mines are being reopened; the dwellings that were burned down under medical orders in July are being rebuilt; the population has returned, and once more there is life in the place—the healthy life of trade and peace. The irrepressible, ration-devouring Cuban is still in evidence, and a few tents still linger—the jetsam of the tide of war that rolled by here six months ago. There is one new feature, though, in the scene, a graveyard. Where lie buried the victims of the fever, a monument for all time in memory of the war.

Passing out under the bridge, from the site of the old fever-stricken camp on to the Santiago road, one misses at once the gatherings of destitute refugees who used to bivouac under the big guanaba-trees at the first turn of the highway here. They are all gone joyously home again, back to their large, cool-shaded rooms, and the breezy patios, and grateful to the strong arm that is now outstretched between them and future trouble.

The tiny bronzed-winged ground-doves feed, by their families, in the middle of the highway, conscious of security, and on the open green patch of grass that marks, from the road, the site of the Rough Riders' fight at "Guasimas" or "Sevilla," we flushed a brace of guinea-fowl. The two posts and the cross-piece, with some fragments of masonry, are all that remain, except a grove of lime-trees, of the hacienda from which the now historic spot takes its name, are still standing.

What a beautiful road this is, now that one has the leisure to admire it! How diversified the landscape! How superb the vegetation! Yonder where the ground breaks away in undulations thickly set with guavas and limes, with palms and larger trees between—just over yonder stood a patch of bush that was literally cut to pieces by Mauser bullets.

I turned off the road beyond Guasimas to see if the Cubans had buried three of their comrades who used to be thereabouts. The path that was then so well trodden had quite disappeared under a lush growth of grass, and the broad space where a palm-thatch cabin used to stand, with the earth all tramped in front, was now a grass-plot. Somebody has restarted his cultivation here, and within a small fence two steers are grazing. Down at the river (what scenes there used to be here!) two children are paddling, and on the opposite bank are some chickens roaming about. If we could only have met chickens here six months ago! Flowers were there, no doubt, some of them, in June, but there was little time then, as one made one's way along between opposing streams of men and wagons, to look for flowers.

Here is where the ammunition used to be stacked, and there stood Shafter's tent. The storm of the 12th of July swept down along this dip and washed away my tent from this spot. Then I moved it up yonder, and there, between the hedge and my tent, lay, from the evening of one day till noon the next, the body of a young Massachusetts volunteer who had died of fever.

But we did not move, for I do not believe that fever is to be "caught" from the fever stricken, any more than cholera is from those who are dying of it. But "headquarters" was moved about a quarter of a mile farther on, and there, yesterday, I followed it. It was a beautiful spot in July; it is now perfectly exquisite. The grass has regrown, and from under the calabash-tree where the Japanese and Swedish attachés used to camp there flew a whole "covey" of guinea-fowl. It was under that tree there that Shafter received General Miles and the news of the surrender of Santiago. This track was then a road, and here it led into a Red Cross encampment, and, winding along among the bush, joined, as now, the main road near the creek. A number of Cuban families seem to have settled somewhere near here, judging from the ponies that are tethered under the trees and the women washing clothes in the stream.

On the other side of the creek there used to be two cart roads, but the one to the right, made, I believe, by the troops, is now so patched and striped with green as to be hardly like a road. On the other, too, the branches thrown down by the engineers during the passage of the troops, to fill up ruts and "corduroy" the road, have here and there apparently struck root, and young guava-trees will next spring be growing along the middle of it. It was over there on the left that the foreign attachés and most of the correspondents saw the fighting, "just as if," as one of them said, "we had got front seats at the opera." That tree to our right ought to have been cut down when the battery took up position. It gave the Spaniards their target.

As we go down the hill again to the road, we see the remnants of the old sugar-factory buildings; it is evidently now being utilized as a military post. Half-way down the hill a soldier sat on two cases of dynamite all the time that the shells were exploding about him. Only a few yards off, under that tree, a sergeant was killed by a bullet out of shrapnel.

Everything is left as it was on the day of the surrender. Some of the people in El Caney have, they say, patched up their houses, but out on the battle-field the intrenchments and covered ways are as they were left, and all that remained of the San Juan block-house remains there still. The graveyard has been set in order, and the road with its stone bridge is in model repair. That is all. And I hope it will remain so. America should never allow these slopes to be altered or tampered with. They should be consecrated, in all their completeness, to the memory of her heroic sons.

When I left Santiago after the surrender, in July, the Cuban was at a great discount, and not without reason. His conduct during the war had not been such as to recommend him to the respect, much less the affection, of the American soldiers who had suffered so much and fought so well on his behalf. "Stinking Cubans" was a recognized formula of reference to them, and still harsher epithets were in regular use. In a word, everybody despised and detested the Cubans.

None were allowed within the city limits, and Garcia (as cruel a man as Weyler) had gone off in the sulks because he found that Santiago was not to be made over to the mercies of his ragamuffin host, who had looked forward to the morrow of the Americans' victory as a day of revenge, and had coolly partitioned out the city among themselves, with a view to methodical impartiality in looting. General McKibbin, who held the governorship of Santiago for a day and a half, kept the Cubans on the street side of the door, so to speak, and disquieting rumors reached Garcia and Castillo of the sympathy for the Spaniards that had sprung up in the American ranks. They may, for instance, have heard at second hand what I heard at first, a certain distinguished officer's dictum, "Well, all I can say is it's a pity Weyler was not left alone for another six months!" or another officer's remark to a tableful of brother officers in the Restaurant Venus, "I'll be hanged if I don't think it a beastly shame that we should have come here bullying a townful of civil, decent, Spanish gentlemen for the sake of a lot of blinkety-blankety Cubans!" These ejaculations reflect quite truthfully the humor of the conquerors on the 17th of July.

Unbounded, therefore, was my surprise when, on reaching Santiago four months later, I found the city given over to the Cubans; of course only under American supervision, but given over to them all the same. Cuban flags were displayed—not "officially," it was explained to me, but still displayed—and men with Cuban rosettes in their hats and their machetes at their sides rode about the streets, stopping at the door of the Palace, as if on duty, making reports, and taking instructions. At this corner and at that stood Cubans, as if on a beat, and where some men were working at a drain, a Cuban, with both revolver and machete, was in supervision. All the subordinate offices, wherever possible, were filled by Cubans, and the Mayor of Santiago is now a Cuban.

All of which greatly surprised me. Yet I cannot say why it should. Is not America committed to the experiment of Cuban self-government? The sooner, then, that the experiment is tried, and proved a success or the reverse, the better for every one—for the Americans especially. There is risk attached to it of course, but then the States expect risks in Cuba for some time to come. General Wood, the Governor of the Santiago Province and city, is an ideal official for so important and delicate a post, for he combines with the *fortiter in re* a satisfying measure of the *suaviter in modo*. He has told the Cubans that they are to have "a fair show," and has advised them, for the sake of Cuba's future, now in their hands, to choose their very best men to fill the places he has offered them, and now or never to prove their aptitude for self-government. A large measure of power is therefore in their hands. Cubans are now administering the townships in the interior, and Cuban patrols, officered by Cubans, have the keeping of order in the suburban and rural districts.

Meanwhile, General Wood is hoping to have his own military force reduced by at least a half, and if he could have one white cavalry regiment sent out to him, would gladly exchange for them all the three black regiments he has got. White cavalry are certainly needed, for, let the Cuban charm never so wisely, his brother Cuban does not really believe in him. He knows that he is corrupt in blood and bone, lacking in honor, and averse to downright honest work. Moreover, he is in doubt as to the future, perplexed as to the upshot of the experiment now being tried, and not at all certain that if the Cubans, now tentatively in authority, succeed in satisfying American expectations their permanence in power would be really for his good or for the good of Cuba.

White cavalry patrolling the country, "a flying squadron" of American troopers appearing unexpectedly in all sorts of places, would greatly conduce to the easiness of mind of the rural folk, for they would have constantly before them the unimpeachable evidence of a power superior to and stronger than the Cuban. Besides, so it seems to me, when the Governor goes anywhere officially—on a flying tour of inspection, for instance—he ought to be accompanied by a strong escort of his countrymen, if only for the dignity of his high office. But aside from the utility of judicious pomp when dealing with such a population as that of the Santiago Province, there is the more serious consideration of the effect which such constant suggestions of reserve force must have upon the tatterdemalion thousands of "Cuban" soldiers who, neither disbanded nor disarmed, are scattered about within the area of American occupation, and, we may swear to it, doing no good.

Indeed their presence is a source of danger, and everybody seems aware of it. You can feel it in the air. The shopkeepers told me business had not "begun yet"; the people seemed "afraid of spending their money." The merchants said there was "nothing doing" because people "did not know what was going to happen." The officials said "things have not had time to shape yet." Intending investors and speculators come to Santiago and go away again. Nothing done for "nothing is settled yet," they say. This atmosphere of suspense is quite tangible to the visitor. I seemed to see everybody "going delicately," with that circumspection that comes of perplexity. Every trigger, as it were, was at half-cock. The band played, and the residents came out subdued and ultra-decorous. Nobody appeared to be quite at ease. The town was afraid of "letting itself go," or had not the spirit to amuse itself. This condition of insecurity carries with it a sense of danger. A scare may easily become a panic. But what should Santiago be in suspense about? Are not the Americans in possession? Yes, but the Cubans are not yet dispossessed, and, as one of their generals said the other day, they would "just as readily fight the Americans as they had fought the Spaniards" if they were not to obtain real and complete independence.

General Wood himself, I fancy, quite comprehends the situation, and would be glad to see ahead of him more clearly than he does. Meanwhile he goes on his way, keeping the peace with a firm hand, and every day giving effect to some new project for the public good. There is no unfriendliness among the people, but there is no friendliness either. They go about their business without any grateful recognition of a passing official. If you ask a question, there is more curtness than courtesy in the reply. There is a load of some kind, obviously, on the public mind, and, I take it, it is apprehension of the Cubans.

Santiago all the time goes on improving or being improved. Ponderous iron-bound carts, drawn by four mules each and driven by soldiers, go thundering and clattering up and down the dreadful streets. Some of these are "paved"—save the mark!—with cobblestones of unequal heights (and with many gaps), while the others are just as nature made them, with the underlying rock cropping up in slabs and bowlders, and pitted with holes large enough to drown a baby in. Rain sluices down them as it pleases and overflows where it likes. Having one day got to the bottom of a street, I found my advance blocked by mud and water, and had to go up the hill again and down the next street to arrive at my destination. In the upper part of the town the roadways are inconceivable. But the work of improvement is in progress—very slowly, it is true, from want of funds; for Santiago has, of course, to pay all its own expenses, and with its income at its lowest these are hard to meet. One road, however, the main street, is finished, and being solidly metalled, with a top layer of fine grit, well rolled down, and is yet "no thoroughfare," looks, in its solid brand-new smoothness, almost ridiculous by comparison with its unkempt neighbors, which are "linked mud-holes long drawn out."

The Plaza has been thoroughly cleansed, the cathedral precincts purged, the hospitals set in cleanly order; and at the wharves, where there used to be dirt indescribable and general chaos, there is a wonderful change—large spaces have been cleared, traffic comes and goes by prescribed routes, and soldiers with their rifles are on sentry at the avenues of approach. Stacked up on the wharves are prodigious quantities of "rations" and stores—for Santiago is a distributing centre—and much of it, I should say, was being ruined. The Red Cross Society's supplies are still unexhausted, and with so much gratuitous food obtainable there is little reason for wondering at the shopkeepers' complaint that business is not active.

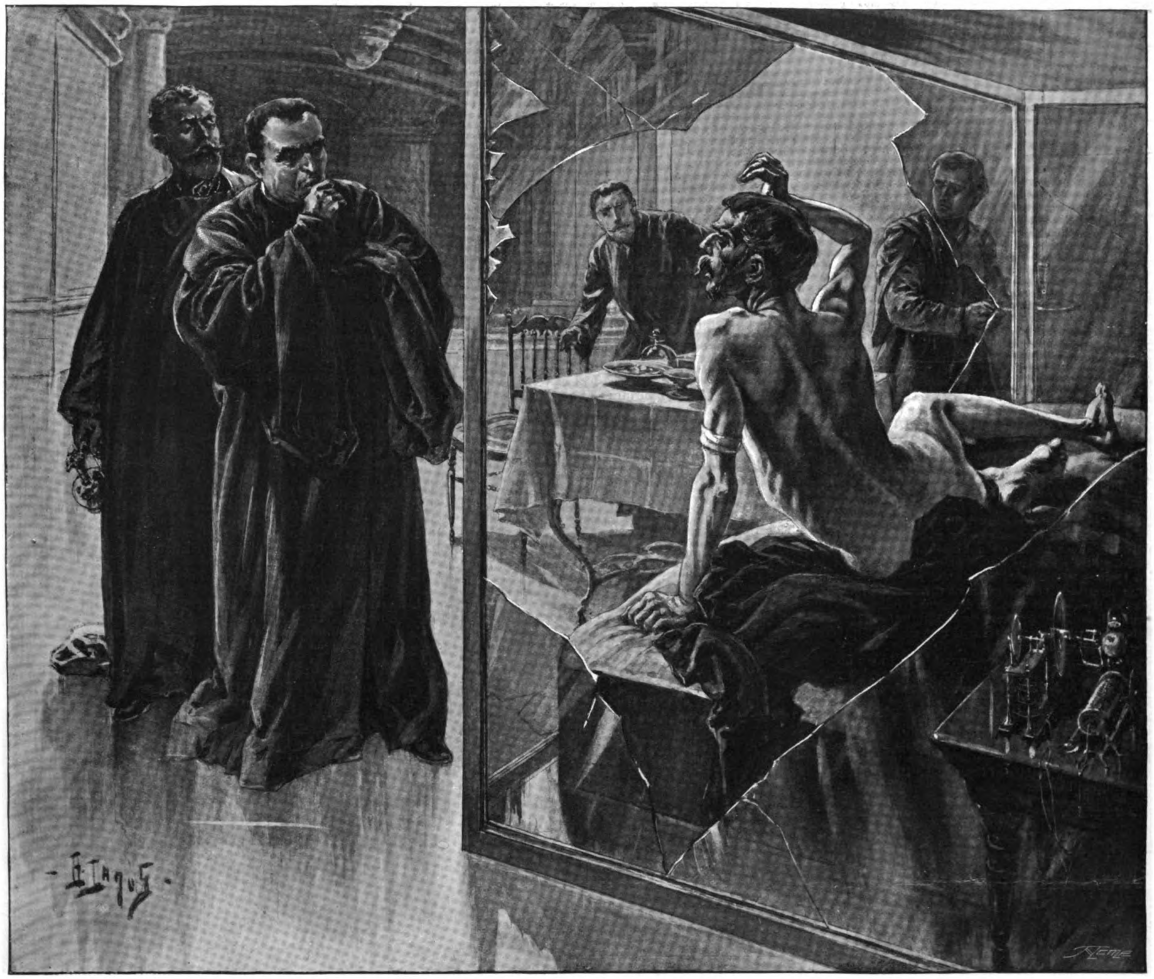
In July the streets were almost empty, three-fourths of the houses uninhabited, the suburbs an absolute desert; the shops that were open could be counted on the fingers; the restaurants and all the clubs were closed. Soldiers in and about the Plaza were of course greatly in evidence, but except the soldiers (and correspondents) there were very few moving about, and what few there were were Spaniards, all seemingly in their best clothes and best spirits, glad doubtless of the end of the "siege," and relieved at the evident good feeling of the conquerors.

To-day all is reversed. The houses have filled up; the suburbs, right away to the outskirts of the city, are alive with people; the streets are becoming populous; the soldiers have disappeared and loungers fill the seats in the Plaza; shops are open by the dozen; the restaurant is in full swing; and the clubs—the sedate and rather pompous Spanish, the more animated and less formal Cuban on the other side of the way—have resumed the normal hospitalities of peace times. The Spaniard seems somehow to have disappeared, and with him all vivacity. The dull Cuban occupies the public places, and Santiago, whether sulky or cowed, appears to have no spirits left.

At the Anglo-American Club, however, there are always the brightness of good company and the comfort of good quarters. On the day of the surrender half a dozen English correspondents found the whereabouts of the club, and then the key of it, and eventually the head waiter, and for their own benefit informally and formally reopened it. It is now the centre of local intelligence and the headquarters of civilization, and before long is going to emigrate from its present dingy (and possibly unhealthy) quarters to the sumptuous building of the Spanish Club, with which it will "incorporate," and which it will eventually absorb. A peculiarity of the present building is, even among the prevailing peculiarities of Spanish houses, worth referring to. You enter on the ground-floor, cross a yard, and then mounting a high flight of steps, arrive at what is presumably the "first" floor. This is a large paved yard open to the sky, with the bed and other rooms and offices of the club built round it on all four sides. But in the yard, through spaces in the pavement, are growing a fine mango-tree that bears abundantly; bananas, from which we ate the fruit at table; a coffee-plant, from which the manager had gathered and cured an excellent sample of coffee (so an expert present said); and other shrubs. Imagine this—a great shady tree and a garden on the first floor of a house!

Another pleasing evidence of the passing away of trouble was the reopening of the schools. General Wood has done great work in increasing the number of schools and the opportunities for education, and has wisely, for the present, left the free "ward" schools of the Spanish régime alone. I went into two of these, and I must say that never in my life have I seen happier, cleaner, better-dressed collections of little children. As the Spaniards made attendance at these ward schools compulsory, and as they were gratuitous, the families of rich and poor alike share in the advantages of free education, and side by side on the benches sit the children, from four years of age to ten, of the aristocrat and the pleb, of Spaniard and Cuban. In the girls' school I chanced upon an afternoon when needle-work was in full swing. "Samplers" of the same old type so familiar in England and the States a hundred years ago, and sewing, occupied the very little ones, while crochet, tatting, embroidery, and lace-work kept the elders busy. In the boys' school I was surprised to find a museum of natural history, a chemical laboratory, and all the appliances for elementary education in natural science. As for the pupils, they would have compared well in manners, clothing, and brightness with a similar school in any part of the world. Sad to say, though, these youngsters have no athletics, no games, to educate the muscle and harden the nerve and quicken the eye. Alas poor Spain!

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE AWAKENING.

WHAT a wonderfully complex thing that simple-seeming unity—the self! Who can trace its redintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the growth and synthesis of the unconscious to the sub-conscious, the sub-conscious to dawning consciousness, until at last we recognize ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

That pilgrimage towards a personal being again seemed to traverse vast gulfs, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distant impression, too, of a momentous conversation; of a name—he could not tell what name—that was subsequently to recur; of some queer, long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle; of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in darkness. Then came a panorama of dazzling, unstable, confluent scenes.

The texture that wove at last through the half-light of dreaming to wakefulness shaped a definite picture of dark masses of cliff, a black shadow of caves at the foot of them, into which the green sea-water foamed and vanished, and a cleft in the rocky front, and a thin plume of cascade quivering in the wind. There was a sense of intolerable misery linked with this; he was looking down on it, and for some reason he had to fling himself forward—was, in fact, flinging himself forward, floating down swifter and swifter. A man appeared against the background, saying things that were troublesome to hear, and in some way arresting that downward swoop. There was a gray distress in this obstruction. The stranger spread out and grew impalpable, and the vision had passed.

Graham became aware that this was either a memory or a phase in a dream—not present, at any rate, in spite of its vividness—and that his eyes were open, and regarding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, following the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be. Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The color of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes towards the hour of dawn.

He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily receding.

The movements of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley, but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterfall again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by. . . .

How long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it startled him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak—and amazed.

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was confusing, but his mind was quite clear—evidently his sleep had benefited him. He was not in a bed at all, as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, apparently an air mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent—a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity—and below it was a mirror reflecting him grayly. About his arm—and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow—was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish-colored glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white frame-work of which had first arrested his attention. In a corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognizable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glasslike substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture—a table covered with a silvery cloth, silvery like the side of a fish, a couple of black and graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle, and two glasses. He realized that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and, after a period of hesitation, scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered, and put his hand against the glasslike pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder, then it broke with a slight report and vanished—a pricked bubble. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor—it rang but did not break—and sat down in one of the arm-chairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank—a colorless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste, and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about him.

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence, now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward, without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran

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between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices, and a deep, undeviating, droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention.

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him, and sat down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colorless fluid.

What was this place?—this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat"—that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled the air.

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripping on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue pillars.

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed place like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze—a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony, and with their backs to him, gesticulating, and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colorings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and once some brightly colored object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English; there was a reiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one—a red-haired man in a short purple robe. "When the Sleeper wakes— *When!*"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed; the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation—an expression that deepened to awe.

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him; his arm against the pillar collapsed limply; he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUND OF A TUMULT.

GRAHAM'S last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white frame-work was still about him, but the greenish transparent substance that had filled it was altogether gone. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking keenly into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamor of bells and confused sounds, that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult like a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does all this mean?" he said, slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears: "You are quite safe. You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time—sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes reopened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"Yes," said Graham.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy. It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring purpose. His eyes went from face to face of the three people about him. They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.

"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming, 27 Chancery Lane?"

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it. "What an odd *blur* in his accent!" whispered the red-haired man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, evidently puzzled.

"He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty.

The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to—*wire* to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time, and the important thing is to get over that, sir." (Graham concluded the word was sir, but this man pronounced it "*sire*.")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd, and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was, he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realized what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some process of thought-reading, he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge came into his mind almost at the moment of his discovery. He looked at his bare feet, regarding them silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That—that makes me feel better," he said, hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made an effort to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked, in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"A very long time."

"Yes, yes," said Graham, suddenly testy. "But I want— Is it—it is—some years? Many years? There was something—I forget what. I feel—confused. But you—" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long—?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with his knuckles, and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked, faintly. "More?"

"Very much more than that."

"More!"

"More."

He looked at them, and it seemed as though imps were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question.

"Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.

"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."

"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a *what?*"

Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me."

Among the remarks in an undertone his ear caught six words: "More than a couple of centuries."

"*What?*" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of *centuries!*"

"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred years."

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years!" he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but—"

They said nothing.

"You—did you say—?"

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard.

There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw what he had heard was indeed true.

"But it can't be," he said, querulously. "I am dreaming. Trances. Trances don't last. That is not right—this is a joke you have played upon me! Tell me—some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall—?"

His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said, weakly, and glanced at the others.

"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old Duchy of Cornwall—it's in the southwest country, beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I've been there."

"Boscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That was it—Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep—somewhere there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember."

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than *two hundred years!*"

He began to speak quickly, with a twitching face, but his heart was cold within him. "But if it *is* two hundred years, every soul I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to before I went to sleep, must be dead."

They did not answer him.

"The Queen and the Royal Family, her ministers, church and state. High and low, rich and poor, one with another—

"Is there England still?

"That's a comfort! Is there London?

"This *is* London, eh? And you are my assistant custodian. Assistant custodian. And these—? Eh? Assistant custodians too!"

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I here? No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me—"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and uncovering them, found another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He took the dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had taken it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed through his tears, a little foolishly. "But—two—hundred—years!" he said. He grimaced hysterically and covered his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging over his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which Isbister had found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention was attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an advancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I not warned? Surely you could tell? Some one will suffer for this. The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? All the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must not be told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark, and Graham, looking over his shoulder, saw approaching a very short, fat, and thick-set beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows, that almost met over his nose and overhung deep gray eyes, gave his face an oddly formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham, and then his regard returned to the man with the flaxen beard. "These others," he said, in a voice of extreme irritation. "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly—go now. But see the doorways are closed as you go."

The two men addressed turned obediently, after one reluctant glance at Graham, and instead of going through the archway as he expected, walked straight to the dead wall of the apartment opposite the archway. And then came a strange thing; a long strip of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a snap, hung over the two retreating men, and fell again, and immediately Graham was alone with the new-comer and the purple-robed man with the flaxen beard.

For a space the thick-set man took not the slightest notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate the other—obviously his subordinate—upon the treatment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but in phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. The awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise but of consternation and annoyance to him. He was evidently profoundly excited.

"You must not confuse his mind by telling him things," he repeated again and again. "You must not confuse his mind."

His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened Sleeper with an ambiguous expression.

"Feel queer?" he asked.

"Very."

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems."

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"

"They—" said the thick-set man, and stopped, and the flaxen-bearded man met his eye and went away. "You will very speedily have clothes," said the thick-set man.

"Is it true, indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred—?" asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and three, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyebrows and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then asked a question: "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He did not wait for an answer. "Things have changed tremendously, I suppose?" he said. "What is that shouting?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing," said the thick-set man, impatiently. "It's people. You'll understand better later—perhaps. As you say, things have changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emergency. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate. Better wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. You want shaving."

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them, turned suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the older man, and hurried off through the archway towards the balcony. The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thick-set man turned and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath, and turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. It was a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screaming, and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and then a snapping, like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham strained his ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tumult.

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain formula. For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the words: "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"

The thick-set man rushed suddenly to the archway.

"Wild!" he cried. "How do they know? Do they know? Or is it guessing?"

There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thick-set man; "I have *him* to see to. But shout from the balcony."

There was an inaudible reply.

"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here—and it will be impossible to—"

He rushed away. Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes—in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting—?"

"Something about the Sleeper—that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing. Demology is out of my province."

"Demology?"

"Demology. Ah!"

A shrill bell jetted acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A Trip to Iloilo

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"—THE FIRST AMERICAN IN ILOILO.

The letter below was written by Mr. John F. Bass on October 8, and he seems to have left Iloilo four days before, on his return trip to Manila. Mr. Bass was the first American, since the war broke out, to visit Iloilo, and his observations there are of especial interest, since they have been so completely verified by what has happened within the last few weeks. Not only is the letter interesting because it treats of the second important seaport in the Philippines, but Mr. Bass's observations, it will be seen, led him to expect the capture of the place by the insurgents. The island was surrendered by General Rios to the insurgents, who took possession of the city on the 26th of December. General Otis had sent Colonel Potter on a fast vessel to communicate with the Spanish general, and to notify him of the completion of the treaty, and of the fact that his government had ceded the islands to the United States. When Colonel Potter reached Iloilo he found Aguinaldo's flag flying. This fact naturally complicates the situation in the Philippines, and makes the insurgents all the more insistent upon the independence of the archipelago, and the recognition of the independence of their government. There is some suspicion, given expression to by General Merritt, of bad faith on the part of General Rios; and it may be that he might have held on until United States troops reached Panay, the island of which Iloilo is the port, to relieve him and his force. The news of the surrender of Iloilo reached this country on the same day on which the news came of the resignation of Aguinaldo's milder cabinet, to be replaced by a cabinet very much more hostile to the United States, and to control of the islands by the United States, than the old cabinet was.—Editor "*HARPER'S WEEKLY*."

MANILA, *October 8, 1898.*

"YES," said the old resident, "I know many things about the country, but perhaps I cannot tell them. They consist largely of detailed impressions absorbed by a long process of hard-earned experience. Is the native reliable, and can you trust him? Well, that depends. All peoples have their peculiarities, and you must know them thoroughly before you can deal with them successfully; you know the old saying, trust an Arab with anything but sweets. Well, the native is not the Anglo-Saxon, but he is a good fellow, and if you try to take his point of view occasionally, you will get along with him capitally."

Although it is quite true that to know a people it is necessary to have dwelt long among them, there are certain finger-posts along the path of every traveller which tell him where the road is leading, and even the casual visitor, if he be wide awake, can find in trivial experiences the tone of national character—"Si, si, señor; mañana."

The last word is simple enough, and catches the ear pleasantly. Who for a moment would suspect that in it lies the world-problem for the Philippines—social, political, and mercantile? Ask the meaning of the word, and you will be told it signifies "in the morning," or to-morrow. How seemingly clear and definite! And yet "mañana" never arrives. The sun rises, and, to all appearances, "mañana" is at hand; but no, it lies as far in the future as does infinity in the theory of limits. Life in the Philippines is a race like that of Achilles after the tortoise. In pursuit of "mañana" you get nearer and nearer to the goal, but can never quite reach it. "Mañana" your washer-woman will bring your clothes; "mañana" your tailor will finish your suit. What an opportunity for the professional reformer! for until the iron rule of Queen Mañana has been broken, nothing can be accomplished in the Philippines. Every one recognizes the difficulty. The American soldier, with characteristic rashness, ignoring the fact that it lies at the root of all life here, refuses to listen to the word, and holds it up to ridicule. The native, on the other hand, recognizes the impossibility of ignoring the mysterious "mañana." Climate, customs, race tendencies, all combine in favor of "mañana," and consequently the native has given up to despair. If he uses the word "mañana" in his business dealings, and you try to pin him down to a categorical explanation of what this great time mystery actually is, he immediately lapses into the silence of hopelessness, and uses that other expression which contains in itself the unsatisfactory solution to the problem offered by Spanish misrule and Malay indifference: "No sabe" (I don't know; and if I did I would not tell you).

The *Butuan* was to sail "mañana" for Iloilo. The papers had published the fact for several days, yet the day never seemed to arrive. The steamship company assured us that for some reason the time had not yet arrived; the papers continued to hold out forlorn hopes that on the next day "Mañana" would permit the ship to start; and one bright morning our hopes seemed about to be realized, for the captain of the *Butuan* assured us that the ship would sail at five in the evening. We rushed about, drew money from the bank, secured our state-rooms, and packed our bags. Alas! again we were doomed to disappointment. In the afternoon persons of high station, who were evidently more or less in the confidence of the goddess Mañana, assured us that the ship would not raise anchor until next morning. They told us this fact under the promise of secrecy. It might be supposed that the time of sailing of a steamer would have been made as public as possible, but so great is the secrecy with which the time-goddess Mañana covers her actions that up to the moment of departure only half a dozen people were let into the secret. All of the passengers spent the night in the hot stuffy cabins of the ship.

In the gray of dawning we hurried through the sleeping town down to the wharf where the *Butuan* was fast. The church bells began to call the worshippers to early mass, and devotees scurried along, indistinct in the dim light. Near the church door venders of candles and wax figures burned their small lamps, which threw on the pavement long thin black shadows of the passers-by and shone with yellow glimmer on the faces of sleepy buyers. The black-robed priest swung open the church door and admitted the gathered crowd of penitents. A moment we watched the sight, then hurried on to the ship.

Out of Manila Harbor, past the war-ships, then south among the many islands which fill the sea with great green patches, the *Butuan* passed. For three hundred odd miles we scarcely lost sight of land. Once, as we wound in and out among the islands, where the graceful bamboo waved to the wind, and the tall palms stretched their naked trunks with bushy head towards heaven in proud disdain for the mass of humbler foliage below them, we thought what a beautiful summer, or rather winter, resort these islands would make if they were only nearer home! Indeed a beautiful country, and as we entered the narrow strait between the islands of Negros and Panay, a great hill like a pyramid rose abruptly from the sea, called Sugar Loaf. Near this mountain lies Concepcion, where the insurgents have pushed forward in their advance on Iloilo. The chief engineer pointed the places out to us. He was a Scotchman, and had been on the *Butuan* for fifteen years. In spite of his long sojourn in the East, he was as pure a Scotchman as if he had left the Highlands but yesterday, as conservative in his statements, and as fond of good whiskey as befits a "wee Skutchmun." His had been a life of adventure; but we had to learn his history from other people, for nary a yarn about himself could we get out of him. Later we learned that the *Butuan* had once been sunk in a storm when he was in the engine-room. The natives, who could not understand how he got out, even to-day say that he came up through the fire-box and out of the smoke-stack. At any rate, he was slow in getting to the surface, and came up sputtering near an English passenger. "Mun!" said the Scotchman, "I've lost me fiddle!"

At last the low tin roofs of Iloilo appeared through the rays of sun that pierced a heavy squall ahead, the green hills in the distance framing the narrow channel between the islands of Panay and Guimaras.

There was a delay of an hour in getting into the river, one bank of which is lined with sugar-warehouses. Some of our party had no passports, and the Spanish captain in charge of the custom-house requested us most politely to come up to see the governor, as the latter was always pleased to see all strangers who arrived in Iloilo. The request, although couched in most courteous form, was evidently an order. We were about to follow the captain, when the manager of the Hong-kong Bank intervened, and, by judicious wire-pulling, gained us the time to eat a bite and wash up before we visited General Rios. The general we found a charming man, most profuse in his friendly professions and promises to expedite our further journey through the islands. These promises he never fulfilled; nor could we blame him much, for we were the first Americans who had come to Iloilo since the beginning of the war, and, considering our position, we were treated most courteously, although regarded with suspicion.

Iloilo, although the centre of the sugar business in the Philippines, does not possess a hotel, and we were obliged, *nolens volens*, to accept the hospitality of the British colony—composed, by the-way, with one exception, of Scotchmen. It seems that Scotchmen only are capable of doing business in a Spanish colony and remaining sane. The drear monotony of Iloilo life is somewhat sensoned by this little body of Scotchmen. They have formed a delightful little club, with a library (the only one in town, I am inclined to think), a billiard-room, and card-room. There is also a tennis club and several summer-houses at Guimaras. I was much impressed with the manner in which these Scotchmen kept themselves up to the requirements of civilized life. There was not one of them that did not pine to be home; and yet they have not degenerated into the slovenly ways of the natives, and are always smart, and try to keep up a certain amount of style and "side."

They are all unanimous in their desire to have "Uncle Sam" take all of the islands, and on this topic alone they lose their native conservatism and coolness. They are very sore because an American ship was not sent down to take Iloilo. A single ship could easily have done it. To-day the weakness of the Spanish government is such that it is only by the most vigorous methods that the town of Iloilo does not fall into the hands of the revolutionists. The result is that business is nearly at a standstill, even now that the war is over. Every day a new story comes to hand of sugar-plantations destroyed, and the owners either killed or taken prisoners. In the islands of Panay and Cebu, two of the richest in the country, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, and all business with the interior is impossible.

The difficulties with the Spanish custom-house are perhaps increased on account of the war, because the officials, not knowing what the result will be, are making a final grab. The usual method of swindling is as follows: A custom-house official goes to one of the agents of a foreign house in Iloilo and proposes to charge the firm with the ordinary duty, but only turn in to the government fifty per cent.; half of the remaining fifty per cent. goes to the agent; the other half goes to the customs official. If one refuses to enter into the fraud, he has a life-long enemy in the custom-house. The difficulty with the currency is now increased by the fact that Mexican dollars of all dates are current in Manila, whereas, according to Spanish law, no Mexican dollars later than the date of 1878 are current in Iloilo. This law was passed in order to maintain a high purchasing power for the silver dollar. In this way the Spanish officials received small salaries from Spain and lived well in the Philippines. Now when a shipment of silver comes from Manila, where all dates of Mexican dollars circulate, if a single dollar of later date than 1878 gets into the lot, it is liable to confiscation. I am persuaded that the exigencies of trade require that the whole group of the Philippines should be under one government.

Iloilo, at present, although quiet to all appearances, is really like a quiet volcano, boiling underneath, but ready at any moment to break out into active revolution. The Catipunin society has already organized the natives into a potential army. One of the servants of our host was a lieutenant in the mysterious army. I am told that they are merely waiting for the decision of the Paris conference. If the Spaniards are to keep the island of Panay, revolution, full fledged, will break out in the town of Iloilo itself. In the mean time the revolutionists in the interior of the island are driving the Spanish troops gradually back on Iloilo. The town is very badly defended. There are no fortifications about it. An old fort without any guns squats helplessly on a small promontory in the harbor. There are only some eight hundred Spanish soldiers on the island; the rest of the troops are all native-born, and are undoubtedly involved with the revolutionists. As yet the revolutionists in the interior are badly armed, but supplies of rifles and ammunition are being sent down from Aguinaldo's headquarters in Luzon, and before long the natives will be well armed with Mauser rifles.

Troops are constantly coming in and going out of Iloilo, to and from different places in Cebu and Panay where the insurgents gather. The troops are always sent away at night, apparently to keep the inhabitants in ignorance of what is going on in the interior. The Spaniards celebrated a victory while we were in Iloilo. The troops were reviewed, and the governor received the congratulations of the people. In the evening there was a dance. The papers reported the loss of six Spaniards killed and twenty wounded; the loss on the insurgent side was said to be great. As a matter of fact, it seems doubtful if the Spaniards had the upper hand in the fight. The Chinese, who are impartial, and communicate with one another throughout the island in Chinese characters which they alone can read, report that the Spaniards were defeated.

How unreliable the local press is will be seen from the following abstract, which appeared on the day of our arrival. This extract, which states that American soldiers are shooting down Spaniards and natives in the streets of Manila whenever they please, shows the methods used to deceive the native population about American government:

DO NOT EXCHANGE.

From travellers arriving yesterday from Manila we have heard of the conduct of the Yankees in that town toward the natives.

Fire-arms are used regularly for the most insignificant cause, because for this there is a lack of justice. In direct disregard of orders, they point carbines at the face, and fire shots at the wisest and most able.

They laugh at the nobility of the Spaniards, and say that the measures which we employ are big—and of little utility. Any Yankee soldier has the right to take the life of those disgraced ones.

Various shooting affrays carried to a head in the open street have been referred to us, and without their commission having other result than the sentence of the soldier immediately responsible.

As is natural, this conduct, so little in harmony with Spanish sentiments, is here vigorously censured, notwithstanding that all know that it is the method employed with the unhappy natives of America, whose race is on the verge of disappearance.

One of the Yankee personages of most knowledge in Manila, according to what a person who has means of knowing tells us, said not many days ago that to exterminate the Tagal race would require fifteen years. Already it has entered into their calculations to employ in Luzon the method followed in America. What deception more horrible has been practised till now than that which the Yankees have resisted in against these Islands?

To this date they will not call its best people allies. Of their future hap the Filipinos cannot complain. They have fashioned their own disgrace.

When our arrival became known the whole tone of the press changed, and complimentary notices of our presence appeared in all of the papers. The natives do not appear to be deceived by the bombastic untruths of the press, for, as far as we were able to learn, the natives would welcome an American government enthusiastically. The inhabitants of the island of Panay are not on friendly terms with those of Luzon, and at heart they do not like the idea of being governed by Tagalos from Luzon.

If the United States take Luzon, and leave the rest of the islands to Spain, we shall find ourselves obliged either to help Spain suppress the revolution or allow foreign interference. We shall come into conflict with the revolutionists in Luzon, who will undoubtedly send out expeditions to help the insurrection in other islands. We shall be in constant trouble with incompetent and dishonest Spanish officials. It will be the Cuban affair over again. Only this time we shall be far from our base of supplies, and foreign intervention is likely to be much more vigorous. It would be much better not to take any of the islands than to take Luzon alone. All things considered, I very much doubt if the United States will gain anything by making the Philippines a colony.

We wanted to visit other places in the islands, but the "mañana" policy of the general prevented our doing so, and we found ourselves obliged to return to Manila. We could not even leave Iloilo without permission from the general. He granted the permission eagerly, only too glad to get rid of the troublesome Americanos.

The ship was crowded with Spanish refugees who had fled from the provinces and were on their way home. Among the passengers were twenty priests. They also were refugees from small villages in the interior. Before leaving they deposited in the bank hundreds of thousand of dollars and got drafts on Spain. Even those who came from very small villages brought away small fortunes with them. We began to understand why the natives hate the priests. Thirty hours of companionship with these priests considerably added to our aversion for them. They were a filthy lot of bestial-looking men, with as villanous-looking faces as I have ever seen. They come from the lowest class in Spain, and are as ignorant as possible. Their personal uncleanliness cannot be described in print. The finishing-touch was given when, on the morning of our landing, all the priests discarded their filthy robes, and came on deck dressed as civilians. They evidently feared to enter Manila in their priestly robes, thus adding cowardice to their other virtues. It is not from the priests that the natives have learned personal cleanliness, for the natives are very clean about their persons, considering their state of civilization.

Thus ended the first invasion of "bloodthirsty Americans" in Iloilo.

When John's Away

HIS pipe is cold upon the shelf,
His jolly dog's a lone estray;
The house is quite unlike itself
When John's away.

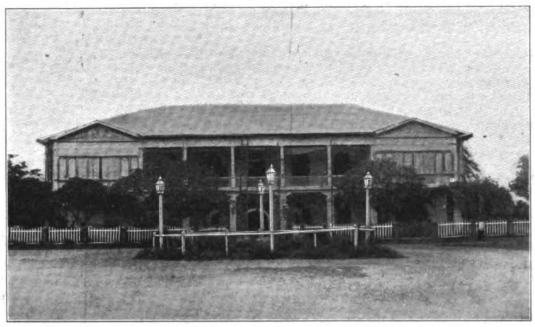
We miss his whistle on the stair,
We miss the turning of his key,
His cheery mandolin's favorite air,
His company.

And when his cheery letters come
We seem to read between the lines,
A wistful yearning for his home
Our love divines.

Oh! army blue that shines so bright,
Oh! army blue that looks so warm,
It folds full many a heartache tight,
That uniform.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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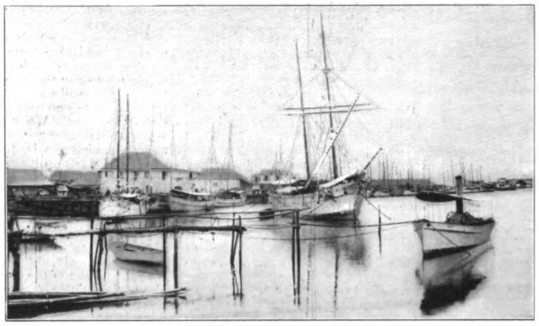
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ILOILO.



SAN PEDRO STREET AT THE CEMETERY, ILOILO.



LONDERO STREET, MOLO.



GENERAL ANCHORAGE FOR SAILING-SHIPS, ILOILO.



CHURCH OF MOLO.



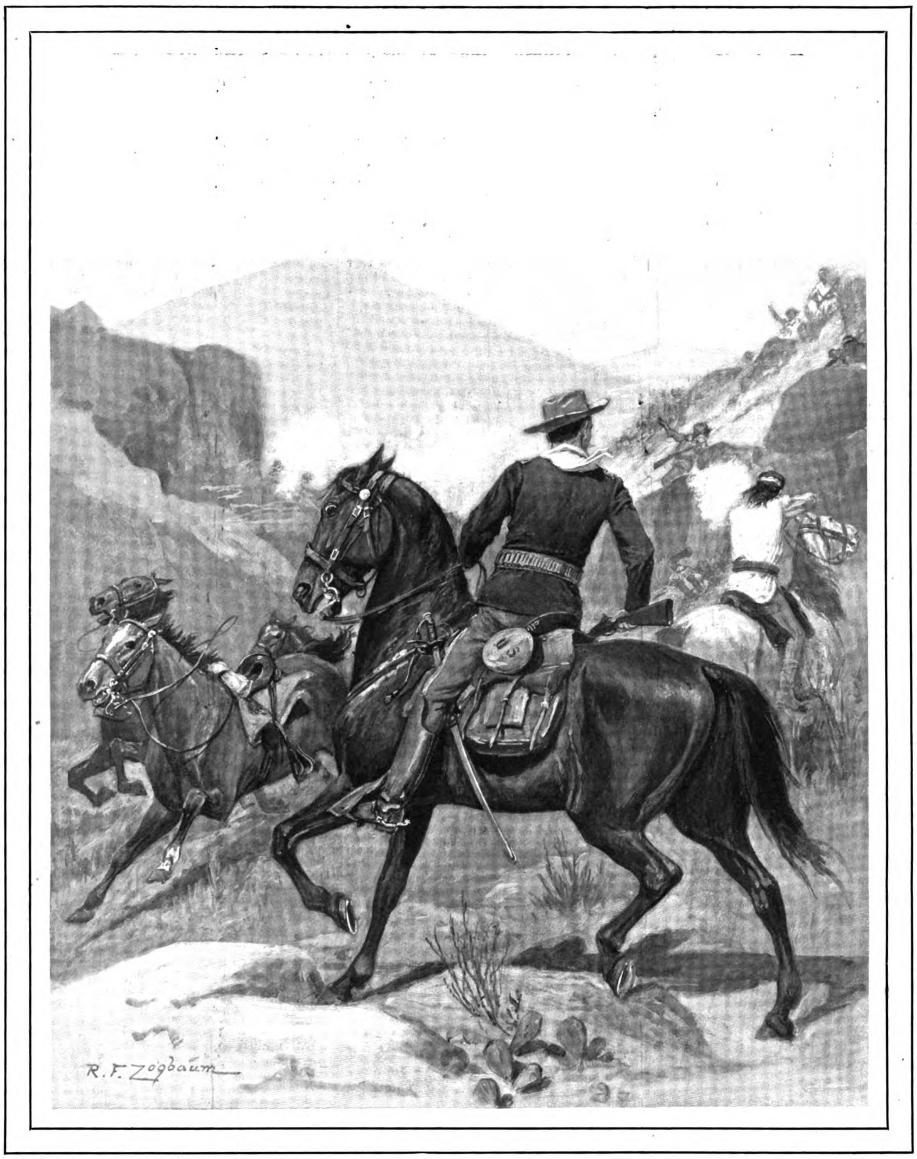
ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF MOLO.



WHARVES AT ILOILO.

ILOILO AND VICINITY—THE SCENE OF THE STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN OUR TROOPS AND THE INSURGENTS.—[See Page 41.]

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AN APACHE RAID

By General George A. Forsyth, U.S.A.

IN the spring of 1882 I was in command of six troops of the Fourth United States Cavalry in the field, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, between the stations of Separ and Lordsburg, in the Territory of New Mexico.

Word had come to us that the renegade Apaches in Mexico were known to be contemplating a movement that might and probably would eventuate in their trying to enter the Apache reservation at San Carlos, Arizona, and compel the reservation Indians to break out and go back to Mexico with them. This the authorities wished to prevent; consequently we lay close to the border-line and kept watch and ward along the Mexican frontier as well as we were able, for it is a line of country easily crossed, and there is no difficulty in a lone Indian scout keeping an eye on an organized force, unseen by it, and at night hurrying back to warn his war party to ware danger; and the Apaches are all good scouts, and, as past masters in the art of deception, something more. For some years prior to the date of which I write the White Mountain Apaches had been waging a desultory but bloody warfare upon the ranchmen of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and so many times had they apparently accepted peace, only to break out again into open hostilities at the first favorable opportunity, that the exasperated settlers almost unanimously demanded their extermination; and from their stand-point much could have been said to justify such an extreme measure. Cruel, crafty, wary, quick to scent danger, equally active to discover a weak or exposed place within his reach, tireless when pursued, patient in defeat, and merciless in success, always seeking the maximum of gain at the minimum of risk, the Apache was well named by the late General George Crook "the tiger of the human species."

Reckless to temerity in pursuit of a flying foe, should his enemy turn at bay, his pursuer instantly sought cover, and took no avoidable risk for glory's sake. Yet, when finally driven to bay himself, he gave no evidence of fear, and dying like a warrior, only ceased fighting at his last gasp.

An Apache, once having shed the blood of a white man, whether in battle, in a foray against the ranchers, the capture of a stage-coach or freighters' train, or by the cowardly murder of some lone prospecting miner, seemed to develop an unquenchable desire for rapine and murder, and thenceforward grew moody, restless, and uneasy within the limits of his reservation, and sooner or later disappeared from it, and joined the renegades who in the times I write of roamed at will among the rugged fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains from twenty to fifty miles within the borders of old Mexico. This range of mountains varies in width from forty to one hundred and sixty miles, and in places is almost entirely uninhabited. From the comparative safety of this vantage-ground the renegade Apaches patiently waited an opportune moment to move quietly up to our line, avoiding the few Mexican mountain towns and outlying ranches and well-known trails, rarely or never following or even crossing a beaten path, but creeping through the unsettled stretches of the mountains and traversing the intervening valleys at night, concealed themselves well up in some cañon in the mountains, within striking distance of the border, and lay concealed, resting, and waiting the return and report of their individual scouts; then crossing our border at night, they halted in some unfrequented spot till early dawn, when, stealing closely down to some lone ranch, they lay in ambush until the ranchmen rode out upon the range, suddenly shot them down, raided the house, outraging and killing its inmates, plundered it of fire-arms and whatever else took their fancy, and then rode rapidly on to repeat the same scenes of plunder, outrage, and pillage at other outlying ranches along the route that they had previously marked out, leaving a bloody trail of dead men, women, and children to mark their course. They rarely spent more than one night within our borders, and it has happened that even before word reached the border settlements or frontier army posts they were already across the line back in old Mexico, and safe in their mountain eyrie, the only evidence of their work being the scenes of blood and desolation they left behind them. Is it to be wondered at that the frontiersmen were bitter?

On the 21st of April a telegram advised me that the renegade Apaches had appeared on the San Carlos Reservation, killed several whites, including the chief of the Indian police—a splendid young fellow named Sterling, who was fascinated with Indian life, and who had for some time been in command of a body of friendly Apache scouts—carried off Chief Locos's entire band, including the women and children, and having been joined by a number of the Chiricahua Apaches, had started back for Mexico. It was impossible to determine with accuracy the route they would take; but as the whole country was at this time unusually dry, many of the springs and water

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holes having dried up, I thought it probable that they would follow the trend of the watercourses that would bring them nearest to the Mexican border, so I concluded that they would make for the Gila River, somewhere beyond the Steins Pass range of mountains, and try to get back that way. Before I had left my post, Fort Cummings, New Mexico, I had sent the Indian scouts stationed there out on a scout through the Hatchet Mountains, under Lieutenant C. S. Hall, of the Thirteenth Infantry, and I at once sent the above information to him, ordering him to join me in the field immediately. At Lordsburg I had a telegram from him, and replied to it by ordering him to join me at Richmond, on the Gila River, scouting the Burro Mountains *en route*.

I had gone to Lordsburg as soon as I could, after receiving notice that the Apaches had been at San Carlos, and from there moved at once to Steins Pass range. Our Indian scouts could not find any trace of a recent Indian trail, so I concluded that they had not come up that way from Mexico. Knowing that there was not any water to be had at Steins Pass, I had directed a tank car of water to be sent to the station there from San Simon station. We camped there on the night of the 23d and made a dry camp. At 3.20 A.M. on the 23d we fed and groomed, and at four o'clock the welcome tank car reached us, and the horses of the entire command were watered from camp-kettles—slow work, especially as the tank had only two faucets that could be used. Before six o'clock we started for Richmond, moving down into the plain and cutting directly across it, heading for the Richmond road. Before starting I ordered Lieutenant D. N. McDonald, of the Fourth Cavalry, to take six of the mounted scouts who had come from Fort Craig, New Mexico, and two enlisted men, and to try to cut any Indian trails he might find along the southeastern end of Steins Pass range. At his especial request I dismounted one of the other scouts and gave him our most reliable Apache scout, Yuma Bill, who spoke English very well, and was an unusually fine Indian, and I also sent our six dismounted scouts along the base of the same range, but further out among the foot-hills. We had gone about three miles on our way, when Lieutenant McDonald sent word that he had struck a trail, twelve hours old, of ten dismounted Indians going in our direction, that is, towards the Gila River. I at once determined in my own mind that this was a party of renegades going up to help their comrades back to Mexico. It was an error on my part for which I was afterwards heartily sorry. An hour later and I had another despatch, stating that fifteen more Indians had come in on the trail, having with them one mule and two horses, and were still tending northward. I sent two enlisted men back with his messenger and continued my march. It was an intensely hot day, and the sun beat fiercely down, while the plain was baked to a thin crust everywhere. McDonald had turned the southern end of the pass and was moving northwesterly along the base of the range, and the command was probably sixteen miles away, when a half-suppressed shout ran up from the rear of the column, and turning my head, I saw one of our Indian scouts, still nearly a mile away, riding at full speed for our column, lashing his horse at every stride and digging his heels into his sides with desperate energy, his long black hair waving wildly behind him as he came towards us. In a moment more he had by words and signs told his tale. Lieutenant McDonald had been ambushed, Yuma Bill and three of the other scouts killed, and McDonald and his remaining men were in a rocky place trying to stand off a large body of Chiricahua Apaches. Instantly the bugles rang out, "Left turn, trot," and a few seconds later "Gallop," and the command was speeding to the rescue. As I have said, it was stiflingly hot. The sand of the plain, wet mouths before by a winter rain, had caked, and was crusted for an inch or so, and the stride of the horses broke it to bits as we swept over it. Each one of the troop commanders had turned on his own ground, so that we were galloping in echelon, and the sand rose up in clouds as we passed. Once one of my lieutenants, Mason, put his hand on my arm, saying, "Our horses can never live at this pace." "They must live till we reach McDonald," was my reply: but I had little fear. The Fourth Cavalry mount was a splendid one, and the horses ever so fit and hard as nails for the work. It was a sixteen-mile gallop through sand and mesquite-bushes and little arroyas, and now and then over a stretch of stones washed from the mountains, rough and hot and fearfully dusty, and I doubt if those who swept across the Gila River plain into the foot-hills of Steins Pass range ever forget it. As we neared the base of the range we heard several shots, and glancing up, we saw Lieutenant McDonald riding along on the crest of one of the outlying spurs of the pass, waving his carbine as he came towards us. A hearty cheer broke from the command, for McDonald was a popular officer. I am now going to let him tell the story of the ambuscade almost in his own words, as he has kindly written out his experience on that occasion, and I can add nothing that is of so much interest as the bare facts.

LIEUTENANT McDONALD'S STORY.

"I WAS ordered to take my six Apache scouts, including Yuma Bill, who was given me at my especial request, together with a corporal from my own troop, strike directly into the mountains, and search for a fresh trail of the hostiles, while the main command pushed out of the foot-hills and across the plain toward Richmond, a little settlement on the Gila River. Risk of the few for the good of the many in the military service is good for the many, but occasionally tough on the few. However, we struck into the heart of the range almost due north, and soon discovered the old Indian trail. It ran through the heaviest part of the mountains, passing over terribly rough places and through narrow gorges, where the chances for an ambuscade were so great that I experienced considerable difficulty in compelling the scouts to go forward. I changed the usual Indian tactics of following trail in file to sending one Indian, Yuma Bill, ahead, and scattering the rest right and left about one hundred yards apart, while I rode within a few yards of Bill, watching them all, and indicating to the flankers, when the trail led into a particularly dangerous place, to sweep out around and try to look in behind the position as far as possible to discover if an ambuscade were laid. All such movements were made at the best gait possible, considering the rough and rugged country we were passing over, and wherever we could do so we advanced rapidly from cover to cover, so as to lessen the danger of being hit by the bullet of any lurking foe. Our manner of advance had been determined after a thorough consultation, and I had impressed it on the minds of the Indian scouts that my way was better than their own, as it was now nearly impossible for the Apaches to conceal themselves so as entirely to cover our approach and pick off more than one or two of our party, while, on the contrary, if we kept pretty well bunched they might get all of us. After we had gone some twelve miles on the trail we found a transverse ridge lying across the pathway, which ridge rose to a considerable height, and was capped with a rock palisade extending as far as we could see to the right and left, and this effectually cut off all flanking movements; but the trail at our front and centre ran through a gradually deepening and narrowing gorge between solid rock, until at the upper end the sides were quite high. Just beyond the top there floated the faintest, thinnest mist of smoke in the atmosphere, which would not be noticed by a tenderfoot, and which I could barely distinguish even when my eagle-eyed scouts had called my attention to it. Yuma Bill and those nearest us said that the Apaches were up there in an ambuscade that they had laid for us; that there was no doubt about it; that a band of them had camped and cooked there the night before, and, on our approach being discovered, they put out and covered their fires, but had left a few faint indications behind them. It was not possible for us to get a view in behind their supposed position by the use of our flanking scouts, so the only approach was the narrow defile in front through which the trail led, and to follow it probably meant death to some of us, as the hostiles were supposed to be lying to the right and left of it on top of the high rocks, and would let us pass in and enclose us on all sides before opening fire. To my order to go on, and explanation that a soldier had to risk his life if necessary to carry out his orders, they most solemnly demurred; neither would any single one consent to go through and develop the position on my promise to make all available dispositions to cover his retreat should he discover the enemy's position without being killed. I had sent off my corporal with a despatch, and he had not yet returned, so I was alone with the six Indians; and as neither force nor persuasion would avail, I finally taunted them as cowards and squaws, telling them that if they dared not go their commander would, and that he, for one, was not afraid of the Chiricahua Apaches. It being evident that a man would have no chance mounted, I dismounted and gave my bridle rein to one of the scouts, and instructed them to watch and give me what protection they could; but if I was killed, or so badly wounded as to be unable to get back to them, to keep together and defend themselves, and work back to the cavalry command. After most carefully examining my arms, with my carbine in hand, cocked and ready to fire at a flash, with a great show of boldness I struck out on the trail, indulging in a little parting bravado that I could whip the whole Apache tribe. Advancing into the defile, I soon lost sight of the scouts, and as I approached the summit, only a few yards at most could be seen either to the front or rear, as the trail ran through a deep and narrow passage with many turns and angles. Constantly expecting to hear the sharp crack of a rifle, I tried to see in front, behind, and above, lest a hideous Apache should quietly poke his gun over the edge of the chasm and shoot me in the back. So, with every nerve strained to the utmost tension, I cautiously crept from angle to angle, crowding in against one side to avoid a downward shot, yet frequently glancing at the top of the opposite side of the defile to see if the muzzle of a gun or an ugly Apache face might show in that direction. Finally, reaching a point only a few feet from the mouth of the passage, I took shelter behind a projecting angle and peeped through the mouth or doorway, realizing that the passage ended abruptly at the end of the perpendicular walls, and that just beyond was a pretty little circular opening with a nearly smooth floor, walled in in every direction, the rocks decreasing in height as they approached the further side, finally falling away and leaving an open passage out right opposite my position. I could also see scattered about this circular basin several small mounds of ashes, showing where the Indian camp fires had been. At this moment I was startled by the breaking of a twig underfoot to the rear. Whirling instantly with cocked carbine, I saw Yuma Bill, his hand upheld in warning, who had become ashamed and followed me on the trail. He advanced cautiously, furtively glancing around in every direction, closed in behind me and took a look at the little basin, and said, below his breath, 'Apache there; want you to come out!' Whispering, 'Be ready to shoot, Bill; I see if Apache here,' I quickly crossed the space to the mouth of the defile, and then thrusting my head forward, I took one sweeping glance around. A few heaps of ashes, some Indian belongings used in camping scattered among the surrounding rocks, that was all. Bill came across to where I was, and I then stepped out several paces into the open, watching for a sign of the enemy. None appeared. In a moment I said, 'Bill, me no believe Apache here.' He sprang up on a projecting ledge, and looking across the open, said: 'Yes, no Apache here—him gone. I see him trail go over there.' An examination gave us a plain view of the trail going out of this basin, and with the eye we could follow it nearly a mile ahead, showing a different color in that soil, so unused to the footsteps of men. Examining the ground in the vicinity, Bill told me that the Apaches had lain in ambush here, but seeing the smoke from their camp fires still hung over the place, had abandoned it. Resuming our march, we followed the trail with flankers out as at first; within three miles, however, it grew larger by the addition of other Indians, and my scouts grew frightened and difficult to handle. The two Mojave Indians, especially the old one, Moh-kay-may-hah (Mountain-deer Killer), were stampeded, and had such an influence over the younger one, Quay-day-hay-thay-go (Blood), that they lingered behind and were of no use. It occurred to me, though, that in case we were attacked they would probably go back to the cavalry and give the alarm. On reaching the top of the first high ridge on the eastern side of the range we could distinguish the trail for a considerable distance. It seemed to lead down the mountain-side towards the foot-hills, as if tending towards the great Gila Plain, in a northeasterly direction, where we could see the line of the Gila River as it flowed down from the mountains in New Mexico into Arizona. Turning to Bill, I said: 'Bill, Apaches cross plain to Gila River to kill people in settlements!' 'Me think so too,' was the reply. Just after we entered the foot-hills, on the line of the trail, we came upon two mining prospectors with their burros. To say that they were abject cowards and frightened almost out of their senses would not convey any idea of their condition. These two men ran around in a small circle, with their hands, jaws, and apparently the very skin on their bodies shaking and quivering, the guns in their hands oscillating to and fro like the hands of a palsied person. Perspiration in huge drops ran down their faces, hair, and beard, and they were utterly incapable of making the very slightest defence. Although I stood before them in my uniform and spoke to them, telling them who we were, it was several moments before they seemed to realize they were not to be massacred. Finally I gave them a savage tongue-lashing, that brought them to somewhat; but I could get no information from them, and telling them that there were hostiles about, ordered them to pack up and go to Lordsburg, and stay there until the Indian troubles were over. This species of dementia from fear is not particularly new. I had seen it once before in one of my own sergeants, who on other occasions had shown himself a brave man, and I was destined to see it again before nightfall. Going back to my scouts, who were laughing, Yuma Bill said, 'White man heap scared; no catchum news!' 'No, Bill, no catchum news; let's go catchum trail.' But, naturally, instead of going back to the spot where we had left the trail, and where the two Mojave scouts were sitting on their horses, we moved obliquely to the front to cut it—myself, Bill, and the three other Yumas in front; the corporal, who had rejoined me, following on behind; the two Mojaves keeping their old position in the rear. Not cutting the trail as soon as we expected, Bill said that the Indians must have turned back into the mountains, and pointing to a great rock, several hundred feet in length, that lay at the base of a mountain spur at our left front, said that we would pick up the trail somewhere between us and that rock. I was much inclined to approach the rock in our former way, with flankers out to try and see behind it, but fearing that the scouts might doubt my courage from such precautions in that locality, and my experience with Indians having taught me that no leader whose courage was doubted in the least could have any influence over them, and having spent years with them, studying their habits, customs, and language, I thoroughly comprehended the importance of not seeming to fear anything whatever, so I abandoned the idea, and, against my best intuitions, we rode along grouped together, Yuma Bill on my right, the other three on my left, with the corporal in our rear. The trail was so obscure that we were only a few feet from the rock when Bill pointed it out as it skirted its base and abruptly rounded its end, and then, immediately looking to the right behind the eastward end of the rock, he called out, 'Two Indians,' pointing toward them. We all saw them; and then, in compliance with my instructions that in case any one saw the hostiles he was instantly to drop back out of sight, but not to fire—signalling the rest of us, who would watch the hostiles from concealment and learn what we could of them, while a courier was sent to notify the main body and bring it up—we drew quickly back and jammed in together behind the rock, with our knees and legs touching, bodies leaning forward, and heads peering to the right to see what would develop over there, half a mile away, where the two Indians were quietly walking along. This was the natural thing to do, as the rock was so high that, sitting erect in our saddles, only our heads and a small portion of our bodies would have shown above it. All this happened in a few seconds, and as the horses' heads reached the rock it brought us five abreast. It then seemed to occur to Yuma Bill that he had not looked over the rock; or he may have heard some noise, for he jerked his face so suddenly and quickly to the front that he came near striking it against mine as I was leaning looking to the right. I believe that the portion of a second that I gained in suddenly jerking my face out of the way and his looking over the top of the rock as quickly as he did saved my life, for in a flash I saw poked over the rock a thick array of gun-barrels, with twelve or fifteen Indian heads and faces showing behind them. At the same instant Bill cried out, in an intense shriek, as if it was one word, the sentence, 'Watch out, Lieutenant McDonald!' Throwing myself forward on my horse's neck, I grasped the reins close to the bit on each side to turn him away, and then came the volley, and with the smoke in my face and eyes I threw my horse's head to the left about, over the bodies of the three dead Yumas, that had been riding on my left, and had now fallen under his feet. I knew, from an exclamation, that Bill had been struck, and somehow was conscious that he had not fallen from his saddle. I heard the corporal, who, being a little behind and lower down the slope, had not been exposed to the volley, wheel to the rear and call, 'Come on, Lieutenant,' and I galloped after him, the three troop-horses that the dead scouts had ridden whirling and running abreast of me, as they had been drilled to do in the troop, and we made for a moment a correct set of fours, in retreat; but realizing that it would not do to go so rapidly, I called to the corporal to watch out for his horse, and began pulling in on my own, fearing he would fall in the descent and cripple both me and himself. Old Don was a splendid animal, but hard-mouthed, and I pulled so hard that I actually sprung one branch of a fine steel bit before I could stop him. When I had gotten say fifty yards away I came to a quick halt and wheeled left about, getting a bullet through my hat as I did it, and another singed my jaw and neck. At this moment a tremendous volley belched forth from just behind the rock, and I realized that there was another and much larger body of Indians lying there. Still, I took aim and fired at the Indians who were on top of the big rock shooting at us, and instantly they jumped, rolled, and tumbled off in all directions, seeking safety; for Indians hunt cover always if it can be had. Just as I turned to face the enemy I saw a sight that I shall never forget. Yuma Bill had stopped and turned almost simultaneously with myself—possibly a second sooner. As his horse halted, facing the foe, he rose upright in his stirrups, standing straight as an arrow, every nerve and muscle at full tension, his big eyes blazing and his long black hair floating behind him, even his horse standing with the glory of the battle on him (and it is glorious, if cruel), with arched neck and fiery eyes, in an expectant attitude, ready to leap, but nevertheless standing stock-

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still, I saw Bill's long rifle come up swift and steady, but I saw no more. I was closing the breech-block of my carbine and raising it to my shoulder, I heard the report of Bill's gun, and immediately came the heavy volley I have mentioned, followed by my own shot, and the disappearance of the Indians on the rocks in front of me.

"It was time to wheel now, and as I closed in my second cartridge I turned to the rightabout looking for Bill. There stood his horse with his neck distended and blood pouring from several wounds. Bill still in the saddle, but drooping forward, his head turning downward by the side of his horse's neck. I saw his head touch the tip of the horse's mane, which was towards me, and I suppose he fell on his head, but I did not see him leave the saddle, for my horse turned and again dashed to the rear, and during the next three or four hundred yards splinters of rocks and gravel struck us both, thrown up by the hot fire of the Apaches. Catching up with the corporal, we turned again at 700 yards distance, and paused to see their location and judge of their number. I pulled out my watch and looked at the hour. We estimated the hostiles at 150, and saw that we had only struck the first point of the ambuscade. We had no time to linger, so I signalled the two Mojave scouts to join us, which they did. Then we came once more upon the two mining prospectors, who had heard the firing and were again running around as before, moaning and crying. We put them upon the horses of the dead scouts, which had followed us, after I had taken my carbine and knocked a little sense into them, telling them to go to Lordsburg, and then I picked out a good position on which to build rifle pits, when suddenly the young Mojave scout called my attention to some Indians running toward us through some mesquite-bushes. We at first thought them hostiles and were about to fire, when, to our delight, we saw that they were some of our own Indian scouts. The old medicine-man, our oldest Mojave scout, was almost paralyzed with fear, and as the six scouts reached us he made the sign dead and continued to talk to them for a few seconds, and then these scouts, who had come to our rescue on hearing the firing, went all to pieces with fear and began running around in the wildest excitement. Seeing that it would not take many seconds for them to become demoralized beyond control, I set in cursing roundly and abusing them for cowards, telling them to fight and kill the Apaches and not behave like squaws. Suddenly the largest Indian stripped off his blouse, and, naked to his gee-string, ejaculated, in stentorian tones, 'I fight and kill Apache Chiricahua!' Instantly the others seemed to come to themselves, began to strip for battle, and in another moment were building rifle-pits at the places pointed out to them, with all possible energy. This big Indian told me that the command was away from the mountains, well out in the plain. I then mounted Quah-day-lay-thay-go on Jumping Jack, our troop race-horse, which I had with me, and told him to find the command and tell General Forsyth our situation and bring the troops to our aid. Then I rearranged my Indians in their rifle-pits and had them build me one. Meanwhile the hostiles, having despoiled and mutilated the bodies of the dead scouts, brought them out to where Yuma Bill lay dead, and building a hot fire of dead amole-bushes, proceeded to have a wild dance around the roasting bodies of their enemies, occasionally running towards us, yelling and taunting us, and daring us to come out and fight them. I made a little speech to my scouts on the folly of being scared, and told them, holding up a single cartridge, that in case the Apaches attacked us after their dance, I wanted them to make sure each cartridge told on one of their enemies. I wound up by saying that I believed I could whip off the Apaches myself, and ordering them not to fire unless I should get up and run towards them, I crawled out 300 yards towards the Apache high carnival, and lying under a low-spreading mesquite-bush, very quietly and cautiously laid up a low breastwork of flat rock that was lying near me. Presently two Indians rode out from the group, which was not a thousand yards from where I lay, to a point 800 yards from our rifle-pits, and began pointing at them, talking and gesticulating, evidently about us. Raising my sights to 500 yards, I took deliberate aim at the one sitting still, looked up at the sky to see that my vision was clear, and once more scanned my sights, and seeing that I still held my gun exactly on him, I pulled the trigger slowly and steadily. A puff of smoke, a sharp report, and an Indian leaping up out of the saddle with a bounding motion similar to that of my three scouts killed at the big rock was the result, while the other one wheeled his pony and ran back at full speed, followed by the pony of his companion. My scouts saw him fall out of the saddle and set up a perfect din of ear-splitting war-whoops as I walked back to them. In the mean time we could see a great commotion and excitement among the hostiles. As we could us yet see nothing of the troops, the scouts seemed to have made up their minds that Quah-day-lay-thay-go had either been ambushed or run away, and begged me to take the corporal and bring up the cavalry, promising faithfully that if attacked they would defend themselves from the rifle-pits, and not retreat and be shot down like a band of antelope. The location of the rifle-pits was a good one, and they could not be assailed under cover in any direction; so, taking the corporal with me, we started nearly due east; but noticing, about a mile away on the plain we were heading for, a triangular-shaped mass that stood higher than the rest of the vicinity, I scented danger, so I turned our course southward, so as to pass the end of it 500 yards away. Sure enough, there sat and stood a bunch of Apaches, evidently put on watch to prevent any couriers being sent out from the rifle-pits. At the moment we saw them they were very much excited about something; their ponies were tethered near them, and they were gesticulating and talking excitedly, and even the watch who had been looking in our direction must have gone back to them, and so missed seeing us. The instant they saw us, however, there was a hubbub, shots were exchanged, and mounting their ponies, on they came, some fifteen or eighteen of them. We put our horses at a good gait, going a little south of our former course to avoid losing distance by enabling them to cut across a short angle and thereby gain on us. We soon found that we had the better mounts and that they could not overtake us, so we kept well ahead of them—stopped to breathe our animals until they were within range, took a shot at them, and pushed on again. In about three miles we came out on the plain and struck what in the language of the frontier in those parts is called a 'sliyer'—that is, the hard sun-baked bed of a depression in the soil, only a few inches below the level of the surrounding plain, that in wet weather forms a lake, and in dry times becomes a flat, smooth, crusted surface. We made for the centre, dismounted, and prepared to fight, intending to kill our horses for breastworks if necessary; but as there was not even a blade of grass to protect them and afford cover in case they followed us, I doubted if they would dare to attempt an attack in the open. They stopped and gathered in council. Suddenly we heard firing down at the lower end of the sliyer, and saw dismounted Indians coming out on it, and our pursuers began slowly turning back towards the mountains. One Indian came dashing up on the only horse I had left back at the rifle-pits. I thought it was a hostile who had captured the horse and wished to deceive me, and was about to fire, when he gave the sign of friendship, and I realized he was the big Mojave scout. I asked what the firing was, and who were the Indians on the lower end of the sliyer. He told me that, hearing the report of our guns, the scouts determined to leave the pits and come to our assistance, and had been followed by the Apaches, and were now firing back at them. Happening to cast my eyes to the north over some sand hills just below the sliyer, we could see a cloud of dust coming rapidly nearer us, and realizing that there was no danger of the hostiles coming any further, I galloped across the sliyer and dashed up the hill, and just beyond and below I saw six splendid cavalry troops in beautiful order *en echelon*, sweeping towards us at a full gallop. Quah-day-lay-thay-go had bravely performed his mission, but at the expense of the life of our plucky race-horse 'Jumping Jack.'"

And now that the reader has Lieutenant McDonald's well-told tale of an Apache ambuscade, I will take up my narrative again. In a few words Lieutenant McDonald told me what had happened, and moving my cavalry well up among the foot-hills, but just outside of rifle-range of the enemy, the order was given to dismount and prepare to fight on foot. The position occupied by the hostiles was a capital one. I found them strongly entrenched on the left side of Horse Shoe Cañon, and also in the middle of it, where there was an outlying mass of rugged rocks about four hundred feet in height, a smaller ledge of rocks about thirty feet in height connecting the two places. I formed two flanking parties of two troops each, left one troop with the horses, and moved directly on their front with the other. Major Wirt Davis opened the attack, and in about an hour, by hard work and good climbing, we compelled them to abandon their position and fall back. They then took up a second strong position, which we again flanked them out of, and gradually drove them back into the cañon and up among the high peaks of the range, some of them firing at us from points eight, twelve, and even sixteen hundred feet above us. I never saw a much more rugged place, nor one better adapted to the means of defence. We had forced them far up the cañon, and I regarded the affair about over, as we could no longer reach them. The air was suffocatingly hot in the cañon, and we were weary and very thirsty. On one side of the cañon, near its head, was a small spring of water trickling into a little pool in the rocks, and no sooner was it discerned by our skirmishers than it was surrounded by men with canteens, while others drank from the brim of their campaign hats, and again others threw themselves flat on their faces and lapped up the water, while others scooped up the precious fluid in their hands. Like a flash out of a clear sky came the crack of five or six rifles, and bullets seemed to strike everywhere around us, but no one was hit. The way that thirsty crowd broke for cover was astonishing. In ten seconds every man was covered by a rock, and thirty men were scanning the high cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon with the keenest possible interest. A puff of smoke far up the side and a second volley was sent at us, but ere its sound came echoing back thirty bullets from as many carbines clipped the very edge of the protecting ledge that partially covered the Indians, and it must have hurt them, for it was the last volley fired by the hostiles. In this action I first saw the good effects of our (then new) system of rifle practice. Our men were far better shots than the Indians, and kept them down and under cover almost constantly. Our loss in this affair was slight. To the best of my recollection, one non-commissioned officer, two privates, and four scouts killed, and one commissioned officer and six or eight men wounded. My men were very tired, especially from climbing through the crags. The Apaches abandoned thirty ponies and mules; those we did not need for the use of our scouts we killed.

Indian ponies that cannot be driven along with the command that captures them are killed, to prevent their being rounded up by Indian scouts, who, sooner or later, are always sent back on the trail with that object in view.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the affair was over, and as I had come to the conclusion that these Indians had come up from Mexico to help the hostiles down, I determined to go to Richmond, on the Gila River, where I had ordered Lieutenant Hall and his Indian scouts to meet me, expecting to find the hostiles there. I was moved to do this from the fact that Lieutenant McDonald had followed these Indians north on the trail. Major Davis thought I was wrong, and that the Indians we had been fighting were part of the hostile Apaches; but as we had not at any time caught a glimpse of Loco's women and children, I thought otherwise. After-events proved Major Davis in the right, to the extent that the raiding party was in the fight, but it had been joined here by re-enforcements. We stopped for two hours, taking a much-needed rest, and after the horses were groomed we started for Richmond, and reached the main road, fourteen miles distant, at half past one in the morning, having had to move slowly, as we were carrying some of our wounded on stretchers. Here I fell in with a citizen, who was on his way to Lordsburg, and he told me that the Indians had left the Gila River, after killing many people, and were on their way to Mexico. Furthermore, it was still eighteen miles to the river. I made a dry camp right where we were, as men and horses were very tired. In the morning I was joined by Captain Gordon of the Sixth Cavalry with his troop, and Lieutenant Gatewood of the same regiment with his Indian scouts. First sending a detail with my wounded to Lordsburg, I at once started back on my trail, rested at Horse Shoe Cañon, where the men got coffee and groomed their tired horses. There were only two small springs here, and the men had barely enough water for coffee and to fill their canteens, but in every instance they divided their canteens of water with their suffering horses. We then pushed on to Steins Pass station, reaching there at half past nine o'clock at night. I had sent a courier to Lordsburg with a telegraphic despatch to Separ station for supplies and two tank cars of water, which I found awaiting us on our arrival. Our horses had travelled seventy-eight miles, sixteen at a gallop, in most intensely hot weather, and had been forty hours without water, save about a pint each at Horse Shoe Cañon. We managed to procure several barrels in which to water them, and it was piteous to hear them neigh and see them plunge as they heard the water rush into the barrels from the faucets, and they were held back until their turn came to be watered.

Despite the efforts of two men to restrain each horse, it was not an infrequent thing for them to plunge their heads in the water-barrel quite up to their ears in their eagerness to slake their intolerable thirst. It was half past one in the morning before the last animal had been watered, and then the command turned in for a much-needed rest. At daylight I sent out the scouts to find the trail, as I knew that the retreating Apaches would cross the San Simon Valley for the Chiricahua range on the Mexican frontier, and all the men in camp set to work to shoe up our horses, as many of them needed looking after in that particular. At noon word was sent me that the trail had been found, crossing the railway about six miles west of where we were, on the old Fort Bowie road. At 12.40 the command was in the saddle and on the road to the trail. My scouts informed me that the hostiles had worked along the crest of the Steins Peak range, towards San Simon station, and crossed over the mountains, searching out a new and terribly rough trail down the side of a rugged mountain, only possible to be used by Indians who fully realized that their lives depended upon crossing the range without delay.

After the trail reached the San Simon Valley, instead of crossing the railroad at once, it led east among the foot-hills for eight miles, then crossed the railway and made directly across the valley for the Chiricahua range. It was a well-defined trail, and was easily followed, until 6.30 P.M., when it scattered in every direction, and my scouts not being able to pick it up between the base of the range and where we were, I concluded it would be found leading southwest along the base of the Chiricahua range, and having heard that hostile Indians had been seen near Galeyville, a mining hamlet, the day before, and knowing that the only water to be had was in a stream—Turkey Creek—near that place, I pushed directly for that spot. We reached Turkey Creek at ten o'clock at night, and went into camp, having marched forty miles since noon. Half an hour later Captain Chaffee of the Sixth Cavalry with his troop, and Lieutenant West's company of Indian scouts, came up, also in pursuit of the same body of Indians—his command appertaining to the Military Department of Arizona, while mine was under the authority of the commanding officer of the District of New Mexico. Information having reached me that the hostiles had killed some whites in the Pinenles, a spot twelve miles from Galeyville, the preceding day, I sent an officer to Galeyville, about two miles from my camp, to ascertain its truth and get me a couple of guides. At daylight we were off, leaving Captain Chaffee's command in camp, and the guides put us on the trail, the Indians having pushed through the foot-hills of the Chiricahua range, and then out into the San Simon Valley again. We followed it across the valley in a southeasterly direction, stopping at water the command at Cave Creek. Thence we moved to White Water Cañon, where the stream was dry, and rested an hour, and again took up the trail, which led directly over a range of mountains which is really an extension of the Steins Peak range. It was 9.30 P.M. when we reached the crest of the range, and as both the men and horses were pretty well exhausted, I made a dry camp. The day had been a trying one, and the command had been without water since 10 A.M., we having marched forty miles over a very rough country. At daylight we resumed the trail, which led down the mountain and out into the valley for some miles, where it suddenly disappeared. A careful search showed that the Indians had here scattered in every direction, and probably arranged to work back to the foot-hills individually, to throw any pursuing party off their trail. We moved back at once, but failed to find the trail again, even after long and diligent search, and as the men had been over thirty hours without cooked food and without water for over twenty-four, I moved down into the valley, and found a marshy place called Cloverdale Ciénagas, with a small stream of good water flowing out of it, and went into camp. I sent my chief of scouts out to look for the main trail. At five o'clock in the afternoon Lieutenant Hall with his Indian scouts, who had been chasing me up for several days, reached my camp and told me that he had struck the trail ten miles distant, leading towards Guadalupe Pass. I was already aware that Captain Tupper of the Sixth Cavalry, with two troops of his regiment and some Indian scouts, was ahead of me on that trail, as I had met a courier of his the preceding day with an open despatch stating that, in his opinion, the Indians were heading for the pass Guadalupe, and that he, Tupper, would soon be down to the line. On the next day, the 27th inst., we moved down the Animas Valley towards Guadalupe Pass. When near Cloverdale two citizens met us who told us that Captain Tupper passed in pursuit of the Indians the preceding day; that the Indians had moved toward Guadalupe Pass, and then, instead of going through it, had turned back, and moving almost east around the foot-hills of the mountains, had crossed directly over the range about midway between the San Luis and Guadalupe passes. They willingly guided us to the trail, saving us a ten-mile march by cutting directly across the valley to a point that they knew the hostiles had passed, and we pushed on across the Mexican line and over the range on one of the worst trails that I have ever seen or heard of. We reached the base about dark, and near the mouth of the cañon we found Captain Tupper and his command. He had been hot on the trail of the hostiles the preceding day, and reached his present location without the Indians being aware of his approach. His scouts located their camp that night eight miles distant in the valley, near a small ciénaga, or swamp, and before day-

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light he cautiously moved out and attacked them, hoping to surprise them, and did succeed in capturing part of their herd and killing some of them; but they managed to fall back and get into a mass of great rocky crags near the swamp, and his force was inadequate successfully to dislodge them. He had fallen back with the captured stock and his wounded men. We were now in Mexico, miles across the line, and I knew it, and, worse than all, I had strict orders in my possession on no account to enter Mexican territory, as at that particular time relations were somewhat strained diplomatically in that direction, a certain agreement, running six months, I think, permitting the troops of either country to follow the raiding Apaches on either side of the line, having expired, and Mexican sentiment was against a renewal of it. After thinking the matter over, I decided to follow the Indians. They had murdered and plundered our citizens, believing we dare not follow them into Mexico, and that once they were there they were safe. Captain Tupper had taught them otherwise, and I had determined from the start to follow them as far as I could, no matter where they went, as our people were entitled to government protection, and an imaginary line ought not to bar the pursuit of raiding savages. Furthermore, we were in a wild country, and might possibly find this band, and with the force I could now control defeat and completely scatter it, and get back to our own side of the line without the knowledge of the Mexican government. Accordingly, at daylight the entire command, including Captain Tupper's forces, moved out and down the valley to the scene of his fight on the previous day. The Indians had left their position in the rocks and started southward. We took up the trail and followed doggedly on. About ten miles from where Captain Tupper's fight took place we found a poor old wounded squaw on the trail. She was very much frightened, expecting to be killed. She told us that Captain Tupper's command had killed six braves the preceding day, and they had lost thirteen killed at Horse Shoe Cañon, besides many wounded in both actions. Giving her some water and bread, we left her on the trail. About ten or eleven o'clock my attention was called to the dust thrown up by the Indians in retreat down the valley many miles away, the air being so clear that objects could easily be seen a great distance, and as there was no wind, a column of dust was visible a long way. Later on in the day I missed it, and wondered whether the Apaches had again taken to the mountains. On this day's march we also found the dead body of a warrior, who had died of his wounds, the wicker stretcher that lay by his side showing that he was of sufficient importance in rank for his companions to try and get him off, notwithstanding they were so sorely pressed by their pursuers. At nightfall we reached a small stream, which we rightly concluded must be the head water of the Janos River. I felt confident that we would overtake the hostiles the next day, and so did all my officers. At daylight the next morning I heard the sound of reveille by Mexican bugles, and my command had not moved out over a mile when Lieutenant Hall, who had the advance, reported a Mexican camp a few miles beyond. After marching about two miles I was met by Colonel Lorenzo Garcia, of the Sixth Mexican Infantry, who with his adjutant came across a small ravine to meet our forces. He most courteously desired to know if I was aware that my command was upon Mexican soil. If so, what authority, if any, I had for crossing the line, as I must know that his government had issued stringent orders against any armed forces being allowed to enter Mexico from the United States. Quite as courteously, but nevertheless decidedly, I told him that my orders looked to the capture or extermination of a band of hostile Indians, part of whom had come from Mexico, and who had murdered citizens of the United States in the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, burned their homes and stolen their cattle, and whom I had pursued red-handed from one side of the border to the present spot. That parts of my command had fought these Indians twice and followed them over two mountain ranges, and we were still in pursuit of them. That the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico were terribly exasperated over these outrages, and righteously so. That these same Indians had for the two preceding years raided the said Territories and committed many murders and other atrocities, and finally taken refuge in Mexico. That my sole object was their pursuit and punishment, and that he might rest assured that no citizens of the republic of Mexico would be molested, harmed, or injured in person or property by my command, but I felt it incumbent upon me to pursue and if possible destroy this band of murderers; the inhabitants of the border expected it of the troops, and we were anxious to fulfil their reasonable expectations. Colonel Garcia replied in substance as follows: "While I am willing to acknowledge the justice of your pursuit of these Indians, nevertheless my government is strong enough to punish these people." I replied that I did not doubt the good faith of the Mexican government, but the only way to get at these Indians was to follow their trail and fight them wherever found, no matter in what place or in what state or territory. Our conversation continued for some time, Colonel Garcia, while very courteous in his manner, still insisting upon my immediate return with my troops to our side of the line, stating that the instructions of his government compelled him to take the ground that he did. Quite as courteously I replied that under existing circumstances I purposed to follow these savages to their lair if necessary and fight them wherever found. He then said: "If your sole object is the punishment of this band of marauders, it is already accomplished. My command fought, routed, and scattered them yesterday." I then said that, such being the fact, my march southward was over, and I and my command would return immediately to the United States, but, with his permission, I would like to go over the battle-field. He very willingly consented, and we rode over it together. He had been advised of the Indians having gone on a raid to San Carlos, and was scouting the frontier, hoping to catch them on their way back. The preceding day he had seen a cloud of dust made by some parties rapidly hurrying down the valley, and at once concluded that it was the Indians on their return. Posting his troops along the trail, he attacked them suddenly and with great vigor; but the Apaches fought desperately for their lives, seeking cover and defending themselves to the last extremity. His command numbered less than two hundred and fifty, but they were well handled and behaved splendidly. In this action they had two officers and nineteen men killed, and three officers and thirteen men wounded. Quite a number of the younger warriors escaped during the fight, in which a number of women and children were also killed; but this could not have been avoided, as they took cover with the warriors. There were seventy-eight dead Indians on the field and thirty three women and children captives, among them the daughter of Chief Loco, of San Carlos Agency. She said that her father and his people were compelled to leave the agency by the Chiricahua Apaches, who came up from Mexico under command of Chiefs Chatto and Natchez, and she corroborated the statement of the old squaw regarding their losses at Horse Shoe Cañon and in Captain Tupper's fight. As the end I had in view was accomplished, I at once gave instructions directing the three troops of the Sixth Cavalry to return to their posts in Arizona by the route the command had entered Mexican territory, while I was to move with my own six troops to New Mexico by the shortest practicable route. Finding that the Mexican troops were without surgeons and medical supplies, I tendered the services of our surgeons, which Colonel Garcia was evidently pleased to accept, and the wounded were at once attended to and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I also presented his command, in the name of my government, with some extra rations that I could now spare, especially as his own troops were on half-rations and he had nothing with which to feed his captives.

I desire here to put upon record my warm personal admiration for the splendid work done by the Mexican troops and the good discipline of the command. Colonel Garcia informed me that so imperative were the orders of his government that he would have been compelled to oppose my further progress by force, though, as he admitted, with no reasonable hope of success against my larger command. Fortunately his brilliant fight of the previous day rendered such an advance unnecessary. He gave me a written protest against my presence on Mexican soil, and I submitted a formal reply in writing, stating the reasons I have already given for my being there. The officers and troops of both republics parted with cordial good will, for this nearly annihilated band of Apaches had given the troops on both sides of the border many a hard day's work. My command encamped twenty-four miles north of the Janos River that night, and the next day we passed around the town of Janos, where all the church bells were ringing in honor of Colonel Garcia's victory, leaving it two miles on our right, my reason for this being that I did not wish any of the troops to come into contact with Mexican citizens, fearing possibly some trouble. While passing Janos the commanding officer, Colonel Nieto, sent me by courier a written protest against the presence of our troops on Mexican soil, which I duly acknowledged, and proceeded on my way. That night the command encamped three miles below the town of Ascension, on the Corralitos River, having marched thirty-five miles; the next night we were at Mosquito Springs, forty-two miles from our previous camp, and the following day we recrossed the line into our own territory. So far as I know, only one man of my command had anything to do with the Mexicans, and he deserted while we were encamped near Ascension. This article is, as a matter of fact, the first public report of my movements across the Mexican line, my district commander, the late General Mackenzie, returning my official report to me, saying in substance that, owing to the peculiar state of feeling existing just at that time in Mexico, it was not unlikely I might find myself in trouble for my action. However, if the Mexicans did not make a direct complaint to the State Department, he should not take action, as the result justified the end; but the less said about it the better.

The Peace Treaty

BEFORE these lines reach the eye of the reader the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain will probably have been submitted to the United States Senate. Although it was signed at Paris as long ago as December 10, the authorities have succeeded, up to the present writing, in keeping its text secret. Enough information leaked out, however, while the negotiations were pending, to make it certain that Spain had ceded to the United States the entire Philippine archipelago, in consideration of the payment of $20,000,000 in gold; and friends of the President who have discussed the subject with him are convinced that whatever provision the treaty contains concerning the future government of this group of islands has in view their annexation to the United States as colonies. The protocol signed at Washington on August 12 provided for the cession of Puerto Rico and Spain's relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over, and title to, Cuba; so that "the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines" was the only important subject left open for consideration at Paris. The uppermost question in everybody's mind to-day is whether a treaty involving such a change in the immemorial policy of our republic can become a part of the law of the land.

The Senate has the power either to reject the treaty, to amend it, or to ratify it. The treaty is understood to contain a clause limiting to six months the period within which ratifications must be exchanged; so that, unless it be disposed of here before the 4th of March, an extra session of the Senate must be called. The President feels confident of its ratification without amendment, and at the present session of the Senate. He founds his faith on what he regards as the trend of public sentiment. To understand what this means it is necessary only to go back and see how the expansion idea has developed, partly through accident and partly through design, till, as he believes, it has lost its terrors for a large element in the community who would have denounced it as revolutionary and abominable if presented to them as an independent proposition a year ago.

When the victory of Admiral Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay was announced last May, it was welcomed solely because it meant the extinction of the only force which menaced the safety of American commerce and travel on the Pacific. Then a notion gradually took shape that, since we had stripped Spain of a part of her defensive strength against the Philippine insurgents, we had made ourselves in a measure responsible for the consequences, and could not afford, for humanity's sake, to let go any of the advantage which we had gained; hence, since our tenure at Manila seemed to depend upon the capture of the city, we set about that task. Next came the discovery that the insurgents were liable to turn their arms against us unless we made our supremacy plain, and this involved the idea of holding the entire island of Luzon. At this point our government was assured by experts that Luzon would be a source of embarrassment to us unless we controlled also the rest of the archipelago; so our Peace Commissioners were instructed to demand the cession of the whole Philippine group. Spain, at the start unwilling to consider the proposal, presently threw out hints as to selling, first for $100,000,000, and later for $40,000,000. The suggestion of purchase diverted American thought for a while from the general topic of acquisition to the special question of the price to be paid. Even that part of the press which was broadly favorable to the absorption of the Philippines revolted at the idea of paying $100,000,000 for them; and $40,000,000, though better, seemed still too high. Thus, by the time the news spread abroad that we should offer $20,000,000, the popular mind was prepared to accept this as a compromise figure, and the American love of a "bargain" gave the whole scheme a certain favorable impulse. Not a few members of both houses of Congress, who quitted Washington last July firmly committed against a policy of national expansion, have come back this winter evidently in a lukewarm state of mind. Their own judgment may have undergone no positive change, but their vigor of will has been reduced. They have reached the conclusion that nothing can prevent the consummation of the administration's plan, and hence that they will have done their full duty when they have uttered their protests and recorded their votes, without resorting to any obstructive tactics.

Moreover, the President is enough of a politician to accept as an index of popular sentiment the platforms on which the two great parties went into the late campaign in all the States which could fairly be called doubtful. In New England the Republicans, as a rule, made guarded reference to the Philippine question, generally expressing confidence in the wisdom of the administration and willingness to abide by its decision as to the disposal of the ceded territory; the Democrats were divided in sentiment; the Republicans swept New England. In the Middle States the Republicans of New York and Delaware came out plainly in favor of the retention of the Philippines, while those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey expressed their confidence in much the same terms as their brethren of New England; the Democrats virtually ignored the expansion issue; the Republicans carried all four States. In the Middle West there appear to have been some local dissensions among the Republicans on the Philippine question, but not enough to prevent a substantial victory for the party; the Democrats meanwhile had adopted generally evasive platforms, Iowa's being the most pronounced against expansion. In the Mississippi Valley and the far West the sentiment of the Republican conventions was uniformly either outright for expansion or in favor of leaving the whole question to be settled by the wisdom of the administration; on the other hand, the Democratic conventions were greatly divided, at least two of them going so far as to declare against the return of any conquered territory to Spain.

Almost all these platforms were framed at a later date than the protocol which contained the first assurance of the annexation of Puerto Rico, and against which there was no widespread protest. All of them came after the last doubt had been dispelled as to the annexation of Hawaii. The ice, therefore, had already been broken, the first dreaded plunge had been made. The Philippine archipelago did not seem so remote, or the idea of adding a fresh alien element to our population so repugnant, as a few months before.

It must be admitted, in justice to the President's optimism, that a treaty of peace has naturally a tremendous momentum. It can carry with it many things which no other treaty could. No such treaty has ever failed of final ratification by the United States Senate. It is a part of the history of our country that even the unthinking agitators who are most eager to rush into war for glory's sake are, as a rule, quite as eager to withdraw from it after a fair taste of its horrors. The American people did not crave the war with Spain, but they allowed their politicians to force them into it before they fully realized what it meant; now they are heartily sick of it, and seem ready to welcome anything which promises to restore peace. A striking sign of the times is the recent interview in which William J. Bryan, an avowed candidate for the Presidency on the issue of anti-imperialism, concedes the ratification of the treaty of Paris, and proposes to limit the Democratic fight to the question, What shall be done with the new territory after its cession is complete? His reason for this is one which, in the present state of the popular temper, encourages the President's hope that the treaty will not even be subjected to amendment—namely, that any change proposed by the Senate will involve the renewal of negotiations and an indefinite delay. Strange as the fellowship now appears, it is to Bryan's attitude that the expansionists expect presently to bring even Senator Hoar. An eminent Southern Senator, who has been as outspoken a conservative as Mr. Hoar, and who has all the adhesive force of party politics to hold him fast in his position, said to the writer the other day, with significant emphasis: "I shall make my best fight against this dangerous innovation. But it is coming; and not you, nor I, nor any one can stop it."

That is the hopeless tone of most of the anti-expansionists in both Houses of Congress. What with the popular clamor for peace; the belief of so many evangelists that Providence has given us the Philippines as a stimulus to our missionary zeal; the lobby which will promptly be called into being with the opening of a new speculative vista, and last, but not least, the vast resources of patronage which the acquisition of the Philippines would place at the disposal of the administration, they are disposed to face the inevitable like the fatalists of the East, and meet every question concerning the future of the country with a calm "God knows!"

Yet there are a select few who still hold out on the theory of the present Speaker of the House, that "the way to beat a bad measure is to fight it." These few will keep on till the end, and will refuse to recognize the end as come till it is history.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

WASHINGTON, *January 3.*

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AN APACHE RAID—THE RIDE TO THE RESCUE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 43.]

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HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MAJOR-GENERAL MILES, COMMANDING THE U. S. ARMY

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New Japanese Minister

MR. J. KOMURA, the successor of Mr. T. Hoshi as Japanese minister to the United States, has a creditable official record behind him. He was born in Hinga in 1853, and was sent to Tokyo in his youth to study in Kaisai Gakko—the present Imperial University. Afterwards he was sent to the United States as a governmental student at Harvard University. There he studied law. In 1875 he was graduated.

He was the Japanese chargé d'affaires in Peking in 1894, and ably conducted the negotiations with the Tsungli-Yamen previous to the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war. After the conclusion of peace he represented the Japanese government in Seoul as minister plenipotentiary. The King of Korea, imagining that his person was in danger, had been induced to take refuge in the Russian Legation. This situation was incompatible with the independence of the Peninsular Kingdom. Mr. Komura then opened negotiations with the Russian representative, Mr. Waeber, and signed an agreement with him in May, 1896, to the effect that the Korean sovereign should be advised to return to his palace. The concession for a railway between Fusan and Seoul, which has been lately granted by the Korean government, was also first proposed by him. Later he was promoted to the vice-ministry of foreign affairs, where he maintained his reputation under the successive ministries of Marquis Saonji, Count Okuma, Baron Nishi, and Count Okuma again, and worked hard for treaty revision. He will certainly be an excellent exponent of the increasing importance of friendly relations between the United States and Japan.

Matias Romero

DURING more than twenty-five years Señor Romero was Mexico's official representative in the United States. At the age of twenty-two he came to Washington, as first secretary of the Mexican Legation, near the close of 1859. In the summer of the following year Minister Mata left the capital, and young Romero became chargé d'affaires. Three years later he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, in which office his ability and the wise moderation of his sentiments proved to be of great value both to his own government and to that to which he was accredited. Returning to Mexico in 1868, he devoted much time to travel and study, investigating the conditions in various portions of his country with a zest similar to that which his friend, the great Mexican President, has always displayed. Twice he was made Secretary of the Treasury; for a few months he served as Postmaster-General; and about three years were spent in agricultural pursuits in the District of Soconusco, near the Guatemala boundary. In all, fourteen years elapsed before his return to Washington, in March, 1882.

The knowledge he had gained in office at home, through travel, and through study was employed with uncommon tact. From 1882 until the time of his death he resided almost continuously in this country, the only considerable interruption in his activity as minister falling, I think, in 1892, when for the third time he discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in Mexico. The fact became universally recognized that no other person was so well informed in regard to the two republics and their relations to one another, for, while a moiety of his life had been passed in the study of each, his entire life had been dedicated to the effort to promote the interests of both. He stood between the two nations, as it were, like an interpreter as well as a counsellor, a position of especial importance during the years of the civil war and the period of the French intervention in Mexico. Only last year he wrote, when reviewing his experiences, "It has been my special desire to do whatever might lie in my power to lessen the risk of misunderstandings, and to further the knowledge of each country by the other, and thus to develop friendly, political, commercial, and social relations between the two nations, and establish the basis of lasting peace between them." His friends and fellow-laborers in this field were the most eminent Americans from the times of Buchanan, Lincoln, and Johnson down to the present day. He always attached peculiar importance to the friendship of Secretary Seward and General Grant, and has stated that his letters from Grant would fill a volume.

From our North-American point of view, what has now been said may seem to epitomize Señor Romero's life work; but it would not escape the observation of a Latin-American that the most significant part of it all has not yet been touched upon. The Mexican minister shared the Mexican President's views in regard to the leadership of his country among the republics of the southern half of this hemisphere, and co-operated in a policy which has made this leadership an important fact. In his last book, entitled *Mexico and the United States*, Romero wrote, "I thought I would render a service both to Mexico and to the Latin-American countries at large, as well as to the United States, if I did what I could to dispel errors and obtain a more satisfactory understanding between the two races inhabiting the American continent."

MARRION WILCOX.

Army Reorganization

BY MAJOR-GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, RETIRED.

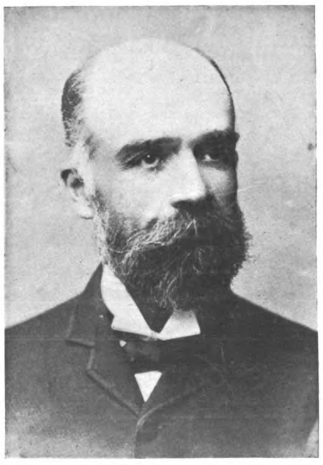
THAT our little army showed itself so efficient recently is matter for joy and gratitude, an attest of its loyalty, an outcome of its discipline, a proof that the enlisted man has not been idle during peace, a demonstration that the line-officer knows how to make the best use of means at hand and is quick to see and prompt to act.

There was somewhat of the pathetic in the constancy of effort, during the many years of peace, to make the small company capable beyond its numbers, to keep interest awake, to discover what could be done with five sets of four when the drill regulations called for a minimum of eight. When on the eve of actual war there was an authorized influx of raw recruits these could not suddenly increase efficiency, but neither did they diminish it, and this was an added proof of how good and honest had been the work for years, done under every kind of discouragement.

All honor to the graybeard captains and lieutenants of the line! What wonder that our thinking nation uncovers in the presence of the enlisted man!

The delirium of joy over the double triumphs on land and sea is beginning to calm down, and our statesmen are debating as to what shall be the organization of a proposed standing army suited to new demands. Looking to this, the first question naturally arising is whether recent experience has given any tactical warning which might suggest something new in organization. Accordingly, we may expect to see attempts at discovering vital tactical lessons in the late Cuban campaign, efforts toward generalizing and formulating showily resting upon pretended experience, and essayists will imagine that they are successfully imitating the mass of military literature which flooded the world after Sedan. But the men who fought the Spaniard last summer will question whether that would not be a little premature, and they will deem it not likely to increase respect for theory, which is always ready to adapt itself to appearances.

It may safely be asserted that, pitted against an equal and an enterprising foe in a country better suited to manœuvre, and thus calling on the resources of training and battle formations, the deficiencies asserted by some and suspected by all would have been apparent. We have experienced what it is to confront fire which is comparatively smokeless, and there has been general surprise that its effect was not more startling. Are we yet able positively to assert in what manner this experience is to affect battle formations? We have seen infantry and dismounted cavalry compelled by circumstances and the accidents of the ground temporarily to drop consideration of almost every rule in the drill regulations. We would show lack of judgment did we conclude therefrom that all of the drill is wrong. This same infantry, and cavalry acting as infantry, successfully stormed an intrenched position defended by modern magazine-rifles. It is not safe to argue therefrom that direct frontal attack would be possible against a vigilant and aggressive foe ready to spring from its intrenchments for a rush upon its panting, breathless assailant. We may assume that the only thing we have learned from the Spaniard is how not to conduct the defence. So we turn from attempting to extract valuable tactical lessons, deeming it wise perhaps to let artillerists discuss in closed session so much of the matter as pertains to themselves, while we proceed further to consider the contemplated reorganization of the army, which is now the subject of much thought throughout the country.



DON MATIAS ROMERO,
Late Mexican Ambassador to the United States.
Born February 24, 1837. Died December 30, 1898.

The question as to what should be the aggregate strength or total of officers and enlisted men of the regular establishment is connected with the other and equally important question as to organization in the several arms and departments of the service. The former question, however, can be considered by itself, as it is more dependent upon policy and varying necessity, while the latter is a determining factor as to efficiency in the several fractions and units. In considering this last question we naturally turn to recent experience, and are surprised to find that the late campaign has given us no new lesson by which we may profit as to *line* organization. (Be it understood that the question of how suddenly to raise armies is not under discussion.) No new light is thrown upon the oft-debated question about the three-battalion organization for the infantry regiment. So, too, with regard to cavalry, recent experience suggests nothing new as to organization, though it does confirm the American idea as to its practical employment by again demonstrating to the world that it can be used on foot as efficiently as is the infantry. This, however, pertains to tactical use, and we are not considering that. The old arguments for and against regimental organization for artillery find the debaters still occupying the *status quo ante bellum*, and the aggressors still maintaining that whereas a cavalry regiment may act as infantry, the artillery regiment can never do so, for the reason that a regiment of artillery should never be assembled.

The questions as to numerical strength to be maintained in the infantry company, in the cavalry troop, and in the battery of artillery are not new, and all officers are agreed that even in times of peace the number of men in each must be such as to insure proper tactical instruction. The experience of every line-officer shows that unavoidable details for guard duty, for the mess, for detached service, for sanitary police, for quartermaster and commissary work, for extra duty, for fatigue and for clerical work, all added to the average percentage of sick, entail the absence from drill of nearly one-third of the total enlisted strength at military posts during peace. So the other two-thirds should be at least equal to the minimum contemplated in drill regulations for tactical instruction daily. This minimum is as follows: For the company of infantry, 71 enlisted; for the troop of cavalry, 57; for the light battery of artillery, 88. The organization of these components, therefore, requires the following as a minimum: For the company of infantry, 107 enlisted; for the troop of cavalry, 86; for the light battery of artillery, 132. Allowing twelve companies for the infantry regiment, twelve troops for the cavalry, and twelve batteries for the artillery, with the authorized non-commissioned staff, it is easy to estimate what is the minimum enlisted strength of a regiment contemplated in our drill.

The number of regiments needed for the proper reorganization of our permanent establishment is matter for debate, and is not to be considered here, it being intended to show merely the strength needed in the proper instruction of the units of organization. If legislation will provide more than this minimum, the service will be better done. It will be terribly handicapped again if compelled to accept less than this minimum. To emphasize this matter, we say again, make the number of regiments whatever your judgment dictates, but make the regiment a complete machine. To attain this end it is essential to furnish such numbers of soldiers as will suffice to meet the unavoidable details to other than duty in the ranks—or to furnish civilian labor, which, if space permitted, it would be possible to show is cheaper in the long-run.

Our statesmen will determine what shall be the strength of the whole army. We ask to be consulted upon what shall be the strength of the regiment.

We would also ask that we be allowed to keep up the proper discipline of the regiment, and to prevent its being interfered with from outside. We guarantee through justice and discipline to produce a body of men who will render faithful service. Misbehavior cannot safely be left unpunished. The officer who offends must meet his punishment, whatever may be his social position and influence. The enlisted man who transgresses ought not to be able to find refuge behind a Representative of his district or a Senator from his State.

By way of parenthesis we would add that commissioned rank should not be conferred upon a position when a commission would prevent the substitution of a good man for one of no capacity. By all means make a band-master a non-commissioned officer if you want to, for if he is not satisfactory he can be reduced or discharged. But don't make him a lieutenant. Ignorance or lack of industry as a musician would simply deprive us of a band, for we could not take away the commission of such an incubus. The proposition to provide dentists for the enlisted men is good, but civilians can be employed, and replaced if not competent, and it is not desirable to make them lieutenants. We might next see chiropodists in shoulder-straps.

Turning now to the more difficult subject of organization in the staff departments, it is contended by many that the late war is full of suggestion for change in the hope of attaining proficiency. He will be a clever man who shows himself capable of advancing beyond theory. The trouble is that the working of a system is to be ascertained only when it is subjected to trial. Yet some system is necessary, if merely to show that it is wrong. It is asserted that so far boards and other bureaus of information have found fault—but no system. This is to be regretted, for could some one find out what the system is, he might discover remedies for defects.

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Will any one in the Medical Department or the Quartermaster or Subsistence department assert that to-day it is ready to meet the practical problems which may arise in large affairs any better than they were met last summer? If so, every one will be glad to hear his reasons leading to the assertion, for they will show the corresponding causes of alleged failure in the recent war, and the means of removing them.

If there could be found some one of acknowledged authority before whose expert judgment all would be willing to bow, we might rest comfortably in anticipation that we will be ready when war is again sprung upon us suddenly. In the absence of such authority it is natural to turn to the opinion of the majority, and therein we find a strong belief that, despite evidence to the contrary, there is unfortunately a system, and that it violates the plainest dictates of commonsense. That hydra-headed monster the majority is a dreadful creature, with a fondness for facts, and a propensity for remembering them. It recalls that in conversation, in letters, and in essays the argument has always been persistent for increase in the personnel and rank for the corps of general adjutants and general inspectors, on the ground that in time of peace such staff-officers should be trained thoroughly by long service, so that in time of war they would be entirely familiar with their duties. Here was reason hand in hand with method, and together they managed to secure legislation providing for increase of personnel and rank. But war came, and then madness stepped in, unseated reason, and sent these experts, with higher rank conferred temporarily, to do unaccustomed work in command of troops, and novices were detailed to assume the duties of general adjutants, while the functions of general inspectors were suspended just when most needed. That dreadful majority also persists in maintaining that the working of the quartermaster and subsistence forces was like that of a balky team, each horse willing enough, struggling frantically, but no two pulling together.

For Heaven's sake, some one suggest a remedy! Well, we turn again to the majority, in the absence of the individual, and we find it is thought that the commanding general of the army should be *de facto* general-in-chief, responsible to the President alone for military control of the army, and subordinate to the Secretary of War only in control of the purse-strings.

We hear many vague suggestions as to the formation and function of a general staff, and some day perhaps experience may evolve its defined duties. Meanwhile why not try that which has never been tried, and require the head of each department to take his orders from the general-in-chief, and be a part of his staff? The adjutant-general would be his chief of staff, the inspector-general his chief inspector, the quartermaster-general his chief quartermaster, the commissary-general his chief commissary, the surgeon-general his medical director, and he would also have his chief of engineers, his chief of ordnance, and chief signal-officer. As the business devolved upon his office would become greatly increased, we find therein a practical suggestion as to defining the duties of a general staff.

The general-in-chief selected by the President would presumably be a trained soldier, knowing the necessities of the service, and enforcing harmony throughout all its branches. His station under all circumstances would be at the seat of government, and his renown for field prowess would have to rest upon prior accomplishment. The public soon forgets history, and hurrahs only for the hero of the hour. This agreeable titillation is not for the general-in-chief. He must take all the blame, and rely upon his own conscience, while laurel of a more recent growth is placed upon the brow of a subordinate.

Outside of the attempt to reconcile conflicting personal interests the task should be easy enough to reorganize the line of the army with such proportions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery as will meet present necessities. The greater task will be to bring about simplicity, practical working order, and prompt business methods in the staff of the army.

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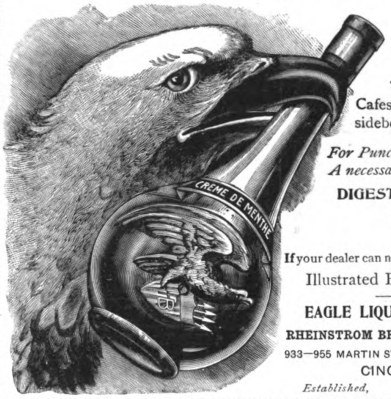
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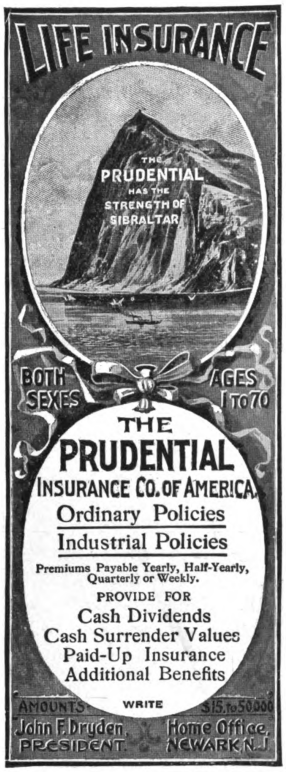


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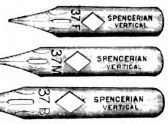
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AMATEUR SPORT

AMAZING misconception of the spirit and the letter of the amateur law in sport has been publicly revealed in Chicago since my recent review of the Middle-Western football season. And I record the discovery to express astonishment rather than merely to criticise. I would not for a great deal be thought as sounding Western athletic morals with an unsympathetic plummet; I would not be thought unmindful of the difficulties Western faculties encounter because of (1) confusion and inharmony on ethical questions among their own members; (2) through indifference of the average undergraduate mind to all questions not making directly for the winning of their team; (3) because of prejudiced and sensation-seeking newspaper reporters who have no intelligent idea of the ethics of sport.

But I wish also to be known to my Western readers—to all my readers—as first and foremost and above all else a friend of amateur sport; a friend who shrinks from committing an injustice, but who, as occasion requires, addresses himself to the welfare of sport diligently, honestly, fearlessly, to the best of his ability and to the full of his power.

The spirit of the amateur law is the life of the letter of that law. If the spirit flags, circumvention of the letter is morally certain. Probably an athletic law was never promulgated that could not be outwitted in the absence of the guardian spirit. I care nothing for a man's ignorance if his spirit is wholesome. But—I hear some of my disputative friends saying—if there is ignorance of ethical definitions, how can there be assurance of a wholesome spirit? And I answer, by the same rudimentary principle that prompts an honest man, even though he be unlearned in criminal law, to keep his hands off his neighbor's chattels.

AMATEUR sport is burdened with innumerable definitions, and the end of rule-making is not yet. A half-dozen broad principles applied fairly and lived up to honestly would answer the purpose. But that is Utopia, I suppose, and beyond human reach.

The point is, however, that the value of an athletic law, the beneficial influence it exerts in any given institution, depends very largely upon the spirit with which it is enforced. More than that, there is a spirit in every law of college sport which the letter cannot always develop, and yet which breathes the real intent of the letter and the doctrine of sport for sport's sake.

What but the spirit of the law have we to depend on for arousing in the undergraduate mind the sentiment of sport for its own sake? If faculty committees misconceive and misinterpret this spirit, we cannot be surprised if those less responsible show tendencies to evade the letter. And how shall we judge of the manner in which that spirit is conceived and interpreted except through the personnel of athletic teams? Where shall we find more tangible expression of the faculty's view of sport than in the character of the football or baseball team? The athletic rules of a university convey to me the least conviction of its real attitude. But show me the football team, and I will quickly discover the spirit of sport that obtains at that institution. The stringency of the letter of the law is of no significance; it is the spirit with which it is enforced that indicates the true tone of the athletic government, and that stands revealed, ninety-nine out of every one hundred times, in the personnel of the teams. The exception comes, it is true, but it is seen rarely; at all other times the spirit of sport as conceived by the faculty is faithfully reflected in the character of the teams. That is a fact which no amount of argument can change.

THAT there is misconception, in the Middle West, of the spirit of amateur sport is not of itself surprising. Indeed, when we compare the situation of three years ago with that of to-day, and note the ethical evolution that has so completely cleared the athletic atmosphere, our surprise is that so much has been accomplished. To point out from time to time the mistakes or the weaknesses is not to be wanting in appreciation of all that has been done or that is doing. Continuously aggressive vigilance is the price of purity in college sport.

It is also to be expected that, until longer and more intimate acquaintance with the ideals of amateur sport gives clearer understanding of its ethics, Western interpretations will occasionally run counter to accepted formulas.

Perhaps the best illustration at hand of how serious and wide a departure may follow upon misapprehending the ethics of college sport is found in Wisconsin's retention of Holmes on the football eleven last autumn. And with what sophistry such misconception may be defended the following letter from President Adams of Wisconsin to President Harper of Chicago will attest:

As our Athletic Council took action last evening, approving the eligibility of Mr. Harvey R. Holmes to play in the coming Chicago football game, I hasten to inform you of the fact, and also to lay before you the nature of the evidence on which such action was taken.

When the affidavits which you sent us on Saturday last were received we found that, as far as they went, they confirmed information that our Council already had in hand. It was made evident by this information that Mr. Holmes had contested against professional athletes, and that money had been at stake on the results of such contests. So much Mr. Holmes had freely admitted to our Council some two weeks before your affidavits were received. Perhaps I ought rather to say that Mr. Holmes had voluntarily furnished this information, and furnished it in detail. This information thus furnished, for the most part in the first instance by Mr. Holmes himself, was confirmed afterwards by numerous affidavits, including the five sent by yourself. A *prima facie* case against him was thus apparently established, although neither in the affidavits received from you, nor in any we were able to procure, was there any statement that Mr. Holmes contested for the money himself, or received any money as the result of any of the contests.

Coupled with this view of the case, however, there came the further information that it had been explicitly understood from the first, by those participating in the several contests, that Mr. Holmes was to have his expenses defrayed, but that he furnished no money himself, and was in no case to receive any money other than for expenses, or gain of any kind. The testimony is explicit that Mr. Holmes declared at the time that he was not contesting for money, but for the knowledge and experience which contests with professionals would give him. The evidence also shows that he stated at the time that he could not receive more than enough for his actual expenses without forfeiting his amateur standing, which he was unwilling to do. The evidence further shows to whom the money involved was paid, and that even when Holmes was victorious the money was paid to the persons who had joined with the professionals in making up the purse, and in no case to Holmes himself.

The evidence regarding Mr. Holmes's financial relations with these athletic events is for the most part in the form of affidavits from persons of such responsibility and standing as, in the opinion of the Council, to entitle them to credence. There are seven affidavits which bear specifically on the disposition of the money involved, and these affidavits are corroborated by three certificates bearing date of November 5, the writers of which, after making their declarations, say they will furnish affidavits if such are desired. The date of these certificates was so late that it was impracticable to secure affidavits in their stead.

I will only add that the evidence was carefully considered by the full Council of eleven members, and that in the judgment of the Council Mr. Holmes is entitled to play under the inter-collegiate rules, and is therefore approved.

THIS is a specious argument, likewise a striking example of how perplexingly the spirit and the letter of the law may be confused. That the Wisconsin Council could have honestly persuaded itself into the belief set forth in this letter is one of those surprising exhibitions to which I have already alluded as coming now and again out of the West.

Of course Holmes should have been disqualified. He stood adjudged by his own confession. To have seriously considered his case in Council meeting reads like travesty. By the rule of no amateur organization with which I am familiar would he be eligible. The letter of the amateur athletic law distinctly states that a man may not compete with a professional, or in a race for which a money prize is at issue; the spirit of the amateur and more especially of the college law says an athlete must keep clear of suspicion. It makes no difference how many "affidavits" and "sworn statements" Holmes may muster to prove he accepted no part of the purse for which he competed; his irresistible desire to obtain "experience" may commend itself to the Council of his university, but it should have no mitigant influence whatever on his sentence. A man's motives cannot be taken into consideration. The letter of the amateur law judges him by his acts, and the spirit takes note of his associates.

Experience has shown no surer method of classifying an athlete than by the company in which he is found. Now and again, as no doubt was the case with Holmes, a man unknowingly strays into strange company, but account of these exceptions cannot be taken. He must suffer the penalty. Ignorance in these days of athleticism is no longer a tenable plea.

THE spirit of the amateur law, which at Wisconsin was distorted by the retention of Holmes, was in a less degree misdirected at Chicago University by the playing of Burnett, Cavanaugh, and Herschberger. For this reason, I have said, and now reiterate, that Chicago's ethics in '98 showed retrogression. But it affords me unspeakable gratification to add, now, that investigation has brought confidence in the honesty and earnestness of the endeavors of both the Wisconsin and Chicago faculty athletic committees to reach the highest ideals of college sport. They are striving, as the light and power is given them, to do their very best to that end.

The Faculty Conference struggles to meet problems with which individually its members lack intimate acquaintance—and that, by-the-way, suggests the appointment of men better informed. Furthermore, Chicago's experience this year should be convincing proof of the absolute need to the Middle West of a residence rule for all students coming from other institutions and not entering the regular or academic course. Had there been such a rule, Rogers and Burnett would not have played.

Then, too, a revision of the scholarship rule appears to be needful, that men may not become notoriously-known class-room absentees, or be tutored into eligibility the day before an important game. Had this not been possible, Cavanaugh and Burnett could not have played. Had Chicago's Board listened to Stagg's protest, Burnett would have been dropped early in the season. Mr. Stagg's course in this matter, recently revealed, restores the confidence which had been somewhat shaken by a first glance at the personnel of Chicago's football team.

I believe the year's lessons will not be lost on either Chicago or Wisconsin, or on any of the other Middle-Western colleges. I advise particularly more careful scrutiny of the personnel of teams, and certain conviction that none of the members has played baseball on those quasi-professional touring summer nines, or coached any kind of team for money, or competed with professionals for "experience."

SO Chicago's position in the trying happenings of the autumn season may be the better understood—since wide publicity has been given her misfortunes—perhaps it will serve the cause of sport best, and serve also to instruct and to warn other colleges against this kind of athlete, to take up the cases at Chicago severally, and somewhat in detail.

First of all, it should be borne in mind that Chicago, Michigan, and Wisconsin really dominate college sport in the Middle West. In these institutions, above all others, must there be clean sport; and Chicago, of them all, must be above reproach, since she has championed the cause of wholesome athletics. Last year she led the extreme reform movement, and in 1898 the eligibility of five of her football men was challenged.

Immediately after the Pennsylvania-Chicago game Wisconsin protested Clarke, on the ground that he had coached the eleven of Tarkio College in '95. Clarke admitted the truth of the charge, and was withdrawn. Careful inquiry fails to reveal any question of his eligibility having ever before been suggested to the Chicago authorities.

Burnett, one of the guards, left the university as soon as the last game of the season had been played—a sorry and suspicious circumstance of itself. Time and again, I find, he had assured the Board of his intention of being three or four years at the university. The character of his class-room work had been questioned, and Stagg had decided to withdraw him from the Wisconsin game.



FOOTBALL SQUAD OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

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The day before that game written statements were submitted by his instructors, attesting the satisfactory nature of his work. But his instructors were deceived—his work being entirely in the laboratories—and he had lied to Stagg. He has been expelled from the university.

BURNETT is the type of roaming athlete one frequently encounters, I am sorry to say, though his kind is rapidly diminishing. Perhaps he is vicious; perhaps not. Sometimes he plays for real love of the game; sometimes for what he can get out of it. His circumstances may be affluent; they may be needy. It makes little difference. I have known him in all stations and seen him in all sections of the country. Burnett is married, and it was fair to assume his college life at an end—though certainly marriage is not incompatible with *bona fide* undergraduate existence. Last year he was in Denver, and played on the elevens of the Denver Athletic Club and of the Denver Wheel Club, both clubs that, one way and another, have paid at least some of the members of their teams. In the autumn he started in playing football with the Rush Medical College, and on a sudden went over to Chicago, and was identified thenceforth with that eleven.

Burnett's status, his type, must, I should think, have been always obvious to any sharp-eyed, unprejudiced scrutiny. He could not have hoodwinked an Eastern Faculty committee.

Rogers, one of the tackles, entered the Divinity School in the autumn, coming from Beloit, where he had made his A.B. and played on the college eleven three years. He entered Chicago after inquiries at Northwestern and Chicago Seminary as to assistance rendered theological students, and became a recipient of the aid commonly given needy members of Chicago's Divinity School. There was no evidence of studiousness, and after the final game he tod, without explanation, left Chicago, owing his training-table bill.

CAVANAUGH'S case has perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the lot. He came up in the autumn with such conditions in his work that his right to play was seriously questioned. At the vote of the Board the decision fell upon Stagg. He voted against Cavanaugh's playing. But at the end of six weeks—a "term"—Cavanaugh had seemingly made up his work, and though there was suspicion by the Board that his only incentive to study was the hope of making the team, nothing in the letter of the law prevented, and he played against Wisconsin.

There is no doubt that in these three cases of Rogers, Burnett, and Cavanaugh a clearer conception among the instructors of the ethics of college sport would have revealed the animus of these athletes and discovered the means to keep them off the university team. That there seems to be abundant and sufficient letter of the law the following excerpt out of a communication to me from the secretary of the Council will prove:

REQUIREMENTS TO TEAM MEMBERSHIP AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

When a man wishes to become a member of any athletic team of the University of Chicago, he comes immediately under the general legislation of the university governing the public appearance of students. I do not know the rules of other institutions, but I fancy there are few equally and none more severe. No student can appear in any public performance of any sort, as a representative of the university, unless his class-work during the quarter is satisfactory and he has taken a certain specified grade in his work for six months previous.

Upon the student's application for membership upon an athletic team, he is questioned and compelled to sign a statement as to his amateur standing, and fills out a card of application. He is then examined by the university physician, and his card is sent to the university examiner, who looks over his record upon the books of the university. If his record is found to be unsatisfactory, the case goes no farther until he has reinstated himself. If, however, his scholarship is sufficient, his card is then brought to the Board of Physical Culture and Athletics for its action.

In case his card has been marked "approved" by the university physician and the university examiner, and there is no doubt as to his amateur standing, he is accepted as a candidate for the team. Actual membership upon the football team, so far as the seven institutions in the Conference are concerned, is determined by specific rules. A member of the University of Chicago, for instance, who has played half a game against the team of any one of the other six universities of the Conference is regarded as having played a year.

I trust I do not need to assure you that these rules are actually enforced. The Board of Physical Culture and Athletics, which passes upon the application, is a regularly appointed administrative board of the university, composed of members of the faculty. Its work is always liable to revision by the university Council and the congregation or quarterly meeting of all members of the faculty and other persons (not students) connected with the university.

POWER there is—honesty too, I believe—and now the sole need is a little more light to guide the conception, and more practical scholarship and residence rules to quicken justice. And so we shall have Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the rest in position whence they can accomplish the will which makes for upholding the purest ideals of college sport.

And now we come to Herschberger, a type of college man for whom I have the greatest respect, but whose membership on the Chicago team this year, while teaching in an affiliated school (Princeton-Yale), was a violation of the ethics of college sport. It is too bad his name must be mentioned with those others for whom Chicago has been held responsible, for Herschberger is the antithesis of that type of athletic wanderer of which Burnett and Rogers are disturbing examples.

Herschberger was graduated at Chicago last year with distinction in mathematics; his teaching is for the highly commendable purpose of defraying the expense of his studies for a Ph.D. degree. Unfortunately in this case, as with Holmes (though the counts on which the two are discussed are by no means comparable), the law cannot take motives into consideration. Certainly not for a moment is it supposed that Herschberger's teaching at the Princeton-Yale School has any connection whatsoever with his playing on the Chicago football team. Such a point was never at issue, so far as I know. None the less his teaching in an affiliated school was hostile to the spirit of college sport, though I am quite willing to believe that both he and the Chicago Board were entirely without preconceived guile.

WHILE on the subject of Chicago University, perhaps an excerpt from a letter received from Stagg, in response to inquiries about the help given "indigent" students, may be interesting as well as instructive:

"The only basis I can see at all for such a rumor (that half the football team was on salary) lies in the fact that two or three of our team work out two-thirds of their tuition—viz., $80 out of $120—by doing 'university service,' as it is called. This provision is open to all members of the university upon application, and a considerable part of our students avail themselves of it. It was made to meet the needs of that large body of students who cannot meet the heavy fees charged.

"It takes the place of the 'scholarships for indigent students' furnished at Yale and other Eastern institutions, for poor fellows who must work their way through college, only it is an improvement, in that a man feels that he is paying his way, and the university also gets a return. At Yale we had to make application in person to President Porter and to President Dwight. Here the student presents his application to Secretary Goodspeed.

"The athletic department of Chicago has no more to do with the granting of university service than the athletic association at Yale had to do with my getting a scholarship. The students do their work under the direction of the university Registrar, who gives them credit on their tuition bills according to the number of hours put in by the student, but no student can work out more than two-thirds of his tuition. Most of the work is done at twenty cents an hour; library work brings thirty cents an hour.

"This requires every one to pay at least forty dollars a year. This sum exceeds the regular tuition fee of every one of our rival universities except Northwestern. There are a few scholarships which are awarded wholly on superior attainments in college work."

Of Chicago's football-players in '98 three received "university service," two Divinity School aid—*i. e.*, received tuition free of cost—and two had scholarships.

SO long as the Faculty Board correctly interpret the spirit of the amateur law they may have "university service" to the end of time.

But none will deny that were there misconception of the spirit, much corruption might thrive, and yet the letter of the law be not broken, because Chicago makes the way easier for the would-be transgressor by departing from those Eastern methods that compel the applicant to appear in person before the president of the university. With no disrespect to secretaries, I consider it much wiser to leave the responsibility of such matters with the president.

It all goes to prove, as I have said time and again, that upon the conception by the Faculty of the spirit of college sport, and upon a firm and impartial application of its precepts, depends literally the wholesomeness of university athletics.

The truth of this conclusion is doubly manifest where, as in the Middle West, the student body seems slow in awakening to a fine sensibility of the ethical side of sport.

A RULE adopted recently at the late Faculty Conference of Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, and the others of the "big seven" provides that when a man comes up to one of the universities no previous playing shall be counted against his four years, unless he enter with advanced standing—*i. e.*, unless a man receive university credit for work done elsewhere, his four years are before him. It is easy to see into what abuses this might lead. The Conference was seeking some solution of the difficult and ever-present question of what shall constitute the four years—of what shall be called a "college," and what a preparatory school. It has taken the simplest method, certainly, and I am sure one of its strongest reasons for its adoption was the conviction that by placing thus a very high premium upon *not* receiving advanced credit the present immense annoyance of determining justly upon the allowance of credit for previous and foreign work would be greatly diminished. Foregoing a quarter's credit, to which he may be justly enough entitled, will often lengthen a man's athletic career a full year—a foolish situation. It is another of the evils of the great disparity in rank and character of work among Western educational institutions.

ANOTHER rule recently passed by the Faculty Committee, and one to puzzle the Eastern mind, gives the Committee the somewhat novel power of making exceptions in cases where, in its judgment, the existing rules work injustice. This means that the Committee, having made one set of rules, has now constituted itself a board of review with power to alter any conclusion to which the rules already created may plainly point.

Wisconsin's Faculty Council must have borrowed some such unique power to uphold the eligibility of Holmes.

I have no doubt the Committee conceived in all sense of fairness this rule giving itself power to abrogate its own rules in cases where it thought the verdict too severe—but what undignified legislation, and how dangerous! There is no limit to its menacing possibilities. Not with the personnel of the Conference maintained at its present high mark—but who will guarantee that?

The Committee should use quickly, and for the last time, its newly acquired power by rescinding that recent ruling.

WESTERN college managers are facing again the annual problem of midwinter meets. The difficulty arises from the mixed, often questionable, character of open meets. It is yet an unanswered query in the minds of most university men whether college athletes should compete in open meets, and whether in-door meets, open or closed, are worth while for college men at all. The policy at Wisconsin has been to confine the better men to extremely light work until the out-door days begin, while last year Stagg had all his track candidates trailing through the parks on 'cross-country runs, or practising starts on ice-covered cinders from very first of January. And this suggests, in passing, that though we have some interest in distance-running, 'cross-country work is in its very swaddling clothes at Western colleges.

The midwinter meets, however, are an unquestioned fixture. Yet the keenest interest in them is not among college men, but undoubtedly among the young high-school and academy athletes, and in such clubs as the First Regiment Athletic Club of Chicago and the Central Y.M.C.A.

THE point of greatest friction heretofore has been between the A.A.U. and the larger colleges. Last year, in defiance of the legislation of the A.A.U., providing for the payment of a registration fee of one dollar by all athletes participating in open meets, Stagg held an open meet at the University of Chicago, and not the slightest attention was paid to registration with the A.A.U. by the athletes who participated. All were debarred from later meets sanctioned by the A.A.U., but the Union deemed it expedient to promptly rescind this ruling; and now, within the last week, thanks to the insistence of Western college men, the registration fee has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

There should have been no compromise. It but temporarily relieves the difficulty. It were better far if the former condition of estrangement had continued throughout. And this for the very simple reason that college men and those who are not may not nowadays meet on common ground in athletics and the best interests of both be served—a principle which should long since have become axiomatic with college Faculties. There may come a time when the undergraduate and the athlete of the masses—the type at open meets—may do well to run and wrestle and fence together. Democracy demands that it be so, and would indeed that it were! But the day of fulfilment is distant.

THE common bond of athletic proficiency alone is not bond enough. We cannot afford to introduce any new complications. It is interesting to note that under the new registration law a "rubber" at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, upon the payment of one dollar, attained recognition as an amateur, and subsequently competed with college men. Truly the coming in contact with him may have been really beneficent for the college men. No one says they were too good for him. That is not the point. But this is the point, which is clear enough in all conscience—that Western colleges, having more than trouble enough as it is in the maintenance of their own ethical standards, had better fight shy of putting themselves under the judgments of another body whose preachings and whose practices are separated by a gap too wide to be spanned by a tardy if healthful alliance.

THERE is a class of football growing in New York State and elsewhere, and especially in some parts of the Missouri Valley section of the Middle West, that is certain in time to give considerable trouble to colleges and schools, if, indeed, it does not develop into a positive menace to the ethics of their game. It is what may be called county or town football, and is somewhat new in the East—although I witnessed town matches in Kansas so long as four years ago. Considerable local interest is aroused by these contests, and there can be no doubt that the idea of county or town competition is an excellent one, provided the sport can be kept clean, or is avowedly professional, as in England.

The athletic idea should be encouraged in that great mass of young men who, in the provincial districts, fill clerical or factory positions, or earn their livelihood by even less sedentary pursuits. There is no reason why it should not enlarge into various associations of amateur teams; but if its trend is professional, so long as it is honestly professional there is still reason for its encouragement. At present it is neither honestly amateur nor honestly professional. In northern New York, for instance, the teams have been composed of occasional college graduate players and of local enthusiasts, who either pay their own expenses or are backed by local merchants or others equally interested; and in some instances a small salary is paid especially skilful individuals who are considered as drawing-cards. At the end of the season the profits are divided among the projectors or proprietors of the team, and at times a certain percentage given the players by way of extra compensation.

NOW the menace of such teams lies in the confused idea of ethics that obtains in some collegiate quarters, and the flaunting disregard for them in other directions. The unhappy result is—in New York State, for instance, and I presume to an extent elsewhere—that members of these professional teams have been drifting into the smaller colleges, some of them legitimate students, like full-back Parish of Syracuse University, who played with the Canandaigua eleven; and others, like Storey, Baggerly, and Myers of last year's Buffalo University team, who prior and subsequent to connection with Buffalo played with a Clyde aggregation, and were never seriously considered as legitimate students.

I am asked where is the distinction to be drawn between such men and openly avowed professional athletes, and I reply there is none except in minds honestly confused or wilfully misdirected on the very simple question of ethics in amateur sport.

THESE teams and the men on them have been called semi-professionals, I note, by up-country papers, but they are as much professional as the members of the New York baseball nine—the only difference being in the amount of compensation.

Indeed, semi-professionalism is paradoxical and a meaningless term. There are no degrees of amateurism. A man is either an amateur or a professional. Some of the New York colleges, while admitting the former affiliations of these men, have yet claimed them to be "practically amateurs." But the animus of these colleges is too apparent to warrant reply.

There is no doubt at all of the professional status of men who play on such teams, and they should be prohibited from entering the athletic competitions of colleges which pretend to keep their sport honestly amateur.

This is a question which seriously touches all colleges situated in these professional-team districts, and one upon which prompt and strict action should be taken to save collegiate athletics from general infection. In the West it concerns all the universities of the Missouri Valley, and in New York State it imperils Rochester, Syracuse, Hamilton, Hobart, Union, and Colgate.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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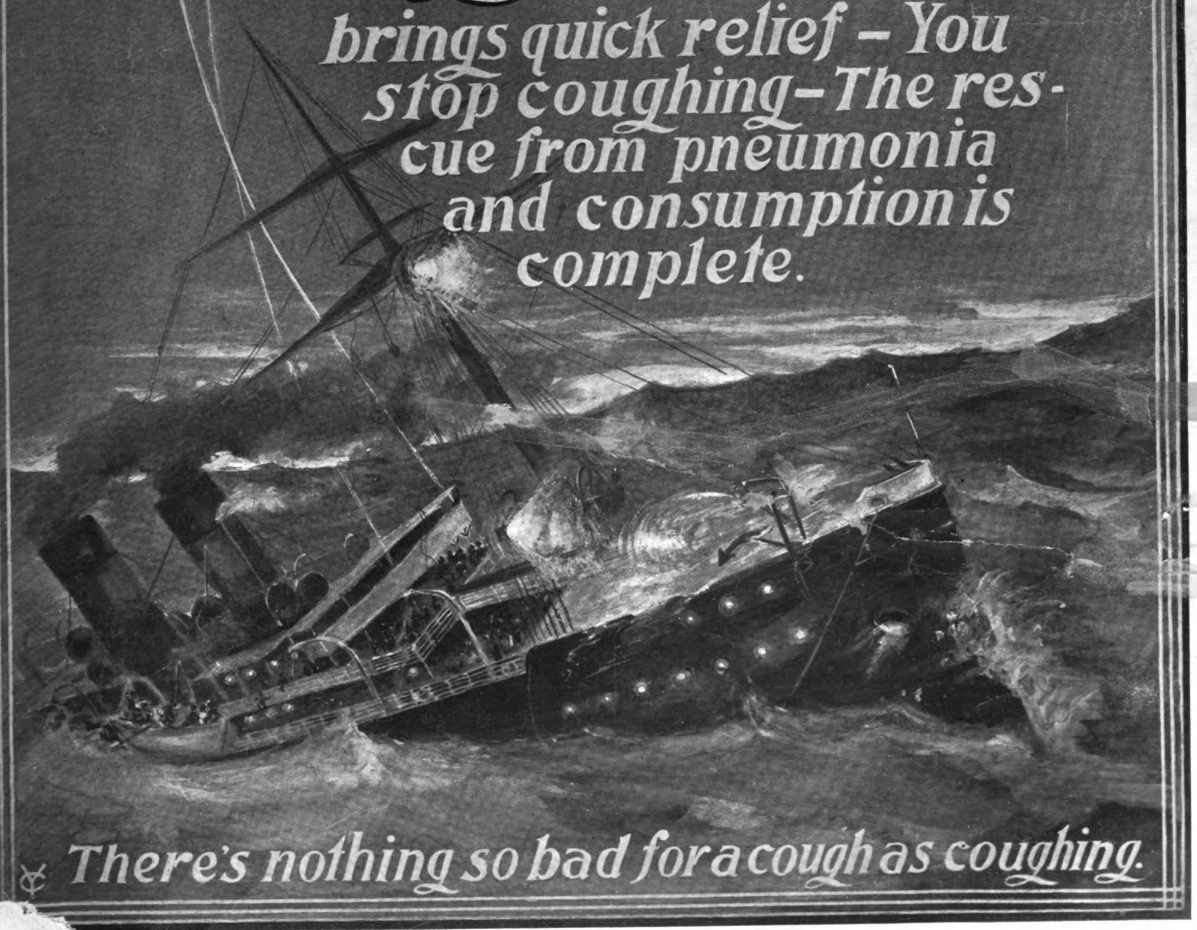
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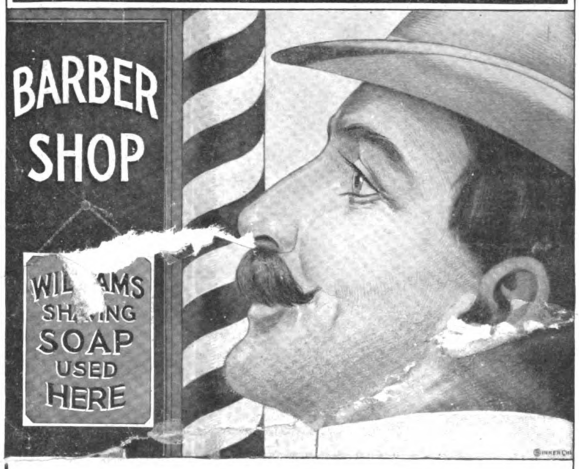
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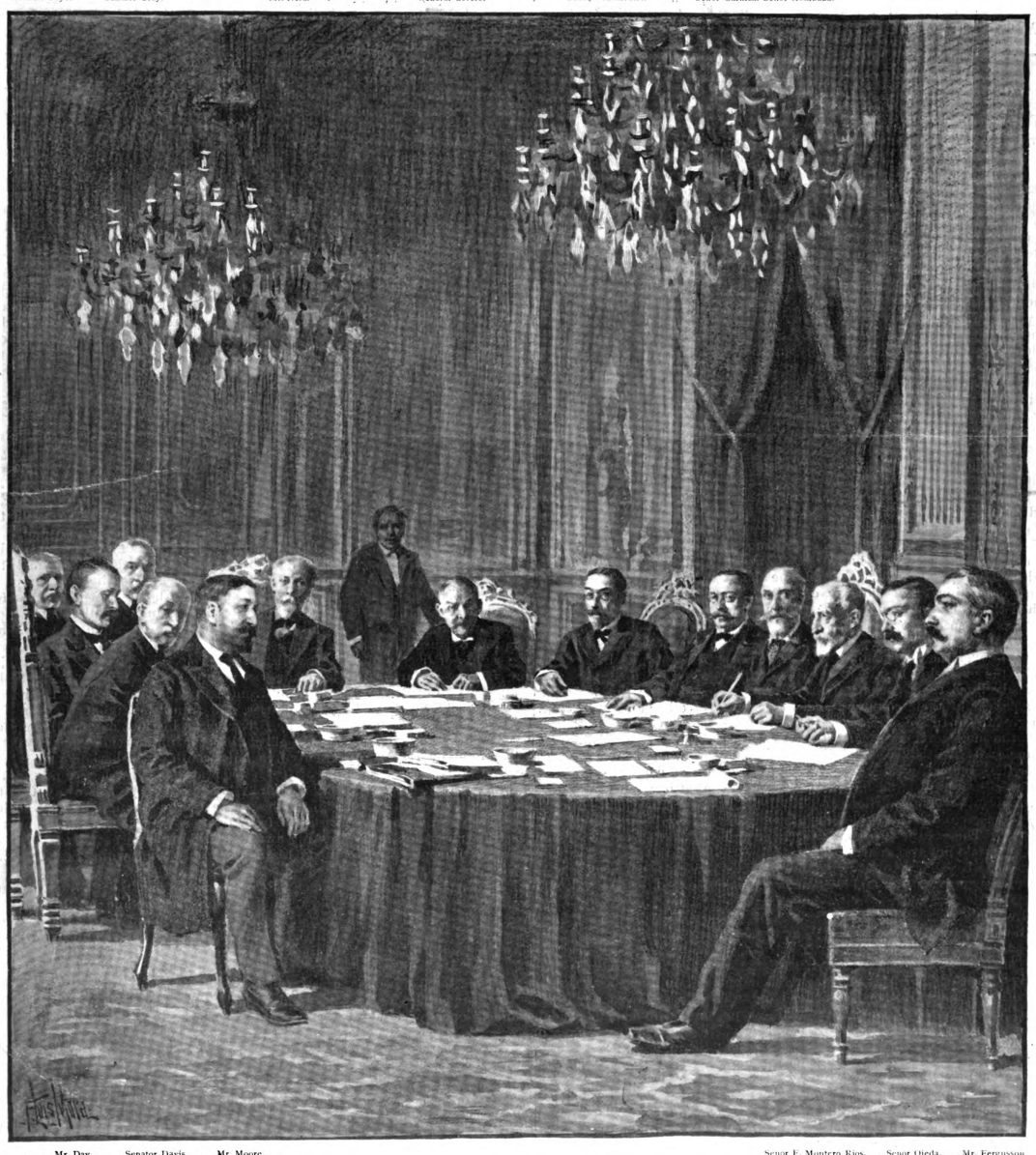
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PARIS—THE LAST SESSION OF THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 64.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 21, 1899

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The Treaty in the Senate

THE debate on the policy of expansion is on in the Senate, and the opponents of the new departure, the champions of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, have the courage to give their reasons for the stand which they have taken and for the votes which they will cast when the treaty comes up for ratification. Senators VEST, CAFFERY, MASON, and HOAR have spoken, all convincing, and the last in one of those noble efforts which have occasionally distinguished his career. There is no doubt now where he stands. The answer to the assumption that, in the end, his party would whip him into line and compel him to vote against his declared convictions, is the argument on the constitutionality of expansion which is worthy of the best day of the Senate. The debate goes on also outside of the Senate. Speeches have been made in the House of Representatives; and besides the notable contributions to the discussion in the press and in periodical literature by men like Bishop POTTER, Bishop HALL, ex-Secretary CARLISLE, ANDREW CARNEGIE, SAMUEL GOMPERS, and Mr CLEVELAND, we have a vigorous protest from ex-Senator EDMUNDS, who is still, as he was when a member of the Senate, the ablest Constitutional lawyer of his party. On the other hand not a shred of rational argument—judged by the standard of those who believe in our Constitutional liberty—has been advanced in behalf of expansion. We have had the reasoning of men who have discarded the Constitution and who determine public policies from the point of view of nations that govern colonies; we have had the shouts of demagogues; the cunning suggestions of speculators, who look for benefit from everything that is new; the pompous generalities that cover the designs of men who hope to profit by the extension of the paternalism which has already lined their pockets at the expense of the tax-payers of their country; and, finally, we have a great company of enthusiasts, wild with delight at the mere thought of growth, or glowing with fancies of Christianity and civilization spreading over the dark islands of the Pacific under the protection of our army and navy—intense, hopeful, but misguided minds, whose intellectual follies are themselves due to the blessed influences of democracy. These do not reason; they hope and aspire. They do not argue; they chant.

We have said, and we believe, that the republic will survive even the shock and damage of expansion, because democracy is too vital to be destroyed; and we believe, too, that the principles of the Declaration of Independence will also survive, although our conduct may discredit them for a time, even, it may be, for generations, for, as Senator HOAR says, "the eternal providence of God is on the side of freedom." But, on the other hand, we do not believe that the Constitution will escape unharmed, for already, if he is reported correctly, we are told by an officer of the army, who has sworn to uphold and defend it, that we have outgrown the Constitution, and, in a large measure, he was justified in saying this, by the spirit which has been manifested by the advocates of expansion in their attitude towards the Constitution. It would be going too far, perhaps, to assert that the Constitution is despised by some of the expansionist leaders, but it is nevertheless true that their attitude is at least unconsciously contemptuous, the proof being their desire to defeat its wholesome restraints by interpretation. More than once in the history of the country we have seen the Supreme Court bend to public sentiment, or to that part of it which makes the most noise, and therefore we are justified in saying that if the treaty is ratified as it stands, the Constitution will no longer be the safeguard of personal liberty which it has been. The exigencies of colonial government in the Far East, due to our possession of subjects, a class not recognized or provided for in the Constitution, will probably compel the first assault upon the bill of rights, and we shall have at least part of the republic subject to the legislation of an unrestrained Congress. How long it will then be before Congress throws off all restraint, will depend upon the spirit of the people. At present (we are forced regretfully to the conviction) the Constitution is less respected than it has ever been before. We have forgotten the evils from which it has saved us. The South forgets that it has stood between it and partisan tyranny. The West forgets that it has saved it from Grangerism. The whole country forgets that within twenty-five years it has saved it from fiat money and inflation, and that it is the Constitution alone which may confine socialistic experiments to the States. It is in the air that the Constitution must not be permitted to stand in the way of expansion, and that even the Declaration of Independence must be considered antiquated. The Declaration is vital and will live, but the breaking down of the Constitution, which is law, must bring material injury to the country, whose bulwark it has been against the assaults of intrigue and of momentary popular passion. This will be one of the charges which the country must bear if the expansionists prevail. The republic will survive, but generations of its citizens will be deprived of some of the great blessings which democracy has bestowed on us and our fathers, and will suffer the burdens of militarism and of heavy taxation, which, thus far, we have been spared. And in return for all this there will be absolutely nothing to show but trouble.

There is a sufficient number of Senators who are opposed to taking the Philippines to prevent the ratification of the treaty with the clause ceding the archipelago unamended. At least so much can be accomplished. "If the Senate believes the treaty is wrong," says Mr. EDMUNDS, "it will doubtless have the courage to reject it and face the consequences." Perhaps this is true. At any rate the treaty can be amended, as Mr. EDMUNDS suggests, by providing that "the people of those islands should be left to govern themselves as best they may, with such guarantees of order and personal safety of the inhabitants as shall be adequate to the preservation of order. Such a guarantee," he wisely and, in view of the threatening attitude of AGUINALDO's insurgents, significantly adds, "can be presently enforced at infinitely less cost of blood and treasure than our undertaking to assume and exercise sovereignty over the islands."

If Senators who believe with Mr. HOAR will act with his courage, the treaty can be either amended or rejected as seems best. Their duty is clear. They believe that the annexation of the Philippines would be a breach of the Constitution, and would be a discarding of the Declaration, because it would deny to an alien people the rights of liberty and self-government which our fathers declared inalienable; that it would be an invasion of the land of other and unwilling people for the purpose of aggrandizement; that it would, therefore, be a violation of the pledge given by Congress at the beginning of the war; that it would, by reason of these departures, discredit and shame democracy; that it would materially injure the United States; that it would at least double Federal taxation; that it would enormously increase the army and the navy, and put the free citizen of America on a par with the soldier-loaded peasant of Europe; that it would turn back the hands of time and civilization; and that, to quote again from Mr. HOAR, it would make "America begin the twentieth century where Spain began the sixteenth, . . . and would make our beloved country a cheap-jack country, raking after the cart for the leavings of European tyranny." In return for all this we would obtain a war with seven or eight millions of people who, so far as their wishes are known, are determined to be independent, and to oppose our sovereignty as they have opposed the sovereignty of Spain, and there is no doubt that such a war would cost us thousands of American lives and millions of treasure, in return for which we are promised by dreamers a commerce which has never yet materialized among a people whose wants are abundantly supplied by nature. It seems to us that any Senator believing this must refuse to vote for the treaty unless it be amended, for he knows that the plea that it is a treaty of peace, and must be ratified if we are not to renew the war, is as false as expansion itself is unwise. Bending somewhat before the argument against annexation, the administration itself, if Senator FORAKER is correctly assumed to be its spokesman, is holding out a half-promise that the Philippine people shall eventually have their independence, but the time to compel independence for them is now before the treaty is ratified.

Schley at Santiago

ON the evening of January 7 a well-deserved tribute was paid to Admiral SAMPSON by the Colonial Club of this city. At the banquet speeches were made, and a letter from Secretary LONG was read, the significance of one utterance of which may need interpretation. Secretary LONG is reported to have written, "*From the time Admiral* SAMPSON *took command at Santiago, on June* 1, *that port was effectively blockaded.*" This blockade resulted, as Mr. LONG also is stated to have written, in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the conclusion of the war. Captain ROBLEY D. EVANS also is reported to have said, in his speech after the dinner, "When SAMPSON arrived off Santiago, *on June* 1, the last nail was driven in CERVERA'S coffin, and from *that moment* that gallant officer had no chance." Here is an indirect accusation, made by the Secretary of the Navy and by Captain EVANS, against SCHLEY, who reached Santiago on May 28, having been informed of CERVERA'S presence there on the 20th, at Cienfuegos. He was ordered "to remain on the blockade at Santiago *at all hazards.*" Therefore, if Secretary LONG and Captain EVANS are correct, and if the blockade was not effective until SAMPSON'S arrival on June 1, SCHLEY did not obey his orders, did not maintain an effective blockade, did not do that which made CERVERA'S escape impossible, and therefore, instead of being rewarded, should be court-martialled. What are the facts?

On May 28, the day of his arrival, he signalled to the ships of his squadron that he intended to abandon the blockade and to go to Key West. He actually started for that port. Fortune, however, was good to him, and some one or something persuaded him to return. But he did not then maintain a blockade. In proof of this, among other evidence, we have the diary of Lieutenant JOSÉ MÜLLER Y TEJEIRO, second in command of the naval forces of the province of Santiago. He records as follows:

"*May* 28.—At 4.30 P.M. six large ships were signalled, disappearing to the south at nightfall.

"29*th*.—At 7, seven hostile ships were sighted, reconnoitring the coast *at a distance of about eight miles*; they withdrew to the south before dark.

"30*th*.—At 5.30 the hostile fleet was signalled, approaching to within *nine miles* of the harbor.

"31*st*.—The ships disappeared, as usual, to the south before dark."

This was the day when SCHLEY maintained a ridiculous bombardment of the *Colon* and the *Maria Teresa*, both of which might then have been destroyed, at such a distance that his shots fell short, while the gun-mounts of the *Iowa* were strained by reason of the elevation at which her large guns were necessarily fired.

It will be seen from this diary that no effective blockade was maintained. That SCHLEY actually ran away from Santiago every night is clear from these entries, and from the signal that he flew from the *Brooklyn* on his first day off the harbor, to the effect that the night rendezvous would be twenty-five miles south of the harbor. As a matter of fact, as appears from the log of one of the ships, SCHLEY made the fleet run away twenty-eight miles, while in the daytime he kept such a distance from the port that CERVERA'S chances of getting away would have been excellent if he had made his dash at any time while SCHLEY commanded at Santiago.

One other sentence from the Spanish officer's diary, and the significance and truthfulness of Secretary LONG'S and Captain EVANS'S utterances will be absolutely clear. Under date of June 1, noting the arrival of Admiral SAMPSON'S fleet, he says, "From that time on the hostile ships, which were afterwards increased in number, established day and night a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall as they used to do."

THE usual attack on the civil service law has been made in the House of Representatives with the usual result. The motion to strike out the appropriation for the commission was carried on a rising vote in Committee of the Whole, and defeated in the House when a roll-call was demanded. Many politicians talk spoils for their constituents who want spoils, but fear to offend their constituents who want good government. The President ought to take the hint. By issuing the threatened order exempting places from the classified list, he will offend thousands of honest and unselfish citizens where he will gratify one place-hunter.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S friends are inclined to grieve over the report that the military board charged with the recommendation of officers and men in the army for brevet rank and medals of honor is indisposed to advise that a medal be conferred on their favorite hero. The Colonel was recommended for a medal in official reports from the field on the strength of his conspicuous valor in the fight at San Juan. The position of the board in Washington seems to be that while his services warrant his receiving the brevet rank of brigadier-general for distinguished conduct, they were not characterized by the particular species of intrepidity which calls for a medal. It appears that there should be an element of eccentricity about the valor of medal men. Merely to be conspicuously efficient in promoting the business that happens to be afoot is not quite enough. To fight like blazes at a critical time may well entitle a man to brevet rank, but to gain a medal he must think of something to do which differs not only in intensity, but in design, from what the other fellows are doing. Congress expects originality from its medal men as well as dauntless energy. The weak point of Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate seems to be, in the eyes of the board, that he did what others were doing, only more so. Perhaps if he had walked up that San Juan hill on his hands, instead of riding a horse, his title would have read clearer, for that would have shown more marked individuality. Where he did show individuality was in composing the famous "round robin" asking for the recall of the troops; but that was after the fight, and is not thought to have helped his case.

TWO women, more fortunate than Colonel Roosevelt, have been specially commended to Congress by Secretary Alger as persons to whom Uncle Sam owes some sort of recognition. They are Margaret Livingston Chanler and Anna Boligny, who performed mefitorious hospital work in the Puerto Rico campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Sharpe, in a report which has been transmitted to Congress, sets forth the works they did, and the good money that they poured out without reimbursement. General Miles has suggested that Congress should bestow suitable medals on them. Here's hoping they may get them, or else suitable brevet rank. It is understood that Colonel Roosevelt doesn't care for brevets, and likes medals better, but it may not be so with Miss Chanler or Miss Boligny. If they would prefer to be brevet colonels, it is hoped that they may be rewarded in that way.

IN the Episcopal Church there flourishes an organization, with many branches, called the Church Periodical Society, whereof the purpose is to collect second-hand literature, books, and periodicals from persons who have a surplus of literature, and distribute it to persons who are hard up for something to read. The society has many contributing clubs, and doubtless most of the modern highly organized city churches include such clubs. Some of them send literature to prisons, where the need of it is obvious. The periodical club secretaries say there is a great demand from prisoners, and also from sailors—another class of their clients—for calendars. At one of the distributing depots in New York the manager said to a club secretary from a church, "If you could send us some calendars, we could distribute them among the sailors with very little cost for postage." "I will," said the secretary. "How many?" But it took her breath away a little to have it suggested that 5000 would do to begin with. It is easy to understand how prisoners and sailors like to have something on which to mark off the days. Schoolboys feel the same need. Periodical literature is so amazingly cheap nowadays, and is circulated in such vast quantities, that the clubs that distribute it find their chief difficulty in getting money enough to pay the postal and express charges on their packages.

THE members of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association, of Philadelphia, have addressed to the President a letter protesting against the rumored intention of the Interior Department to withdraw from the classified service protected by civil service rules these positions in the Indian service, namely, five special Indian agents, eight special allotting agents, three civil engineers and surveyors, two special commissioners, five examiners of lands, and sixty-six financial clerks at agencies. The members remind the President that he promised not to go back on civil service reform. Their society, they tell him, has labored ever since it was founded to secure the adoption of the merit idea throughout the whole Indian service, and they are sure that the changes contemplated are contrary to that principle. They point out that the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as the result of his experience, openly favors the extension of civil service rules throughout the whole Indian service, and if he is right, and they are sure he is, it is evident that such exceptions as are proposed would be most unfortunate. They beg the President, instead of making exceptions, to extend still further the operation of civil service rules in concerns that affect the Indians.

THAT Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of the Brick Church in New York, should accept the appointment that has been offered him as Professor of Literature at Johns Hopkins University is too calamitous a possibility to be entertained. It is not known that there is any particularly distressful dearth of men fit to be professors of literature, but clergymen who possess the exceptional combination of qualities which is necessary to the successful administration of big Presbyterian churches in New York are so exceedingly scarce that the transfer of one of them from his church to a university would be very grievously deplored. No doubt Dr. Van Dyke would make an admirable Professor of Literature, and no wonder Johns Hopkins covets him, but the harvest in the neighborhood of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue seems much too white to be abandoned. Dr. Van Dyke must be at present in the enjoyment of about as many satisfactions as the condition of being a Presbyterian pastor in New York can admit. If for any other reason than impaired health he should swap his pastorate for a professorship, the inference will seem warranted that being a Presbyterian pastor in New York is not as good a job as some others. All pious persons would regret to see a basis afforded for such a supposition, for surely to preach the gospel in a great city under favorable circumstances according to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church ought to be an employment out of which there is no such thing as promotion. Last year Dr. Van Dyke's church raised and expended $142,250 86. Is it possible that the literary department of Johns Hopkins University is doing a bigger business than that?

A PROFESSORSHIP of literature should never be bestowed on any man who is already active and successful in the practice of some honorable profession. Such places should be reserved for eminent literary lights who, by reason of writers' cramp, mental exhaustion, or conscientious scruples, are debarred from working at their trade. There are many admirable writers who have already written down everything they know, or are likely to know for years to come. There are professional critics who, having experienced a change of heart, would gladly turn from the correction of the irreclaimable to raise a warning voice to the young. For such, and for editors who repent, and leader-writers who long to stop and think, yet dare not for fear of losing step, a professorship of literature is a blessed haven of peace. When our great universities have such places in their gift, they should of course consider who is best fitted to fill them. But their responsibility goes further than that, since of the fit men they should endeavor to choose the ones whose withdrawal from literary activities will do the most good to the greatest number. Charles Lamb was ripe for a professorship of literature when he wrote the letter, recently offered for sale in London, in which he says:

> I had twenty guineas a sheet from the *London;* and what I did for them was more worth that sum than anything, I am afraid, I can now produce would be worth the lesser sum. I need up all my best thoughts in that publication, and I do not like to go on writing worse and worse, and feeling that I do so.

CAREFUL readers of the WEEKLY will recall that in the issue for September 24, ultimo, there was published among some pictures of the fighting in the Philippines a map showing positions of American, Spanish, and insurgent forces, which was credited to F. D. Millet, one of the special correspondents of the WEEKLY in those parts. This map, it seems, was a copy of one made by Mr. William D. Connor, Second Lieutenant of Engineers, U.S.A., who graduated No. 1 in his class at West Point, and was captain of the '96 football team. When error gets a twelve-thousand-mile start, it takes some little time for truth to catch up.

A LETTER freshly arrived from Manila comes addressed to "Franklin Square, New York city, New York, God's country," and affords an interesting illustration of the debilitating effects of the climate of our Oriental dependency. It remarks upon the statement in the WEEKLY of October 15 that "a movement is afoot" to build something somewhere, and complains that the writer has been reading for years about that "movement afoot," which must be very tired by this time, and a proper object for relief. "In this enervating country," moans our friend, "one's natural sympathy goes out so rapidly for anything so uneasy as that much overwalked movement that it leaves one unfit for work."

And yet there are those who, like Mr. Croker, believe that our "young men, full of life, hope, and ambition, should have a chance to develop our recently acquired possessions," and who are ready "to rise as one man and demand expansion as an American citizen's sacred right."

THERE is very little grumbling over the appointment of Mr. Joseph Choate as Ambassador to London. The most prevalent opinion is that Mr. Choate fits the place in more particulars than any one else who could be named. Whenever we do anything to make the British hopping mad, which may happen any day, it will be the greatest advantage to have Mr. Choate in London to explain about it. So long as our cousins look as favorably on us as they do at present it will be a satisfaction to feel that in sending them Mr. Choate we have shown a proper appreciation of the value of their favorable regard. Mr. Choate can do everything well that becomes an ambassador. He can hunger and thirst after righteousness, if need be, but at other times he can eat, drink, talk, and listen. He can discuss, argue, haggle, ask questions, placate, pacify, threaten, bluff, promise, and charm. Considering his distinction as a talker, it is astonishing what an able listener he is. The chief risk our ambassador at London runs just now is of being killed with kindness, but Mr. Choate is as nearly immune to that as any one can be, though it is worth noting that he was not born so early in the thirties as to have seriously impaired his capacity for having a good time. That is important. Our representative in London ought to have just as good a time as is consistent with due solicitude for the welfare of his fellow-countrymen. The more fun Mr. Choate has in London, the better we shall all like it, for experience teaches that the man whom London best likes, and who best likes London, is the most profitable sort of representative for us to have.

IT is to be regretted that the Laidlaw case comes back into the courts on the eve of Mr. Choate's departure. As will be remembered, Laidlaw was the man who was blown up by a bomb intended for Mr. Russell Sage. Mr. Choate agreed with him that Mr. Sage ought to pay him damages, and was his counsel in a suit which has been tried four times. At the last trial Laidlaw got a verdict of $43,000, but the Court of Appeals has just upset it and ordered the case to be tried again.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has read in the WEEKLY about the projected immigration of the Russian Doukhobortsi, writes from Los Angeles to say that there is plenty of good land in that part of the world which can be bought for them at $1 20 an acre. But it seems that arrangements have already been made for them to go to Manitoba, where, report says, the first company of two thousand of them is soon to arrive, in charge of a son of Count Tolstoi.

THE Republicans of the Connecticut Legislature decided, on January 11, that General Joseph R. Hawley should have another term as Senator. General Hawley has been a member of Congress for twenty-five years, and has served three terms in the Senate. He is seventy-two years old, and if his discretion has not already fully ripened, it will doubtless mature perfectly during his next term. He is two months younger than Senator Hoar. The chief reasons for rejoicing at his re-election are that we all know him; that he is used to being a Senator, knows the business, and has transacted it creditably in the past; and that his title to work at it rests in character, statesmanship, and legislative experience, and not on success in making money or managing a political machine. He is neither a millionaire nor a party boss, but a Senator of the old school. There are not many of them left, and it is a satisfaction to see those that remain retain their seats.

THE latest shape to become distinct and conspicuous in the Parisian nightmare is that of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, late president of the civil section of the Court of Cassation, who has abandoned his judicial post while the court of which he was a member has the Dreyfus case under consideration. The trouble with him seems to be that he has made up his mind that the court's finding will be favorable to Dreyfus. Instead of determining to abide by whatever decision is reached, he throws up his job—a life appointment—and sets himself forthwith to undermine the influence of the tribunal of which he has just ceased to be a member.

It does not take such very exceptional timber to make a judge, but at least it takes timber that will hold nails. To American or British eyes it will appear that M. de Beaurepaire belies his name, and is not made of such material. The whole series of Dreyfus developments, with the successive illustrations it has afforded of the peculiarities of the French mind, has at least one hopeful side. It teaches that a people may be very emotional and very faulty in their conceptions about the administration of justice, and yet manage to rub along without the general use of strait-jackets. It also teaches that a people with grave defects in their capacity for self-government may still, if they are numerous enough, manage their own concerns more or less to their satisfaction without outside help. Such behavior as M. Beaurepaire's is very shocking to Anglo-Saxon sensibilities, yet no one seriously suggests sending in competent aliens to govern the French.

THERE have been rumors that Prince Henry of Germany is giving aid and encouragement to Aguinaldo in his policy of reluctance in the Philippines. It must rejoice the hearts of all the expansionists to hear it. It is all very well for Uncle Sam to discuss with Aguinaldo the advantages of a new step-father for the Filipinos, but discussing it with Germany is quite a different matter. Nothing seems more certain to tighten our grasp, so loose at present, upon the Philippines, than German intrigues with Aguinaldo. Many a match, suitable or otherwise, has failed for lack of a little timely opposition from outside. So it might be with American expansion in the East. The extreme expansionists could well afford to promise to give Prince Henry a coaling-station on condition that he go on plotting with Aguinaldo to keep the Americans out.

PERSONS who are interested in the erection in Paris of a statue of Washington on horseback, will be glad to learn that such a statue has been made by Daniel C. French, the sculptor, and is ready to cast. The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which the officers are Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Hobart, Mrs. Hearst, and Mrs. James McMillan, undertook to give this statue to Paris, and raised $22,000, which has been expended. Mr. French has done his work. It has been accepted by the Municipal Art Commission of Paris, and an eligible site has been secured for it. All that is lacking now is $15,000 to pay for the casting and the pedestal. Contributions to this sum may be sent to Mrs. Robert S. Hatcher, Washington, D. C.

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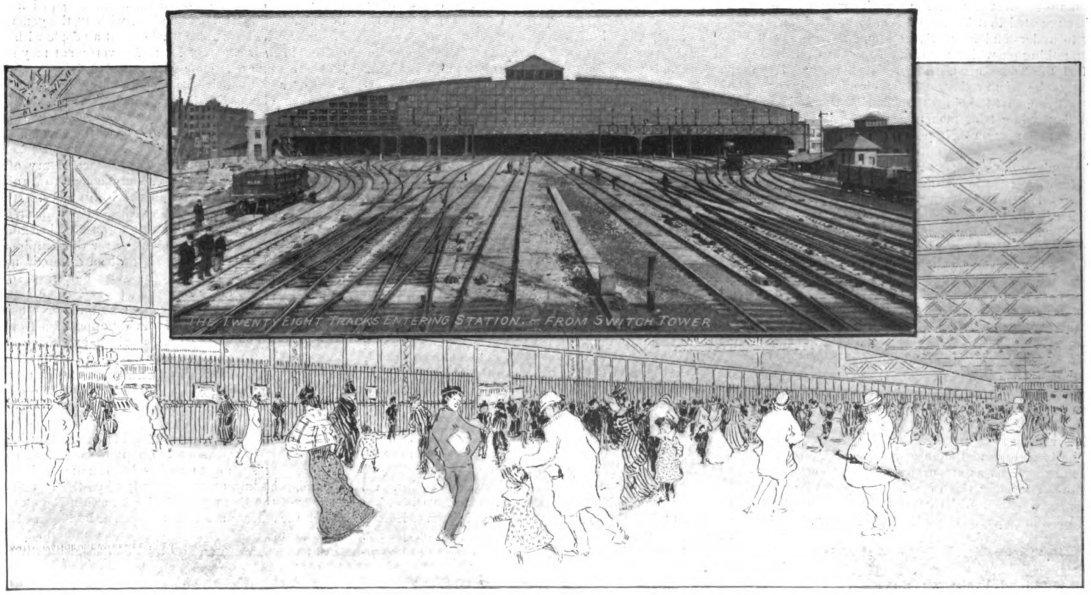
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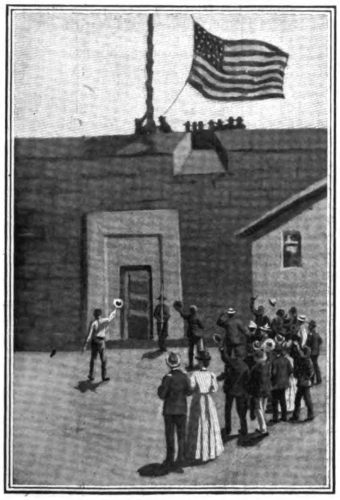


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BOSTON—THE GREAT SOUTH RAILWAY STATION—THE LARGEST IN AMERICA.

From Drawings by W. H. Lawrence and Photographs by N. L. Stebbins.—[See Page 71.]

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RAISING THE FLAG OVER CASTILLO DE LA PUNTA.



AMERICAN OFFICERS' TOASTING THE OLD AND THE NEW YEARS.

Occupation of Havana

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

HAVANA, *January 2, 1899.*

AT precisely eleven o'clock on New-Year's morning the single red and yellow flag flying over the ramparts of Morro Castle was the only sign to show that Spanish sovereignty was still a fact in the island of Cuba.

It was at just about this same hour that Lieutenants Wade and Lee, the two officers appointed to raise the stars and stripes over Morro Castle and Cabañas Fortress respectively, debarked at the landing-place between these two formidable structures, with other officers, and detachments of soldiers from the First North Carolina, the Second Illinois, and the Forty-ninth Iowa.

On reaching the entrance to Morro Castle, Lieutenant Wade, Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie, Major Russell B. Harrison, and the other officers present were received at the entrance to Morro by its governor, Lieutenant José Axnar Sancho, while a guard of Spanish soldiers held outside the Castle the inevitable group of American sight-seers.

The same formalities, with the exception of keeping out American sight-seers, were transpiring over at Cabañas, where Lieutenant Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore, and the other officers were received by Lieutenant José Jiménez Cacho for the governor of Cabañas.

At Morro, Carpenter William MacDonald with several Jackies from the *Resolute* were present for the navy, while at Cabañas it was represented by Ensign Charles Webster, Boatswain William L. Hill, Gunner F. T. Applegate, and several sailors from the *Brooklyn*.

Long before the hour of twelve Lieutenant Lee found that the Spaniards had tied their lanyards into knots, and then cut them in such a manner that it was necessary to have them repaired. This was promptly done by two of the *Brooklyn's* sailors.

Returning to Morro, through the courtesy of Lieutenant Wade I was permitted to pass by the Spanish soldiers guarding the entry up to where the lowering and raising of the flags were to take place.

Up here a separate flag-staff flew signals to show that a Norwegian steamer was standing out to sea, waiting for the tariff to change.

Precisely at noon, as the minute and hour hands met at twelve, a shot from one of the war-ships in the harbor gave the signal, and the Yankee tars under Gunner Applegate over at Cabañas began firing twenty-one guns in salute of the flag of Spain, which United States post-quartermaster Sergeant P. N. Merzig, with the aid of two keepers of the Morro Light, immediately began to lower. Then the Spanish gunners under Lieutenant Cacho over at Cabañas fired twenty-one more guns in salute, while Lieutenant Wade in his full cavalry regimentals began struggling with all his might, as unassisted he hauled up to the loving breezes the largest edition of Old Glory that has ever proclaimed freedom in any land.

To add to the impressiveness of the scene, the soldiers under Major Harrison standing on the ramparts came to present arms, while all the Americans about the Castle



GENERAL BROOKE RECEIVING GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN THE PALACE.
DRAWN BY C. D. GRAVES AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HAVANA—SCENES ATTENDING THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

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sent up three rousing cheers, which were echoed from across the bay on the opposite shore.

When these ceremonies were completed Lieutenant Sancho, in his late quarters, turned over the keys and documents of the Castle to Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie, chief ordnance officer of the United States forces, who thereupon turned the Castle over to Major Russell B. Harrison as provost marshal. Lieutenant R. O. Patterson, of the First North Carolina Regiment, was then left in charge with ten soldiers and a non-commissioned officer until further orders.

Major Harrison, with the officers of his staff, Captain Metcalf and Lieutenant Dority of the 161st Indiana Regiment, after pausing for a few moments below, while the Spanish officers lined up for marching formation, escorted them, with Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie and Lieutenant Wade, over to Cabañas, to complete the ceremonies of the day, and to escort the Spanish officers there to their boats.

At Cabañas we found them waiting in the Cuarto de Banderas (Chamber of Flags).

Lieutenant Wade wanted to become the possessor of the Spanish flag that had been pulled down from over Morro, but here Lieutenant-Colonel Cavestany, the former governor of Cabañas and ranking Spanish officer present, told him that his orders from his commanding general were to take it with him, and that his government would hold him responsible for its safe return to Spain.

The transfer of Cabañas had already taken place, at Lieutenant-Colonel Cavestany's old quarters, where Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore had received and signed for the keys and documents of the fortress.

Here again columns were formed, and between two lines of American soldiers at present arms Colonel Cavestany and Lieutenant Sancho, late governors of Cabañas Fortress and Morro Castle, and their officers and men, passed in review out of the last of Spain's possessions in the New World.

At the landing courteous farewells were exchanged between American and Spanish officers, and under the last Spanish flags flying over military in Havana they put out in small boats for the transport *Buenos Aires*, which shortly after started out of the harbor to carry them home to their native shores.

Bertram A. Marburgh.

MUSIC

PIANISM AND WAGNERISM

"*Beckmesser.* Ein Saueres Amt!"
—*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.*

"*Kitty.* Your Grace loves a play?
"*Duke's Servant.* No—it is dull, old-fashioned entertainment. I 'ates it. *I* p-patronizes the Hopera."
—*High Life Below Stairs.*

IT is not an easy matter for a pianist, even of note, to get a liberal and distinctive hearing in this city after one of our music seasons has fairly run into its middle. Concert interests of the more assured strength and novelty have something of a quiet struggle to hold their own when January is pouring out plentiful handfuls of its operatic and theatrical attractions. Emil Sauer is reckoned by German and English judges a pianist of unquestionable aristocracy in his profession. So high a place, in fact, has been quietly filled by Mr. Sauer during at least ten or twelve years, that it is a little curious to find him such a laggard in trying conclusions with the American public. He is about thirty, a pupil of both the Rubinsteins—and each Rubinstein, not merely Anton, was great. He became, later, something of a Liszt scholar as well. Mr. Sauer has been a "pianists' pianist" in Germany. London has been cordial to him. Meantime, von Bulow, Joseffy, Rümmel, Aus der Ohe, Paderefsky, Rosenthal, Pachmann, Carreno, Busoni, are only a few players of rather particular fame who have come to us, some of them to stay here. But Mr. Sauer has not been drawn till now to the same goal. Since his débuts he has quietly gone about at home confirming his admirable reputation.

Emil Sauer.



EMIL SAUER.



JEAN DE RESZKE AS *TRISTAN*.
Copyright, 1898-99, by Aime Dupont.

Hence Mr. Sauer reaches us in the maturity of the powers that have won him his honors. For all that, as I began to say, it is not an ordinary compliment to New York's knowledge, not just a fact due to New York's amusing curiosity in making comparisons, nor yet only in reward of much tedious puffery from Mr. Sauer's "promoters," that in such a musical mid-winter this remarked artist's first concert here last week drew a large audience into demonstrations not to be excused where the incitement to them is less. From the moment that the odd-looking yet dignified musician sped from the coulisse, slipped unobtrusively to his place, and began that hackworn, tiresome E flat ("Emperor") Concerto of Beethoven, Mr. Sauer cast his own particular spell over the house, no matter who else might have woven artful pianistic ones before him. The effect of the Beethoven Concerto was magical—strangely so. He made it alive, new, interesting. And on through the solos, taken from Bach-Tausig, Schumann, and Chopin—all stock things, if not exactly stale things—the Sauer charm deepened. It culminated in as magnificently elegant, romantic, and yet solid an interpretation of Henselt's Concerto as ever one could hear. The audience applauded again and again. At the end it clattered itself tired, as New York concert crowds delight to do; and so there were two recalls as a final reward. But all the applause was deserved. Mr. Sauer's triumph had been instant and complete. Artistic superiority and truth won it. By-the-bye, the record of the evening must here contain a word praising warmly the brilliant and symmetrical aid, the concert through, of the Paur Orchestra. Mr. Paur received special tributes in his turn. Better playing of Berlioz could not be.

"Are we really likely," I asked a friend, as we came away, "to have a kind of virilized Thalbergism as our next pianistic school? Are we to have at last a fuller recognition of beauty in mere pianism, hand in hand with what liberal measure of emotionality our coming great players shall feel?" It is not wise to predict. Instead, let us hope. Mr. Sauer belongs, in a way, to the Thalbergian school of players. But to all the flashing, limpid dexterity of fingering, the singing quality in melody, a use of the piano's mezza voce that is almost unique just now, the exquisite preciseness of his technical witchery—to all that, Sauer can adjoin at will a rich volume of tone and a masculine vigor and fire that Thalbergism is not careful of illustrating. Thalberg's distinctive style, indeed, was foreign to that kind of art. Yet there is none of that pounding, jangling, roaring, and blurring certain to meet our ears when we listen to—but let me forbear to send shivers through the souls of those to whom certain tall piano kings can do no wrong. Enough to set down that Mr. Sauer is classic rather than otherwise in his quality, yet a genial modernist; that he is more conservative than disturbed in a serene yet sensitive artistic equipoise by mistaken ideas on piano-playing, exemplified of late. Mr. Sauer appears to believe that the piano-forte should be regarded as a musical instrument—mechanical, and hence to be warily managed, limited in its highest qualities—but not a noisy quartz-stamp. Moreover, save for an occasional fillip to our interest in his actual personality—which he gives us by some impulsive movement of his hand or head, or by his cardinal bow—Sauer makes us rather forget Sauer. The Sauer pianism is not acrobatic. The player can sit before the clavier while he is scattering double octaves as quietly as if he were adding up a little bill. He has no Adonisian graces, no charms of person. Instead there are a simplicity and an earnestness about the man that from the moment he gets to his work bespeak a respectful listening. That attention soon becomes enthusiasm for a pianist of the very first musical quality, in whatever Mr. Sauer may set himself to do.

The Piano-forte a Musical Machine.

Have we no need of cuneiform records on baked clay, of Wagnerian cairns, or of monoliths that shall bear for a thousand years our own Nibelungen runes? We need them, if it be true that most contemporary paper is so poorly made as to last only for a century or so. Atop of the memorable "Don Giovanni" performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, to which this department of Harper's Weekly made its grateful acknowledgments last week, have come a historical succession of wonderful Wagnerian afternoons or evenings that should lead the Oldest Inhabitants of New York, by-and-by, to tell incredible tales; tedious in garrulous brag, to all his acquaintances of, let us say, nineteen hundred and ninety-odd. Such a tale could be told of the latest "Tristan and Isolde" afternoon, and of "Lohengrin" on Monday of last week—not to speak of the "Rheingold" of Thursday, when the extra Cyclus of the Tetralogy was sumptuously begun. The most stubborn Wagnerophobe could not but relent in hearing the "Tristan" performance. What is real music from Wagner and true drama *viâ* Wagner was sung in a beauty and power beyond which operatic gifts could not further pass. The *ensemble* of declamation and of acting brought one to forgetting that more or less of the score was not music worthy such enhancement. Mr. Jean de Reszke as *Tristan* has lately surpassed himself in that tremendous part. His portrayal is like a new creation in musical tragedy, each time. Madame Lehmann as *Isolde*, ten years ago, made us forget her eminence in other rôles. But not even then did astonishment at her distinction in it throb so intensely. Mr. Van Rooy is a perfect *Kurvenal*. As for Madame Marie Brema, who has joined Mr. Grau in time for much severe service in her wide repertory, that extremely dramatic contralto is a *Brangäne* whose temperamental intensity composes powerfully into the general "Tristan" picture—to its completeness and with Madame Brema's most potent skill. But on the "Lohengrin" evening a new-coming contralto rose like a star out of the Wagnerian sea. Some weeks ago this journal published an anticipatory note on Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and offered a rather striking portrait of her as *Ortrud*. In that part her later fame has been widening in the German operatic world. Madame Schumann-Heink's first appearance, unfortunately, has been retarded by illness till now. Curiosity has grown more positive meanwhile. The Polish singer has appeared—and already left little to desire. She has a voice that, low, full, and sonorous in general fibre, must class her as a great contralto. Along with it she has a good deal of the dramatic soprano register, by no means secondary in quality. She has a superb diction, a temperament that brings strong action, a stately presence, fine gestures—not too many—changeful force. Altogether, *Ortrud's* malignancy has not been so artistically delineated since Marianne Brandt used to give her thrilling impersonations. As Madame Nordica, the Messrs. De Reszke, and Mr. Bispham were in their finest voices during this "Lohengrin" performance, and as Mr. Schalk was wholly alert, the *ensemble* quality was exceptionally brilliant. The Mozartian value of the season—which partisans in music may call contrasted or concerted, according to their wisdom—has been sustained by "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." In the instance of the former opera the cast was changed only in presenting a new *Cherubino* in the person of Madame Marie Engle. Madame Engle was a pretty page in her *travesti*, and sweet-voiced in singing that engaging youngster's captivating songs about things which, at his tender years, he does not know, though older people do know them. The thoroughly successful début of Madame Suzanne Adams also has occurred as *Juliet*. This happy incident must not be slighted away with a line or so, and hence will be again in reference here.

The Wagner Bulletin.

The Wagnerian planet has tolerated few rival influences lately. The Castle Square Opera Company has invited its rays. Those rays, however, have a certain Röntgen penetrativeness. One can discern conclusively where the anatomy of an operatic organization is sound or is imperfect. The good work of the principals at the American Theatre in the "alternative" casts for this first Wagner venture is not equalled by the choral or orchestral quality of the presentation. Even at the Metropolitan, however, the chorus is not what its burdens demand. But the Castle Square representation is not below the routine service of many small but serious-minded German stock companies. Miss Yvonne de Treville (*Elsa*), Miss MacNichol (*Ortrud*), and Mr. Perry Averill (*Telramund*), the cast that the present writer happened to hear, threw themselves into their work with intelligence, and often with true effects as singers and in impersonaters. Comparatively regarded, "Lohengrin" is a circle that the Castle Square cannot square. Independently of comparisons, neither their attempt nor their deed confounds them. The audiences are overflowing, well pleased, and a good many hundreds of them each night probably are made musically wiser.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.



MARIE ENGLE AS *CHERUBINO*.

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DRAMA



Nathan Hale (Mr. Goodwin). *Alice Adams* (Miss Elliott).

FROM "NATHAN HALE," AS PERFORMED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

WHETHER we care to or not, I am afraid we shall all have to have an opinion, sooner or later, as to whether Mr. David Belasco's version of "Zaza" is moral, and as to whether Mrs. Leslie Carter is the American Bernhardt; and the longer we delay in answering such burning questions, the more distasteful their discussion becomes.

The Story of *Zaza*.

Zaza (Mrs. Carter) is born and bred in the stratum of moral filth that everywhere underlies human society; but she differs from her kind in having a heart unusually large. Because of this heart, in due time she falls in love; and because of her love, being brought face to face with the fact that she is unclean, she gets ambitions. In the end she becomes a woman of power and distinction. We have here the epitome of social evolution; and the scenes through which the playwright presents it are strikingly dramatic. In the first act *Zaza*—a vaudeville star in a provincial theatre—is shown in the exuberance of her native immorality. She has undertaken, on a wager, to exert her powers of seduction over one *Dufrène* (Mr. Charles A. Stevenson), her desire of conquest being whetted by the fact that he is far better and more refined than the usual run of men she has known. After an encounter with him in her stage dressing-room, in which one sees both the strength and the tawdriness of her charms, she succeeds. In the second act, which takes place six months later in a cottage in which she is living with *Dufrène*, it transpires that she is very genuinely in love; but she now discovers that *Dufrène* has a wife and child in Paris. This throws her into a courtesan's rage, and she sets out to make a scene with her rival.

In the third act, at *Dufrène's* house, she falls in with his little daughter *Toto* (Miss Helen Thill), and the same chord that awakened to the father's refinement responds to the daughter's innocence and sweetness. She gets away without betraying what she is. The fourth act is the master moment of the play. *Zaza* is now bent on making a scene with *Dufrène* when he comes to see her again, but at sight of him her love a second time proves the stronger motive, and she welcomes him. Little by little, however, in a series of admirable passages that show the awakening of the social sense, her jealousy of the wife's gentility and respectability shows itself, and she finally comes out with it all plainly. He accuses her angrily of having betrayed him to his wife; and in vulgar resentment of his anger she says she has. His rage at this discovers the real man, selfish and unloving, and though he softens when he knows the truth, and asks for pardon, she sends him away from her. In the fifth act one sees that the struggle she has undergone has developed her temperamentally as in womanly character. She has become a great artist, and has taken Paris by storm. In the French version (by Simon and Berton) she does not, it is said, wholly quit the sphere of morals to which she was born. Mr. Belasco has made her read an excellent moral lesson to *Dufrène*, and send him back to his wife and child.

The dramatic motive reminds one of many plays, notably "Camille," and the chief situation—the one in which *Dufrène*, in his brute fear at being discovered, turns against her—is at bottom the same as in the similar crisis in "The Doll's House." Yet in texture the play is a thing by itself, vigorously and independently conceived in the main, and worked out with great structural skill. In the conception I suspected a single flaw. It does not appear that *Dufrène* knows or cares for *Zaza's* rare sincerity of heart; so that to explain why a man of his fibre is attracted by so vulgar a woman we are to suppose—at least, as the play is acted at the Garrick—that in such matters all men are reduced to their lowest terms—a violent assumption, especially in the case of a nation among whom vice has been so refined that by contrast virtue often appears underbred. As for the structure of the play, it is perhaps a weakness to give over the last act to a mere verbal explanation of the change that has taken place in *Zaza*. Such flaws, if they are flaws, are trifling; no worse than are to be found in the best of the plays one sees—in "Cyrano," in "Catherine." In vigor of motive and skill in execution "Zaza" is one of the very ablest plays of a season that has been so rich and varied in good plays.

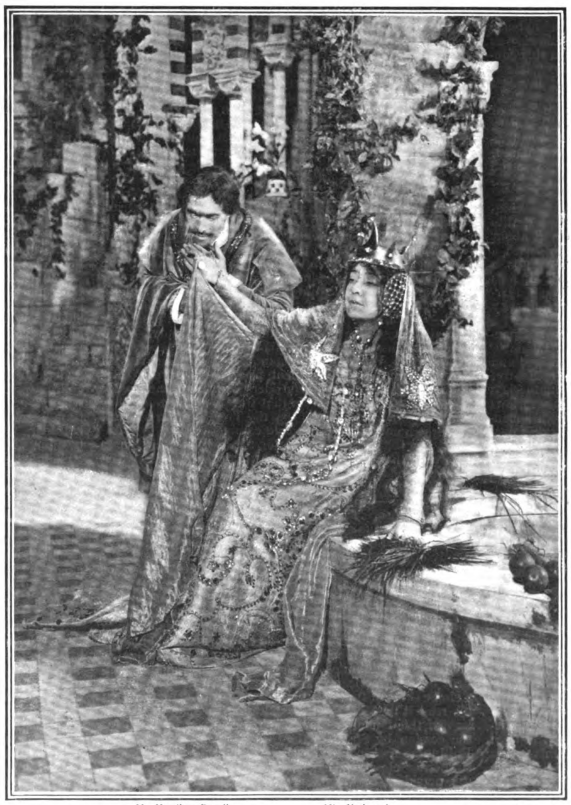
"Zaza" as a Play.

Those who turn away from "Zaza" on moral grounds are not, I suspect, very clear in their conception of what morality is. The play is certainly not seemly. In the first act, especially, one's nose is rubbed in the social mire. But that does not endear the social mire! Rightly considered, nothing is immoral—however plainly it shows the licentiousness that still clings to the race—which does not tend to pervert our ideas of right living. "Zaza" is the epitome of morality in that it shows us how the rankness of human nature may be redeemed by the power of sincere love. This love of one woman for one man lies at the root of all social morality. If the play has an immoral moment, it is that in the last act when Mr. Belasco tries to make us believe that the social evolution which it has taken the race æons to get at—and then so very imperfectly—can be reached in one lifetime. His fault is akin to that Dumas committed in his moral whitewashing of *Camille*. He is justified by the stupidity of the Anglo-Saxon moral sense! To any one who does not stop to think, Mr. Belasco's last act is highly inspiring. The ending of the Simon-Berton version, if not more moral, is at least more true. It has the one austere virtue of modern French art—a regard for the truth of physiological psychology. In the main, however, Mr. Belasco's version is as true to the motives that underlie society as it is rich and vigorous; and when a work of art is thus true, it may be unseemly as you will, but it can scarcely be immoral.

The Immorality of "Zaza."

Mrs. Carter's conception of *Zaza* is perhaps, in one or two points, open to question. In his anger at *Zaza's* supposed betrayal, *Dufrène* calls her "tawdry, vulgar, low, betinselled." Mrs. Carter accepts this description of *Zaza's* manners literally. She is so tawdry and betinselled that the eyes get sore in watching her; she is so low and vulgar in the commoner workings of her nature that one may quite reasonably, if he chooses, refuse to spend an evening in the same theatre. In a large measure the play requires that she be so; but the French authors have been so skilful and sane in other matters, that they must have meant her to have some little charm of manner or of mind that would attract a man of taste, such as *Dufrène* obviously is. Granted Mrs. Carter's conception, she impersonates it to the life; it is a marvel to see how many kinds of tawdriness and vulgarity, distinctly and finely discriminated, one woman can show. For the emotional passages there is nothing but praise. Her impulses are rank and strong, whether they are of love or of rage; but when the moment comes for one to see the depth of her heart, the simple power of her aspirations—they are there. And her expression is as well modulated as it is true. In the scene at *Dufrène's* house one is insensibly led to forget *Zaza*, and to follow the pretty acting of the child *Toto;* but when one does catch a glimpse of *Zaza's* face, it is a revelation. Though motionless, it is wrenched and scarred by her silent pain; throughout the act one feels, almost unconsciously, the heart-break that is impending. And when the crisis comes, the power that has been held in reserve breaks out all the more wonderfully. In her methods Mrs. Carter reminds one somewhat of Bernhardt; but she is at most a Bernhardt of low life. She lacks the refining power of imagination. Yet what she has done is so true in expression that it is wiser to make no comparison, and to trust to Mr. Belasco's training, that has carried her already so far, to carry her farther.

Mrs. Carter as *Zaza*.



Mr. Hamilton Revelle. Miss Nethersole.

THE SCENE AT THE WELL, IN "THE TERMAGANT," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

"The Termagant" at Wallack's Theatre is by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, the authors of the comedy "Rosemary," that Miss Maude Adams and Mr. John Drew graced with their acting; and to the futility and sentimentality of "Rosemary," "The Termagant" adds the indiscretion of blank verse. *Beatrix*, the Termagant, is a fusion of *Katherine* and *Juliet*. Her *Benedick-Romeo* is a sailor under Columbus, named *Roderigo*, who has returned from the New World. The main motive is so good that it does not need to be new, and the environment is both romantic and fresh; but the play has the structure of a jelly-fish. The first act is mainly given over to Miss Nethersole and her termaganting, which wearies one, because, as the main action has not been broached, she has really nothing to be excited about. After the second act the termagant motive is spent, and we have a series of Spanish intrigues, furthered by treachery and a poisoned ring, the impossibility of which would have put to the blush the father of all Tragedy of Blood, Thomas Kyd himself. As for the convention of blank verse, it would perhaps not be safe to say that it is dead to the English stage, though of late years only one play in blank verse, Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," has survived. Certainly if we have verse it should be written as Gilbert wrote it, as Shakspere wrote it—in the idiom of his time. The language of "The Termagant" is a clumsy and prosy imitation of the language of Elizabethan England. The only really commendable moment in the play occurred in the second act, "The Well." Here, in a scene at once amusing and impassioned, the shrew is tamed, and *Katherine* becomes *Juliet*.

"The Termagant."

The worst of such a play is that it gives full scope to Miss Nethersole's weaknesses. In her best moments she has great histrionic talent—that is self-evident. When she is blessed with a play in which the situations are true and admit of a vigorous rendering, her acting is broad and impassioned. But she has not yet the individuality of temperament that enables an actress to do an indifferent part with distinction. When re-enforced by the artificiality of "The Termagant," the artificiality of her manner is painful as only misdirected genius can be.

JOHN CORBIN.

Miss Nethersole at her Worst.

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THE MAKING OF THE PEACE TREATY

By A. W. Fergusson, Interpreter to the Peace Commission

THE signing of a treaty of peace between two great nations always marks an epoch in history. Ordinarily it means the changing of nationality of thousands of individuals—their re-creation, so to speak—the recasting of maps, the making or unmaking of nations.

Therefore it has been that not only Spain and the United States, but a watching world waited in anxiety and in patience for daily news from Paris during the peace negotiations which culminated in the signing of a treaty on the night of December 10 last.

Socially the two sets of commissioners saw but little of each other, the etiquette of the occasion forbidding it. The Spanish commissioners arrived the day following the American. There was then a formal exchange of cards. The presentation to the President of the French Republic of both bodies at the same hour; a breakfast by M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs; a dinner by our own ambassador to both commissions; a meeting at a matinée given by *Le Figaro*, and the reception by the President of France on the occasion of his investiture by the Spanish government with the Order of the Golden Fleece—tells the whole story of their social meetings.

Apart from the interest which attaches to the personal and individual characteristics of the ten men composing the Hispano-American Peace Commission, as a body they represented on the one side a youthful country courageously accepting its destiny among nations, though thereby it turned aside from a beaten track and assumed new and tremendous responsibilities; on the other side was a nation of age, a power that had been, taking another step in the path of decline, yet as bravely yielding to her fate as though, like the nation represented across the board, she were victor.

Whatever may be said by the historian of the future, of the Paris Peace Commission, he may not say that there was any cringing, or pusillanimity, or lack of courage or nerve shown on either side.

Apart from one or two natural outbursts from the president of the Spanish commission when it seemed to him as if the American demands were excessive, it may be safely said that never was more nerve or greater courage shown on the field of battle than that exhibited by the negotiators at Paris.

Don Eugenio Montero Rios, president of the Spanish commission, is slight of figure, a little below the average height, with the stooping shoulders and pallor of the student. His years number nearly seventy. He rarely smiles, though when engaged in debate his eye brightens up, and may glisten with intensity of feeling or flash defiance under provocation. His speech, save in moments of excitement, is measured and his words well chosen. He is not an orator. His perceptive qualities are remarkably developed, and he is a trained, sagacious, and profound lawyer. He is never at a loss for an answer, and his colleagues from beyond the Pyrenees looked to him always for guidance and support. In short, Señor Rios is a typical Spaniard of the old school, inspiring respect and well deserving the full confidence of his government. A quotation from the *Heraldo de Madrid* of October 8, 1898, will not be amiss in this connection: "'There goes Montero Rios,' said the Government, and so saying meant that Spain was playing her last card."

Señor José de Garnica, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Spain, and Deputy to the Cortes, resembles more than any of his companions the Spanish-American type. His voice is low and well modulated, and he uses it with a deliberation seldom noticed on the Iberian Peninsula. He is one of the leading international lawyers and political economists of Spain.

Señor Buenaventura Abarzuza, a Senator of the kingdom, is a life-long friend and warm adherent of Emilio Castelar, the great Spanish orator. He is a man of about fifty six years of age, above the medium height, with a pleasing presence and attractive personality. He is a man of culture and refinement, and is one of Spain's most eloquent orators. He speaks English with considerable readiness, and has many traits which win popularity and esteem.

Señor Don Wenceslao Ramirez de Villa-Urrutia, Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Belgians, is a lawyer and professor of jurisprudence, a trained and polished diplomat, speaking several languages fluently, among them the English, and has received numberless decorations from many crowned heads for meritorious services. He is about forty-six years of age, with a slender figure, erect carriage, and a remarkably engaging personality.

Don Rafael Cerero y Saenz is a Major-General of Engineers in the Spanish army, and possessed of scientific attainments which have conquered for him great prominence in the peninsula and its former colonies. He spent fourteen years of his life in Cuba and four in the Philippines, where are to be seen evidences of his skill in the way of military roads, bridges, and fortifications.

Pursuant to the terms of the Protocol of Washington, of August 12, 1898, the first meeting of the joint commission was held on October 1. The American and Spanish commissioners met at two o'clock on the afternoon of that day, in the *Salle des Conférences* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at the Quai d'Orsay. The American commissioners ranged themselves on the side of the table next the windows looking out upon the garden of the Foreign Office, while the Spaniards occupied seats facing them. The secretary of each commission sat upon either side of the writer, who, as an interpreter, occupied the head of the table.

Immediately after the full powers of all the commissioners had been exhibited, the joint commission at once entered upon its labors. The Spanish commissioners were the first to open the proceedings. At this time there were only twelve present, as Secretary Ojeda of the Spanish commission did not appear until the third session. It was an interesting moment for the American representatives when the president of the Spanish commission drew from his portfolio a manuscript document and presented it to his American colleague. When it had been read and interpreted, it was discovered to be a tentative attempt on the part of the Iberian diplomats to discover the intentions of the United States with respect to the Philippine archipelago. The American commissioners, however, had framed a different programme, and had determined to take the subjects up in the order of the Protocol, which, so far as the first two articles were concerned, they considered as an executory contract, the provisions of which must be taken up and finally settled seriatim before matters which that instrument had submitted to the joint commission for discussion and determination should be considered. At the next session the American commissioners presented their reply, declining to discuss the proposition of the Spanish commission, and also a draft of two articles by them proposed to be embodied in the treaty of peace. These articles were drawn on the lines of the Protocol, and their substance was never thereafter departed from by the Americans throughout the long and wearisome debates, even when a rupture of the negotiations was threatened; and they now appear in almost identical form as the first and second articles of the definitive treaty before the United States Senate.

At the third conference, held October 7, the Spanish commissioners rejected the American proposals and presented counter-propositions. Here it was that the great bone of contention was first brought upon the scene—the Cuban debt. From this session until the tenth, held on October 27, the time of both commissions was taken up in filing memoranda and replies, propositions and counter-propositions, page upon page of type-written and manuscript matter, and in discussing the question from every point of view. The debates were always conducted through the interpreter, and in a spirit of the greatest moderation and courtesy on both sides. Sessions, which had first lasted an hour or two, were lengthened out to four and five hours; every argument that legal acumen or subtlety could suggest was advanced by the Spaniards; but the Americans were inflexible. Precedent after precedent was set up by the Iberians, only to be shorn of force and pertinency by the representatives of the United States. Arbitration was suggested, the temporary passing over of this subject and the taking up of other points of the Protocol was insinuated, but all unavailingly. Firmly, unflinchingly, the American commissioners held their ground. The future at times looked foreboding, the failure of the negotiations and renewal of hostilities seemed imminent, but the unwavering attitude of the American commissioners, who had afforded their Spanish opponents every latitude in the way of argument and appeal, brought the latter to a realization of a fact to which they had been, wittingly or unwittingly, blind—that the United States did not propose sacrificing any of the fruits of victory, however much they might be swayed by sentiments of consideration for a fallen foe. And at length a faint ray of light glimmered through the surrounding gloom. It was at the end of a protracted session that a rather dramatic incident occurred. The debate on the question of "the debt following the territory" had been on for hours; it seemed that no phase of it had not been treated fully, and patience was showing signs of fatigue, when, with considerable feeling, Señor Montero Rios remarked that the United States was treating Spain with greater harshness than Russia had treated Turkey, and added that any relinquishment of sovereignty over Cuba by Spain must embrace an obligation as to debts. The feeling and emphasis with which this statement was made produced a momentary impression that a point had been reached where one or the other party must yield or the negotiations would fail. After a slight pause the president of the American commission, entirely ignoring the reference to Russia, inquired, in a somewhat informal manner, as though not fully realizing the immense importance of the question, "Does the president of the Spanish commission intend to say that the Spanish commissioners will refuse to consider any articles as to Cuba and Puerto Rico which contain no provision for the assumption of indebtedness by the United States, or Cuba, or both?" The question was interpreted, and instantly every member of the Spanish commission turned toward their president, as though simultaneously moved by a sudden impulse, and bided his reply. Montero Rios is a man of nerve; his features are subservient to his will. Without an instant's hesitation he replied that he was not at the moment prepared to give a categorical answer, but would consider the question, and reply at the next session. From that time forward the writer never wavered in his belief that the Treaty of Paris would be borne home by the American commission.

At the following session the Spanish commissioners presented their reply to the question propounded by the president of the American commission, which was to the effect that they accepted the articles previously presented by the latter—provisionally, subject to the conclusion of a treaty of peace. Nevertheless, they revived the subject at every opportunity thereafter, for it was the great thorn in their side for the extracting of which they would have gladly ceded every colonial possession.

It was at the eleventh session, held on October 31, that the purposes of the United States regarding the Philippine Islands were first made known to the Spanish commissioners. The American commissioners no doubt felt some anxiety as to the outcome of this meeting, although when they took their seats at the conference table no outward evidence of it was apparent. Immediately after the reading of the minutes of the preceding session, the president of the American commission handed the interpreter a single sheet of type-written matter, with the request that he read it first in English and then in Spanish. As is known, this innocent-appearing paper was a proposal for the cession by Spain to the United States of the entire Philippine archipelago. While delivering it in Spanish the writer closely watched the effect of his words upon the president of the Spanish commission; but Montero Rios's self-possession never forsook him. When the reading had been finished and the document reposed in his hands, he expressed himself, with the utmost deliberation and airy unconcern, as follows: "As the president of the American commission has remarked, this is a subject of capital importance, and requires some deliberation. We therefore ask that an adjournment be taken, so as to give us an opportunity of examining the proposition, and to decide *either to accept it as presented*, or, perhaps, to offer counter-proposals." This evidence of the speaker's self-control rather nonplussed the American commissioners, who had anticipated a display of well-simulated surprise and astonishment; but the doughty hidalgo's astuteness had been acquired in the school of diplomacy; and, besides, he was a Spaniard.

During the next three weeks there were held three sessions, taken up with the filing of counter-proposals, memoranda, replies, and the discussion of the Philippine question. Again did the Spaniards bring forward every argument in support of their contention that the sovereignty of these islands had never been brought into question, and again offered to submit the matter to arbitration. It seemed to the American commissioners that differences would once more jeopardize the successful outcome of the negotiations; so, finally, at the fifteenth session, held on November 21, they presented a long memorandum, the last seven pages of which were interpreted to the Spanish commissioners, as they set forth what has been termed the American ultimatum, which gave the Spaniards a week within which to accept or reject the terms of the American commissioners. Here for the first time Montero Rios allowed his excitement momentarily to gain the ascendency over his usual placidity. When the interpreter had finished he exclaimed, in a somewhat excited manner: "If the document now presented contained only what has just been interpreted, I would be prepared to give an answer now; but as it contains much more matter, which courtesy demands we should examine, we shall need time to do this; but we do not need a week; no. Our answer will be ready by day after to-morrow." However expressive of Señor Rios's own sentiments this ebullition may have been, the fact is that the Spanish reply accepting the terms was not filed until the day named in the memorandum. During the interval there is no doubt that the president of the Spanish commission urged Señor Sagasta to permit him to resign and return home; but the Premier was obdurate, although Señor Rios demanded that he receive the unanimous instructions of the Council of Ministers to sign the treaty before he consented to proceed with the negotiations. The instructions were forthcoming.

It need hardly be added that the week from November 21 to 28, during which three separate offers of compromise were received from the Spanish commissioners, was one of intense anxiety to the American commissioners, and it was with a feeling that the crisis had passed that they hailed the Spanish acceptance of their terms, presented at the sixteenth session, on the last date above mentioned.

During the succeeding sessions, with the exception of the last, the usual calmness characteristic of Señor Montero Rios was noticeably absent. He was ill at ease, and seemed to be as anxious as the Americans to bring matters to a close, though for five sessions he argued on minor matters, which were deemed by either side to be pertinent to the issue and proper for embodiment in the treaty, with his accustomed tenacity and skill. At the session held on November 6 a number of articles proposed by the Spanish commissioners were under discussion. Among them was one referring to the disaster, in the harbor of Havana, to the battle-ship *Maine*, of sad memory, which proposed that the responsibility for the explosion be fixed by an international board composed of naval experts. The American commissioners rejected this article, remarking that the United States government, as well as they themselves, considered the *Maine* incident as closed. This remark, innocent in itself, had an electrical effect upon Señor Montero Rios. He sat upright in his chair, his face flushed, and his eyes snapped defiance. "How is it, if the United States government considers the incident as closed," he said, "that the President of the United States, in his message read to Congress on yesterday, again alluded to it in terms derogatory to Spain?"

The president of the American commission replied that the American commissioners had not perused the President's message, and did not desire to discuss the matter. The Spaniard answered, "Well, I have read it, and I have copied the part to which I refer, and I have it in my pocket," at the same time striking his left breast with his right hand an energetic blow. The president of the American commission quietly rejoined that he and his colleagues did not wish to pursue the subject further, when, with a muttered "I shall discuss it at the proper time," Señor Montero Rios resumed his usual position in his chair. He did again allude to it in the last paper filed by him, which has been termed by the Spanish press his "eloquent protest."

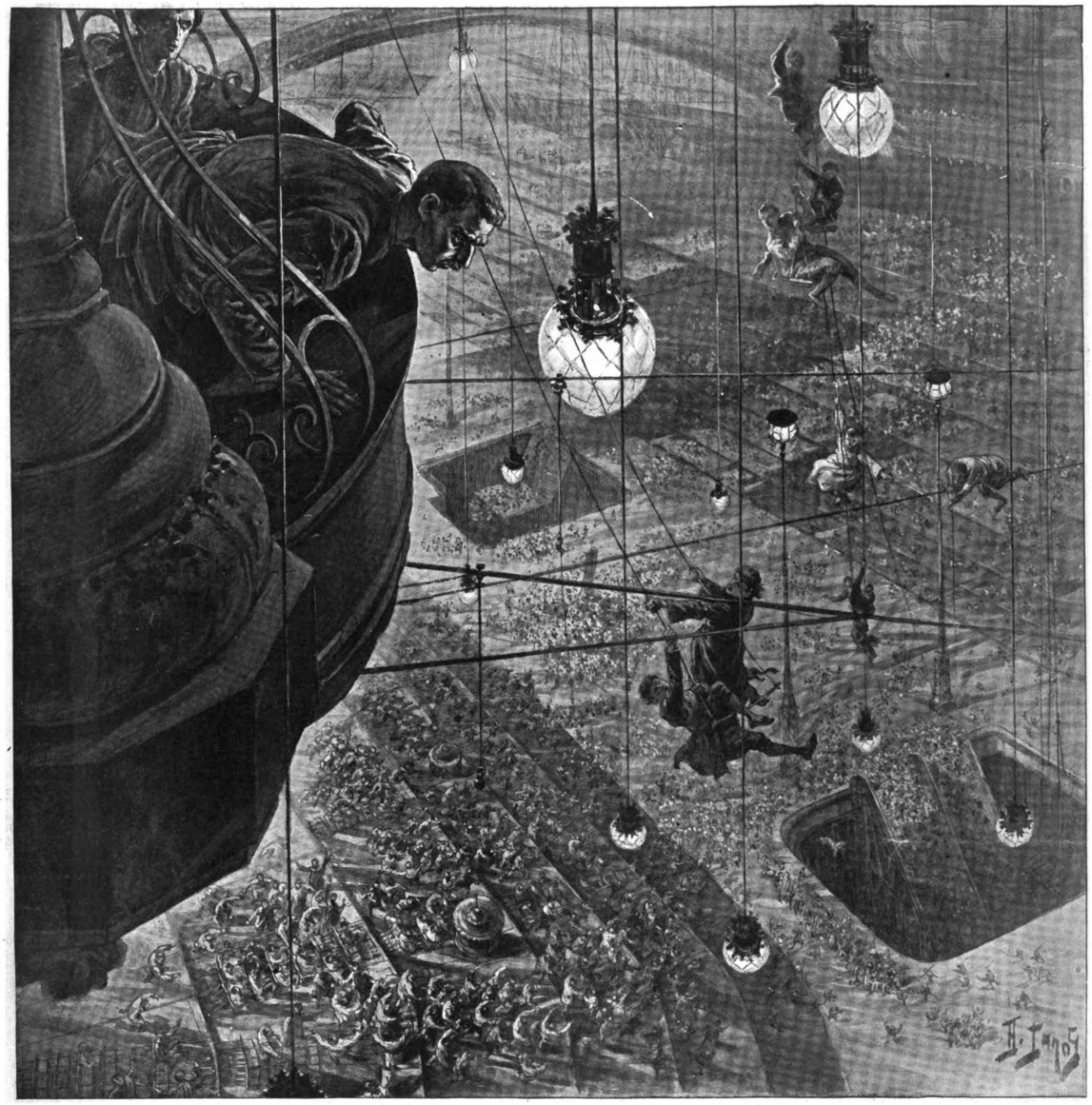
The final scenes of the negotiations were enacted on the afternoon and evening of December 10. The joint commission met at 3.30 o'clock, and brought all formal business, other than the signing of the treaty, to a close by the reading and approving of protocol No. 22.

The engrossing of the treaty, which had been in hand the greater part of the day, not being completed, compliments were exchanged by the commissioners on both sides, who expressed their sense of the thoroughness, learning, ability, and undeviating courtesy of the opponents, and a recess was taken until 7.30 in the evening.

An hour beyond this time, in the chamber which had been the theatre of their ten weeks' labor, dimly lighted by the oil-lamps which rested on the long tables, the ten commissioners affixed their signatures to the Treaty of Paris, whereby the United States of America was transformed at a bound into a world power of the first magnitude, while Spain was reduced to a continental and exclusively European state.

The scene was an impressive one, and when one considers all that had led up to it and was behind it, it became dramatic in the extreme. Sympathy for the Spaniard as he signed away his patrimony was perhaps the prevailing sentiment, yet the memory of oppression and wrongs suffered at the hand of Spain through the centuries made equally prominent that other thought that "epics written in blood unjustly spilt are denounced by history, and will surely be avenged by time!"

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War-of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

GRAHAM lifted his arm, and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch, and then the other. His head no longer swam. He could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs.

The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thick-set man, and a lean, gray-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein.

"This is the tailor," said the thick-set man, with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here. But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor.

The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered, sire," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thick-set man.

He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, sire, in a period essentially cylindrical—the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now—" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and, behold—a little figure in white appeared, kinetoscope fashion, on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish-white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said.

The thick-set man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham.

"We have very little time," he said.

"Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?"

"What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century.

"In your days they showed you a fashion plate," said the tailor, "but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolution, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on the dial. The tailor was very quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

It rumbled again, and a crop-haired, staring, anæmic lad, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared, together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine, and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones, with words Graham did not recognize. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms, terminating in little disks, pulling them out until the disks were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder-blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck, and so forth, so that at last there were perhaps twoscore of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time some other person entered the room, by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers, and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw over the rim of the glass a pale-faced young man regarding him with a singular fixity.

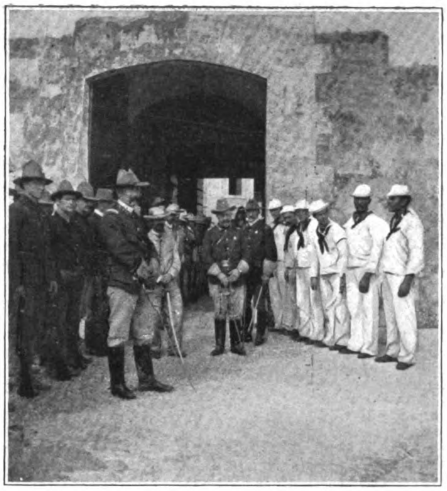
The thick-set man had been pacing the room fretfully, and now turned and went through the archway towards the balcony, from which the noise of a distant crowd still came in gusts and cadences. The crop-headed lad handed the tailor a roll of the bluish satin, and the two began fixing this in the mechanism in a manner reminiscent of a roll of paper in a nineteenth-century printing-machine.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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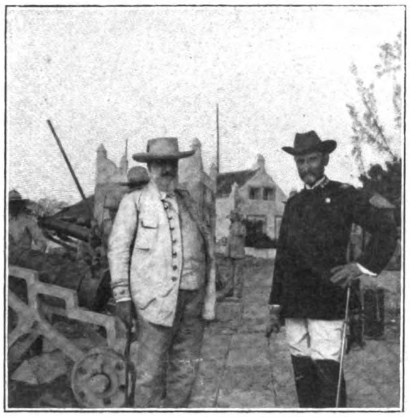
THE ESCORT MARCHING DOWN FROM MORRO.



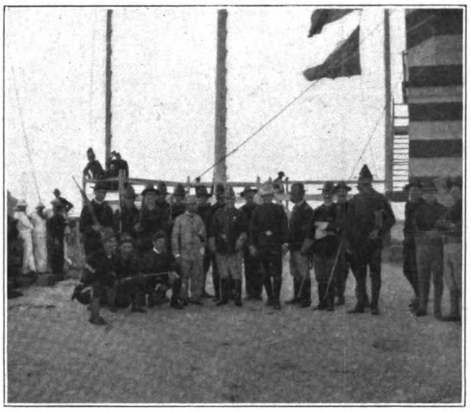
SCENE ON MORRO CASTLE JUST BEFORE NOON.



SPANISH SOLDIERS AND ESCORT MA



LIEUT.-COL. CAVESTANY AND LIEUT.-COL. LIVERMORE, U.S.V., AT CABAÑAS.



PREPARING TO MARCH FROM MORRO TO CABAÑAS.



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG OV

Photograph



UNITED STATES TROOPS COMING DOWN MONTE STREET TO TAKE PART IN THE CEREMONIES.

Photograph by S. A. Cohner.



HOW FOUR MAJOR-GENERALS VIEWED THE PROCESSION.



CO



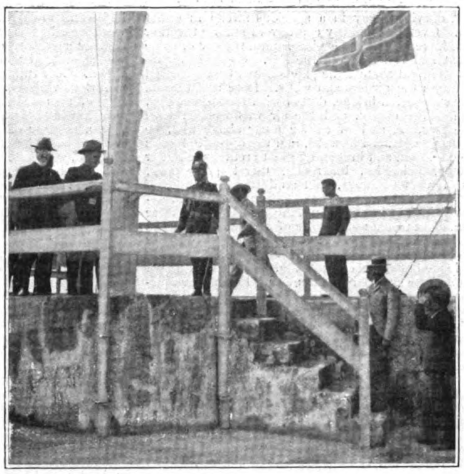
SPANIS

HAVANA—SCENES ATTENDING THE EVACUATION O

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DOWN FROM MORRO CASTLE.



LIEUT. WADE, U.S.V., MAKING THE LANYARD FAST.



ON THE FLAG PLATFORM, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FLAG-RAISING.



VALE, ESPAÑA!



PREPARING FOR THE SALUTE AT CABAÑAS.



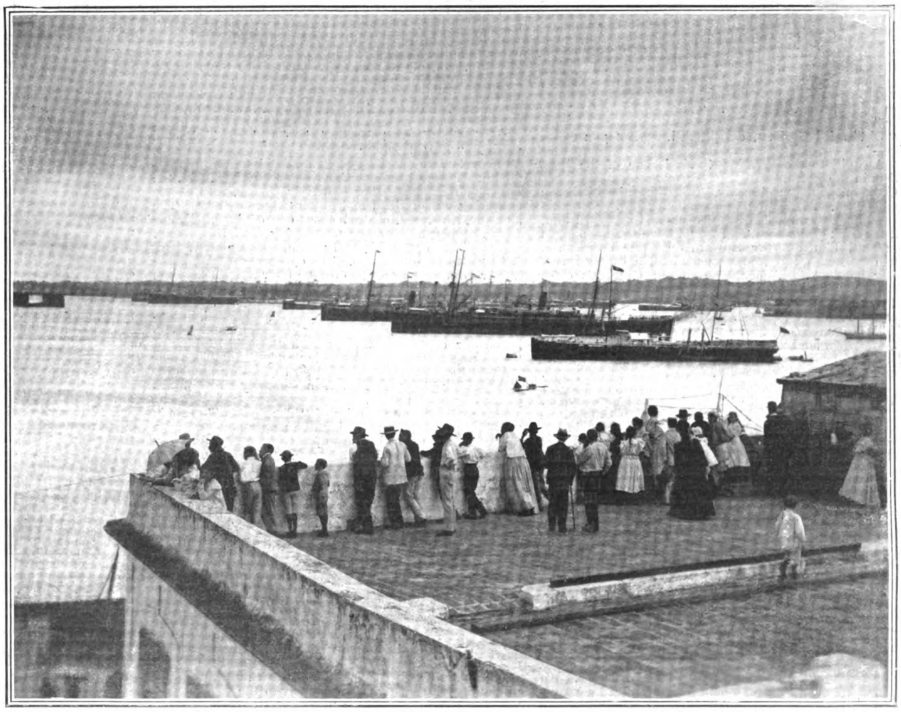
CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.



VIEW THE CEREMONIES.



RS BOUND FOR TRANSPORT.



VIEWING THE HARBOR FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.
Photograph by S. A. Cohner.

CITY BY THE SPANISH TROOPS.—[See Page 61.]

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Then they ran the entire thing on its easy, noiseless bearings across the room to a remote corner, where a twisted cable looped rather gracefully from the wall. They made some connection, and the machine became energetic and swift.

"What is that doing?" asked Graham, pointing with the empty glass to the busy figures, and trying to ignore the scrutiny of the new-comer. "Is that—some sort of force—laid on?"

"Yes," said the man with the flaxen beard.

"Who is *that?*" He indicated the archway behind him.

The man in purple stroked his little beard, hesitated, and answered in an undertone: "He is Howard, your chief guardian. You see, sire—it's a little difficult to explain. The Council appoints a guardian and assistants. This hall has, under certain restrictions, been public. In order that people might satisfy themselves. We have barred the doorways for the first time. But I think—if you don't mind I will leave him to explain."

"Odd!" said Graham. "Guardian? Council?" Then, turning his back on the new-comer, he asked, in an undertone: "Why is this man *glaring* at me? Is he a mesmerist?"

"Mesmerist! He is a capillotomist."

"Capillotomist!"

"Yes—one of the chief. His yearly fee is sixdoz lions."

It sounded sheer nonsense. Graham snatched at the last phrase with an unsteady mind. "Sixdoz lions?" he said.

"Didn't you have lions? I suppose not. You had the old pounds? They are our monetary units."

"But what was that you said—sixdoz?"

"Yes. Six dozen, sire. Of course things, even these little things, have altered. You lived in the days of the decimal system, the Arab system—tens, and little hundreds and thousands. We have eleven numerals now. We have single figures for both ten and eleven, two figures for a dozen, and a dozen dozen make a gross—a great hundred, you know—a dozen gross a dozand, and a dozand dozand a myriad. Very simple?"

"I suppose so," said Graham. "But about this cap—What was it?"

The man with the flaxen beard glanced over his shoulder.

"Here are your clothes," he said. Graham turned round sharply, and saw the tailor standing at his elbow, smiling, and holding some palpably new garments over his arm. The crop-headed boy, by means of one finger, was impelling the complicated machine towards the lift by which he had arrived. Graham stared at the completed suit. "You don't mean to say—!".

"Just made," said the tailor. He dropped the garments at the feet of Graham, walked to the bed on which Graham had so recently been lying, flung out the translucent mattress, and turned up the looking-glass. As he did so a furious bell summoned the thick-set man to the corner. The man with the flaxen beard rushed across to him and then hurried out by the archway.

The tailor was assisting Graham into a dark purple combination garment, stockings, vest, and pants in one, as the thick-set man came back from the corner to meet the man with the flaxen beard returning from the balcony. They began speaking quickly in an undertone; their bearing had an unmistakable quality of anxiety. Over the purple under-garment came a complex but graceful garment of bluish-white, and Graham was clothed in the fashion once more, and saw himself sallow-faced, unshaven, and shaggy still, but at least naked no longer, and in some indefinable, unprecedented way graceful.

"I must shave," he said, regarding himself in the glass.

"In a moment," said Howard.

The persistent stare ceased. The young man closed his eyes, reopened them, and, with a lean hand extended, advanced on Graham. Then he stopped, with his hand slowly gesticulating, and looked about him.

"A seat," said Howard, impatiently, and in a moment the flaxen-bearded man had a chair behind Graham. "Sit down, please," said Howard.

Graham hesitated, and in the other hand of the wild-eyed man he saw the glint of steel.

"Don't you understand, sire?" cried the flaxen-bearded man, with hurried politeness. "He is going to cut your hair."

"Oh!" cried Graham, enlightened. "But you called him—"

"A capillotomist—precisely! He is one of the finest artists in the world."

Graham sat down abruptly. The flaxen-bearded man disappeared. The capillotomist came forward with graceful gestures, examined Graham's ears and surveyed him, felt the back of his head, and would have sat down again to regard him but for Howard's audible impatience. Forthwith, with rapid movements and a succession of deftly handled implements, he shaved Graham's chin, clipped his mustache, and cut and arranged his hair. All this he did without a word, with something of the rapt air of a poet inspired. And as soon as he had finished, Graham was handed a pair of shoes.

Suddenly a loud voice shouted—it seemed from a piece of machinery in the corner: "At once—at once. The people know all over the city. Work is being stopped. Work is being stopped. Wait for nothing, but come."

This shout appeared to perturb Howard exceedingly. By his gestures it seemed to Graham that he hesitated between two directions. Abruptly he went towards the corner where the apparatus stood about the little crystal ball. As he did so the undertone of tumultuous shouting from the archway that had continued during all these occurrences rose to a mighty sound, roared as if it were sweeping past, and fell again as if receding swiftly. It drew Graham after it by an irresistible attraction of amazement and curiosity. He glanced at the thick-set man, and then obeyed his natural impulse. In two strides he was down the steps and in the passage, and in a score he was out upon the balcony upon which the three men had been standing.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOVING WAYS.

His first impression was one of overwhelming astonishment at the greatness of the architecture that opened out as he came down the passage. He went to the railings of the balcony and leaned forward. An exclamation of surprise at his appearance, and the movements of a number of people came up from the spacious area below.

The place into which he looked was an aisle of titanic buildings, curving away in a spacious sweep in either direction. Overhead mighty cantilevers sprang together across the huge width of the place, and a tracery of some translucent material shut out the sky. Gigantic globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires. Here and there a gossamer suspension-bridge, dotted with foot-passengers, flung across the chasm, and the air was webbed with slender cables. A cliff of edifice hung above him, he perceived as he glanced upward, and the opposite façade was gray and dim, and broken by great archings, circular perforations, balconies, buttresses, turret projections, myriads of vast windows, and an intricate scheme of architectural relief. Athwart these, horizontally and obliquely, ran inscriptions in an unfamiliar lettering. Here and there, close to the roof, cables of a peculiar stoutness were fastened, and drooped in a steep curve to circular openings on the opposite side of the space, and even as Graham looked at them a remote and tiny figure of a man clad in pale blue arrested his attention. He was far overhead across the space, beside the higher fastening of one of these festoons, hanging forward from a little ledge of masonry, and handling some wellnigh invisible strings dependent from the line. Then suddenly, with a swoop that sent Graham's heart into his mouth, this man had rushed down the curve and vanished through a round opening on the hither side of the way.

Graham had been looking up as he came out upon the balcony, and the things he saw above and opposed to him had at first seized his attention, to the exclusion of anything else. But suddenly he discovered the roadway! It was not a roadway at all, as Graham understood such things, for in the nineteenth century the only roads and streets were beaten tracks of motionless earth, jostling rivulets of vehicles between narrow footways. But this roadway was three hundred feet across, and it moved; it moved, all save the middle, the lowest part. For a moment the motion dazzled his mind. Then he understood.

Under the balcony this extraordinary roadway ran swiftly to Graham's right, an endless flow rushing along as fast as a nineteenth-century express train, an endless platform of narrow, transverse, overlapping rods, with little interspaces that permitted it to follow the curvature of the street. Upon it were seats, and here and there little kiosks, but they swept by too swiftly for him to see what might be therein. From the nearest and swiftest platform a series of others descended to the centre. Each moved to the right, each perceptibly slower than the one above it, but the difference in pace was small enough to permit any one to step from any platform to the one adjacent, and so to walk uninterruptedly from the swiftest to the motionless middle space. Beyond the middle space was another series of endless platforms rushing with varying speed to Graham's left; and seated in crowds upon the widest and swiftest two platforms, or stepping from one to another down the steps, or swarming over the central space, was an innumerable and wonderfully diversified multitude of people.

"You must not stop here!" shouted Howard, suddenly at his side. "You must come away! you must come away!"

Graham made no answer. He heard without hearing. The current on the platforms ran with a roar, and the people were shouting. He perceived women and girls with flowing hair, beautifully robed, with bands crossing between the breasts. These first came out of the confusion. Then he perceived that the dominant note in that kaleidoscope of costume was the pale blue that the tailor's boy had worn. He became aware of cries of "The Sleeper! What has happened to the Sleeper?" and it seemed as though the rushing platforms before him were suddenly spattered with the pale buff of human faces, and then still more thickly. He saw pointing fingers. He perceived that the motionless central area of this huge arcade was densely crowded with pallid blue-clad people just opposite to the balcony. Some sort of struggle had sprung into life. People seemed to be pushed up the running platforms on either side, and carried away against their will. They would spring off as soon as they were beyond the thick of the confusion, and run back towards the conflict.

"It is the Sleeper! Verily it is the Sleeper!" shouted voices. "That is never the Sleeper," shouted others. More and more faces were turned to him. At intervals along this central area Graham noted openings, pits, the heads of staircases going down apparently, with people ascending out of them and descending into them. The struggle, it seemed, centred about one of these. People would come running down the moving platforms to this, and would run up again and return, leaping dexterously from platform to platform. The clustering people on the higher platforms seemed to divide their interest between this point and the balcony. A number of sturdy little figures clad in a uniform of bright red, and working methodically together, were employed, it seemed, in preventing access to this descending staircase. Their brilliant color contrasted vividly with the whitish-blue of their antagonists, for the struggle was indisputable.

He saw these things, with Howard shouting in his ear and shaking his arm. And then suddenly Howard was gone and he stood alone.

He perceived that the cries of "The Sleeper!" grew in volume, and that the people on the nearer platform were now standing up, and many of them running obliquely across the slower-moving platforms. The nearer, swifter platform, he perceived, was empty to the right of him, and far across the space the platform running in the opposite direction was coming crowded, and passing away bare. With incredible swiftness a vast crowd gathered in the central space before his eyes; it became a swaying mass of people, and the shouts grew from a fitful crying to a voluminous, incessant clamor: "The Sleeper! the Sleeper!" and yells and cheers, a waving of garments, and cries of "Stop the ways!" They were also crying another name, strange to Graham. It sounded like "Ostrog." The slower platforms were thick with active people, running against the movement, so as to keep themselves opposite him.

"Stop the ways!" they cried. Agile figures ran up swiftly from the centre to the swift road nearest to him, were borne rapidly past him, shouting strange, unintelligible things, and ran back obliquely to the central way. One thing he distinguished: "It is indeed the Sleeper! It is indeed the Sleeper!" they testified.

For a space Graham stood without a movement. Then he became vividly aware that all this concerned him. He was pleased at his wonderful popularity; he bowed, and seeking a gesture of longer range, waved his arm. He was astonished at the violence of uproar that this provoked. The tumult about the descending stairway rose to furious violence. He became aware of crowded balconies, of men sliding along ropes, of men in trapezelike seats hurling athwart the space. He heard voices behind him, a number of people descending the steps through the archway; he suddenly perceived that his guardian, Howard, was back again and gripping his arm painfully, and shouting inaudibly in his ear.

He turned, and Howard's face was white. "Come back!" he heard. "They will stop the ways! The whole city will be in confusion!"

He perceived a number of men hurrying along the passage of blue pillars behind Howard—the red-haired man, the man with the flaxen beard, a tall man in vivid vermilion, a crowd of others in red carrying staves, and all these people had eager, anxious faces.

"Get him away!" cried Howard.

"But why?" said Graham. "I don't see—"

"You must come away!" said the man in red, in a resolute voice. His face and eyes were resolute too. Graham's glances went from face to face, and he was suddenly aware of that most disagreeable flavor in life, compulsion. Some one gripped his arm. He was being dragged away. It seemed as though the tumult suddenly became two, as if half the shouts that had come in from this wonderful roadway had sprung into the passages of the great building behind him. Marvelling and confused, feeling an impotent desire to resist, Graham was half led, half thrust, along the passage of blue pillars, and suddenly he found himself alone with Howard in a lift and moving swiftly upward.

Howard's face was flushed deeply, his brows were knit, and his lips opened and shut without a sound.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HALL OF THE ATLAS.

From the moment when the tailor had bowed his farewell, to the moment when Graham found himself in the lift, was altogether barely five minutes. And as yet the haze of his vast interval of sleep hung about him, as yet the initial strangeness of his being alive at all in this remote age touched everything with wonder, with a sense of the irrational, with something of the quality of a realistic dream. He was still detached, an astonished spectator, still but half involved in life. What he had seen, and especially the last crowded tumult, framed in the setting of the balcony, had a spectacular turn, like a thing witnessed from the box of a theatre. "I don't understand," he said. "What was the trouble? My mind is in a whirl. Why were they shouting? What is the danger?"

Howard looked at him keenly. "We have our troubles," he said, with shifty eyes. "This is a time of unrest. And, in fact, your appearance, your waking just now, has a sort of connection—"

He spoke jerkily, like a man not quite sure of his breathing. He stopped abruptly.

"I don't understand," said Graham.

"It will be clearer later," said Howard.

He glanced uneasily upward, as though he found the progress of the lift slow.

"I shall understand better, no doubt, when I have seen my way about a little," said Graham, puzzled. "It will be—it is bound to be perplexing. At present it is all so strange. Anything seems possible. Anything. In the details even. Your counting, I understand, is different."

The lift stopped, and they stepped out into a narrow but very long passage between high walls, along which ran an extraordinary number of tubes and big cables.

"What a huge place this is!" said Graham. "Is it all one building? What place is it?"

"This is one of the city ways for various public services. Light, and so forth."

"Was it a social trouble—that—in the great roadway place? How are you governed? Have you still a police?"

"Several," said Howard.

"Several?"

"About fourteen."

"I don't understand."

"Very probably not. Our social order will probably seem very complex to you. To tell you the truth, I don't understand it myself very clearly. Nobody does. You will perhaps—by-and-by. We have to go to the Council."

Graham's attention was divided between the urgent necessity of his inquiries and the people in the passages and halls they were traversing. For a moment his mind would be concentrated upon Howard and the halting answers he made, and then he would lose the thread in response to some vivid unexpected impression. Along the passages, in the halls, half the people seemed to be men in the red uniform. The pale blue canvas that had been so abundant in the aisle of moving ways did not appear. Invariably these men looked at him, and saluted him and Howard as they passed.

He had a clear vision of entering a long corridor, and there were a number of girls sitting on low seats, and as though in a class. He saw no teacher, but only a novel apparatus, from which he fancied a voice proceeded. The girls regarded him and his conductor, he thought, with curiosity and astonishment. But he was hurried on before he could form a clear idea of the gathering. I judged they knew Howard, but not himself, and that the wondered who he was. This Howard, it seemed, was person of importance. But then he was also merely Graham's guardian. That was odd.

There came a passage in twilight, and into this passa a footway hung so that he could see the feet and ank of people going to and fro thereon, but no more of the Then vague impressions of galleries and of casual ast ished passers-by turning round to stare after the two them with their red-clad guard.

The stimulus of those clear fluids he had taken only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this cessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his sp Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon great street space, but this was glazed and did not o and they were too high for him to see the moving

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JOSEPH H. CHOATE, OF NEW YORK,
Ambassador to Great Britain.—[See Page 74.]

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CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Ambassador to Russia.—[See Page 74.]

forms below. But he saw people going to and fro along cables and strange, frail-looking bridges. And thence they passed across the street and at a vast height above it. They crossed by means of a narrow bridge closed in with glass so clear that it made him giddy even to remember it. The floor of it also was of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between New Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recent in his experience, it seemed to him that they must be near four hundred feet above the moving ways. He stopped, looked down between his legs upon the swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and foreshortened, struggling and gesticulating still towards the little balcony far below—a little toy balcony, it seemed—where he had so recently been standing. A thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of light obscured everything. A man seated in a little open-work cradle shot by from some point still higher than the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable as swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stopped involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanish in a great circular opening below, and then his eyes went back to the tumultuous struggle. Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crowd of red spots. This broke up into individuals as it approached the balcony, and went pouring down the slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd on the central area. These men in red appeared to be armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to be striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries of wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Graham, faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands on him.

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the net-work of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vanes of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.

"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way. You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some men in a curious wasplike uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a sliding shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this, thrust up a second shutter, and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an anteroom. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained, but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived men in red and other men in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he distinctly heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a sudden turning of heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this antechamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The man in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind him.

Compared with any of the places Graham had so far seen, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object, was a huge white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so patiently and painfully real, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a dais in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The dais was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table upon it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes; they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they stood steadfastly regarding Graham. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances, and across it all the shadow of the Atlas fell.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty laboring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along the gallery.

"But *why*—?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, sire," said the man in red.

"*Why?*"

"Orders, sire."

"Whose orders?"

"Our orders, sire."

Graham looked his exasperation.

"What place is this?" he said, presently. "Who are those men?"

"They are the Lords of the Council, sire."

"What Council?"

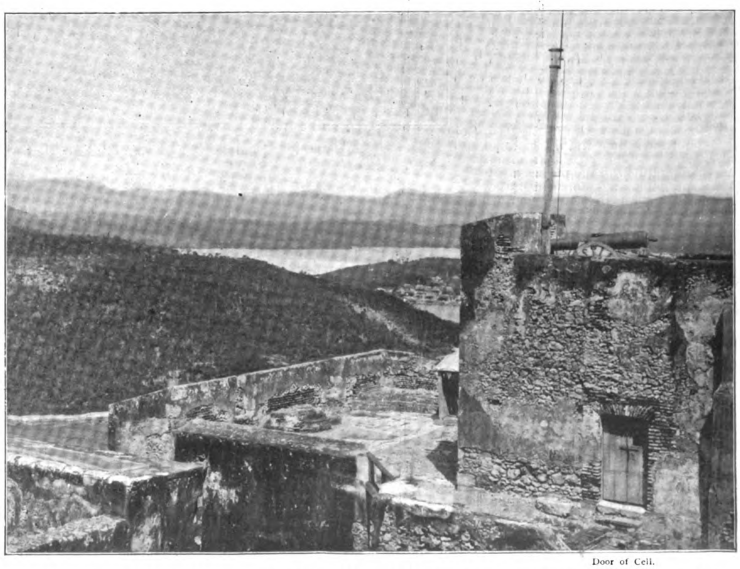
"*The* Council."

"Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering together.

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the new-comer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated in view. What Council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them and looked at strangely and spoken of inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor toward them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonial nature. Then he ascended the steps of the dais, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the table.

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. When he looked again, Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Door of Cell.

SANTIAGO—CELL IN MORRO CASTLE WHERE LIEUTENANT HOBSON WAS IMPRISONED.

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THE BLACK FLIERS

By Cy Warman

BEING THE STORY OF THE GREAT TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL-TRAIN RACE OF JANUARY 2, 1899

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, was the date fixed by Uncle Sam for the shrinking of the continent. Beginning with that day, the North Atlantic and Pacific coasts were brought thirteen hours nearer to each other.

A fast mail-train left Boston; another left New York; the two flowed together at Buffalo, and entered Chicago over the Lake Shore. At the same time the east-bound service left the Pacific coast and began a race across the continent. Hundreds of thousands of government and railway officials and employés were intensely interested in the new service.

Fourteen years ago the government wanted to make a contract with the railroads for carrying the mails west of Chicago. The West was not very great at that time, and the mail not important. The Chicago and Northwestern declined, but the Burlington took the mail, and has kept it ever since. From year to year, as it has improved the service, the Chicago and Northwestern, whose lines lay parallel with those of the Burlington, has tightened up its time-card, keeping pace with the improved service of the mail road.

Our recently acquired possessions in the Pacific Ocean have increased the volume and importance of the mail, and now the Northwestern, having grown jealous of its formidable rival, would like to have the business. So long as the service on the Burlington is satisfactory to the government, it would seem that there is not much necessity for a change; but if the Northwestern could show a better service for a week straight, it could justly say to the government, "We ought to have the business," and that, as I understand it, is the object of this contest. It is not a race. The Northwestern has simply made a time-card to correspond with the fast-mail service on the Burlington, and night after night, as the fast mail speeds westward, it will run beside her, and the enthusiastic and patriotic people of America looking on shall see what they shall see.

All day the driver of the black flier that was to take the fast mail out of Chicago worked about the big machine, going underneath, coming out of the pit, and working round and round. Every nut and bolt, from the point of the pilot to the tail of the tank, was tightened or tested. All day a sympathetic crowd of employés, from the master-mechanic to the call-boy, stood about looking at the quiet steed that was to play an important part in the most important race in the history of this (to their minds) the most important railroad on earth. There was not a spot upon her blue-black jacket that the fireman did not dust a dozen times that day; and then the wipers came, squat upon their waste-boxes, and wiped her wheels and links and rocker-arms. The coal-tender had been emptied and filled with fresh fuel, the water-tank had been washed out, and all the feed-pipes and air-pipes cleansed and tested.

When night came on, the driver wiped his hands on a piece of soft wool waste and went away to supper. Now the night shift came and lighted lamps all about the black racer, and a watchman walked up past the point of her pilot and down by the tail of her tank, never losing sight of the engine.

It was not that the one road feared the other; but there are always dangerous men who have been discharged for incompetency, or who may have a grudge against an official, or who may be jealous of the crew. A man might steal up to the side of an engine, loosen a set screw, and with a single blow of a copper hammer, that could not be heard a hundred feet, send a key-wedge so tight that no pin would be ablaze in the first five miles. A small bit of soap in the feed-hose would make her froth, foam, and sputter, and lose the race that means more than a million to the management. To be sure, the prize for which they were contesting was only three-fourths of a million, but it was worth as much more in glory to the winner.

At eight o'clock the driver came back, threw the stub of a cigar into the pit, and donned his over-clothes. The fireman was already in the cab, and now the driver touched the throttle. The big racer stirred, and moved slowly out of her stall. A moment later she swung majestically on the table, as a great ship turns in a wide harbor, stopped, and then backed away to her train.

And as these men had handled the engine at Chicago, so had other engines been made ready at the division stations all along the line.

At noon, January 3, Superintendent Troy, of the Railway Mail Service, said the Lake Shore was an hour and a half late. At 4 P.M. she was thirty minutes late. At nine o'clock, when the engine backed to the fast mail, the Post Office Department asked the railway officials to hold the west-bound Burlington train fifteen minutes, and they agreed to do it. But the Lake Shore was not fifteen minutes late. She came to a stop two minutes ahead of time. The hundreds of mail-bags were thrown into eighteen waiting wagons, and the horses galloped away for the Burlington station. For more than an hour a force of men had been loading the cars, and now, to increase the rush, the Pennsylvania fast mail pulled in alongside the Burlington tracks, and the employés began piling off mail from Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, and Philadelphia.

In an incredibly short space of time the trucks were cleared, the signal was given, and at 9.25 the wheels of the big black Baldwin began to turn. She tightened her traces, and the "people's train" moved out of the shed only ten minutes late. A big crowd had gathered to see the start, and now they cheered and waved their hats as the train pulled out. The rail was slippery from the constant dripping of over-oiled yard engines, and it was not until we had made the last crossing stop and put the lights of the city behind us that she was able to hold the rail.

"You can throw your watch in the clothes-box," said the master-mechanic to the engineer; "you won't want it to-night."

That meant that he might go as fast as the wheels could turn, because we were ten minutes late. But the driver held on to his watch.

The General Passenger Agent had wired playfully that the General Manager would be on board the fast-mail, and would be pleased to have the representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY in the engine cab, provided he would promise not to fall out of the window. The pledge was made, and I shudder now to think how very nearly it came being broken.

When the big engine had passed the "get-yer-bag-gage, get-yer-bag-gage" point, when the stack had begun to flutter incoherently, the General Manager, who stood immediately behind me, shouted in my ear, "Thirty-eight miles, forty-two minutes!" We had made two full stops at crossings. We were passing Aurora on time.

Well, it did not seem fast. A seven-foot wheel is deceiving. At each revolution—and they come as fast as a Frenchman can say "zip, zip, zip, zip"—she goes three feet farther than a six-foot wheel will go.

The Burlington locomotives take water from stand pipes and tanks. At Mendota the driver closed the throttle, the "pop" flew open, and, amid a smell of brimstone, this one hundred and thirty thousand pounds of steel and coal and water was held back and stopped almost within a train-length. While the brakeman filled the tank, the engineer and his fireman, each with a blazing torch, darted about the engine, dropping a little oil here and there, and in a few moments we were off again.

The run to Galesburg, which is 163 miles out, was uneventful. The driver was actually killing time. At Galesburg the General Manager showed his good judgment and went back to the rear. Now a handsome young man with a sketching outfit came and stood behind me in the cab. He would make sketches of the men as they worked. In three minutes he became uneasy, in four minutes he had shoved his apparatus between the waste-box and the wall, and a moment later was hanging on for dear life. I learned from the General Manager before he left me that Burlington, the next stop, lay at the foot of a 40-mile slope; 40 miles of down hill, leaving Galesburg a few minutes late, and a driver with a devilish desire to give the deadheads a whirl for their money, made a picture that I did not enjoy. A mile a minute on a straight track is all right; but when you pass that point, and begin to hit curves, and reverse curves, pitched for 45 posts and hit them at 65, it is hard on the nerves. You find yourself straining to the curve to help hold the engine on the rail until your sides ache, and she goes around apparently on one rail; then when she finds the tangent you get another shock. Now, you say, here the rail runs straight away, and the next moment this great bulk, these thousands of pounds of steel and coal and water and you, darts suddenly to the right, and you think she has left the rail; but she is only switching to the proper channel of a double track.

The artist kept asking me to guess at the speed she was going, and said he had heard some prediction that we would touch a 90-mile gait before we reached the river. "Is that not 90?" he asked; but I had not the nerve or voice to answer. On she went like a Kansas cyclone, swinging over culverts and bridges, now gliding down a swale, and then turning suddenly to the right or left, following the bend of the low bluffs. On she swept through sags and over swells. Through curves and canyons the grimy driver steered the big machine, playing with danger like a man who is unhappily married. Now, as she rolled and pitched, so that I was obliged to kick the seat down, the artist grabbed my arm again. "Now?" he asked. I nodded yes emphatically; for if she was not making 90 miles, she was not moving.

Presently, with a wild shriek, we shot out upon the long bridge, and a moment later were beyond the Mississippi and in the real West.

Softly now, and without any show of pride in what he had done, my companion stole out of the cab and into one of Uncle Sam's letter-wagons.

Burlington is 206 miles, and, by this run, four hours west of Chicago. One engine crew had brought us the entire distance. They had earned their wages quickly, but, as the General Manager observed, marking the performance of the fireman, they earned every bit of it.

Here we gave up the 590 for another engine, with a wheel four inches lower. At each zip, zip, she would not go as far by a foot as the other did, but her "zips" came close together, like the click of the sickle in a mowing-machine, and in a little while the rail was rushing beneath her throbbing throat like a swiftly, smoothly running river.

The pale remnant of a hold-over moon, worn thin like an old brake-shoe, came out of the east, peeped over my shoulder, and shone along the cold steel beyond the flash of the head-light. I began to nod, for it was far past midnight. Now this engine began to roll just as the other did. The cab window slammed up against my head, and immediately I was wide awake. Somewhere Field has recorded the fact in rhyme that the farther west you go, the redder grows the paint; and now I observed that the farther west we got, the harder these daring drivers hit the curves. After leaving the engine the General Manager said to the newspaper men, standing wide-legged in the swinging mail-cars, that this driver had been on the fast mail for a dozen years. Well, I should not care to hazard even a guess that he will be there twelve years from to-night if he keeps up this gait. So far we have touched every town on time, and often ahead of time. At a flag-station we had four minutes to kill. When the time was up, the engineer gave them the bell, and got a "stop" signal from a hand-lamp in the rear. A gaunt youth put his hand up to the side of his face and yelled at the engineer, "Hot hub on letter-wagon."

Cooling the box we lost eleven minutes, leaving seven minutes late. Seven minutes later the driver, having relighted his cigar stub, was swinging us around curves that were not put there to be used in that way. There was no flutter from the stack now, but a steady roar—a wild hoarse cry. The black flier leaped and rolled and plunged so that the bell, driven by steam, hiccoughed and stammered, until some one reached over and shut it off. In a few minutes we crashed through a small station, and as the green and white lights brushed by our windows the driver yelled over the boiler-head at me, "On time." In twenty-six miles we had made up seven minutes, and dashed into Creston, Iowa, two minutes before we were expected.

The fresh engine slipped and fretted. The driver touched the three-way cock to see that the air was off. He opened the sand-valve once or twice, and immediately we felt the fine gravel crushing beneath her cold wheels, felt her lifting the train, felt the west wind pushing hard against the front of the cab, and pulled our heads inside. The driver, appreciating the importance of the run, seemed a little impatient because she slipped again, after getting well under way, and, instead of helping her out by quickly closing the throttle—just for a second—he dropped sand under her and allowed her to catch herself as best she could, as the driver of a trotter, when the horse breaks, whips him down to his work again instead of holding him up. Almost instantly she found her feet, and away she went, sniffing and snorting in the frosty night. But the steel was cold and hard and glassy, and now and again she would get away. Her wheels would whirl so furiously that the driver dared not hold his throttle wide. The moment she slipped he gripped the lever to help her if she failed to catch herself, and at the same instant a faithful fireman opened the furnace door, so as to prevent her tearing her fire in holes and pasting her flue-sheet with the fuel, that is like thick black-strap in a white-hot fire-box. Always above the roar of the wheels you could hear the low burr of the injector that was throwing thirty-five gallons of water a minute into the big boiler—more than half a gallon a second it took to cool her burning thirst.

When the pointer on the steam-gauge touched the blow-off mark, and a ribbon of white steam fluttered away above her back, the fireman left the door ajar to save the water that would thus be wasted, and the watchful driver opened the injector the least bit wider to save the fuel. At other times I would hear the singing of the left-hand injector in addition to the one that was feeding the engine regularly, and it sang in my ear above the roar of the train, precisely as a locust sings on a tree twig close beside your head, and in a moment, with the heavy click of the check-valve, I would hear him shut it off again. Here



INTERIOR OF UNITED STATES MAIL-CAR.

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are some more curves and reverse curves, the passing of which makes the blood chill, and makes you tremble and feel yourself face to face with eternity, for it seems impossible now for her to hold the rail. Frankly, for the first time in my life I felt every hair on my head tingle at the roots; and then came the sweetest music that ever smote my ear—the hiss and blow of the three-way cock. Three times this dare-devil driver let off air, and clamped the brake-shoes to the wheels that were whirling at a mile and a half a minute. Ah, that did me good. He too had felt her tremble; had felt her shake, slam, and wrestle with the rail on that reverse curve—a curve scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and one that would not be felt by a passenger on board the Denver Limited, but a curve so wicked and severe that it froze my blood for a second; but now the driver, who, after all, is but human, and in no great hurry to meet his Maker, saw that he had reached the limit, and began to steady her. The clamp of the brake-shoes soon brought her down to a smooth gait, and she trembled away through the night, with opposing passenger trains, long creeping freight trains, and sleeping villages brushing by us like ghosts in the night.

Always at the furnace door I saw the fireman watching and working—for on an express engine these soot-soiled heroes watch each other and work together as two finished musicians play a duet. The fireman is going to school now. Here he receives the education that will fit him for the post at the right-hand side of the cab. When he has stood three, four, or five years at the furnace door, marking each move made by the engineer, he will be able to do the trick. He will be a better runner than can be produced by promoting an expert machinist who has not the necessary road experience. A man may be able to build a bicycle, but if he has never been on board one, he will not be able to steer until he has mastered that, which is another trade.

This Burlington fast mail is not the only flier, abroad to-night. A few miles to the north, and only a little way behind us, we are reasonably sure that the Chicago and Northwestern's splendid locomotive is trembling up through the dawn—engines as fine and fast as money can buy, and over a road-bed that is scarcely to be excelled anywhere upon this continent. Side by side, almost neck and neck, they are racing with us over this 500-mile course, and not a man among us but believes that we shall be at the river on time, and that when the moment arrives for the rival train to show up it will be there on the strike of the clock. No, this is not a race to see who can go quickest from the great railroad centre to the river. To inaugurate such a scheme as that would be wicked and dangerous, for no man knows the limit of the speed of these black fliers. That can only be determined by putting one of them in the ditch. Then, gazing on the ruin, we might truthfully say she had reached the limit. This time is fast enough, and I believe it can be made on either road on an average of 360 days in a year.

We are making it so easily now that it does seem at times slow, but a half-thousand miles in a little over ten hours is not bad.

Still, at the furnace door I see the sturdy fireman, and upon the open face of the steam-gauge read the record of his work—the net result in pounds of steam. Without his brain and brawn and unerring swing of his scoop we should not be able to make time. He plays his part, and is a part of the business, just as the grim stoker in the bowels of the battle-ship helps the admiral to overhaul and sink the enemy. The General Manager in his office directs the movements of the whole fleet, but the man in the cab is "fighting the ship." He is at once the captain and the gunner, and we all know the responsibility and the importance "of the man behind the gun."

Now we are rolling again, rolling up through the dawn of the morning, and the roll of the engine rings the bell.

Away out there in the dawn lays a long gray line of fog, marking the trail of the Missouri. With a long triumphant cry the big machine relaxes, slows down, and stops and stands quite still. Only the air-pump breathing softly, and the flutter of steam from the dome, and the burr of the injector cooling off the boiler show that she lives. I feel like pulling the pin and letting her go leisurely down and cool her feet in the "Big Water."

THE RETURN TRIP.

In the middle of the afternoon the Union Pacific fast mail, east bound, came over the long bridge and stood her cars, gray with the dust of the "deserts" of Utah, Wyoming, and Nebraska, beside our empty train. Deftly now, and almost as quickly as a shell-man shifts the pea under the half-hull of the walnut, the east-bound mail is transferred to our empty train, and at 3.55 we begin the long race from the river back to Chicago. The time east bound is thirty minutes faster than scheduled going west. For hours we put the towns behind us just as it had been arranged by the time-card. In addition to the regular train now we have the General Manager's private car, which had gone west the day before "deadhead." If the engineer can make time with the extra car behind, it will give the management and the men additional confidence. Hour after hour General-Manager Brown, the General Superintendent, the master-mechanic, and your correspondent sat watching the pointer on the speed-recorder. It is very interesting to see the pointer go up and up and up, then back again, only to return and try to reach a still higher point on the next level stretch of road. These fast trains do not cross the continent ignoring small towns. At almost every county-seat we stop, pick up and discharge mail matter, so that all the people get the benefit of the service, and not the great cities alone. These stops, with the necessary stops for water and for changing and oiling engines, take up a great amount of time, so that the pointer on the speed-recorder has to play constantly about the mark that indicates a mile a minute. At midnight, east of Galesburg, when the indicator showed eighty miles an hour, we wrote notes to each other, the General Manager and I, to show that we could write at that rate of speed. They were not beautiful specimens of handwriting, but probably as good as either of us could do at our desks. At 2.09 in the morning, when all the good people of the great city were asleep, we slipped into Chicago, six minutes ahead of time, having made the round trip of a thousand interesting miles.

Sixty-minute intervals found the train at the following distances (miles) from Chicago:

	Miles.		Miles.
End of first hour	55.0	End of sixth hour	303.4
End of second hour	112.0	End of seventh hour	352.3
End of third hour	162.5	End of eighth hour	396.3
End of fourth hour	205.8	End of ninth hour	447.4
End of fifth hour	250.5	End of tenth hour	489.9

The average speed for each hour was as follows:

	Miles.		Miles.
First	55.0	Sixth	50.5
Second	56.2	Seventh	50.3
Third	54.3	Eighth	49.5
Fourth	51.5	Ninth	49.6
Fifth	50.3	Tenth	48.5

General dimensions of Engine 590:

Gauge	4′ 8½″
Cylinders	19″ x 26″
Drivers	84″
Tank capacity	5,000 gallons
Total weight, engine working order	128,700 pounds

The Great South Railway Station

THE Great South Railway Station in Boston, the largest edifice of its kind in the world, was opened for use on the first day of this year. It provides terminal facilities for two great railway companies—the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and the Boston and Albany, thus accommodating the several trunk lines that enter the city on the south. It was first suggested by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, just before his first inauguration as Mayor, three years ago, and construction was begun a little less than two years ago. The new station is centrally located, in the heart of the business section of Boston.

The city co-operated with the railway companies by rearranging the street system about the station, at an enormous cost. The location, at the corner of Summer Street and Atlantic Avenue, with one side of the station bordering the harbor-front along a broad street, is exceptionally good for a monumental effect. Approached by Federal or Summer Street, the effect of the magnificent curving façade, with its breadth of 875 feet, is imposing.

The station was built and is owned and operated by the Boston Terminal Company, composed of trustees representing the several railroad corporations that furnished the funds. It was planned and designed by George B. Francis, resident engineer, and Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, architects. The total frontage on three streets is 2190 feet. The building covers 13 acres, and there are 22 acres of yard-room besides. The maximum dimensions of the building are 850×725 feet. The head house on Summer Street and Atlantic Avenue is five stories high, and above the first story is occupied by the offices of the Terminal Company and the railway companies. The vast train-shed is 602 feet long by 570 feet wide, and has a height of 112 feet. The light and delicate-looking steel trusses of the enormous roof have a clear sweep in one great curve from side to side, upheld by three spans that divide the area into what might be call a nave and two aisles.

A remarkable feature is the practical doubling of the train capacity by providing for the suburban service in a "subway" space beneath the main platforms of the train-shed, where the great width of the station enables the construction of two loops of tracks, over which, by the use of either electricity or compressed air—which will probably be adopted for the suburban services of the railways entering the station—two thousand trains daily, in and out, can be accommodated. As soon as all the railways begin using the station there will enter and leave it 25,000,000 persons a year. The twenty-eight stub-tracks on the main floor of the train-shed will be used by 710 trains a day.

The great waiting-room is a noble hall, palatial, though simple, in architectural design and decoration, 225 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 28½ high. The station contains every possible facility for the accommodation and comfort of the public in the way of restaurant service, an emergency-room, etc., down to such thoughtful provisions as cribs and cradles in the homelike room for women.

Aside from the fine façade, the impression made by the building is that of a work of engineering rather than architecture. It has not the feeling of monumental beauty pervading all parts that characterizes such great stations as those of Frankfort, Hanover, Berlin, and other German centres. The engineering character, without decorative grace, asserts itself on all sides. The train-shed, for instance, is essentially beautiful in the grace of its structural character, but, on the other hand, the great "midway" space, at the head of the tracks, loses much of the impressiveness of the vista down its exceeding length by the low-hanging trusses of its roof, where a system of arched trusses would have grandly enhanced the effect. All of which shows the need of instruction in artistic design in the curriculum of the engineering student.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RECIPES SENT FREE.

THE N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, send free upon request a pamphlet of recipes very valuable to housekeepers. They are the proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Best infant food.—[*Adv.*]

A REMARKABLE TRAIN TO FLORIDA.

FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED, via Pennsylvania R. R., Southern Ry., and Florida Central and Peninsular R. R., resumes service Jan. 16th. Dining, Library, Observation, Compartment, and Drawing Room sleeping-cars, New York to St. Augustine; also Drawing-Room sleeping-car to Aiken, S. C. Two other Fast Express trains with perfect sleeping-car service to Florida, Aiken, Brunswick, and Augusta. N. Y. Offices, 271 and 353 Broadway.—[*Adv.*]

A health giver and a health preserver: ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. At druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES take DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS when low spirited. It brightens them up.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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does what is called the prophylactic work every day of your life, if you use both the liquid and powder regularly. Both forms in a single package for one price at all drug stores.

A sample phial of the liquid SOZODONT and copy of Dr. Colburn's pamphlet, "The Care of the Teeth," for five cents, provided you mention HARPER'S WEEKLY. Address, P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

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FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, = = = = = = President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1899.

ASSETS.

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value $115,687,034), market value, Dec. 31, 1898		$121,579,619
Bonds and Mortgages (777 first liens)		39,002,758
Real Estate (68 pieces, including 12 office buildings)		16,539,000
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest		8,434,786
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, $16,000,000)		9,818,600
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, $9,229,702)		7,390,845
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. ($4,532,086 cost value), market value, Dec. 31, 1898		6,050,831
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities		2,280,188
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities		2,087,274
Interest and rents due and accrued		1,440,487
Premium Notes on policies in force (legal value of policies, $2,500,000)		1,320,423
Total Assets		$215,944,811

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$175,710,249	
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	2,358,383	$178,068,632
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company	2,838,626	
Surplus Reserved Funds voluntarily set aside by the Company	26,414,234	
Other Funds for all other contingencies	8,623,319	37,876,179
Total Liabilities		$215,944,811

CASH INCOME, 1898.

New Premiums	$7,644,715	
Renewal Premiums	27,987,933	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$35,632,648
Interest on:		
Bonds	$5,740,819	
Mortgages	1,940,937	
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies	628,638	
Other Securities	391,353	
Rents received	875,741	
Dividends on Stocks	221,780	
TOTAL, INTEREST, RENTS, &c.		9,799,268
Total Income		$45,431,916

EXPENDITURES, 1898.

Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	$15,390,978
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	6,128,888
Commissions ($3,320,904.33) on New Business of $152,093,369; Medical Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks ($449,428)	3,770,332
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $791,927,751 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures	5,208,754
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	14,932,964
Total Expenditures	$45,431,916

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1897	332,958	$877,020,925
New Insurance Paid for, 1898	73,471	152,093,369
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1898	835	2,129,688
TOTAL PAID-FOR BUSINESS	407,264	$1,031,243,982
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c	33,330	87,222,862
PAID-FOR BUSINESS IN FORCE DECEMBER 31st, 1898	373,934	$944,021,120
Gain in 1898	40,976	$67,000,195
New Applications Declined in 1898	6,142	15,986,836

COMPARISON FOR SEVEN YEARS.

(1891-1898.)

	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1898.	Gain in Seven Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$215,944,811	$89,997,521
Income	31,854,194	45,431,917	13,577,723
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,759,432	1,499,092
Total Payments of Year to Policy-holders	12,671,491	21,519,865	8,848,374
Number of Policies in Force	182,803	373,934	191,131
Insurance in Force, premiums paid	$575,689,649	$944,021,120	$368,331,471

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 6, 1899.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1898, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $175,710,249.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted assets are

$215,944,811.

The General Liabilities, $2,358,383. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department, $175,710,249, making the Total Liabilities per State Laws,

$178,068,632.

The Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company,

$2,838,626.

The Surplus Reserved Funds voluntarily set aside by the Company,

$26,414,234.

Other Funds for all other contingencies,

$8,623,319.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF IN THE SOUTH-LAND

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

IN January, 1895, the Palmetto Club of Aiken, South Carolina, opened a nine-hole course for winter golfing. A few months later the Swannanoa Country Club of Asheville, North Carolina, followed suit, and, little by little, the sport gained a foothold at St. Augustine, Thomasville, and other winter resorts. In its first beginnings golf at the South was an exotic, played and supported almost entirely by Northern visitors, and the first purely representative Southern club was the one founded at Chattanooga in September, 1896. To-day there are some three dozen golf-courses in the section south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi river—a slow development as compared with the progress of the game in the North and West.

The reason for this apparent lack of enthusiasm for the royal and ancient game is not difficult to discover. It has always been considered that the game can only be played over good firm turf, and, as everybody knows, there is very little true grass south of the Virginias. The "bunch" and "joint" grasses of Carolina, and the Bermuda of Georgia and Florida, are but a poor substitute for the close firm turf of northern latitudes, and it speaks volumes for the energy and enthusiasm of Southern golfers that the game is played at all under conditions so adverse. What would a Scotch golfer say to a course like that at Chattanooga, where there is hardly a blade of green stuff on the entire playing area, excepting a little strip at the ninth hole, directly on the bank of the Tennessee River? Or how would one of our imported professional green-keepers fancy the problem of making a fair green through a Florida pine-land, where the Bermuda creepers must be laboriously tamped in by hand, three or four inches apart, over the entire course—the transforming of one gigantic sand bunker into playable ground? Curiously enough, the question of practicable putting-greens, at first sight the most insuperable of difficulties, is really the easiest part of the problem. The Southern green-keeper boldly cuts the knot by not attempting them at all; he makes "browns" instead of "greens"—level surfaces of hard-packed clay covered with a light sprinkling of fine sand. The "browns" at Aiken are models of their kind, true and smooth, and running up to one hundred feet in diameter. The light sprinkling of sand gives a drag to the ball, and the putts run wonderfully true, although of course such a surface affords but little opportunity for exercise in the more subtle refinements of the holing-out process. For inland courses south of Asheville "browns" are much more satisfactory in every way than "greens" made of the thin and wiry country grass, and much easier to keep in order. Along the east coast of Florida it is possible to get the Bermuda grass into fairly good shape for putting-greens, but the turf has to be kept trimmed very short in order that the ball may not catch in the vinelike creepers of the roots. At the St. Augustine Club the greens are cut by means of a long-handled scythe sharpened to a razor edge, and the artist must be as particular in his work as though he were actually shaving a patron of exceedingly sensitive cuticle and uncertain temper. Various experiments have been made from time to time in the direction of planting rye and other grains as a substitute for grass, but the results have not been satisfactory. The growth soon runs into a wiry stubble that has to be constantly renewed, and even at its best it is not a good putting surface. At Magnolia Springs, on the St. Johns River, the experiment has been tried of seeding the holes with Bermuda, and then covering them with an inch or two of beaten clay. The idea is that as the clay is softened by the rains the grass will push its way up, and that the clay will then act the part of a consistent foundation for the roots. The mere growing of the grass is not the difficult part of the problem on a Florida golf-course; the trouble arises from the fact that the soil is of so loose and sandy a texture that the grass roots have nothing to bind them together; there is no sole to the turf, to use the expressive Scottish idiom.

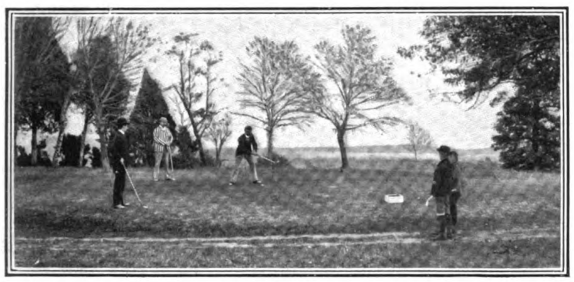
Take, for example, the fair green on the course of the St. Augustine Country Club, which is laid out on the lowlands bordering the Matanzas River. The green is beautiful to the eye, but, as Lillywhite, the veteran groundsman of the Meadow Club, expresses it, "It looks fine, sir, but there's no body to the creature." The turf needs the binding agency of a clayey substratum to keep it together; given that, and the fair green of the St. Augustine Country Club would compare very favorably with that of the average sea-shore course on Long Island.

Such are some of the difficulties attendant upon the construction and up-keep of a golf-course in the grassless portions of the South-land, and it may be readily understood that the injunction "Replace the divots" means something upon a course like that of the Florida Country Club at Jacksonville, where much of the fair green has been literally planted by hand. For all that, golf, and good golf too, may be played in the South, and all true golfers are aware of the pleasure that may be found in holing an unfamiliar course and coping with difficulties hitherto untried, and perhaps undreamed of. A day's ride in the Florida "Limited" will land the golfing pilgrim either at Asheville or Aiken, unless he prefers to begin with shorter stages, and so work his way southward step by step.



THE MEADOW TEE, BALTIMORE COUNTRY CLUB.

In the latter case, Baltimore may be his first stopping-place, and excellent golf may be had on the course of the Country Club. The club is reached by an electric line of street cars, and is distinguished for beauty of situation and for the perfection of its appointments. As ever, golf is the chief attraction, and the eighteen-hole course should in time rank with the best. The general nature of the country is rolling, and there is a remarkable variety in the play for the various holes.



THE FIRST TEE, WASHINGTON GOLF CLUB.

The national capital is but forty miles away, and has long been one of the recognized centres of the game. Indeed, the Washington Golf Club is one of the oldest on the roster of the U.S.G.A., and its links, situated upon the beautiful Arlington Heights, of the Virginia side, are excellent in every way. The present course is one of nine holes, but it is to be extended this season to eighteen. The fair and putting greens are four years old, and the hazards, both artificial and natural, are placed with good judgment. The principal feature of the present course is the hazard for the tee-shot at the fifth hole. It consists of a deep ravine with a wind-break of forest trees at the bottom. It is a terrifying hazard for the stranger, and one of the members of the club is responsible for the assertion that Willie Park, Jr., who played several rounds of the course when he visited the club three years ago, did not succeed in carrying it a single time. And yet the wind-break is but a hundred yards away, and a ball to clear it need only rise thirty-five feet above the horizontal line of the teeing-ground. The local players smile when the visitors foozle, and the latter have only the resource of declaring that such play is not golf. The feature of the new part of the course will be a putting-green that is to be made within the enclosure of an old earth-work.

One may also play golf at Chevy Chase, eight miles out from the city, and easily accessible by means of a trolley line. Golf is a new adjunct to polo and hunting at the Chevy Chase Club, but, as usual, it is already more than holding its own with the older sports. The course is one of nine holes, aggregating 2466 yards in playing distance. The turf is very good, and the sodded putting-greens are of generous size. The land lies flat, and some of the holes are consequently rather tame play. Nine new holes are to be added this season, and the full links will have a playing length of something over 5800 yards. With the addition of new hazards for some of the greens, necessitating the employment of the lofted approach, the course could be made much more sporty and interesting.

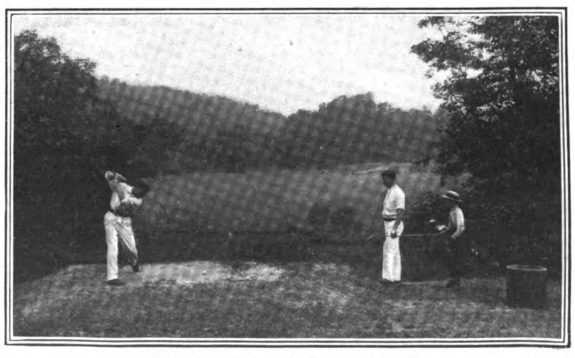
Although golf at Asheville is now in its third season, the present course was only laid out a year ago, and the new addition of nine holes has only just been thrown open for play. The old nine-hole course is a short one, measuring only 1827 yards, but it is good golf from the fact that there is not a single "leveller" on the course. The hazards are so arranged that the drive must be a good one if the green is to be reached in par figures, and the foozler at the tee has no chance to take a brassey, and thus place himself on even terms with the man who has driven a "screamer." This is an unusual excellence, and is greatly to the credit of the secretary, Mr. J. J. McCloskey, who laid out the course without professional assistance. The first hole looks like a "leveller," for its length is the generally bad figure of 228 yards. But when one comes to play it, he finds that everything depends upon the tee-shot being both straight and of fair length, for the fair green, bordered by an unplayable brook and a swamp, is only about one hundred feet in width, and there is a deep ditch to guard the green. It is an exceedingly difficult hole, and particularly so for a starter, as a player's medal score may be hopelessly ruined before he has had a chance to warm to his work. The fair green is tolerably good, although the grass is inclined to be thin, and is patchy with tufts of broom sedge, which have been cut down close and allowed to die out. The putting-greens are at present of clay, but they are to be replaced by sod. A deep barranca coinciding with the long axis of the playing area is the principal natural hazard, and its gravelly sides and bottom are fitting punishment for the crime of foozling. The home hole is as good a half-iron shot as can be found anywhere, the line running over a deep ravine and watercourse, and the green being further protected by ditches that trap an overplayed or badly sliced ball. The new part of the course lies over rolling ground and through woodland. There is a chance here to get in some longer holes, and so raise the general average.

The course of the Chattanooga Golf Club is a standing monument to the enduring vitality of the royal sport, for certainly the conditions under which it is played cannot be called favorable. In point of beauty of situation and scenic attractiveness the Chattanooga golfers may score easily, but the golfing figures are apt to be on the high side. It is indeed a magnificent panorama that reveals itself from the commanding elevation of the first teeing-ground—Mission Ridge and Sherman Heights, with the white shaft of the Chickamauga monument in the distance, the sublime escarpment of old Lookout looming up on our right hand, and the silvery windings of the Tennessee River at our feet. If a golfer ever had any time to look at scenery, he might be pardoned for dwelling upon such a glorious landscape, but, alas! the whole of his energies must be devoted to finding a lie for his ball that may be considered as even passable. The greater part of the course is laid out over a gravelly plateau, upon which grass is about as plentiful as hen's teeth. The local rules permit the player to remove small pebbles and other break-clubs that may be in contact with his ball, and the interpretation of the law is a generous one—"Lift what you darn please." It is evident that with judicious "lifting" a skilful player may leave his ball virtually teed for every shot; but as all are entitled to the same advantage, there is no great harm done. It may interest the small band of the faithful at Chattanooga to know that golf at the Canary Islands is played under precisely the same conditions, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, of Badminton celebrity, prefers it infinitely to no golf at all.

As against these disadvantages of fair-green play, the visiting golfer at Chattanooga finds excellent putting-"browns," large and true, holes of good length, hazards (exclusive of bad lies) arranged with excellent judgment, and, best of all, the companionship and hospitality of as generous-hearted and sportsmanlike a set of club-men as play the game from old St. Andrews to the Cape of Good Hope. There are only sixty members in the club, but they make up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers, and the golfing tourist will have no occasion to regret his visit, unless he happens to break a favorite play-club. Moral: When in doubt, take a niblick.

The playing distance of the nine holes is 2290 yards, and the record of 90 for the double round is held by Mr. J. L. Lupton, the golf captain. It has been proposed to lay out a course for summer play upon the top of Lookout Mountain. There is plenty of room at the summit plateau, and of course any amount of scenery. And since there was a "battle in the clouds," why not golf?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SECOND HOLE, ASHEVILLE.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 75.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

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The Tariff in Our New Possessions

BY W. B. HOWELL, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

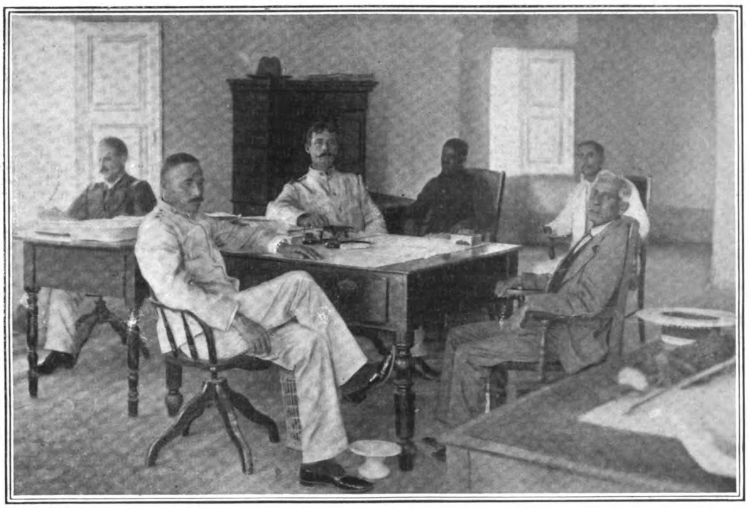
THE question of the control and occupancy of the islands which have come into our possession by conquest during the Spanish-American war is one that is attracting so much attention now that it may be interesting for us to consider the character of the government that can be established in the conquered territory, what laws are to govern there, the relation in which such territory stands to the conquering state, and its relation to foreign countries. In this article I shall consider these points briefly, particularly concerning the relation of such territory with this country and with foreign nations within the scope of the revenue laws.

Halleck, in his work on international law, says: "The right of a belligerent to occupy and govern the territory of the enemy while in its military possession is one of the incidents of war, and flows directly from the right to conquer. We therefore do not look to the constitution or political institutions of the conqueror for authority to establish a government for the territory of the enemy in his possession during its military occupation, nor for the rules by which the powers of such government are regulated and limited. Such authority and such rules are derived directly from the laws of war as established by the usage of the world and confirmed by the writings of recognized publicists and decisions of courts — in fine, from the law of nations."

In England the courts have held that territory conquered by British arms becomes by such conquest a part of the King's dominion, and its inhabitants thereby become his subjects, and such territory is no longer to be regarded by other portions of Great Britain or by other nations as foreign territory. A different view, however, is held by the courts of this country. Here the President, by virtue of the power vested in him by the Constitution, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, may invade and seize the enemy's territory, and establish a government for it, and while such territory becomes subject to the authority and control of the United States, it does not follow that it is a part of the Union, or that it ceases to be a foreign country so far as its commercial relations with this country are concerned. "The United States may," said Chief-Justice Taney, "extend its boundaries by conquest or treaty, and may demand the cession of territory as the condition of peace, in order to indemnify its citizens for the injuries they have suffered, or to reimburse the government for the expenses of the war. But this can be done only by the treaty-making power or the legislative authority, and is not a part of the power conferred upon the President by the declaration of war. His duty and his power are purely military." The question then arises how are other nations to regard territory in the possession of the military forces of the United States? Chief-Justice Taney has answered this question. He says: "By the laws and usages of nations conquest is a valid title while the victor maintains the exclusive possession of the conquered territory. The citizens of no other nation, therefore, have the right to enter it without the permission of the American authorities, nor to hold intercourse with its inhabitants, nor to trade with them. As regards all other nations it is a part of the United States, and belongs to them as exclusively as the territory included within our established boundaries." The President, as Commander-in-chief, may prevent all intercourse with the conquered territory, or permit it upon such conditions as he may deem proper. It is generally recognized that to allow intercourse is a relaxation of the rights of war. It follows, therefore, that the President may fix the duties to be levied on goods imported into the conquered territory, and the tonnage dues to be collected on vessels entering its ports. "So, also," says Halleck, "the rules of intercourse and trade between the inhabitants of the United States and such conquered territory may be very different from the rules regulating the intercourse and trade between different parts of the Union. An American vessel entering a port of the conquered territory during its military occupation by the United States must conform to the regulations adopted, and pay the duties exacted by the government of such territory."

While it has been decided that the possession of conquered territory is to be regarded as merely military occupation pending the determination of the treaty of peace, it is equally well settled that the conqueror may displace the pre-existing authority, and assume, to such extent as he may deem proper, the exercise by himself of all powers and functions of government. He may appoint the necessary officers and clothe them with designated power; and he may prescribe the revenues to be paid, and apply them to his own use or otherwise. They are the fruits of conquest, and known as "military contributions," and are not paid into the Treasury of the United States until so directed by Congress. Their expenditure, therefore, is not regulated by our appropriation acts, but solely by direction of the President as the head of the army.

When Santiago surrendered to our arms, on the seventeenth day of July last, we were at once called upon to provide for the collection of customs duties at that port. Fortunately for the Treasury officials having this work in hand, there was a precedent to be found in the case of the capture and occupation of Tampico by the arms of the United States during the war of 1846. The rules then established for the collection of duties at ports in Mexico, it was found, could be improved upon as the result of experience, and many changes were accordingly made in the regulations promulgated for the administration of the tariff at the ports in Cuba in the possession of the United States. In addition to preparing these administrative regulations, it was necessary for us to arrange the schedules of the tariff to be imposed on merchandise entering the ports of that island. It is usual, in such cases, for the conqueror to continue in force, during the military occupation of the territory, the tariff rates which theretofore existed, with such modifications as may be deemed essential. It was found that Spain had practically two tariffs for the island of Cuba—one for the articles imported from Spain, and another for articles imported from all other countries. Of course the rates on articles coming from Spain were, as a rule, much lower than those on articles coming from other countries; and as it was the desire of this government to relieve, as far as possible, the unfortunate inhabitants of the island from the burdens under which they had been suffering, the minimum Spanish tariff was adopted, with some slight modifications which were thought necessary in the interest of the inhabitants. This tariff is now being collected at all ports in our possession, on merchandise coming from the United States as well as on merchandise exported from all other countries. The Supreme Court having held that territory while in the military possession of this government remains a foreign country within the meaning of the revenue laws, articles imported into this country from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines are accordingly subject to duty as if coming from other foreign countries.



Lieut.-Col. Sells, 9th U. S. Vol. Infantry. Visitor in Court. Captain Aldrich, 9th U. S. Vol. Infantry. Orderly. Two Spanish Claimants.

SANTIAGO—THE COURT OF CLAIMS IN SESSION.

Within three days after the surrender of Santiago, the Treasury Department, at the instance of the Secretary of War, selected and ordered to report to the War Department a competent customs official to assist the army officers in collecting the revenue at that port. The revenue received from customs, tonnage, and port dues there, up to and including October 31, 1898, amounted to $214,591. Since our occupation of Santiago, there have come into our possession the sub-ports of Manzanillo, Baracoa, and Gibara, and experienced customs officers have also been appointed for these places by the War Department, on the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury.

I have stated that the Spanish minimum tariff was adopted for ports in the possession of our military forces in Cuba. The same rule has been followed with respect to Puerto Rico. For the Philippines, however, it was found that Spain had but one rate, which was imposed upon goods entering those islands from all countries except Spain, her adjacent islands, and the Spanish Antilles, which were admitted free if transported under the Spanish flag. This government, therefore, adopted, with certain modifications, the tariff which had been in operation there, without, of course, the discrimination in favor of goods from Spain. In a recent report from General Whittier, the Collector of Customs at Manila, he states that "the custom-house receipts during our incumbency, twenty-four working-days, amount to $606,000 (Mexican). With the increase of industries, contingent upon our occupancy, they should amount within two years to eight millions a year at least."

It should be borne in mind that the provisional tariffs which are now in force are purely military measures, and exist only by virtue of the laws of war. Our acquisition of any of these territories will bring them within the principles of our Constitution and laws. "Every nation acquiring territory by treaty or otherwise," says the Supreme Court, "must hold it subject to the constitution and laws of its own government, and not according to the laws of the government ceding it." It is stated, however, as a general principle, by writers on international law, that when political jurisdiction and legislative power over a territory are transferred from one sovereign to another, the municipal laws of the territory continue in force until abrogated by the new sovereign. We have recently seen this principle carried out in the resolution annexing the Hawaiian Islands, wherein Congress expressly declared that the municipal laws of the islands, and their customs relations with this country, shall remain in force until Congress shall otherwise determine.

It is also stated that when territory has been ceded by one sovereignty to another, it does not open it to free commercial intercourse with the world, as a matter of course, until the new possessor has prescribed by legislation some terms upon which intercourse may be conducted. It is true that after the treaty of peace with Mexico, by which upper California was ceded to the Union, the military governor there continued for nearly a year to collect import and tonnage dues without any legislation by Congress on the subject, but he did so at the rates authorized by acts of Congress for other ports of the United States, thus bringing them within the requirement of the Constitution, that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

The relation which these islands will hold toward the United States is a question which is engaging the attention of the officials of the administration, our legislators, and thoughtful business men. The question arises whether we shall have a separate tariff for such territory as we may acquire, or shall we enforce there the United States tariff. If we have a special tariff, will we have free trade between such dependencies and the United States, or, if not free trade, will we have discriminating rates on articles exported from and imported into the United States? Will that provision of the Constitution, that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," be interpreted as applying to the confederation of States only, or will it be claimed that it applies to these islands as well, and that any other tariff than the one in force in this country would be unconstitutional? If the latter view is taken, will it be said that the resolution of Congress annexing the Hawaiian Islands is unconstitutional because of the provision that the customs laws in force there shall be continued until further action by Congress? In this connection we must not overlook certain other provisions of the Constitution. Article 4, section 3, provides that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." The very next section of the Constitution provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." "There the guarantee stops," says a recent writer. "It does not bind the United States to maintain a republican form of government in the territory of the United States outside of the States of the Union, over which power is expressly given to Congress to 'make all needful rules and regulations.' Before the establishment of a Territorial government the control has been exclusively in the hands of the Executive, and peace and order have been maintained generally by military force." He adds, "We know that the United States Constitution is a compact between sovereign States, and that all the States of the Union have equal rights; we also know that when the Constitution was adopted we had a vast unsettled national domain, beyond the bounds and jurisdiction of the original States, as the common property of the nation, but not within the Union of States."

From this brief review it will be seen that the tariff for our new possessions is a subject that will soon demand the attention of Congress; and fraught as it is with grave economic and constitutional questions, it should have, as it doubtless will, the most serious and careful consideration.

New Ambassadors

ON the 12th of January President McKinley sent to the Senate the nomination of Joseph Hodges Choate, of New York, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. Two days before, the nomination of Charlemagne Tower, Jr., of Pennsylvania, for the Russian mission, had been received by the Senate. Mr. Tower's present post is that of minister to Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Choate was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 24th of January, 1832. The family is descended from John Choate, who came from England in 1640. At the age of twenty Mr. Choate was graduated at Harvard. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1855, removed to New York in 1856, and became a partner in the firm of Evarts, Choate, & Beaman in 1859. Versatility of talent in the practice of his profession, and his ability as a public speaker and as a wit, have given him a reputation which has seldom been equalled among the leaders of the New York bar.

Charlemagne Tower, Jr., was born in Philadelphia, April 17, 1848. After graduating at Harvard in 1872, Mr. Tower spent three years in study at European universities, and travelled widely before returning to America, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He has been prominently connected with railway and mining companies, and until 1891 served as president of the Finance Company of Pennsylvania. During the last few years he has devoted much time to literary work.

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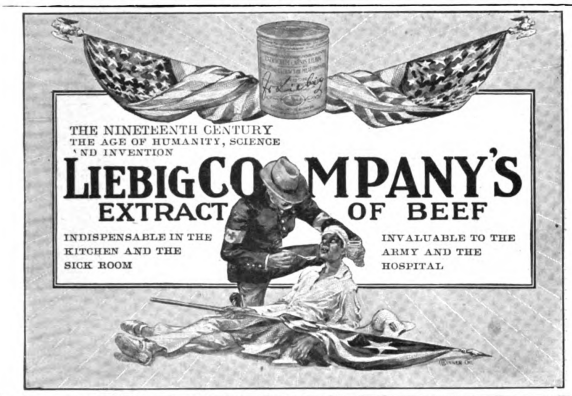
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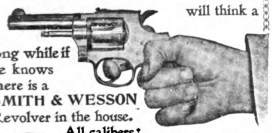
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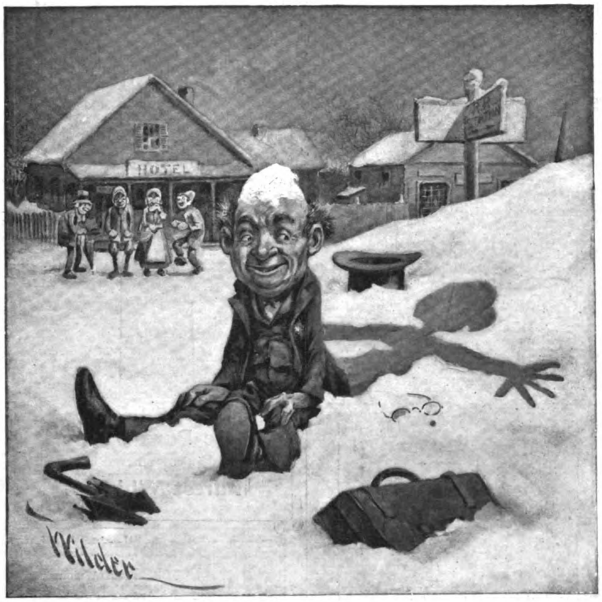
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—NO. 2197

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899

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THE EVACUATION OF HAVANA—FAREWELL COURTESIES BETWEEN SPANISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE PALACE AS TWELVE O'CLOCK STRUCK.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Americanism

THE American attitude on the question of imperialism was clearly and vigorously stated by Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS in his address before the Lexington Historical Society on the 20th of December. Examining the subject entirely from the historical point of view, Mr. ADAMS reaches the conclusion that if we adopt imperialism as a national policy we will turn our backs upon all the principles which distinguished the republic from European governments; will accept their principles and policies as sound; and will, in doing so, admit that our cause against England which we won in the tribunal of arms was not righteous. We will confess that the Declaration of Independence is a stupendous falsehood, that men are not created equal before the law, that governments do not derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed," but may rightfully exist against the will of those who are ruled and taxed. We will acknowledge that the fathers were all wrong in insisting that representation and taxation must go together, and will contend that we may tax the people of Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines as we see fit without asking their leave and without consulting them at all. We will testify that our historical policy, which has made us a peaceful nation, devoted to our own affairs, opposed to large and costly armaments, seeking the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, has been the policy of a petty nation—a parish, to use the striking argument of the arch-imperialists; that we have committed an offence against "Duty" and "Destiny" in promulgating and standing by the MONROE doctrine, for we cannot decently intrude into European preserves, and deny to Europe the right to enter America for the purposes of aggrandizement. If France should come again to Mexico, as she did in 1866, we would have no doctrine on which to protest; and if Great Britain should again deny justice to Venezuela, we would be debarred from interference. We have protected our labor from competition with the "pauper labor of Europe," and especially from the "Asiatic hordes" who were said to be devastating the labor market of our Pacific coast. We are now urged to turn our backs upon the white wage-earner and to expose him to competition from the labor of our prospective Malay, Filipino, Negrito, Tagal, and what not fellow-citizens. In a word, it is contended, and the contention is formulated in the Paris treaty, that it is our "manifest destiny" to imitate the British government, to adopt the worst features of its colonial system, and to admit that our rebellion against England was indeed a rebellion and not a revolution, and that we must repair the fault of WASHINGTON and his army, of JEFFERSON and FRANKLIN and ADAMS and their fellow-statesmen, by imitating what we once thought to be the vices of Europe.

There is nothing that Mr. ADAMS says in his address that can be gainsaid. We are asked to turn our backs upon our history, to step aside from "the tracks of our forefathers." Let us not do it, however, under a mistaken notion that we are thereby advancing along the lines of Americanism. We will be doing nothing of the kind. The only advocates and champions of Americanism are the anti-imperialists. The imperialists are advocating nothing less than a return to the methods and principles of England, against which we protested in 1776, in behalf of which our fathers made heroic sacrifices, in defence of which they risked life and fortune, in vindication of which they won their victory over the mother-country and established a new nation.

Before we quite abandon our past, before we entirely rid ourselves of those troublesome principles which stand in the way of a "Manifest Destiny" that is leading us back into Europe of the eighteenth century, it would be wise to reflect upon what has been accomplished under the form of government which was set up by the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the framers of the Constitution. The Constitution was adopted, according to its preamble, "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The republic has accomplished that and more. Under its government not only has the average of our manhood and womanhood attained to nobler heights, but humanity everywhere has been blessed. The torch of liberty lighted here has shone out upon a world of darkness. The man who works with his hands in the fields or mines or shops of Europe is better off for the influence of the American republic. Our country has not only been a refuge for the oppressed of other lands, but it has transformed slaves into men. Its burdens have rested so lightly on the citizen that his powers have been left untrammelled, and he is able as is the citizen of no other land to make the most of his talents and opportunities. Even the corruptions of some of its politicians, while they may have brought shame to him, have not materially and physically distressed him. He has been relieved of the fears of war, and the disturbance of his affairs which results inevitably from threats of war and preparations for it. He has lived in a country which has promoted international peace, and which has endeavored to promote the arts of peace—a country grown so great and strong that the most powerful nations of Europe have respected and yielded to its mere protest. Not only has the republic been respected for its power, it has been honored by the wisest men even among the military powers of Europe for its promotion of the principle of international arbitration, and it has been envied for its freedom from the cares and burdens of militarism.

All these benefits and blessings have been achieved under the republic as it was founded by the fathers, and those who are opposed to imperialism believe that they can be best maintained and increased by adhering to the policies under which they came into being. That evils are known to democracy is true, but we cannot believe that they will be done away with by throwing away our blessings, and by departing from the "tracks of our forefathers," in which we have found peace, prosperity, and happiness. In view of the appeal of the imperialists to glut ourselves with gain, and with such glory and power as European monarchs are struggling after, Mr. ADAMS's quotation of KIPLING's "Recessional" at the conclusion of his address was especially happy, and this is the stanza which seems to us to apply best to our present discussion.

> If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
> Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
> Or lesser breeds without the law—
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The President's Duty

IT is understood in Washington that Mr. MCKINLEY is still hesitating over the order which exempts a large number of persons now in the classified service from the operation of the law. There is hope that his good sense, which found expression in favor of the reformed service in his inaugural address, and his actual experience of the law, will come to his aid, and that the result will be a defeat of those who are urging him to take the backward step, and to mark and distinguish his administration by the first successful attack upon the reform since its adoption.

This urging, we are sure, comes from Congressmen and party "bosses," who are eager for more spoils. So far as the Congressmen are concerned, the effort is peculiarly cowardly. Some of them, it is true, have the courage of their convictions, and have recently gone on record—members of both parties—in favor of beating the law by starving the commission; but there are some others who have a wholesome fear of their constituents, who know that popular opinion on this subject is not expressed by the "boys" who want public employment, or, to speak more accurately, public wages. These men are quite willing that Mr. MCKINLEY should bear the responsibility and the accompanying odium of restoring some good places to the spoilsmen. They will profit, and he must lose, for he will not gain the support of a single additional "boy" by an assault upon the reform, and he will lose the respect of every civil service reformer in the Republican party.

The Indian Rights Association has called attention to the character of the raid which it is proposed to make upon the Indian service, and has shown that the loss to the public service, and the presumptive damage to the Indians, will be very great if the order goes into effect. Equal damage, at least, will be done to other departments of the government, and, as an executive officer, Mr. MCKINLEY knows all this as well as the men who are devoted to the defence and the advance of the reform. Indeed, there is nothing nearly so effective as the responsibility of executive office to transform a spoilsman into a civil service reformer. The mere comfort which the merit system provides for the occupant of an executive chair is very great, and his efficiency is multiplied by the saving of time which applicants for spoils have heretofore consumed.

Mr. MCKINLEY has only to stand by his record, and by the work which has been done by his predecessors—work which time and experience have abundantly justified. He has been an openly professed civil service reformer for many years, and a strong defender of the merit system. He is now asked to make an aggressive attack on his own principles. His rôle as a reformer is not half as difficult as Governor ROOSEVELT's, for the latter has undertaken to induce the Legislature to take affirmative action in behalf of the reform. All that the President is called upon to do is to prevent encroachments, and to refuse to be made a convenience of by the spoils-grabbers.

The Lesson of Eagan

WE do not comment on General EAGAN's vile indecencies directed against his commanding officer because we deem it necessary to increase his punishment by exciting public opinion against him. His punishment will be attended to by the excellent court which the President has appointed. As to General MILES, he is not in the question, and apparently he does not greatly desire friends or champions.

The EAGAN incident is of public interest and importance because it reflects on existing conditions of things in the army. EAGAN is a symptom—a very exaggerated one, it is admitted, but, nevertheless, a symptom of our army organization. He is the flower and fruitage of the staff system which prevails at Washington—we do not now include the Engineer and Ordnance corps in our criticism. He has probably not his equal in the bureaus, but his grossness has its opportunity by reason of the system of which he is a part, for the staff of the United States army is a thing apart, bearing some resemblance to its English model, but far ahead of it in its development of evil tendencies. From the top to the bottom there is lack of discipline. It may be said, in the first place, that no soldier really commands the army, and the lack of discipline begins with the relations that exist, and that have existed for many years, between the Major-General nominally in command and the Adjutant-General, who is the adjutant of the President or Secretary of War. Whatever insubordination or bickering or jealousy may be manifested at the very top of the service pervades all the staff departments. EAGAN resented General BRECKINRIDGE's inspection and General MILES's criticism. He was insulted, perhaps, but if a man cannot restrain his evil-speaking tongue under provocation, but must perforce speak out the filth that is in him, to the injury of the service and to the discredit of the country, he is not fit to remain an officer, and the system which permits him ought to be abolished without unnecessary delay.

Such outbreaks are possible so long as we have a staff like that at Washington, made up largely of self-seeking military politicians, who depend upon their influence with Congress, Presidents, and Secretaries of War to protect them against the consequences of their violations of soldierly and even personal decencies. EAGAN's influence, by-the-way, is supposed to be very great, but, great or small, the atmosphere of the staff bureaus resembles that which used to prevail in the civil service before the merit system was established, and when the "pull" worked, as it works now in the War Department, to put and keep the government employés in office.

The most important sufferer from this state of things is the country, whose means of defence are thus greatly weakened. The second sufferer in importance is the line of the army, for whose sustenance, shelter, and clothing the staff is supposed to be organized. Congress is said to be about to consider a bill for increasing the army. In the discussion the question of the character of the staff and the staff organization must come up for consideration, and it is to be hoped that the lesson of EAGAN will sink deep into the legislative mind, and lead it away from projects of multiplying him and the "pull," which is the inevitable resort of many of the officers who enter the army by favor instead of through the front door.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

ALL New York and a large proportion of the rest of the country seem now to be divided into two great classes—those who are buying stocks, and those who are not but wish they were. There is a Scriptural injunction of high authority which reads, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Some persons whose respect for this command is the most profound, and who obey it to the best of a halting ability, still yearn at times to reverse temporarily the order of acquisition which it prescribes, and to put themselves in the way of having things added unto them without any wearisome delays. They wonder whether it is contrary to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount to buy likely shares on a margin, and it is suspected that a good many of them decide that it is not. Perhaps it isn't, if one has the money to spare, but if not, then it surely is. Meanwhile the fall in the value of money as measured by securities is demoralizing. When dollars seem so cheap, it seems almost a duty to go down and gather one's share before the distribution ceases. What a fine chapter the Wise King could have added to the Book of Proverbs after spending half a day in Wall Street, and how many there are who need just now to read it!

THE brokers, who try to keep the run of whatever may be expected to affect the opinions or feelings of their fellow-humans, noted months ago that the 13th of January would fall this year on Friday. It appears that it is an unfavorable symptom for the 13th of January to fall on Friday, and any adversity that follows such a coincidence is thought to be fully accounted for. Nothing worse happened in Wall Street to mark the critical week than the greatest exchange of securities the street ever saw. It is not known that outside of Wall Street any attention was paid in this country to the superstition, but report says that in some European cities—Brussels, for instance—all ordinary business diminished in volume; few letters or telegrams were sent; buying and selling were minimized; the street cars and cabs were little used; the theatres were ill patronized; and the bulk of the population seemed solicitous not to give ill luck any reasonable opportunity to get in its work.

THE competitive examinations for the six-hundred-dollar fellowships of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens will be held this year on March 16, 17, and 18, and candidates should enter their names before February 2, with Professor B. I. Wheeler (Ithaca, New York). The Hoppin Fellowship, open to women only, yields $1000, and is assigned without examination, preference being given to women who have won and held a competitive fellowship.

IN a recent number of *Literature* (for December 28, 1898) there was a letter from Mr. Leveson-Gower, one of the secretaries of the British Legation at Athens, in which he discloses that the heirs of George Finlay, historian of modern Greece, are now ready to sell the library which he gathered and left in his house in Athens. This bit of news has inspired Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, to write to the WEEKLY that when he was in Athens in 1892-3, nearly twenty years after Mr. Finlay's death, he was invited to use this library, and found it of great value to a student of either modern or ancient Greece. "I suppose," he writes, "there is nowhere such a special collection, unless it be in the Parliamentary Library at Athens, and the chance to buy this is the only one likely to be afforded to Americans seeking such rare and perishable material as this collection contains." He adds that Mr. McGregor of the General Post Office, London, represents the Finlay heirs, and is willing to sell the collection for $2500—a price which Mr. Sanborn considers very moderate.

THE current disposition to buy almost anything that looks good, and to pay liberally for it, finds an illustration in the report of the purchase of the Mrs. Lawson pink for $30,000. It is a high price for a pink, or even for a whole species of pinks. Tulips have been sold for less, though they have brought more. Still, the Lawson pink seems to be what speculative persons would call a good thing. It consists of a lot of about eight thousand plants, said to be able to bear pink pinks from four to five inches in diameter, and so durable that they last fifteen days. The pedigree of this remarkable flower has not been made public, but it was bred by Peter Fisher, of Ellis, Massachusetts, and was sold to Thomas Galvin, of Boston. The new purchaser is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, whose wife the plant is named after. The flowers sell at present for three or four dollars a dozen, and such specimens as Boston can spare are in demand in other cities in both America and Europe.

WE have been thoroughly harrowed, of recent years, by the stories of Armenians tormented by Kurds, and of Cubans and Filipinos harassed by cruel Spaniards. If we must continue to be aggravated by distressful narratives it will be some help to have a change of scene and a complete change in the cast. The next lot of stories of persecution that is offered us bids fair to come from England, where there is a prospect that ritualism, which so long has had fun with the constitution and by-laws of the Established Church, is at last to be taken in hand by the Church authorities. The British ritualists are so sincerely pious, and are such hard workers in the Anglican Church, that there has been extreme reluctance among bishops to meddle with them or restrict their observances; but very earnest complaints made in Parliament have finally led to action, and at the recent Lambeth conclave it was determined to assert the Protestantism of the Anglican Church and restrict her clergymen to such doings and observances as are provided for in the prayer-book. The bishops at Lambeth made twelve decisions:

1. To prohibit the celebration of holy days not authorized in the prayer-book.
2. To prohibit the introduction into the service of any parish church of any ceremony not authorized by the prayer-book.
3. To prohibit the ceremonial use of incense.
4. To prohibit asperging (the use of holy water).
5. To forbid the burning of candles before pictures.
6. To forbid all reservation of the holy sacrament.
7. To prohibit innovations not provided for in the ornaments rubric without previous consent of the bishop.
8. Condemning the use of such Romish words as "viaticum" and "mass."
9. Forbidding divers omissions from the communion service, and all additions to it, such as the ringing of a bell at the moment of consecration.
10. Forbidding communion without communicants.
11. Forbidding invocations of holy angels or the Blessed Virgin or of departed saints, and definite prayers for the dead within walls of a consecrated church.
12. Condemning habitual confession.

It is believed that these decisions were not published for nothing, but that the bishops will feel constrained to enforce them. It remains to be seen what the result will be, but the expectation is that many devoted and conscientious High-Churchmen will take them very hard, and it is considered not unlikely that a large secession from the Church of England may result. Religious liberty is insured in England, but not in the Established Church. In that establishment, as in every other Church, there are rules, in agreement with which the officers of the Church are expected to live and act.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG'S term of service as Librarian of Congress was short. He took charge of the library on July 1, 1897, and died on January 17, ultimo, at the age of fifty-eight. Overwork and brain-work are named as among the immediate causes of his death. He was a native of Pennsylvania, who grew up partly in Philadelphia, partly in New Orleans, and went to the public schools in both of those cities. When the war broke out he was twenty years old, and had already had four years of newspaper training in the office of the Philadelphia *Press*. He went to the front at Bull Run as a war correspondent, and saw some other engagements, but presently became editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, and not long after editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia *Press*. In 1866 he became managing editor of the New York *Tribune*. In 1869 he started the *Standard* in New York, and wrote letters from Paris to it during the Franco-Prussian war. When the *Standard* died he hired out to the New York *Herald*, with which he was long connected. He went round the world with President Grant in 1877, and in 1882 President Arthur appointed him minister to China, where his previous acquaintance with Li Hung-Chang developed into an intimacy. After his return he was for a time a vice-president of the Reading Railroad, but he never broke himself of writing for the newspapers, and some readers may still recall his letters to the New York *Herald* from the conventions at St. Louis and Chicago in 1896.

THE news from Philadelphia of the discovery of tubing in the walls and floor of Keely's work-shop is, on the whole, rather mortifying. The Philadelphia *Press* vouches for the story. It avers that the Keely work-shop has been ripped up; that under the floor was a steel reservoir capable of holding compressed air at a high pressure, and that the tubing found was small but very strong, and also capable of standing a severe strain. The sad inference is that Keely was a poor old fraud, and used compressed air to produce the remarkable mechanical effects with which he regaled his visitors. The investigators seem to have been somewhat zealous to prove that he was a deceiver, and it may be that the believers in Keely, if there are any left, will doubt their findings; but the story as it is told seems fairly conclusive, and the hidden tubes, if they can be shown in position as found, will require a deal of explanation.

PROFESSOR W. Z. RIPLEY, to whose recent article in the *Popular Science Monthly* on the remarkable vitality of Jews allusion was made in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY, writes that since his article appeared he has received letters from all over the country, both from physicians and insurance men, confirming his induction. One man, he says, writes from a lying-in hospital. "We have a tradition that you can't kill a Jewess." "To my mind," Professor Ripley says, "this vitality is certainly very remarkable, and an example in plain living."

No doubt the civilized world has still much to learn, or at least to put into practice, about diet. Whether or not we would do well to borrow the dietary restrictions of the Jewish law, with its rejection of shell-fish, pork, and other favorite foods, we are warned from time to time that our habits of feeding do not in all respects commend themselves to scientific approval. Very lately Mr. Roger Williams has been discoursing in the Paris *Herald* about the remarkable increase of mortality from cancer in Great Britain, which he attributes to various things, and especially to the excessive use of animal food. To have one large section of the world's population anxious for fear it will starve, and another large section worried for fear it will overfeed itself, makes life seem an extra-hazardous affair. It is reassuring to remember that a considerable fraction of our own community manages to worry along into a tolerable maturity, and that in America, at least, the average of longevity is steadily rising.

IT is a dull winter when Bishop Potter doesn't say something that is worth disputing. His observation, at a recent meeting of the Church Temperance Society in New York, that the saloon is a social necessity, has already called out denials and discussion. It has brought up the question whether the chief attraction of the saloon is society or drink. Men who go to saloons because it is pleasanter there than at home may go to the squirrel inns which the Church Temperance Society proposes to start. Men who go to saloons to get a drink won't find that the squirrel inns serve their purpose. But in great cities there are all sorts of men and women who have use for all sorts of things, and if the squirrel inns are good temperance saloons, no doubt they will get their share of patronage. They do in Liverpool, where more than sixty of them do a profitable business, and a score of them flourish in Manchester. One is to be started at 181 Bowery, in premises which have been used for saloon purposes and found well adapted for that use. If it is well managed, it ought to flourish there. Drink is easily come by in the Bowery, but there is no surplus there of refuges from the street where simple entertainment may be had at small cost and without moral or physical detriment.

SOMETIME, perhaps, when Congress has leisure, it will vote a sword to Admiral Sampson. One has been voted to Admiral Dewey, so we know the thing can be done if the disposition to do it is strong enough. Admiral Dewey commanded the fleet that entered Manila Harbor and destroyed the ships of Admiral Montojo. That Congress should vote him a sword was seemly and opportune. He deserved that distinction. So does Admiral Sampson deserve it. Upon him rested the heaviest responsibility that fell to any naval officer during the war. From the beginning of the war he had very much to do, and he did it all admirably. He was vigilant, skilful, tireless, and made no mistakes. Finally he commanded the fleet that blockaded Santiago, destroyed Cervera's ships when they came out, and finished the war. Dewey's opportunity was not greater than Sampson's, nor better improved. Dewey's service was not more important than Sampson's, but, if anything, less important. To neglect to vote a sword to Sampson after voting one to Dewey is to neglect an act of simple justice, the omission of which amounts to a slight.

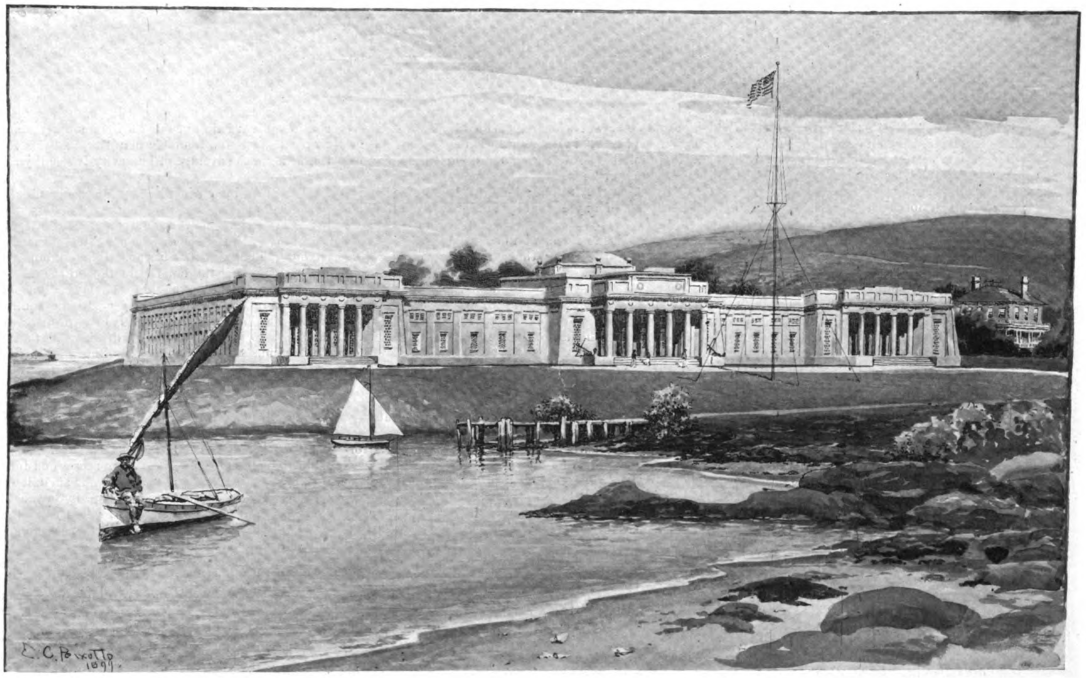
A NUMBER of interesting newspaper transfers and combinations have lately been announced in this part of the world. In Syracuse the *Standard* has made an alliance with one of its neighbors; in Albany the *Morning Express* has been sold to the *Press-Knickerbocker*, which now calls itself the *Press-Knickerbocker and Express*. In Hartford the *Post*, which was the organ of Private Secretary John Addison Porter, has passed out of his hands into the possession of two adventurous gentlemen from New Haven.

The newspaper business is one of the few important American industries which are still compelled to worry along without the encouragement and protection of a trust. Competition still rages in the newspaper world, qualified only by such forbearance as past experiences may have taught. In most branches of manufacture the cost of production has been constantly reduced, but newspapers seem to have let out in one place what they have saved in another, so that most of them cost much more to make than they did ten years ago. Most of them, too, have reduced their selling price from three cents to one or two cents, so perhaps the transfers and mergings that we read of should not excite surprise.

THE late Henry Clark Warren, the most recent benefactor of Harvard University, lived for many years a very retired life, but one that was more than commonly notable and admirable. He was the son of the late S. D. Warren, of Boston, paper-maker, widely known as an upright, sagacious, and public-spirited American. In consequence of a fall in infancy, Mr. Henry Warren had to start out on the voyage of life in a craft which was gravely and permanently damaged. Shut out by physical infirmities from most of the pleasures and occupations of ordinary men, he still showed himself the master of his fate. At Harvard, where he graduated in 1879, he made a special study of Sanscrit, which he continued in a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins. Settling down later at Cambridge, where he bought a house close by the college, he applied himself to the study of the religion and literature of Buddhism. One of the fruits of his labors is a volume of *Buddhism in Translations*, published by Harvard University in 1896. Another considerable work which he carried nearly to completion is the translation and annotation of the *Visuddhi-magga*. It is to be finished by Professor Lanman of Harvard, and published by the university.

Mr. Warren left various important legacies to Harvard University, among other things his house and real estate in Cambridge, which, owing to its location, is probably more welcome to the university than any estate of equal size in Cambridge.

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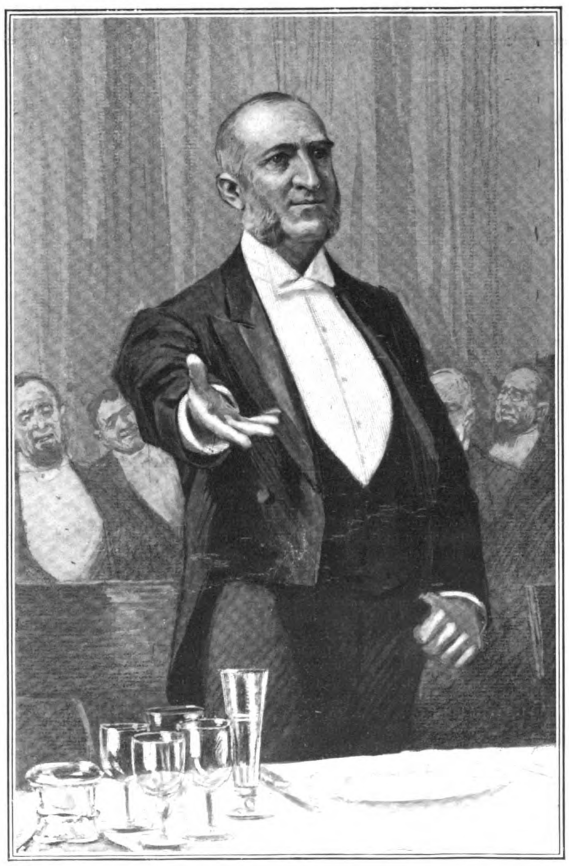
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, YERBA BUENA ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO.
W. M. POINDEXTER, ARCHITECT.—DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.

Naval Training Station

A NEW naval training station for apprentices will be built on the Pacific coast. A site appropriate to the needs of such an institution has been chosen at Yerba Buena Island, near San Francisco, and plans have been drawn for a building which is a departure in design from the staid and forbidding structures of the past.

The growth of the nation, and the increasing demand for trained sailors in the Pacific and on the Atlantic station, together with the probability that the need would be still greater with the augmentation of the naval force in the vicinity of our new possessions, rendered it imperative that this government should establish and maintain on the Western coast a source of supply for men as well as the depots for material. The institution at Newport for the education of apprentices has proved of great value to the navy; it has furnished the expert gunners, and raised the dignity of the enlisted force. It has demonstrated its capacity to develop in the right direction to such an extent that there are propositions, which find favor with the administration, to make apprentices eligible to commissioned grades.

With such results as could be very easily traced to the apprentice station at Newport, it was not a difficult matter to secure an appropriation of $50,000 for a station of the same character at Yerba Buena, the total cost of which is not to exceed $100,000. Captain F. W. Dickins, of the navy, assistant chief of the Bureau of Navigation in Washington, was ordered to San Francisco for the purpose of selecting sites for the barracks for apprentices, officers' quarters, the best location for a wharf, and to arrange for the water-supply of the station. All these matters have been satisfactorily arranged, and the department has employed the services of Mr. Poindexter, architect, Washington, D.C., to draw up plans and specifications for the barracks and officers' quarters. This building, particularly in its interior design, is unique, as it is the only one, so far, that the government has built especially for barracks for training naval apprentices. The style of architecture of the building, which will be constructed of California red-wood and stucco, is Doric. The dimensions of the main building are 300 feet long by 60 feet wide, with wings at each end 100 feet long by 60 feet wide. The lower floor of the main building makes an immense drill-hall. In the wings, on the lower floor, are arranged a mess-hall, kitchen, bag-room, lavatory, bath-room, dressing-room, drying-room, school-room, library, offices, etc. The interior of the building is open directly to the roof. In the second story of the main building and in the wings there is an interior gallery 12 feet wide. This gallery is arranged for sleeping-quarters for the apprentices, and so arranged that they sleep in hammocks. All the arrangements are made with the view of conforming, as much as possible, to the routine of life on board ship.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEW YORK.

Senator Depew

IN the caucus of Republican members of the New York Legislature, held January 12, Chauncey M. Depew received a unanimous nomination for the office of United States Senator. On January 17 this action was approved by the votes of Senate and Assembly.

Mr. Depew was born in Peekskill, New York, April 23, 1834, and at the age of twenty-two graduated at Yale. Returning to his native village, he studied law in the office of William Nelson, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. During that year he served as delegate to the Republican State Convention, beginning the practice of the law in 1859. In 1861 he was elected to the Assembly from the Third Westchester County District. Re-elected in 1862, he was made Speaker *pro tempore;* two years later he was elected Secretary of State by a majority of 30,000. The post of United States minister to Japan was tendered to him by President Johnson, but the superior attractions of an important business connection led him to the decision to retire from political life. In 1866 he was appointed attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company; in 1869 he came to hold the same relation to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. In 1875 he became general counsel for the entire Vanderbilt system of railroads, and a director in each of the lines comprised in that system. In 1874 he was chosen Regent of the State University and a member of the Building Commission connected with the State Capitol. In 1882, when William H. Vanderbilt retired from the presidency of the New York Central, Mr. Depew became second vice-president, and three years later the presidency was conferred upon him. This position he retained until, at the time of Cornelius Vanderbilt's withdrawal from the chairmanship of the entire Vanderbilt system of railroads, he succeeded to this post. At the National Republican Convention of 1888 Mr. Depew was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, but withdrew his name when the Blaine vote went to Benjamin Harrison. For seven years he was president of the Union League Club of New York city, and on retiring was elected an honorary life member. The Yale Alumni Association chose him as its president for ten successive years. He is now president of the Republican Club, Regent of the University of the State of New York, member of the St. Nicholas, Holland, and Huguenot societies, and the New York Chamber of Commerce.

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Brig.-Gen. Clous, U.S.A. Capt.-Gen. Jimenez Castellanos. Capt. Hart, U.S.A.

THE FINAL SCENE IN THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAVANA—CAPTAIN-GENERAL CASTELLANOS, HIS STAFF, AND THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSIONERS LEAVING THE PALACE ON THEIR WAY TO TAKE SHIP FOR SPAIN.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

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MUSIC

THE ILLOGICAL WAGNER

"In diesem Kampfe werden die Kräfte,
Sich mit mir messen und kühlen den Muth."
—*Die Willkur: oder ein Tag des Ringens.*

"Come, hang them on this line."
—*The Tempest.*

"The welfare of us all hangs on the cutting."
—*Henry VI., Part II.*

THE complete representation of Wagner's "Nibelungen Tetralogy" at the Metropolitan—sung without cuts for the first time in this country, and affording such casts as well may set all Wagnerian circles astare—will have passed through its first "cyclus" as these lines are on press. Nothing finer in the way of the vocal and dramatic exposition of Wagner's most voluminous—though by no means his best—master-work could be desired. The conducting of Mr. Schalk is adequate, and occasionally much better than that. The stage-mounting, as was promised, is wholly new, extremely beautiful—being nearly as artistic as at Munich, Baireuth, and other strong-



MME. EUGENIA MANTELLI,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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holds of Wagner, barring certain mechanical deficiencies of not much significance. The audiences have been exceedingly large, and as serious as the Tragic Muse or the Weeping Philosopher could desire. It is doubtful whether the "Trilogy and a Fore-Evening" will ever be given here again entire as to each scene, and without those wise omissions that Wagner expressly desired when the work was to be sung out of his own Wagner Theatre. The critical sentiment of the more authoritative press, and of the more experienced and perceptive Wagnerists here, has been flatly opposed to it. It harms the sacred Tetralogic cause. Curiosity has been rather lured to this cyclus, so far, by it. But the magnificent casts for each evening announced by Mr. Grau, and other obvious attractions, could have dispensed with such a plan of Wagner "rolling in unwieldly bulk." Even the more curious and determined Wagnerian curiosity has yawned like *Fafner* himself at performances demanding five hours, even liberal intermissions seeming derisory!

An annalist whose lines are straitly meted out cannot in a few paragraphs give the details of honor and enthusiasm that one would like to give to such exquisitely artistic performances. Many, many readers will not care for further admiration marks at the beautiful, the wonderful, or the wonderful *and* beautiful, episodes in the vast and ever-impressive Tetralogy. Such passages, known to us by heart, as the opening Rhine Scene, the Gods' entrance into Walhalla, the passionate Love Duet between *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*, *Brünnhilde's* Appearance to *Siegmund*, and *Wotan's* Farewell to her; *Siegfried's* Forest Revery, the Awakening of *Brünnhilde;* three or four episodes, artistic and lofty, occurring in "Die Götterdämmerung"—they are true Wagnerian gold, brighter than the Rhine's gold. But Wagnerian triumphs somehow beget astonishing and thoughtless praises for the literary and dramatic basis of the Tetralogy, for its amazingly crabbed diction, and for its "coherent," "logical" structure as a whole. In hearing such qualities given to Wagner as a playwright, in hearing such honors paid to a crude and clumsy Scandinavian mythology, as compared with the divine world of the Greeks, or even of the Hindoos, a halt may well be called at this appropriate hour. Wagner as a great musician need not be discussed now. But never was a more clumsy, undignified, dramatically illogical creation than the "book" of the Ring, than the Wagnerian Pantheon, than this Ring drama, as a scheme of drama. It does its Wagnerian office well. But to defend its internal construction is folly, or ignorance.

Let us look a moment at the "Rheingold" and "Walküre" only for illustrations. The other dramas may wait. We hear *Wotan* called the noble, the central and supreme figure of the whole Tetralogy. So Wagner has, in a way, certainly made him seem. But *Loge*, the invincible *Loge*, who "advised" the short-sighted *Wotan* to those silly treaties with the giants, to those pacts that no sensible god ever should have made—*Loge*, a secondary god at best, is the real moving power throughout the Ring dramas. He is brought into very poor Wagnerian relief—a first error. Let us, however, assume that *Wotan is* the wise All-Father, a ruler of creation, to be respected and pitied. Of all fat-witted, short-sighted, inconsistent, feeble rulers of gods and men, *Wotan* is the chief! He knows perfectly the dangers of the Ring to be forged of the Gold. Whom does he set to watch the Gold? Not spells nor monsters. He turns it over to three flirting naiads, helpless as babies, and garrulous as parroquets, sure to blab *Wotan's* life-and-death secret to the first comer—as they do! Again, only a being who "resigns love" can possess the Gold and Ring. Now *Wotan* distinctly tells *Brünnhilde* (in "Die Walküre") that, long before the Ring was a necessity to the Æsir, he himself had entirely renounced love! Why, then, could not *Wotan* himself seize the Gold, make the Ring, and rule and save his destiny and the other Gods by it? And just here let us observe that any part of the mass of the Gold, apparently, might be made into another Ring. Nobody knows just what became of the residue of the lump not so used, except so far as the Rhine-Gold is mixed into more massy articles, which ought to have some virtue of the original gold in them—if judiciously melted over again. That point, however, is relatively a trifle; let us concede its smallness cheerfully.

"Das Rheingold" as a Logical Drama.

Again, *Alberich* appears, and, by "renouncing" love, takes the Gold. "Renounces?" *Alberich* cannot get within arm's-length of the Rhine-Daughters. *Alberich* is so hideous that no female or male creature can tolerate his sight. One would call *Alberich's* "renunciation" "sour grapes," or a kind of papal non possumus. It is a sham; it is ridiculous. Moreover, the Nibelungs could not invade the water-world. They had no business nor potency there. They were not deities, but gross earth beings, hampered by many ordinary mortal shortcomings in dealing with the earth's elements. How, then, can *Alberich* be a free agent for mischief when he descends into the Rhine-flood? He cannot be so. He cannot get there. More important to query is how the Ring, by *Alberich's* angry curse, can prove malignant? How can *Alberich* undo its original and other charm? He is not an immortal. *Alberich* curses the Ring, too, after he has had it pulled away. *Alberich* may curse till the chickens—or *Wotan's* ravens—go home to roost, without a logical effect on the original virtues of the Ring. This one *non sequitur* makes the whole course of the Tetralogy shaky to tumbling, in so far as its being rationally developed. But there are dozens more of such examples of its bad gluing, as the dramas following "Das Rheingold" will reveal.

A Ring of Weakness, not Power.

Let us just scrutinize for a moment another vital matter—how the Ring bears out its character for conferring invincible power. As Mr. Jules Roche, the French critic, so justly observes in a most lucid study (for which I beg to make grateful acknowledgments here), no sooner does anybody get the Ring than it is a Ring not of Power, but of Weakness! It paralyzes cunning, force, purity, everything. *Alberich* is dragged from Nibelheim with it on his very finger, and he tries not even a shift to keep it. It cannot protect him from being bound by *Loge* nor against *Wotan*. It does not add enough power to *Wotan*, to *Fasolt*, to *Fafner*, to poor *Brünnhilde*, to *Gunther*, to *Siegfried* himself, to stay the course of death, shame, and impotent misfortune in every particular. No, you cannot prove nor argue that the curse of *Alberich* has so altered its charm. A pretty talisman of "power," truly! There is, furthermore, no sufficiently logical reason for its ever reverting to the Rhine-maidens and the Rhine. It will perish when the world is burnt—Walhalla fired. One would think, too, that *Erda* might have one of her enlightening encyclicals to deliver, and so make those three light water-ladies a bit serious in putting the Ring to use in averting a world-catastrophe once they got the Ring back. But as for *Erda*, she is as illogical in her care for the interests of *Wotan* (an old flame, the father of their eight children, the Valkyrior) as she is preachy. She is the Nibelungen Mrs. Too Late, with her "I didn't tell you so! You didn't ask! What can you expect? Auf wiedersehen!"

The Mystic Sword.

Vïd Baireuth came the Sword. Is the Sword made of the Gold? Apparently; or why—unless merely on the metal of its hilt!—is it part of the Nibelungen Treasure? If so, it were as well a sword of lath. But we know, later, that it is made of magical steel, and that it is a counter-charm of vast value in the drama. Now why does *Fafner*, the cunning, care so little for the Sword as to cast it lightly aside? He has grasped at every atom of the Treasure. Even *Wotan* picks the Sword up as an accident, a plum; does so as one crying: "See what a great god am I! This shall save us." It is not more easy to see whence the Sword's powers are got than to trace its origin. Yet the Sword is an indispensable link in the Tetralogy.

"Die Walküre" as Play-carpentry.

In "Die Walküre," Wagner's dramatic inconsistencies are partly those original to his mythological basis; but in part wholly his own. We have *Wotan* as hen-pecked, nonplussed, and ineffective a god as ever could be and be a god; badgered by *Fricka*, not a common scold, but an uncommon one. And *Fricka*, a wise, just goddess, is so senseless that she cannot sacrifice her jealousy and rights as Hymen to her very existence. But *Wotan* and Wagner earlier than the first scene of "Die Walküre" are consummately absurd in conduct. Only a free mortal, a *real* mortal, can aid *Wotan*. We find that he, nevertheless, had actually expected a half-god, his son, to be his help! This is a lack of common-sense worthy of Laputa. But, more than that, *Wotan* the Wise expects to be aided by *Siegmund*, after taking no care of him during a perilous youth; and now expects his help by allowing him to commit exactly the sin certain to make *Fricka* exact any man's death. Of *Sieglinde*, also *Wotan's* child, the Father of Power has been wholly neglectful in ordinary paternal warding, and in precaution of her possible share in the plots to come. Of course the criminal love of the Twins is cursed. It must be expiated. By-the-bye, when did *Wotan*, as a Wölfing, "promise" to *Siegmund* that Sword? Surely a pledge of such future weight is lightly brought to our knowledge—merely by a phrase from *Siegmund*. As for the after-work of "Die Walküre," as a series of episodes, why, it is powerfully effective when taken at its best; but as a coherent drama it will not hold water. *Brünnhilde*, by her splendid disobedience, never could offend a father whose godlike existence depends on such interference. No law obliged *Wotan* to do anything but thank *Brünnhilde* for her good judgment, and be joyful in her alliance. Instead, *Brünnhilde*, the creation who appeals most to us all, about whom there is cast the suggestion of divine, tender heroism, is rated like a thieving servant for her impulsiveness, and handed over to fate like a Boulevard trollope. Why does not *Erda*, the lady of the Underground Railway, put in her oar in this critical situation? Again, why does *Loge* at all obey *Wotan*—he need not do so—and protect *Brünnhilde* by fire?—*Loge*, the enemy of the gods, an all-embracing malice! What bad carpentry is here! Compare it with Æschylus. Compare it with Kalidasa!

So much—though more might be noted—for the absolute incoherence and quite incomprehensible stuff of only the outset, the first members of the Ring. On such an unsound basis a masterful genius has reared an astonishing work. Great in spite of their structural weakness and crudeness, and outrageous German diction, are both "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre." But they are great in spite of their dramatic feebleness of conduct, not because of their strength. We are enchanted, not awed, by the noble and firm in a master-work with feet of clay.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DRAMA

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, and otherwise unpleasant, the woman of the present on Broadway is the woman of a past. At the Garrick, Mrs. Leslie Carter is trailing her skirts through four acts of Gallic mire toward the ascension robe of white that Mr. David Belasco has considerately arranged for her in the last act. At Wallack's, Miss Olga Nethersole is resurrecting *Paula Tanqueray* and *La Dame aux Camélias*.

Zaza and *Paula Tanqueray.*

Last week we paid our respects to the Belasconian scheme of morality that seeks to edify us with the apotheosis of a guttersnipe; we know now what it is to be a woman of "easy virtue"! This week we have the antidote—such as it is—of the woman in whose life the struggle after respectability became a tragedy. If any one is still under the delusion that Pinero's masterpiece is corrosive of good morals, let him consider the two pieces well. The gravest charge that can be urged against "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is that it makes the drama a mere vehicle for the solution of a social problem, and for the reading of the moral corollary. If the charge is true, the case is serious; for the end of art—we owe the definition to *Hamlet*—is to put us in touch with the vital streams of human life; and this end is as much more significant than the other as life itself is more significant than the sphere of the pedagogue.

The Problem of the Problem Play.

Historically, no doubt, Pinero's masterpiece is to be traced in its origin to the school of French drama that produced the younger Dumas, and no influence was stronger in its shaping than the influence of Ibsen; it will always, perhaps, be ticketed as a problem play. It is open to question, however, if the point is not already granted, that both Dumas and Ibsen are far more the artist than the moralist; and it is one of the subtle ironies of the drama that in proportion as a play succeeds in solving a moral problem it ceases to be a problem play. No play shows this better than "Tanqueray." Let us grant that Pinero set out to prove that a woman's past is her present and her future. His first task is to make his



ERNEST VAN DYCK,
As *Loge* in "Das Rheingold."
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Mrs. Leslie Carter (*Zaza*). Mr. C. A. Stevenson (*Bernard*).

THE REDEMPTION OF *ZAZA*—MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN ACT V. OF "ZAZA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

A young actress asks *Zaza* the secret of her success. She answers that she has lived and suffered. She then meets *Bernard*, after a separation of two years, and sends him home to his wife.

woman the epitome of all that goes to make up the nature of a wanton; and in doing this he has to probe deep into the heart of woman nature: all that distinguishes *Paula* from *Cleopatra* is her modern British craving for respectability. And then, in order to make her defeat convincing, it is necessary to show us society and virtue in their most vital phases. What could be more suggestive of British society than those distant Cortelyon chimneys; of British virtue than the soul of *Ellean Tanqueray!* We are already in the heart of the world of real passions, of real people; the currents of vitality are so strong that one must be a pedagogue indeed if his mind is still occupied with any abstract problem of the conflict between Vice and Society. Whatever the intention of the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in effect it is a strong, rich work of art. The only debt of importance it owes to Dumas is its impeccable dramatic structure and its brilliant dialogue; the only debt of importance it owes to Ibsen is the intensity of its dramatic motive. In effect it is a problem play only as "Macbeth" or "Antony and Cleopatra" is a problem play. Shakspere may have intended to show us the corrosive effects of a selfish ambition, or the enervating effects of wanton love. Who cares?

The Moral and the Drama.

In the case of Pinero, the grappling with his problem seems to have raised him above himself as a dramatist. In such plays as "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "Trelawny of the Wells," where the sole intention is obviously—and so successfully!—the spectator's amusement, he has failed to realize the austerity of the dramatic motives he is working with. The middle-aged *Princess* marries her youthful lover, the middle-aged *Butterfly* marries his girlish ward, and we are to suppose that nobody is troubled with incompatibility of temper; *Trelawny* brings Cavendish Square out of itself to dwell before the foot-lights, and we are to suppose that there are no jars, no regrets. To realize how much possibility of drama has been sacrificed to the "happy" endings of these two very pleasant plays one has only to feel again the breathless power of "Tanqueray." The greater vitality of the dramatic situation here quite obviously comes from the greater austerity with which the author treats his motive—from the fact, if you will, that he is dealing with a moral. One would put up with a thousand morals if they lent a dramatist such allegiance to the truth of life and of art! The tragedy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a play of immeasurably greater depth and import, as well as of greater literary grace, than Mr. Belasco's perversion of "Zaza." Little by little, it seems to me, it must come to be known as the great English play of the present generation.

Miss Nethersole as *Paula Tanqueray.*

Miss Nethersole's *Paula* takes especial interest from the fact that the part is said to have originally been written for her. The result shows the difference between Pinero and the authors of "The Termagant." The excesses of acting that made Miss Nethersole's *Beatrix* so painful have very little scope indeed in the well-modulated scenes of "Tanqueray." It is true that in the breakfast scene, where a more restrained actor would have shown the power of reserve, she eats a biscuit in huge mouthfuls, and seems so agitated by the fact that she tosses the crumbs madly in the air; and it is true that the result of all this is to lessen one's sense of the main effect of the scene—the silent, corrosive stupidity of respectable life. It may be objected, also, that Miss Nethersole lacks the discrimination to take advantage of the almost infinite variety of effect possible to the part. In the opening act she misses the engaging honesty, the pathetic effort at sincerity, with which *Paula* tenders *Aubrey* the records of her past; and when she sits down to her supper on *Aubrey's* fruits, one feels the wanton impulse that makes her like them "especially when they are expensive," but one does not feel the pathos of the lonely lodging from which she has come to him dinnerless. As the play proceeds to the simpler and more moving scenes, however, Miss Nethersole is at her best. Whenever the vital chord is struck, she responds with distinction and with power. One feels all the bitterness of her love for "Saint Ellean," and the rank wantonness of her nature that instinctively repels the young girl. That is the master motive of the play, as strange as it is profound, and Miss Nethersole interprets it with a conviction impossible except to sheer genius. The spell of her acting lingers long after the memory of her defective methods is lost. If Mrs. Carter has the technical methods of Bernhardt, Miss Nethersole has the wings of her inspiration.

Miss Cissy Loftus and her Imitations.

Miss Cissy Loftus, the newly arrived English mimic, is known in private life as Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and she is that Cecelia to whom Mr. McCarthy has dedicated his prose translation of "Omar Khayyâm." She was first made famous in America by the fact that she pluckily refused to appear at the variety theatre for which she was booked, because one of the turns at the theatre was notoriously indecent. She made her way to the rival house of Messrs. Weber & Fields, who always "dare to be as funny as they can," and never to be as wicked. In air and in manner Miss Loftus is as winsome and as distinguished by womanly feeling as Miss Annie Russell—one can say no more than that! She imitates the leading women, and some of the men, of the comic-opera stage in England and America. The range of her voice seems impossibly great, and the variety of her gestures is inexhaustible; she has her victims down cold. But the really notable fact is that all of her imitations have so intimate a touch of her own individuality that they are for the moment more amusing than the originals could possibly be. She is like Coquelin's peasant that squealed so much more artistically than the pig that he was justly awarded the prize. This touch of artistic feeling is as rare to our variety stage as it is refreshing; the grace and refinement of Miss Loftus's manner seem strange enough through the opalescence of tobacco smoke. In addition to her Music Hall turns, Miss Loftus is to appear in a play written for her by Mr. McCarthy.

JOHN CORBIN.

Affairs in the Philippines

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

[The following letter, just received from our special correspondent, is of special interest to-day, in view of the recent capture of Iloilo by the insurgents, which, it will be noted, Mr. Bass foresaw.—EDITOR.]

MANILA, *December 7, 1898.*

So eager is the Spanish population to make trouble between the Filipinos and Americans that many of the ten thousand Spaniards at present prisoners of the insurgents are voluntarily enlisting in the insurgent army and Spanish officers are drilling native troops.

Every one believes that we shall have to fight the natives, and that at no very distant time. As soon as the insurgent leaders learn that the United States intends to take some of the plums herself, the critical moment will have arrived. It is the fashion to underestimate the fighting capacity of the insurgent; not the insurgent of two years ago, armed only with a knife, but the insurgent of to-day, armed with Mauser rifle and quick-firing gun, and trained by the drill-masters of the Spanish army. In addition to these advantages the insurgents have gained confidence. Aguinaldo has succeeded in establishing a very fair government, based not on any respect for law, but on the far stronger, if less durable, basis of superstitious veneration for his own person. The Tagalo countrymen have very much the same sort of feeling for Aguinaldo that Napoleon's soldiers had for him. Often Filipinos have told me how, in battle, bullets would strike on Aguinaldo's forehead and glance harmlessly off.

There is not much doubt that, if their leaders say so, these Filipinos will fight us as they fought the Spaniards; not in the open, but in the jungle, driven from swamp to swamp, and picking off our men one at a time. A Spanish captain remarked to me the other day,

"With eight hundred men at my command, in the province of Cavité alone, an army of fifteen thousand could not catch me, and I would guarantee to kill twenty men a day."

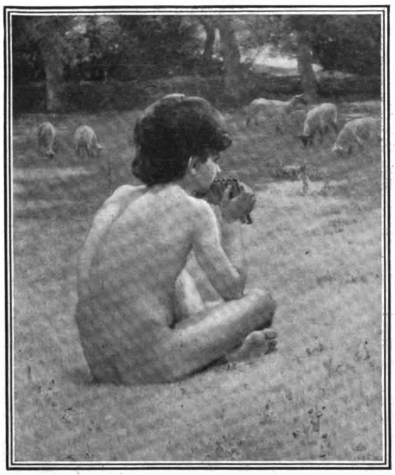
There is a rumor among the wise ones in town that Aguinaldo intends to attack us in ten days. The first movement is to be an uprising of the natives in the town itself, followed by an attack from without by 40,000 men of the insurgent army. As if in confirmation of this rumor, a large number of "bolos," or knives, have been discovered collected in various places about town. While I do not believe that the insurgents have screwed their courage to the point of attacking us in our stronghold, still the rumor shows the way the wind is blowing. Lately parties of American officers have been arrested and held in the insurgents lines for trivial or imaginary transgressions.

In one respect our position is not so strong as was that of the Spaniards, for they had a strong Filipino party on their side, and a number of native troops, who remained faithful throughout the fight, whereas we have not had time to form a native American party. Much to my surprise, the richer Filipino merchants in town, who some weeks ago, when it was uncertain whether or not the United States would take the islands from Spain, were strongly philamerican, now openly declare that they are not in favor of annexation. Our strongest hold was on the richer classes.

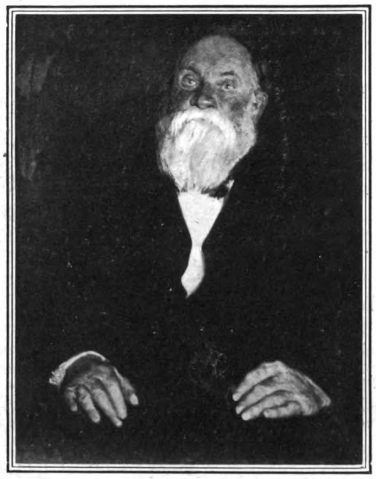
We have before us the prospect of a more or less severe campaign in a country where the roads are nearly impassable to infantry and absolutely impassable to artillery, where it is impossible to deploy on account of impenetrable jungle. There is only one way to subjugate a country of this kind, and that is by the building of good, durable roads. The construction, maintenance, and protection of roads in these islands mean the expenditure of millions of dollars.

Just at present the centre of interest continues to be Iloilo. There are eight hundred white Spanish troops defending the town against some twenty thousand insurgents, who may at any moment break the thin Spanish line and sack the town. Every night the insurgents attack the Spanish trenches at Molo, just out of Iloilo, but so far these attacks have been successfully repulsed, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. These insurgents about Iloilo are in touch with Aguinaldo, and directly under his orders.

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"PIPING SHEPHERD."—Anna Lea Merritt.



"CAP'N PETER TURNER."—Philip Hale.



"A RAY OF SUNLIGHT."—John W. Alexander.



"LANDSCAPE."—Charles A. Platt.



"THE ANNUNCIATION."—H. O. Tanner.



"DEVOTION."—W. M. Chase.



"A PORTRAIT."—Cecelia Beaux.



"AUDREY."—Gari Melchers.

PHILADELPHIA—FROM THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

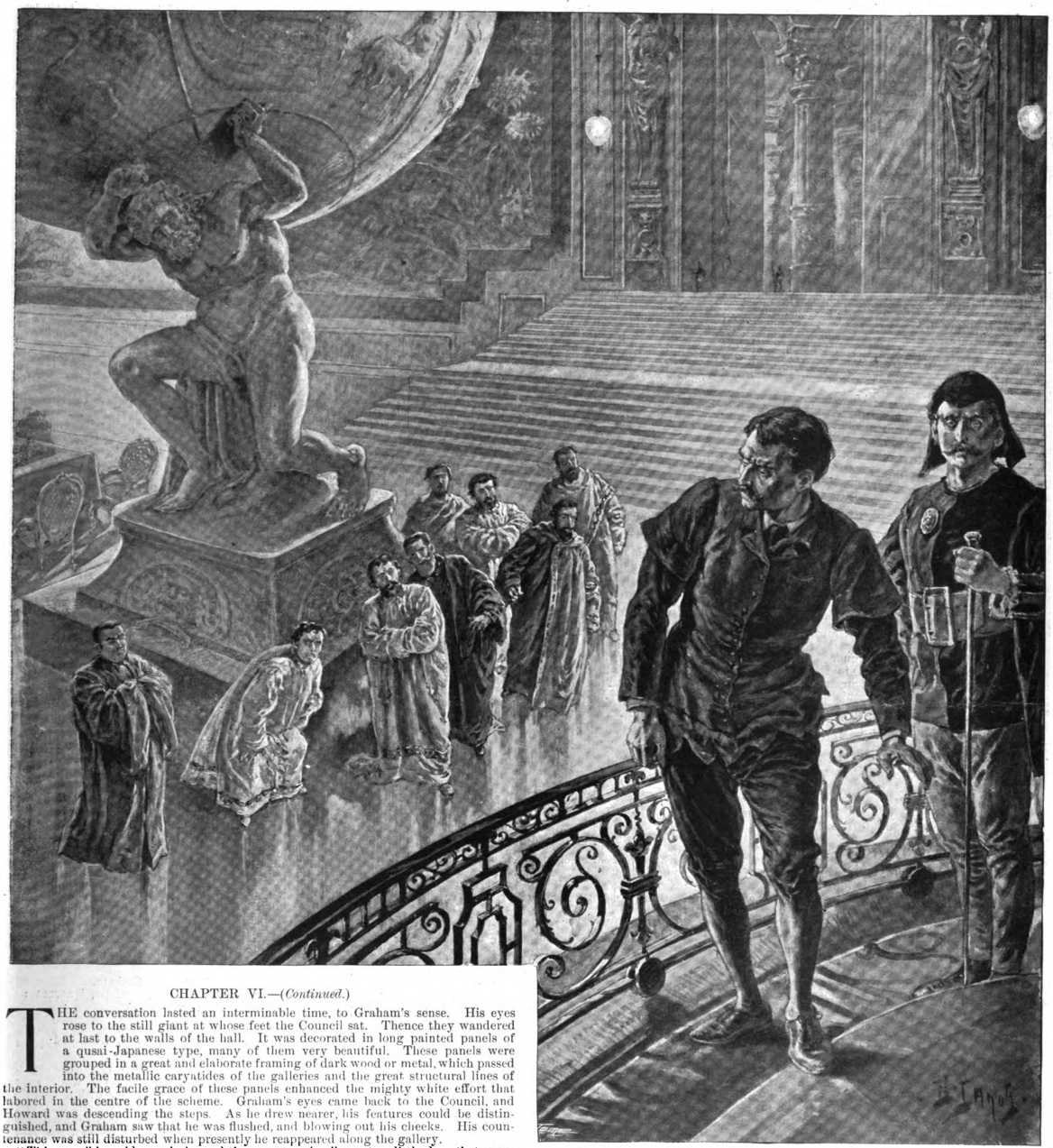
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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.



"GRAHAM SAW THE WHITE-ROBED COUNCIL STILL STANDING IN A CLOSE GROUP AND LOOKING AT HIM."

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE conversation lasted an interminable time, to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a quasi-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. These panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark wood or metal, which passed into the metallic caryatides of the galleries and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that labored in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer, his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed, and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along the gallery.

"This way," he said, concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor, even, was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous little chambers furnished in white and green.

"What Council was that?" began Graham. "What were they discussing? What have they to do with me?"

Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slantingways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

"You must understand," began Howard, abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half-explanation, a bare unqualified statement, would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact—it is a case of compound interest, partly—your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you—and certain other beginnings—have become very considerable. And in other ways, that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance—of very considerable significance—involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

"Yes?"

"Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."

"Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.

"Well—to ask you to keep in seclusion."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.

"No harm will be done you."

"No harm!"

"But you must be kept here—"

"While I learn my position, I presume."

"Precisely."

"Very well, then. Begin. Why *harm?*"

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"It is too long a story, sire."

"All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over, and who are the men in white in that huge council-chamber?"

"All in good time, sire," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening—no one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."

"What Council?"

"The Council you saw."

"This is not right," Graham said. "I should be told what is happening."

"You must wait. Really you must wait."

"I suppose, since I have waited so long to resume life," he said, shortly, "that I must wait a little longer."

"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you,

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while I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated, and vanished.

Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and knitted brow, biting his finger-nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of this first hour of awakened life—the vast mechanical spaces; the endless series of chambers and passages; the great struggle that roared and splashed through these strange ways; the little group of remote, unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas; Howard's mysterious behavior. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance, perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And this room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment!

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was a dream. He tried to shut his eyes, and succeeded, but that time-honored device led to no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appointments of the two contiguous chambers in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself, and stopped, astonished. He was clad now in a graceful costume of purple and bluish-white, his hair, its black streaked now with bands of gray, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this," he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realized that every soul with whom he might jest had died many scores of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of the wonderful street reasserted itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible, unfriendly councillors in white glancing towards him. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him the world was—strange.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT ROOMS.

PRESENTLY Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving, in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome-shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre opening into a funnel, in which a wheel of broad vanes seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vanes sprang up, one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky, He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there? He could not clearly determine this at the time, but afterwards he found the latter alternative was the case.

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He became interested in these questions; began examining the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructed bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labor of bedroom service was practically abolished. The air was sweet and pleasing, and free from any sense of dust. And over everything was a curious absence of deliberate ornament, a bare grace of form and color, that he found very pleasing to the eye. There were several comfortable chairs; a light table, on silent runners, carrying several bottles of fluids, and glasses, and two plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then he noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no writing materials. "The world has changed indeed!" he said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room was set with rows of peculiar double cylinders in racks inscribed with green lettering on white that harmonized with the decorative scheme of the room, and in the centre of this side projected a little apparatus about a yard square, and having a white smooth face to the room. A chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that these cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute for books, but at first it did not seem so.

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At first sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a suggestion of mutilated English about certain of the words.

"ol Man huwdbi Kl7,"

forced itself on him as, "The Man who would be King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remembered reading a story with that title; then he recalled the story vividly—one of the best stories in the world. But this thing before him was not a book as he understood it.

He puzzled over the peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this, and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of color on the smooth front face. He suddenly realized what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly colored, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera-glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating angry things to a pretty but petulant-looking woman. Both were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been doing?"

"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard "when the Sleeper wakes" used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible. But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate friends.

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face of the apparatus was blank again.

It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, energetic, subtle; a world, too, of dire economic struggle. There were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring at the blankness.

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first awakening.

He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonder-land. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper. It had really not struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what they had said. . . .

He walked into the bedroom and peered up through the quick intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his new apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was deep blue—black almost—and set with faint stars. He concluded the time must be far on in the night.

But he was neither hungry nor sleepy. He resumed his examination of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until some one came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it was these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognized what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhäuser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhäuser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a Pleasure City. What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a flavor of strangely twisted sentimentality. Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. There were no pictures, no idealizations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second-century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth-century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing, even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm, and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhäuser cylinders by another pair he found the apparatus broken. . . .

He had come upon strange times. He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is! What have they got to? What has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematized sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realize that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste, and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere, spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, and yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired; felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he felt must be proceeding in the city.

The strangeness of his experience came to dominate his mind. He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant! Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble, mumble. I remember the Armenian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Haha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again, deliberately and louder. Then he realized that he was behaving foolishly. "Steady!" he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new world," he said. "I don't understand it. *Why?* But it is all *why!*

"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things.

"Let me try and remember just how it began."

He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first: he recalled school-books and certain lessons in chemistry. Then he revived the more salient features of his life—memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption; of his rivals and friends and betrayers; of the swift decision of this issue and that; and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim, perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured—capable of repolishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth repolishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable. . .

He reverted to his present condition. He wrested with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down, and was presently asleep. . .

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one except Howard entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimized the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind, it seemed, only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the sound-proof walls that enclosed him he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question of the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went wide and far. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position was debated in his mind—even, as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him came to him at least credible by virtue of this seclusion. When at last the moment of his release arrived it found him prepared. He was no longer passive and enfeebled, but alert, and very speedily a participator in the great drama that played about him.

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door, between its opening and closing, seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His inquiries became more definite and searching. Howard retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.

"The thing is this," said Graham: "You are afraid of something I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator—I might be arbitrator."

"It is not that. But you have—I may tell you this much—the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth-century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.

"With your old-world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our state."

"Am I a fool?"

"Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever wake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead—a mere arrest of decay. And—but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly—while you are still half awake."

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say—why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? Am I any wiser now than two days ago—if it is two days—when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.

"I am beginning to feel—every hour I feel more clearly—a sense of complex concealment, of which you are the salient point. Is your precious Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

"That note of suspicious—," said Howard.

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now mark my words: It will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it: I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to *live*—"

"*Live!*"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham, and spoke in an easy, confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here—for your good. You are restless. Naturally—an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire—every desire—every sort of desire— There may be something. Is there any sort of company?"

He paused meaningly.

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"Yes," said Graham, thoughtfully. "There is."

"Ah! *Now!* We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours."

"That," said Howard, "I am afraid— But—"

Graham began pacing the room.

"Everything you say, everything you do, convinces me—of some great issue in which I am concerned. I do not want to pass the time, as you call it. Yes, I know. Desire and indulgence are life, in a sense—and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude— And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clinched fists. He gave way to an anger fit; he swore archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you—I warn you of the consequences! Once I come at my power—"

He realized that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression.

"I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate, Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clinched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. For a long time he kept himself in a sort of frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who had imprisoned him. He did this because he did not want to look calmly at his position. He clung to his anger—because he was afraid of Fear.

Presently he found himself reasoning with himself. This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no doubt the legal forms—new legal forms—of the time permitted it. It must of course be legal. These people were two hundred years further on in the march of civilization than the Victorian generation. It was not likely they would be less—humane. His imagination set to work to suggest things that might be done to him. The attempts of his reason to dispose of these suggestions, though for the most part logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why should anything be done to me?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found himself saying at last, "I can give up what they want. But what do they want? And why don't they ask me for it instead of cooping me up?"

He returned to his former preoccupation with the Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsider the details of Howard's behavior, sinister glances, inexplicable hesitations. Then for a time his mind circled about the idea of escaping from these rooms; but whither could he escape into this vast crowded world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeoman suddenly dropped into nineteenth-century London. And besides, how could any one escape from these rooms?

"How can it benefit any one if harm should happen to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble, of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his memory. This also a Council had said:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—THE PHILIPPINES

By F. D. Millet, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO COLONIAL GOVERNMENT—HOW THE DUTCH GOVERN JAVA

SAMARANG, JAVA, *November 30.*

THERE is but one opinion in the East about the annexation of the Philippines to the United States; everybody, Spaniards not always excepted, is heartily in favor of it. This is undoubtedly the opinion of the men, without regard to nationality, who control business interests here, if I may judge from the statements of those whom I have talked with on the subject, and I have exchanged views with a great many since I left Manila, two months ago. It was natural to expect that Englishmen would favor the annexation, but I have been not a little surprised to find that the German merchants have, without exception, expressed themselves strongly on the side of American occupation of the Philippines. The attitude of the German naval officers at Manila, which on several occasions was dangerously near open hostility, did not suggest that their own countrymen in the East would have the opinion above stated, but it is a fact, and I have never heard anything from the German merchants but vigorous condemnation of the action of the German fleet. Russians at Nagasaki, Frenchmen at Shanghai, merchants and bankers who have spent many years in the East, were all of the same opinion regarding annexation, without a single notable exception. The local papers have been full of rumors of the antagonism of the Continental powers to the American occupation of the Micronesia, but volumes of leaders have been written reflecting the sentiments of those familiar with the complicated situation here, declaring that annexation to the United States is the only logical and acceptable result of the disturbance of the Spanish possession of the Philippines.

No one without a wide experience in this part of the world can have any adequate idea of the extent to which the Spaniards have deliberately retarded the expanse of commerce, and opposed, by their irritating policy of isolation, the development of the wonderful resources of that rich group of islands which they have so long occupied. No one who has not studied the subject on the spot can have conception of the recognized dishonesty of their system of government, or of the degree and kind of degradation to which their mediæval civilization has reduced the native. The Far East welcomes the change which puts an end to Spanish rule here, for it will mean opening up a large, fertile, and highly productive country to the active competition of trade.

The Dutch East Indies, which comprises hundreds of islands, large and small, north of Australia, are near neighbors to the new possessions of the United States, and the races who inhabit these islands are akin in blood and very much allied in character to the population of the Philippines. The political situation in both these groups of islands is in one respect similar: that is, the Dutch have never taken much more than nominal possession of some of the islands, while they have for many generations held full possession of Java and a large part of Sumatra, as the Spaniards have overrun Luzon, Panay, and Cebu, and only partially occupied many of the other islands, and in some of them scarcely go further than an affectation of proprietorship. The difference in the situation is this, that with the exception of Atchin, which the Dutch have been trying in vain to conquer for nearly thirty years, all the native chiefs and sultans acknowledge the authority of the European government, while in the Philippines there are large and powerful tribes, notably among the Mohammedans, who have never been reduced to subjection, and have never recognized any outside authority.

Although there is a very notable difference in character, language, customs, and type to be found among the natives in different islands of the Philippines, and even in different parts of the same island, the tribes are no wider apart in these respects than are the Soendanese and Javanese in Java, the Sarawaks and Dyaks in Borneo, and the Macassars and other tribes in Celebes. Doubtless most of these tribes are from original Malay stock, but there is often found a prominent strain of other blood, which is sometimes dominant, carrying with it a quite different temperament, and modifying Malay characteristics. In that part of the Philippines in which we are most interested at present, the island of Luzon and the adjacent islands of Panay and Cebu, the natives bear unmistakable marks of Malay origin, and resemble the natives of the Malay Peninsula quite as much as do other peoples in closer geographical relation. The Malay race and its offshoots have been proved to be, under certain conditions, docile, peace-loving, and fairly industrious. They are very superstitious—not more so probably than the negroes in the Southern States—have a strong sense of justice, and an implacable spirit of revenge, which is quite as marked a feature of their disposition as the color of their skin is a distinguishing physical characteristic.

The European nations—the English and the Dutch on the one hand, the Portuguese and the Spaniards on the other—who have had the most intimate relations with the Malays, have found it necessary to take into consideration the dominant superstitious nature of the race, and have each in its own way gained a supremacy over them, not entirely by the force of arms, which in many instances has proved to be powerless to hold them as loyal and contented subjects, but by catering to the peculiarities of their temperament. The Portuguese and Spaniards



THE SULTAN OF SULU.
The Ruler of Thousands of our Mohammedan Fellow-Citizens.

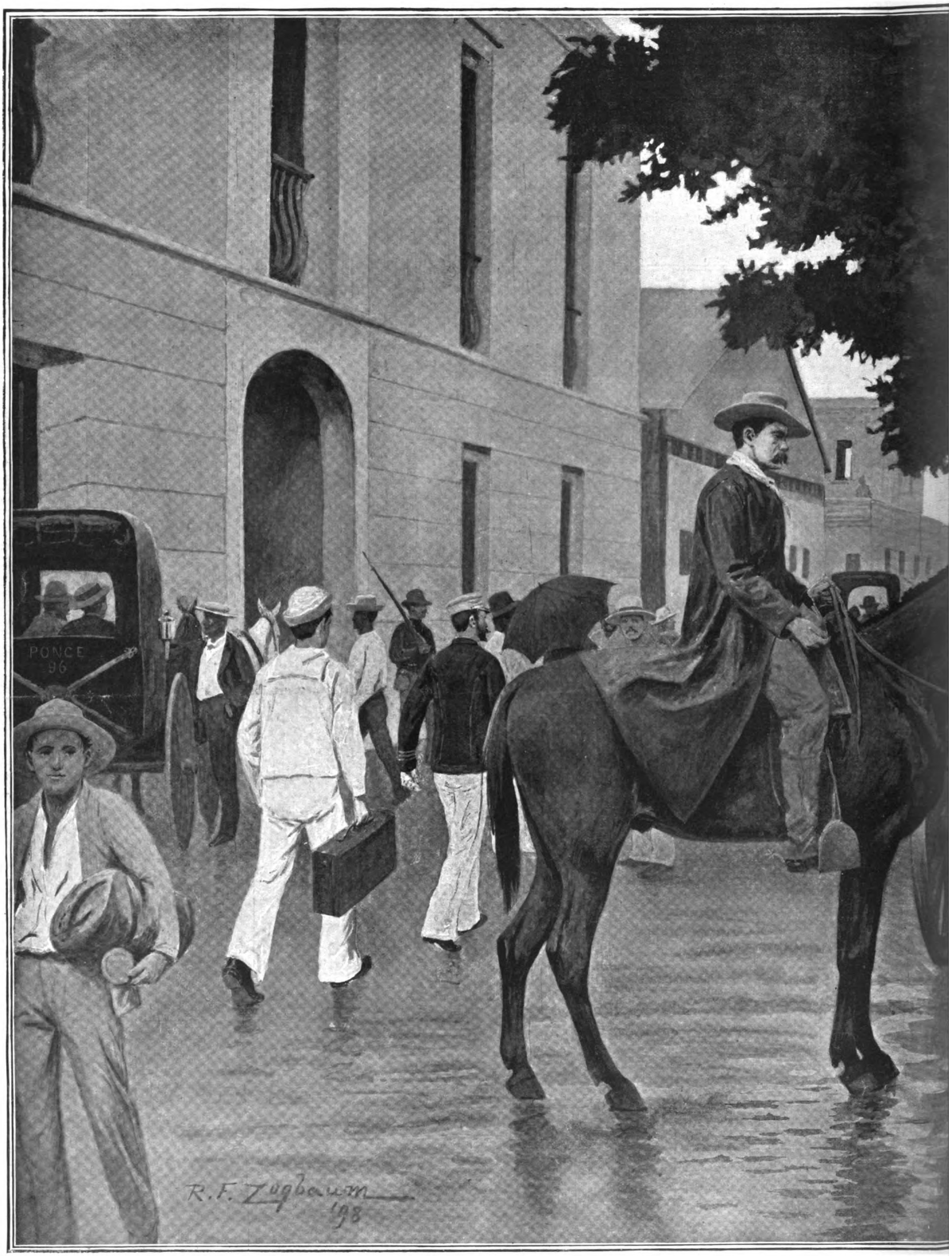
have made use of the glamour and mystery of the Roman Catholic religion, and have substituted largely, in whatever region they have gained a foothold, the external and superficial forms of this worship for the rites of Hindoo, Buddhist, and idol cults. The English, after their usual custom, have interfered little or not at all with the native practices of religion, but have trusted rather to the civilizing influences of trade and industry; while the Dutch, by far the most successful colonists among them, have interfered quite as little as the English with the native belief, but have gained a wonderful control over them by the policy of nominally recognizing their local and tribal authority, and by disturbing as little as possible the traditional forms of native government.

They are by no means an easy people to control, as we will soon find if we continue the thoughtless, not to say ignorant, policy we have already begun in the Philippines. It is all very well in theory to say that the Filipinos are men and brothers. But how about the Chinese? The Malays are as different from us as are the Chinese, and must be dealt with according to their nature. Without going deeply into a discussion of the methods of government which have made the Dutch East Indies a most flourishing and prosperous colony, I can best illustrate the workings of the system by a concrete example, which came under my own observation during an extensive tour in Java, where I studied as closely as possible the conditions which, under the vigorous government of the Dutch, made the natives such a prosperous and contented population.

I was the guest for some days of a Dutch official, a governor, or "Resident," in one of the provinces in the interior of the island, where the dual government is seen working at its best, and where the European and the native live on the most amiable terms, and where crime and poverty are comparatively unknown. The town is not large in population, but, like all Javanese towns, covers a considerable area with its wide, straight, well-shaded streets. The focus of the place is, of course, the aloon-aloon, or open square, with the usual enormous waringin, or holy, tree of the natives occupying the centre, and casting a broad cool shadow on the well-kept turf of the square. Other waringin-trees, scarcely less in size than the monster in the square, form an imposing rank all around the enclosure, half hiding with the dense foliage the ranks of cocoanut-palms which rise above the low roofs of the houses beyond. On one side of the square is the house, or palace, of the native Regent, placed well back in large well-kept grounds, with a profusion of shade and fruit trees and ornamental shrubs and flowers. Just in front of the palace, separated from it by a grand driveway, stands the large open pavilion where audiences and conferences are held, dramatic and musical entertainments are given, and all public and official functions are carried on. Opposite the palace, across the square, is seen the modest house of the Resident, with the offices adjacent and the jail close at hand. On a third side of the great, broad, grass-covered aloon-aloon, a large mosque, with towers, and a broad colonnade leading into a spacious interior, where worshippers are seen kneeling on the mat-covered floor in the perspective of huge white columns, gleams dazzlingly white through the dark foliage of the trees, quite dwarfing any other edifice in the place; and from the opposite side of the square is always heard, in the quiet of the tropical forenoon, the murmur of children's voices from the long low building, where hundreds of them are at school, learning to read and write in both the native and Dutch languages. Another school, for European children, with the wooden desks arranged on a spacious portico, stands not far away, and many happy white-clad children are daily seen at their tasks there, under the guardianship of a woman teacher. All life in the village is in the open air. The taxes are paid by the natives in piles of copper and silver, carefully arranged in rows on the cement portico of the tiny town-hall; and the Dutch official daily sits in the shade there and watches the counting, and supervises the transferrence of the coin in palm-leaf bags to the strong-room at the back of the building. In front of the little police station groups of squatting natives are seen all day long, patiently awaiting their turn, either with a complaint, or a request for work, or with a report from some distant village. Everything is conducted with the most gratifying ease and quiet. No one seems in a hurry; no one shows any signs of vexation or impatience. Never a harsh utterance or a loud word interrupts the hum of the bees and the song of the crickets. The people all have a contented, cheerful air; and even at the busy market, where of all places one would expect to hear a turmoil of cries, the same gentle manners are observed, and the same quiet, low, musical voices are heard. Occasionally from the dense growth of palms and plantains come drifting along on the soft air the notes of a song, not in the dismal minor strain so often heard elsewhere, but in the merry joyous key, and the tinkle and drone of the gamelang gong sound far away in the depths of the forest, at first plaintive, then triumphantly barbaric, and then in a long, soothing, monotonous rhythm, harmonizing with the mysterious, scarcely audible voices of the forest, the ceaseless murmur and rustle of the palms.

This is the stage on which my friend the Resident enacts his drama year after year. And a drama it really is. His European staff consists of a controller and an aspirant-controller—I fancy inspector and sub-inspector would be the nearest English synonyms for these titles—and two or three clerks. The controller is a man of perhaps twenty years' residence in Java, speaks three or four languages, besides as many native dialects, with ease and fluency, and spends a large part of his time in riding on horseback over the province to report on the condition of the people and on the working of the government. The

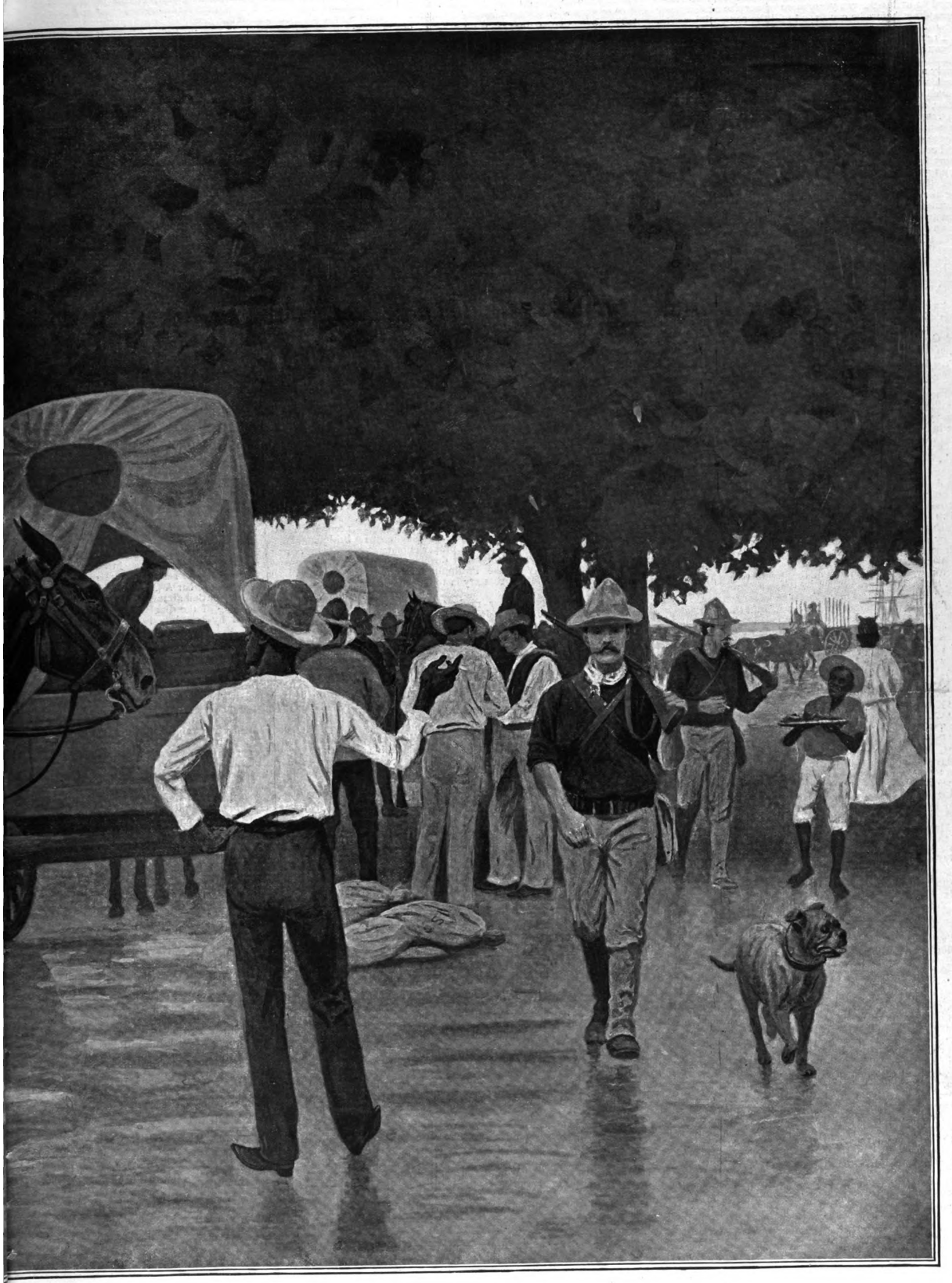
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PUERTO RICO—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND A

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum from Sketches made by him while acting as Special

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Y HEADQUARTERS AT PLAYA DE PONCE.

TIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 105.]

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aspirant-controller is a young man of about twenty-five years, who has already devoted three years of hard work to the study of the profession, and has to look forward to at least seven years more of service as assistant or aspirant before he can hope to fill the responsible position of controller.

I remember being surprised in Japan at hearing, from a young attaché of a foreign legation—not the United States legation, it is needless to remark—that he had already spent four years studying Japanese to prepare him for his chosen profession, the diplomatic service. He was travelling in the interior, in the company of his Japanese tutor, and was continuing his studies four or five hours a day, meanwhile becoming thoroughly acquainted with the customs, habits, daily life, and incidentally with the intricate character of the natives away from the Europeanized centres. But here in the middle of Java, days' travel away from a large town, I was no less surprised to find a young man, well born and well educated, of refined tastes and almost precocious experience with the world, devoting the best years of his life to the accurate study of the Javanese, in order to fit himself to hold a position in this remote colony, in which the only prize worth securing was a small pension after twenty years of service.

The Dutch officials in Java, the testimony of many travellers to the contrary notwithstanding, are quite ready and willing to give any information about the system of government, and are not, as I know from my own experience, the churlish, discourteous, and secretive individuals which one is led to believe them from the reports of recent visitors to the island. To be sure, it probably was a little advantage to me to be able to speak Dutch, but almost all the officials speak English fluently, and French and German besides. On reflection I am inclined to the belief that the main difficulty travellers experience with the Dutch officials is in taking an aggressive attitude. Few Americans or English can overcome the habit of drawing comparisons between the institutions of the country they are visiting and those to which they are accustomed at home. It must be irritating to a man, who has spent many years in the intelligent study of how to live and let live in Java, to be rounded up constantly with the statement that "we do things so and so in St. Paul," or, "our home government would certainly not permit this." It is needless to say that I found much greater food for reflection in the wonderful perfection of the Dutch system of colonization than in studying the difference between the municipal government of an Irish-American city and a province in the interior of Java.

At the close of his daily labors in receiving the taxes in cash, the Resident took me into the spacious, airy jail; not by any means an uncomfortable dwelling-place, and with so few prisoners that they were almost lost among the piers of the open court-yards. There was one convict for every five thousand of the population of the district, not a large proportion. All were imprisoned for slight offences, such as petty thefts and drunkenness.

"They are all children here in Java," said the Resident "They have such innocent notions about justice and punishment that you will hardly believe me when I tell you of them. A man is arrested on suspicion of stealing bananas or cocoanuts, or some such produce, and in my capacity of police justice I question him:

"'Did you steal the things?'

"'Yes, Toewan Resident, I stole them.'

"'Who saw you do it?'

"'No one, Toewan Resident.'

"'Why did you steal them?'

"'The demon impelled me to, Toewan Resident.'

"'Ought I to punish you?'

"'Certainly, Toewan Resident.'

"And I commit him to jail for a time.

"I noticed you looked at the whipping-post in the jail. Yes, we sometimes flog them lightly, but only when they break their parole. If, for certain reasons, a man is let out of jail temporarily, and does not come back when he has agreed to, we send a gendarme to his village, and invariably find him in his own hut. We then bring him back to jail and give him a few lashes. It won't do to punish them severely, for they never forget it if you do. They expect a certain amount, and get what they expect.

"It not infrequently happens that a man and his wife come to me and say that they have quarrelled and cannot live together unless they are punished.

"'You have made it up, haven't you?' I ask.

"'Yes, Toewan Resident,' they reply, 'we have made it up, but we must be punished.' And I have to commit them for a week each before they will let me off. You don't observe that the prisoners are unhappy?"

"Certainly not. On the contrary," I replied, "they look perfectly contented."

"The reason is that they have plenty of good food, as you have seen, a very comfortable place to sleep, no work to do, and, besides, when they go home they will be heroes in their village, for they have slept in a real house and have been guests of the Toewan Resident. We very seldom have any serious crimes here. Murder is almost unknown. But I have to be most careful and circumspect in my decisions in my capacity of judge and police justice, or the consequences might be serious. The natives are of a revengeful nature, and if they are victims of gross injustice they let nothing deter them from taking vengeance on the man who has wronged them. There are plenty of cases on record where an official whose acts have been wantonly tyrannical and unjust has suddenly died, the victim of poison. Toxicology is a science with which the natives are familiar."

"Don't they object to the taxation you impose on them?" I asked.

"If they did, do you suppose I could live here without a single soldier and no policemen except a few native gendarmes?" was the reply.

"When it happens that we have to assess taxes which thitherto for some reason or other have not been levied, we ask the native for his proof of the title and his declaration of the productive capacity. He readily gives the information, which is checked by the government surveyor, and then we ask the man how much he thinks he ought to pay.

"'Ten per cent.' is his usual reply, and we assess him accordingly, and he must be contented, for he has named the tax himself. If they improve land to the point that they are called upon to pay taxes on the produce, they seem to consider the tax to be the price they pay for the distinction of being prosperous farmers, and they hold up their heads as persons of consequence forever after."

"Where do the Regent and the native chiefs take part in this scheme of government?" was my next question.

"The Regent is the direct and proper head of the province. I give no orders whatever to the natives. Everything goes through the Regent and his subordinate chiefs. I am called by the people and by the Regent himself his 'elder brother,' and my advice to him on every subject, which, be it understood, is given after proper deliberation and according to the policy prescribed by my government, is always followed by the Regent implicitly and without opposition. He tells his people that he has consulted with his 'elder brother,' and has decided to do so and so. He has all the outward symbols of authority—the umbrellas of rank, uniformed attendants, and as many subordinates as tradition dictates he has a right to have. He is paid by the government three times as much as I receive, and has, in addition, his palace given him free of rent. Besides his salary he has a private income from his real estate, so that he has altogether about $1800 in gold a month, or about six times as much as I can claim to have. With this money he supports three or four hundred dependents, keeps up quite a stable, lives in a luxurious way, and is personally in a better position than any independent native ruler. As far as we can find out, he is just as much reverenced and his authority over his people is just as great as if his official acts were not controlled by the advice of his 'elder brother.'"

A subsequent interview with the Regent confirmed in every respect what the Resident had told me, and I found the native chiefs not only perfectly contented with their position, but, if anything, not a little elated by the distinction of being associated in a sense with the European officials, inasmuch as they were always nominally consulted on questions of general interest and importance.

This curious method of carrying on the government, this elaborate protectorate, is productive of the best results. The European occupation stimulates the native to cultivate the land, for the market is there at hand for what he wishes to sell. The railways, which have been running through the interior only a short time, have brought about an enormous increase in the area of arable land in the island, which is one supremely fertile and well-cultivated region of the whole world. A happier peasantry I have never seen, nor have I ever travelled anywhere in greater comfort or security than in Java. The soil of the Philippines, like that of all the other outcroppings of the great volcanic ridge, is very fertile, and adapted to the growth of an enormous variety of products. In Java they grow every sort of vegetable known to the temperate zone by choosing the proper climate on the mountain-sides. The field for the development of agriculture and industry in the Philippines is almost fabulously rich. All that is necessary is to have a stable and reasonable government.

We are not, as a people, over-ready to take lessons from other nations, but in the situation as colonists in which we now find ourselves we might reasonably take advantage of the experience of our Eastern neighbors, and adopt a method of dealing with the Filipinos which is compatible with the traditions of the race and of the civilization of the East. Not very much is known about the Filipinos, but recent events in the island of Luzon show that they have the prominent traits of character which belong to the Malay race, and prove that they can be dealt with satisfactorily if they are not antagonized by too radical methods. Their love of display is notorious. An employé on the railway will work for ten dollars less a month if he is permitted to wear two gold bands on his hat instead of one. They have the same disinclination to centralize which the natives of Java have. This is amply proved by the constitution of the insurgent army in the Philippines. Each leader is for himself and for the province he controls, quite independent of the general interests of the cause. The outside authority which they would recognize and loyally support would be one which would respect their local and tribal interests, and not disturb their ancient traditions of rank and caste. Can we do better than to study the Dutch government in the Indies?

It is well to remember about the Malay races that they are an exceedingly nervous and sensitive people, which fact accounts for the many peculiarities of character. In some localities maladies of the nerves are very common, and a peculiar system of massage is practised among them. It is not massage in the proper sense of the word, for there is no rubbing employed, but the nerves are skilfully worked and pressed with the ends of the fingers and thumb, and apparently stimulated by this process to more healthful activity. Rubbing is also commonly resorted to in cases of rheumatism and in sprains and bruises. A disease of the nerves by no means rare, and akin to St. Vitus's dance, is met with among the lower classes. The most prominent symptom is an uncontrollable impulse to imitate the actions of another person. If a servant afflicted with this disease is bringing in a tea-tray, and some one suddenly throws up both hands in front of him, he cannot control his impulse to do the same, and the tray and its contents fly up in the air. On this account, when a servant becomes *lata*, as they call it, he is very little use in the household. Superstition enters largely into the nerve cure, and the doctor, usually an old woman, will tell the patient, after she has prescribed her treatment, that he must not whistle after dark or chase poultry, else her services will have no good result.

Some Interesting Types of Modern Drawbridges

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, M. AM. SOC. C. E., ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "ENGINEERING RECORD"

SINCE the mediæval days, when feudal castles were protected by moat and portcullis, different forms of movable pivoted bridges have been used to afford passage across narrow streams and yet be easily removable, so as to leave an unobstructed waterway. In modern times they are for commercial instead of military purposes, and in this country are chiefly used to carry traffic over canals without destroying navigation.

Simple forms, usually supported on rollers, and revolving horizontally around a vertical centre pivot, like a turn-table, are adopted, both for the very largest and heaviest structures and for small and unimportant bridges, such as carry country roads, some of the latter being so ingeniously primitive as to be pushed open by the impact of a canal-boat, and closed automatically by two heavy spiral springs attached to the pivot.

In our great cities, where heavy street traffic and frequent boats require to pass over canals and river harbors at nearly the same level, it is very important that the bridges should be ample and quickly operated, and that they should occupy very little valuable space, and "bascule"-bridges, whose floor platforms revolve upwards about horizontal axes, on one or both shores, have been extensively adopted.

In opening a bascule-bridge, almost the whole weight of the movable portion must be lifted at first, as it leaves its horizontal position, thus requiring the application of a large force, that diminishes as the bridge revolves upwards, and is finally reduced to a comparatively small amount when the bridge floor platform arrives at its extreme position in a nearly vertical plane, and is practically poised on its lower edge. Different expedients are adopted by different designers to provide an automatically changing counterweight that will correspond to this variable pull and keep the bridge balanced in any position, so that the mechanical power applied will not be required to do much lifting, but merely have to overcome inertia and friction.

The motive power is either steam, electric, hydraulic, or hand power, and is applied through various different mechanisms. Many of the special features have been, unlike most engineering designs, patented, and in the attempts to avoid payment of royalties, and simplify or improve their construction and operation, many different forms of bascule bridges have been built in the Eastern part of the United States, chiefly in large sea-coast or great lake cities, within a few years.

A recent and novel example is shown in Fig. 1,* page 100, which is a picture of the Michigan Avenue bridge lately completed in Buffalo, New York. The weight of each "leaf," as the floor platforms are called, is exactly balanced at all times by two cast-iron cylindrical counterweights, six and one-half feet in diameter, and weighing thirty-five tons apiece, that are attached to steel cables passing over large pulleys in the tops of the towers, and roll down curved tracks accurately calculated to flatten out and diminish their pull as they descend, exactly in accordance with the decreasing weight of the rising bridge.

Steam power to operate the bridge is applied from the engine-house at each end by a sprocket-chain that turns a horizontal shaft below it and screws up a large nut, thus shortening the operating bar A (Fig. 8), and pulling the bridge-truss up in revolution around its pivot, as indicated by the dotted lines of the diagram. The bridge, when closed, is locked by two iron bolts three inches square.

This is one of the longest highway bascules ever built; it is 33 feet wide, and has a clear waterway of 150 feet. Notwithstanding its length, it can be opened in one minute. Its cost was about $39,000.

A very different form of balanced bascules was recently built in Milwaukee, where, instead of using counterweights, each leaf was made to revolve in such a path that its centre of gravity constantly travelled in a horizontal line; consequently no weight was raised or lowered, and comparatively little power was required. Fig. 5 shows the leaves, each supported at one end by a revolving inclined strut, and at the other by a roller travelling in the upright curved track groove, so that their combined effect keeps the bridge always in equilibrium.

The diagram Fig. 13 indicates the operation of the essential parts of the bridge, and shows one of the independent leaves closed to receive traffic, and the other open to permit navigation. The leaves are revolved by turning the pinions, P P, which drive the rack-bars, R R, back and forth in a horizontal line and swing the leaves in their guides.

This bridge is high enough to permit the passage of small boats and tugs when it is closed, and it can be fully opened in fifteen seconds by its electric motors.

A strange and ungainly looking bascule is the folding-bridge built at Weed Street, Chicago, in 1891. It is shown in Fig. 2, with one side open and one side closed. Here the ends of the leaves are supported by ropes from the tops of the towers, and the counterbalance cables pass over the sheaves in the middle of the sides of the towers, and are attached to great cams between the tower and shore. The cams are actuated in the opposite direction by vertical counterweights running inside the towers, and as the cam and bascule revolve together, the former presents a variable leverage that corresponds with the positions of floor, and automatically maintains it equilibrium.

Each leaf is built with its floor platform hinged in the middle, and the two parts fold up like a letter A as the draw opens. This bridge is about 150 feet long, with 62 feet clear opening. It is operated by hand-gearing that turns the cam shafts, and it cost about $16,000.

Fig. 3 shows two similar "rolling lift" bridges in Chicago, the one in the foreground being a 109-foot bascule, built over the Chicago River at Van Buren Street in 1894.

These bascules are operated by rack and pinion arrangements similar to those of the Milwaukee bridge, but instead of being pivoted, each leaf rolls or rocks freely on the curved base shown in the lower part of the picture.

This base or shoe has holes cut through its convex bearing surface, which match toothlike steel projections on top of the pier that prevent it from slipping.

The shoe ends of the leaves are counterweighted so as to nearly balance them when being lowered by a brake, but requiring the action of the motors to force them down to the final closed position. There are two 50 horse-power electric motors on each side of the river, and their continuous operation first opens the latches that lock the closed leaves together, then raises them; lowers them, and relocks them.

The complete bridge cost about $170,000.

Fig. 11 is a view of a four-track bascule drawbridge across the Harlem River, New York, used until recently

* This engraving, and some of the others, are made from photographs and engravings secured by the *Engineering Record* for the technical descriptions of these structures published in its columns.

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by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. It is a long plate-girder span, hinged on one shore only, and operated by steel cables attached at one end to counterweights working vertically in the front legs of the tower.

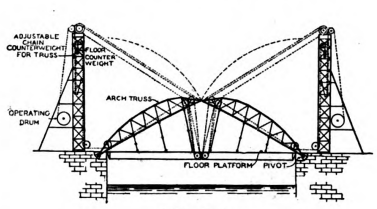
As the bridge rises, and the required vertical pull becomes less, the weights descend, and sections of them are automatically removed by hooks at different heights in the tower.

The necessary power is applied by an engine, turning in either direction the lower pulleys or drums, around which the middle parts of the ropes are wrapped, so as to wind up or unwind.

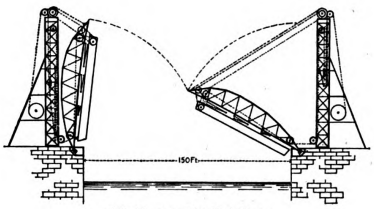
One of the most noted bascules in the world is the famous Tower Bridge, London (Fig. 12), which has a great height and span, and was very costly. Its great bascule girders are each more than one hundred feet long, and are counterbalanced and operated by elaborate and powerful machinery contained in the great abutment chambers.

In order to permit passenger traffic when the bridge is open there are stairways in the great towers, and a fixed high level foot-bridge between them, beneath which the bascules are opened and vessels pass.

An important bascule-bridge is about to be built over Newtown Creek, Brooklyn, which will cost more than $200,000, and be operated by an unprecedented hydraulic mechanism. Each leaf (see Fig. 9) will be raised by means of the rod A, that is pulled back by the revolving lever B, one end of which is pivoted at D, and the centre driven back and forth by a sliding connection to a double piston, P, one end of which works in each of the opposite hydraulic cylinders, C, C.



Bridge closed.



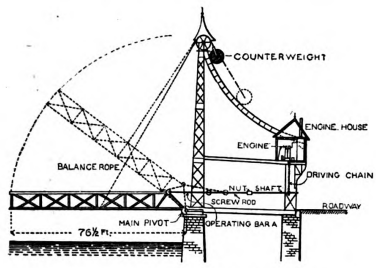
Left side open, right side half open.

6 AND 7.—PROPOSED NEWTOWN CREEK BRIDGE, WITH ADJUSTABLE FOLDING-PLATFORMS.

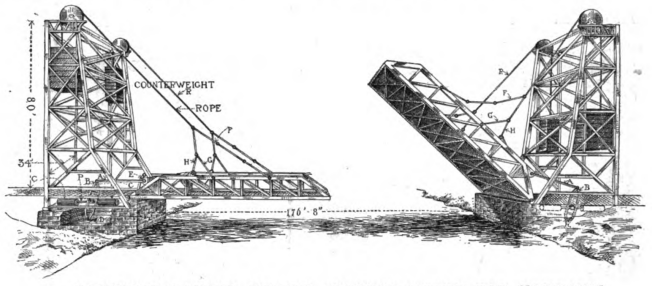
A unique form of movable bridge is shown in Fig. 10, which illustrates a structure lately completed at Queensferry, England. Here a 162-foot fixed span is built on each side of the river, and is in the form of a great hollow square tube, inside of which are tracks on which a smaller bridge runs, and may be telescopically projected in or out of the fixed span. When rolled out to their limits, the two movable spans meet at the centre and provide a continuous roadway; when fully retracted, they leave a clear waterway of 120 feet. As the roadway platforms of fixed and moving spans must both be in the same horizontal plane when in use, the latter are made collapsible, like ferry-house and steamboat gates, and are automatically lowered, as shown at the right, except when the bridge is fully closed.

Heavy rails attached to the fixed spans are placed *above* the rollers of the movable spans so as to prevent the rear end from tipping up. The bridge is operated by wire cables, commanded at each shore by hydraulic rams working under a pressure of 750 pounds per square inch.

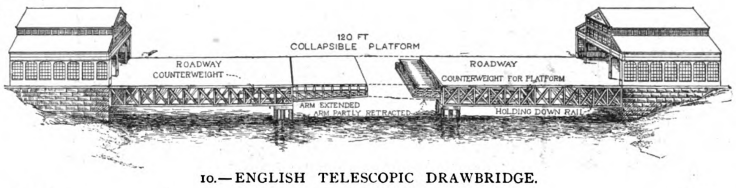
In another type of movable bridges the whole span is made to rise vertically and permit navigation beneath it. One of the most notable of these "lift-bridges" is that built four years ago at Halstead Street, Chicago. The movable span is 130 feet long, 61½ feet wide, weighs about 550,000 pounds, and moves through a vertical distance of 140½ feet. Each of the two steel towers is 200 feet high, and contains thirty-two 1½-inch steel cables, passing over 12-foot pulleys at the top, and having one end attached to the bridge and the other to the counterweight. The bridge is raised by eight cables attached directly to it, and lowered by as many attached to the counterweights, either set being wound up at will by the steam hoisting-engines. Special hydraulic buffers are provided to take up the shocks of stopping the bridge.



8.—DIAGRAM OF MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE, BUFFALO.



9.—COUNTERBALANCED DOUBLE BASCULE-BRIDGE FOR NEWTOWN CREEK, BROOKLYN.



10.—ENGLISH TELESCOPIC DRAWBRIDGE.

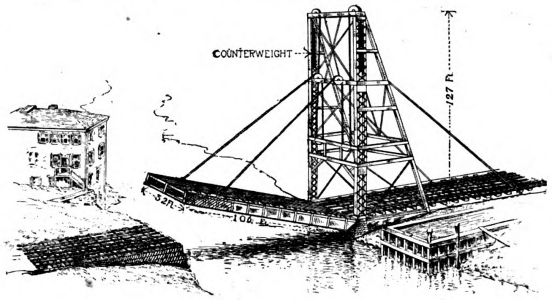
The counterbalance weight-ropes, R, are attached to the bridge by three branches, F, G, and H, that in raising it pull first through F with a long leverage. As the leaf rises, and its weight is less, the pull is taken up by G, and F is slackened; and finally, when little leverage is required, near the vertical position of the leaf, F and G are both slack, and H only works.

This design for the Newtown Creek bascule-bridge was selected from among a number of competitive plans, whose preparation developed some very curious and novel ideas. One of the most original and ingenious was carefully worked out in the form indicated by Figs. 6 and 7, and consisted of two towers and an arch from which a low level floor-platform was suspended near the water at street grade. For the passage of boats not requiring great head-room, one or both of the floor platforms could be raised up to the inclined position shown at the right in Fig. 7, without moving the main arch.

If, however, this did not suffice for the passage of the boat, the operation of the machinery was to be continued so as to revolve one or both of the semi-arches up into the vertical position shown in the left of Fig. 7.

Two counterweights were provided in each tower—a constant one for the floor-platform, and a variable one, composed of a chain more or less of whose weight should be carried by a fixed support. The moving parts were thus to be maintained in equilibrium, and, as in the other cases, power required only to overcome friction and inertia, a special feature being that only a small amount of work need be done, and only a part of the bridge moved at one time in many cases. For instance, it might suffice to raise one side of the floor only; or both sides of the floor; or one side of the floor and one semi-arch, etc., thus saving time and trouble.

Although this design was not executed, its ingenuity and the interesting details, operation of ropes, action of counterweights, etc., and their possible adoption hereafter, entitle it to comparison with the characteristic types in actual use.



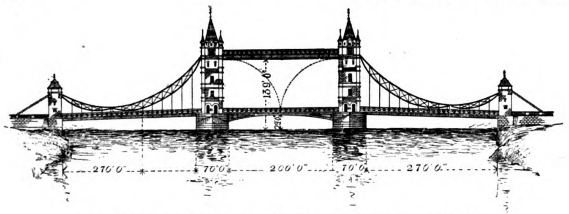
11.—SINGLE LEAF DRAWBRIDGE WITH DETACHABLE COUNTER-WEIGHTS, OVER HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK.

Fig. 4 is a view of a very much smaller bridge at Troy, New York, which is designed on similar lines, and operated with balancing counterweights enclosed in the vertical cylinders at each corner.

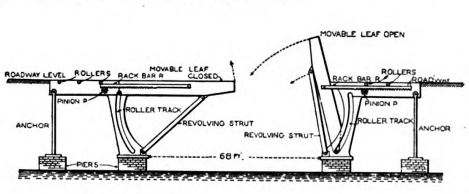
In the larger cities of central New York the highways are carried across the Erie Canal by a number of small lift-bridges, somewhat similar in operation to the one last described; and though their details of construction, mechanism, application of counterweights, and operation vary, they are not remarkable or important enough for special description here.

All swing-bridges have hand-mechanism by which they can be operated in case of failure of the steam, hydraulic, or electric machinery, and all have different ingenious automatic devices for locking them shut, so that they cannot get out of place, even if the machinery is started, until the operator opens the releasing levers, which usually simultaneously set the danger signals.

Less important types of movable bridges include some special constructions that are either adapted only to restricted conditions, are obsolete, or are freaks. Instances of such spans are found in the rolling draws, some of which are used in Boston and elsewhere where the roadway is carried very close to the surface of the water, and adjacent land is cheap enough to permit the use of a comparatively large area for a set of horizontal tracks in a direction oblique to the bridge axis. One edge of the bridge platform is supported and counterweighted on trucks set on these tracks; the other end of the platform overhangs so as to span the river when the draw is closed. To open the draw the whole structure is rolled back on shore by means of electric or other machinery. Swing-bridges supported at one or both ends on boats are now seldom or never used, unless, possibly, for very temporary or unimportant service. Some time ago a technical description was published in Europe of a curious and fantastic little highway bridge whose counterweighted short arm was operated by filling and emptying with water a chamber that contained a heavy weight.

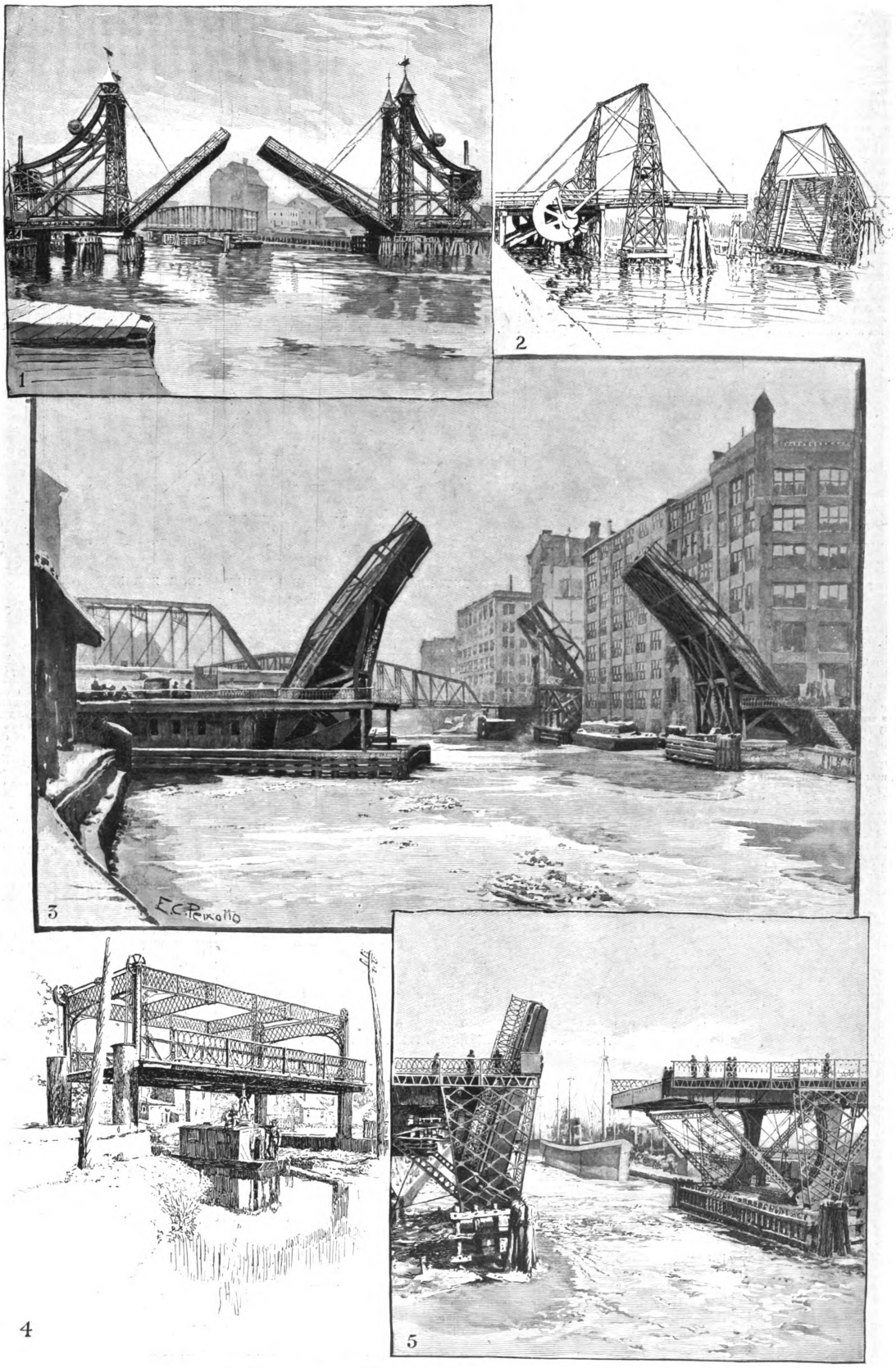


12.—GREAT TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



13.—BALANCED REVOLVING DOUBLE BASCULE-BRIDGE AT SIXTEENTH STREET, MILWAUKEE.

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INTERESTING TYPES OF MODERN DRAWBRIDGES.

1. Rolling Counterweight Bascule-Bridge, Michigan Avenue, Buffalo. 2. Folding Bascule-Bridge, Chicago. 3. Cycloidal Bascule-Bridge at Van Buren Street, Chicago. 4. Lift-Bridge at Troy. 5. Balanced Bascule-Bridge at Sixteenth Street, Milwaukee.

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Our New Possessions—Puerto Rico

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE ISLAND

PUERTO RICO is a veritable desert for the poor man to-day, unless he goes there with some definite commission to execute.

Just at present there are few things which the American without a bank account can do in the island, sufficiently remunerative to furnish him with the staff of life; one of these is to enlist as a recruit in the army at $15 a month, and another is to drive a government mule-wagon at $40 a month and rations. There is nothing else in sight for him, unless he can speak Spanish, in which event he may become an interpreter for the army, or possibly, if he can mix drinks well, he may secure a position as bar-tender in one of the new saloons.

I should like to emphasize the statement that now, and for some time to come—until Congress adopts new laws for Puerto Rico, and American investors invade the island and create a demand for clever poor men—it is a good country for the impecunious to keep out of, however ambitious they may be.

At San Juan and at Ponce there are numbers of young Americans who rushed hot-headed into this supposed promised land, and who are slowly but surely wearing out their shoe-leather, with no immediate prospect of replacing it, in the search for openings which will build them a fortune.

Everything is moderately high-priced, even with the exchange of silver in America's favor. The American army demands more and buys more than did the Spanish army, and, as a result, prices have risen, controlled to some extent also by the fact that the Puerto-Ricans have discovered that Americans are more prodigal with their means, and are willing to pay higher prices.

At the Inglaterra Hotel in San Juan, and also at the Hôtel Français in Ponce—which are the leading hostelries of these two cities—the daily rate, including twelve-o'clock breakfast, six-o'clock dinner, and sleeping-room, is $3 75. Coffee, eggs, and bread in the café in the early morning are called an extra, which brings the daily bill up to $4 25 Spanish, or, at the prevailing rate of exchange, about $2 75 American, per diem. The service one receives in return for this would, in the United States, be considered high-priced at $1 50. It will be found difficult to live under $50 Spanish per month anywhere on the island, whether hotels or private boarding-houses are patronized.

General outfitting goods are somewhat lower than in the United States. Thin clothes are very cheap; suits of good, serviceable linen and colored stuffs may be made up at the tailor's at prices ranging from $5 50 to $10 Spanish money. Fine dress-goods command more than American prices. Shirts, under-clothes, collars, and cuffs are as high as in the United States, and not nearly so well made, though fabricated from quite as good materials. Good shoes—Puerto-Rican hand-cobbled—may be obtained at prices ranging from $2 to $5 Spanish, and fine French goods are to be had at fifty per cent. more, in the same money, which gives one an advantage here over America, so far as foot-gear is concerned.

Foods are both dearer and cheaper than in America, depending upon whether they are imported or home products. Butter is a luxury for which you pay 10 cents a tiny pat; cooked eggs are 5 to 10 cents apiece in the cities; milk can only be had in the morning, at 10 cents a quart; ice, in the towns where there are ice-plants, is becoming the proper thing, but it comes higher, a few times, than an American combine can lift it; cold beer on ice is worth 30 cents a bottle—a month ago every native café proprietor insisted that it would break the bottles to put them a-cooling, but he has been convinced of his error under our excellent tuition; coffee is a dream, at 10 cents a cup, and chocolate a nectar indeed, at 20 cents; pungent clarets, good withal, are cheap at 60 cents a quart bottle; Hennessy three-star brandy at $1 a bottle, and rum—the devil's own—at two centavos a drink.

It is very difficult for the average American to hold his own against the combination of climate and native cooking, unless he has some Mexican blood in his veins or is a good campaigner. The continual warm weather is enervating, but the food mixtures of olive oil, garlic, red peppers, stringy beef-steak which has not lost its animal heat, garbanzos, frijoles, and half a dozen other kinds of beans are too much entirely for a Northern digestive apparatus, and one cannot live forever on coffee, bread, and soft-boiled eggs, which are the only elements of native diet not possessing distinctively Southern flavors.

Garlic is going out of fashion in a few alleged American cafés, which is a relief to the nostrils and the sense of taste; a few months more will probably bring about Americanized meals.

Puerto-Rican soups are always fine and palatable, though they usually suggest garlic.

Oranges can be bought, two for a centavo, and are delicious. Bananas are as low as five for a cent, and this for the most approved style of "lady-fingers," or little round fellows.

Where a man has capital to invest, there are many lines of business upon which he may embark with a fair assurance of the return of his money with interest.

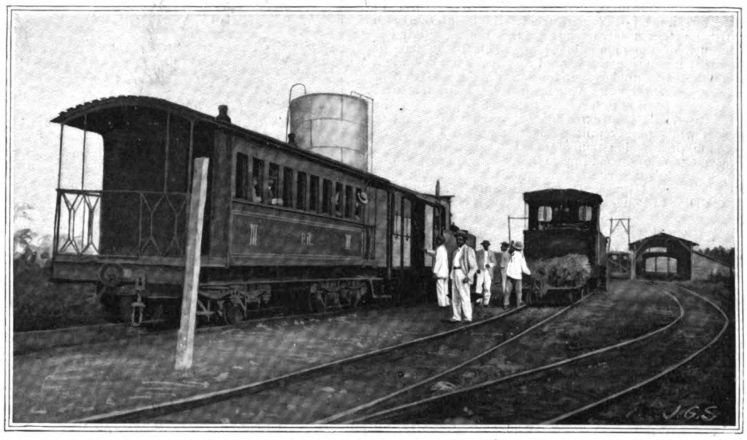
Sugar, coffee, and tobacco raising rank first, and will open the best avenues for investors of large capital. These three interests will be treated in separate articles.

Fruit-growing is as yet undeveloped, but the island offers many possibilities and a rich field for investors, in that every kind of tropical fruit may be cultivated to its highest perfection in the rich, well-watered soil.

Railroads and modern rapid-transit facilities are very much needed in the island. Don Ibo Bosch, in 1888, secured a franchise from the Spanish government to build and operate a railroad which was to encircle the island. The corporation was to be known as the Compañia de las Ferrocarriles de Puerto Rico. The road was to be finished in six years, and the government guaranteed eight per cent. to the corporation on the capital invested, not to exceed $10,000,000. This road was promptly begun at three points. At the end of four years, or in 1892, a single-track narrow-gauge road had been laid northward and eastward from San Juan to Carolina, by way of Rio Piedras, sixteen miles in all, and the grading had been partially completed to Rio Grande, ten miles farther, while from San Juan westward it was completed for forty-eight miles to the town of Camuy. At Aguadilla it ran southward through Añasco to Mayaguez, a distance of twenty-two miles. From Ponce on the southern coast it was built to Yauco, some twenty-four miles westward, making a total mileage of one hundred and ten of the two hundred and eighty-three contracted for.

The equipment of these fragments of badly laid road would disgrace a logging or mining region in our Northwest, so mean and primitive are the cars, and so badly treated are the engines. It is not essential to discuss the defective methods existing in railroading in Puerto Rico—beyond stating that the service consists of one mixed train of two cars each way in twenty-four hours, and that the average speed is ten miles an hour—as it is rather intended to point out future needs. The corporation before referred to did not complete the road, and made no attempt to do so within the stipulated time, so the Spanish government revoked the franchise. A renewal of the charter was requested and refused, and at the beginning of the war the matter was still under discussion, being held in abeyance at Madrid.

There are no other railroads on the island, except a tramway from San Juan to Rio Piedras, which parallels the other road that far; the equipment of this line is bad, but the service is comparatively good, as trains are run each way, on schedule time, an hour apart.



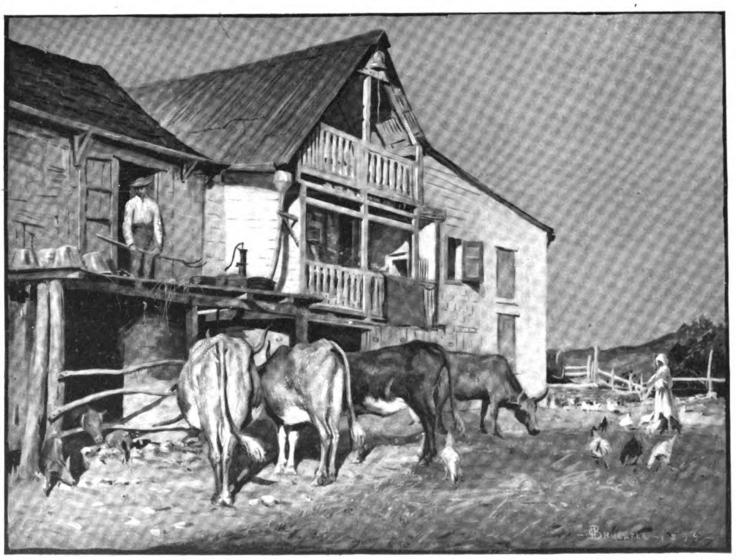
DAILY TRAIN ON THE SAN JUAN-CAROLINA RAILROAD.
DRAWN BY J. G. SOMERS AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

There should be a great future in the island for lighter tramway systems, such as trolley lines with trains of two or three cars, capable of making twenty miles an hour. It is not believed by the writer that in this small area there is, or ever will be, sufficient commercial inducement to warrant the construction of heavy road-beds, equipped with large engines and standard rolling stock. The distributing points for both imports and exports will lie around the periphery of the island, at the best waterfronts, and the railroad handling will always consist of very short hauls. Passenger traffic will be mainly of the same nature, from small inland towns to the port towns, and *vice versa*.

The offsetting advantages of electric as against steam roads lie in the possibility of more rapid and cheaper construction over heavy grades to the interior towns, which are large exporters of coffee and consumers of merchandise, and in being able to furnish light, heat, and power to many small towns along the routes. Apropos of this subject, it may be said that the scarcity of fuel is everywhere felt, and, for this reason largely, charcoal—which is an economical and intense heating medium—is used almost universally for cooking purposes. Instead of depending upon this fuel, the cook-stove of the future might be some form of electric heater. Also, it must not be forgotten that every coffee-planter is desirous of introducing his own machinery, but is confined to the use of animal and hand-driven mills, mainly, for the reason that steam-boilers requiring fuel are an unprofitable investment, unless the operations are carried forward on an extensive scale.

Owners of sugar-mills, which run day and night during the grinding season, would gladly welcome cheap electric light. For fuel, however, they depend largely on the cane *bagazo*, which is burned under the boilers, and the feasibility of furnishing such mills with electric power to replace their present batteries of boilers and engines remains a matter for future determination.

It is generally conceded to-day that electric transportation is not profitable where the traffic is small, as the plant must be kept in nearly maximum operation. If, upon examination of the railroad problem, however, it is



BEEF CATTLE OF PUERTO RICO.
DRAWN BY GEORGE BRUESTLE AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

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found that the maintenance of electrically driven cars will not give a satisfactory return for lack of continuous traffic, then compressed air may be substituted, with a view to economically centralizing the generation of power.

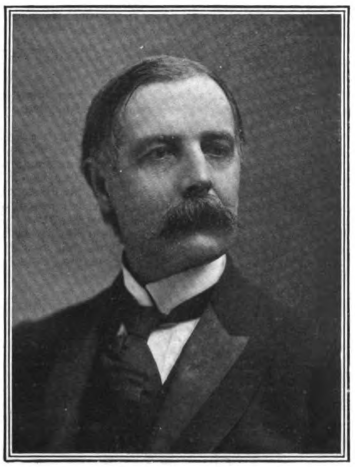
San Juan and Ponce have gas-plants, against the product of which the average American citizen would cry aloud. Gas, as an illuminant, is an antique in the present age, and it is doubtful whether it can be made to compete with electricity in a country where every pound of heavy piping must be imported from abroad, and where for some time to come there will be small objection made to overhead wiring. Heating-gas would subserve an excellent purpose at present in every town on the island, in place of the ancient charcoal kitchen-furnaces, which give off noxious and deadly vapors; but, as before suggested, some type of electric stove may be preferred to either.

Railroad construction on the island offers many difficult engineering problems, excepting perhaps in the case of roads which will skirt the littoral levels along the coastline. The interior country is so broken with heavy and steep mountain ranges, so devoid of extensive level valleys—where they do occur they are flooded from time to time by freshets—that perforce it will be necessary to carry the contemplated roads around the multitudinous windings of the mountain-sides. This being true, it means that almost every yard of road-bed must be blasted from the close, underlying limestone rock, and that at every transverse rivulet which cuts a deep V-shape basin it will be necessary to heavily grade and bridge.

The east and west extension of the rugged mountain ranges will strongly militate against trans-island roads, but the present location of interior commercial towns does not seem to demand more than two such roads—one following the military highway from San Juan through Rio Piedras, Caguas, Cayey, Aibonito, Coamo, and Juana Diaz to Ponce (I understand that a charter has already been granted for such a road), and the other possibly from Ponce, or some harbor further west, say Guanica, to Adjuntas, Utuado, and finally to the northern coast of Arecibo. Both routes would be through the very heart of the largest agricultural contributors of the island.

Ice-plants offer another inducement for the business men; a few such plants, with limited facilities, are now in operation at San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, and Guayama, but the interior towns are sadly lacking in refrigerants. In connection with such enterprises, there should be introduced cold-storage rooms for cooling and preserving the beef, which is now killed in the morning and eaten before night. The household refrigerator is an almost unknown article, and, as a side line and persuader to the use of ice, it is very desirable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HON. ADDISON C. HARRIS,
The New United States Minister to Austria.

New Minister to Austria

AMONG the nominations sent by President McKinley to the Senate on January 10 was that of Addison C. Harris, of Indiana, to be United States Minister to Austria-Hungary, *vice* Charlemagne Tower, transferred to St. Petersburg.

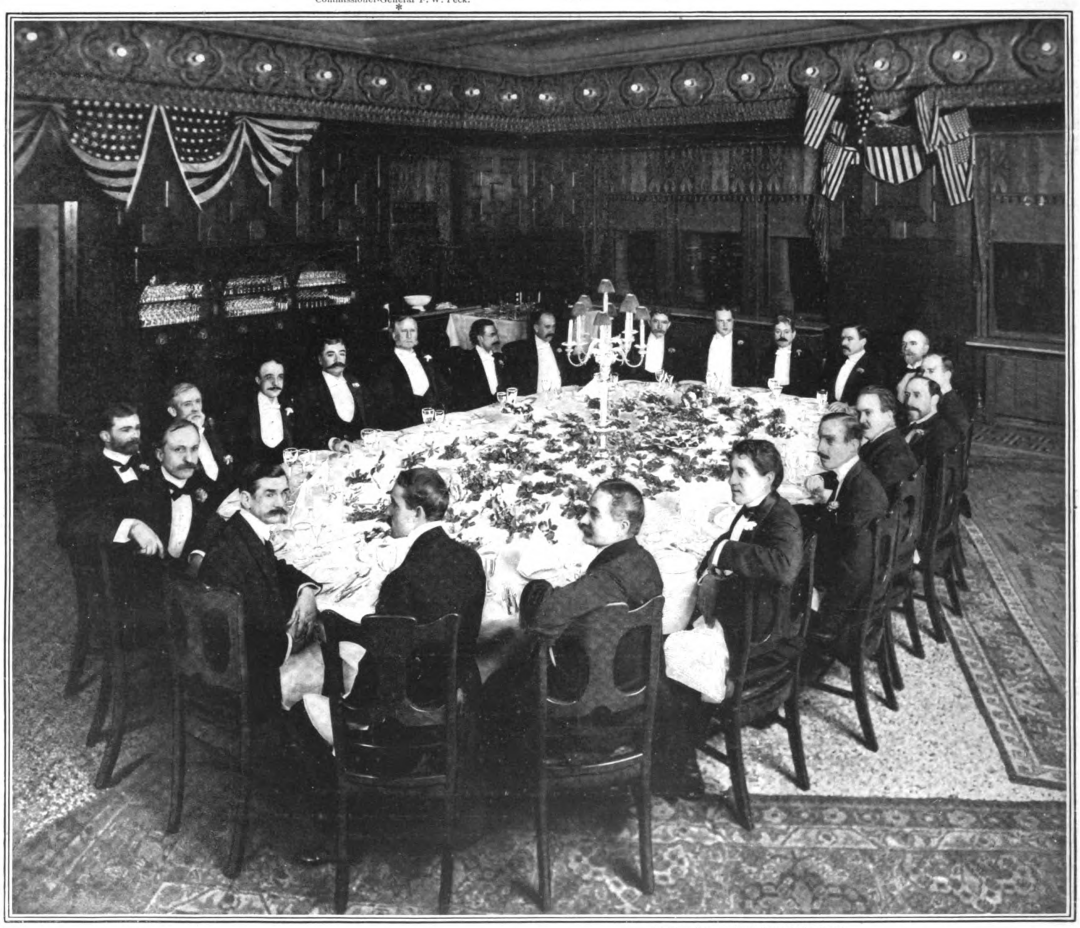
Mr. Harris's ancestors were miners in Cornwall, England. Some of the family, adopting the Quaker faith, followed William Penn to the New World, and then from Pennsylvania followed the suggestions of the true pioneer instinct which led still further afield. One, a Quaker preacher, Obadiah Harris, settled in Indiana. His great-grandson, Addison C. Harris, was born on a farm near Richmond, October 2, 1840. He attended the Quaker common schools in the neighborhood, and later the Northwestern (now Butler) University. In 1862 he graduated, and three years afterwards was admitted to the bar and began to practise in Indianapolis. In 1876 he was elected State Senator, and in the sessions of 1877 and 1879 served on the Judiciary Committee. Since 1879, when his partnership with John T. Dye was dissolved, Mr. Harris has given his attention chiefly to corporation practice. He has never accepted a retainer in a criminal case. In the course of his career he has given very little attention to politics, though in 1884 he ran for Congress against W. D. Bynum.

The Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition

IT is one of the healthful signs in matters relating to architecture, sculpture, and painting that no one city in the Union can claim a monopoly of interest. While it is perfectly true, and probably always will remain so, that New York affords an abiding-place for the largest number of artists, it is equally true, for the present, at any rate, that the most representative exhibitions of American painting are to be seen outside of the metropolis. The reasons, no doubt, are the mole-like burrowings of the Academy in the old, already well-worked soil to which few or no rays of modern enlightenment seem to pierce; the necessarily narrow sympathies of the Society of American Artists, so recently attenuated by the loss of some of its best men; the fact that many prominent New York men are devoting themselves to mural painting; and that other very important fact that the best market for American pictures is now in the West. These influences make it necessary to look beyond New York for opportunities of seeing the best work of our prominent men. The Pittsburg exhibition was recently reviewed in these columns, and now a really excellent exhibition is being held at Philadelphia.

John S. Sargent is so easily the first of the younger school of American painters and the foremost man of all living portrait-painters, that it has become a first question in all our exhibitions, "What is there by him?" None of his examples, on this occasion, are new. They include the

Commissioner-General F. W. Peck.



Assistant-Commissioner-General Woodward.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER-GENERAL TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION, AND HIS STAFF.
From a Photograph by George Lawrence.

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"Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Stokes," the lady in the white duck dress and the gentleman in shadow behind, so terribly clever that one tires of it; the strong but very prosaic portrait of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, borrowed from the Capitol at Washington; the "Dr. Dunham," in which the painter has in no wise been balked by the excessive rubicundity of the face, but has cleverly made it the climax of a dark background and brown velveteen coat; and an exquisitely refined and characteristic small full-length picture of Robert Louis Stevenson reclining in a lounge chair. This was painted in 1887, and is therefore one of Sargent's early portraits; but while it has not the mastery of style which now enables him to epitomize so much observation in a single stroke of the brush, it shows, in the delicate drawing of the head and hands, the droop of the shoulders, and the suggestion of a fragile frame beneath the loose clothes, those powers of characterization which have made the painter so deservedly eminent.

Of the still younger men, no one seems more likely to develop the highest qualities of a great portrait-painter than Wilton Lockwood, of Boston. He is represented at Philadelphia by three first-class examples. Two of them, especially, have the quality of picturesqueness which converts a mere portrait into a work of universal and enduring interest. One is of Mrs. Frank E. Sweetser. Her attitude, perhaps, as she rests one hand on the high back of a chair, is a little commonplace and affected, but the treatment of the face and long sweep of pale crimson gown is very beautiful and dignified. The difficult problem of keeping the brilliant "pink" of a hunting-coat within the color scheme of a picture has been triumphantly solved in his portrait of Mr. Frank Seabury. It has the suggestion of being an easy and characteristic likeness, and it is undeniably a handsome picture. Charles Hopkinson, also of Boston, has something very charming to say, and says it well, in a portrait of a lady, besides contributing some good landscapes, especially that of "Mt. Desert," a very tender early morning effect. Frank W. Benson shows the charming picture of two children, described in connection with the Pittsburg exhibition, and a new one called "Twilight," in which a girl in white sits in front of a fire with her head resting upon her hands. The drawing and color are both in Mr. Benson's daintiest and most heart-felt mood. Two exceedingly agreeable portraits of little boys are sent by John Lambert, Jr.; two clever portraits, executed with great economy but certainty of effect, by John McLure Hamilton; and there is a new example of Miss Cecelia Beaux's versatility and indefatigable energy. It is said to represent the father and mother of Mr. Phelps Stokes, mentioned above, and Miss Beaux has put herself into direct competition with Sargent by placing the husband in shadow behind and the lady in a rich costume in front. It is a pity, for the expedient lacks beauty, and only has interest from the way in which Sargent managed it.

Amongst the figure compositions are several by John W. Alexander, whose facility will prove fatal to him if he is not careful. His lady with "the Blue Bowl," both in the pose and pattern of dark and light, is too much like a poster, and the large expanses of color have no artistic justification, either from the method in which they are painted or from any intrinsic quality of color. The same may be said of "A Ray of Sunlight," in which a girl leans forward to pass a bow across a 'cello, though in this case the lines of the figure are beautiful in their flexibility and tenderness. From Gari Melchers, in Holland, comes a Dutch girl knitting, while her goats browse behind her. He calls it "Audrey," rather unfortunately, for there is no humor in the picture, but that dull yearning which Mr. Melchers so often puts into the faces of his peasants. Louis Loeb contributes an ambitious picture, "Temple of the Winds, Sunset," in which a male figure stands upon a hill-top in an attitude as if about to soar. A rose-colored mantle is loosely flung around him. Farther off are two girl forms in pale green and pink, and still two others in pearly blue, all the figures being set against a sky of very lovely blue. The colors are mellow and pure, and a fine sense of breeze and space is felt. The picture might make a good ceiling panel. Elihu Vedder and John La Farge are represented by pictures already described in these columns, and George Hitchcock sends a variation upon the theme he exhibited in Pittsburg. There is the same field of tulips, but instead of the "Dutch Bride" a vanquished knight is riding slowly through, trailing his banner behind. It is pretty, but entirely meaningless. To borrow a musical phrase, the chord of color has not been satisfactorily resolved. This painter is better represented by a "Flight into Egypt," in which the Virgin and Child, upon an ass, are passing through a field of blue and white flowers, with Joseph lagging behind. It is a very gracious arrangement of color, but entirely without value as a sacred picture. Much more praiseworthy in this respect is "The Annunciation" of H. O. Tanner, the colored painter, whose "Raising of Lazarus," now in the Luxembourg, was illustrated in the WEEKLY. In the present picture the Virgin crouches with clasped hands on the edge of a couch. She is clad in a blue and white striped wrapper of some woollen material, and has an almost elfin sadness of expression as she humbly lifts her eyes to a bright white and yellow light which illumines one side of the vaulted chamber. What is hard to accept is the general coloring, with its prevalence of blues, reds, and browns, that may be realistic, but fail to express the spirituality and mystery which are the chief notes in the sacred conception.

Among the landscapes, three are conspicuous for their size and beauty. One is Dwight W. Tryon's beautiful New England scene, which won the first prize at Pittsburg, and now belongs to Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit; another is Leonard Ochtman's "Night," which gained a medal at the World's Fair, and has the solemnity and exquisite tenderness of one of Corot's best examples; and the third is "First Touch of Autumn," by William M. Chase. It is a bit of Shinnecock shore, with which he has often made us familiar, but he has carried its execution further than usual, and certainly nothing could be fuller of light and breeze and pure air than this beautiful picture. With smaller examples, but quite as refined and truthful, Louis Paul Dessar is close up to these three men. His "Sheep Park at Night" and "Return from Work" are large in every sense except that of inches—luminous, colorful, and brimming with tender sentiment. So, too, is Ben Foster's "The Evening Star," a lovely picture, very badly hung on this occasion. Childe Hassam's methods of painting have been a stumbling-block to many who had not patience to look behind the aggressive mannerism to search for what this painter was striving after. In this exhibition he has at last found himself with a certainty that even the plain man can appreciate, while he has lost nothing of the individuality which has attracted those who have tried to understand him. Amongst many charming landscapes, his "Rome" is particularly admirable. Light, air, and space are represented in a masterful way, the composition is striking but reposeful, and the technique, as such, never intrudes itself. It has ceased to be an end and been relegated to a means.

These are only a few of the many pictures which deserve notice in this excellent and representative collection; and nothing can be said in detail of a more than usually fine showing of sculpture which forms a strong feature of this Sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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MOTHERS give DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to children for looseness of bowels.—[*Adv.*]

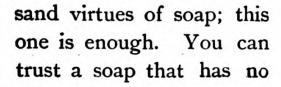
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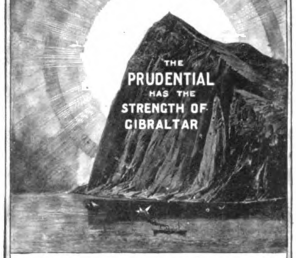
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS

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SENATORS ON THE TREATY

Strong statements especially prepared for COLLIER'S WEEKLY from Senators Davis, Gray, Frye, Lodge, Foraker, Morgan, Daniel, Platt, Mason, Gorman, Allen, Hale, Caffery, Pritchard, Perkins, Tillman, Mills, and Vest, illustrated by portraits, together with AN AUTHORIZED STATEMENT FROM THE ADMINISTRATION.

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A dramatic incident of Western Life, pictured by Frederic Remington; being the first of a series of TWELVE GREAT PAINTINGS by FAMOUS ARTISTS, to be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, during the year 1899.

JANICE MEREDITH

A Story of the Revolution

A new serial by PAUL LEICESTER FORD, author of "THE HONORABLE PETER STERLING," and profusely illustrated under the direction of HOWARD PYLE, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

CORRESPONDENCE AND PICTURES FROM CUBA

General Lee's triumphant return to Havana (front page). Raising the Stars and Stripes over Morro Castle. Occupation of the Ordnance Depot, Havana. Havana Postoffice and Mail Transfer System. A Tropical Twelfth Night. The Naval Regatta.

OUT TO-DAY

LONDON · THE OPERA · THE DRAMA · LITERATURE · SPORTS

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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF IN THE SOUTH-LAND

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

(*Concluded*)

We may also play golf at Memphis, in Tennessee, the course there having been first laid out in November, 1896. The nine holes have a playing length of 2478 yards, and are situated upon the beautiful Peabody Heights, about two miles out from the city. The Memphis golfers have an advantage over their Chattanooga brethren in that their fair green is tolerably well grassed, giving better chances for mid-hole play. The lay of the land, however, is very much straight up and down, and a bayou that must be crossed five times in the round is responsible for many a torn-up score-card. The greens are of clay. There are fifty members in the club, and visitors are welcome.

Golf at New Orleans, Macon, and Atlanta is still in the experimental stage, and the second quadrant of our golfing circle may properly end at Jacksonville, the gateway to the land of flowers. Florida, indeed, has almost as many golf-courses as all the rest of the South put together—a happy condition that may be ascribed to the influence of the Northern visitor. We may pursue the unconquerable "gutty" at Tampa, Orlando, Belair, and Kissimmee in Florida West, and at Jacksonville, Magnolia Springs, St. Augustine, Ormond, Miami, and Palm Beach on the east coast.

At Kissimmee, where the course runs over and around the shores of Lake Tohopekaliga, the fair green is probably the best in all Florida, and the putting-greens are also excellent. The course is a short one, being but 1727 yards for nine holes, and divided as follows: First, 130; second, 242; third, 145; fourth, 250; fifth, 200; sixth, 210; seventh, 150; eighth, 150; ninth, 250. The railway and a wide ditch are the principal hazards.

Jacksonville is no longer Florida to the tourist; it is only a way-station, or at best a one-night stand for the traveller who is hesitating between the rival attractions of the west and east coasts. The golfer, however, may wait over a day or two for the sake of a round over the links of the Florida Country Club, and perhaps a side trip to Magnolia on the St. Johns.

Golf at Jacksonville had its beginnings across the river, in what is known as South Jacksonville. A change of venue has taken place through the consolidation of the St. Johns Golf Club with the Florida Country Club, and now the golfers all play on the Country Club course. The club is in possession of the old fair-grounds, about a mile and a half from the centre of the city, and easily accessible by trolley. The course of seven links is laid out over and around the old running-track and the present polo-field. Fences, ditches, and sawdust roads are the principal hazards, and the fair green of Bermuda-grass is being brought into shape by the laborious process of hand-planting. The putting-greens are also turf, and with care they should be very good. The character of the soil—a black sand—is an annoyance, as it is almost impossible to keep the balls clean, but the little negro caddies are wonderfully keen-sighted, and they will unerringly mark down your ball, if you will but do your part in driving it straight. The crux of the course is the tee shot at the sixth hole. The line runs over a row of sheds fifteen feet in height and one hundred yards away, and it takes a clean drive to carry it. The playing length is 1864 yards, and the record is 34 (seven holes).

The course at Magnolia Springs on the St. Johns River is picturesquely laid out in long avenues cut through the pines and live-oaks. The latter, with their long "weepers" of Spanish-moss, are sad traps for the careless golfer, who swipes a high ball off the course and into the gray tangle of their outstretched arms. The pond hole of our Northern course may perchance give up its dead under the gentle persuasion of a long-handled garden rake, but the Magnolia live-oaks keep watch and ward over their treasure-trove until the crack o' doom. Ball in Spanish-moss is a lost hole on the Magnolia links, and the wise man keeps his approaches close to the ground.

The course is one of nine holes, aggregating about 2000 yards in playing distance, and as the fair green is comparatively narrow, there is a premium upon straight driving. An abandoned railway cut and the remains of an old Confederate earth-work are the principal natural hazards, and they afford fine practice in niblick-work for the unprofitable servants of "Our Lady of the Links." The fair green has been put into Bermuda, and should be in excellent shape by the beginning of the winter season.

There are two courses at St. Augustine, that of the St. Augustine Golf Club, at Fort Marion, and that of the St. Augustine Country Club, on the low-lying lands bordering the Matanzas River. The Golf Club has five holes on the old military reservation, the remaining four being across the road in what is known as the San Marco plot. The turf of the fort section is many years old, and just about as good as we can expect of the Bermuda-grass, being close and firm, and affording a fair lie for the brassey. The putting-greens are on the natural lay of the land, and, although they contain some clover, they are true and fast. The "covered way" and the moat of Fort Marion are hazards for the third and fourth holes. The putting-green of the third hole (Little Misery) is in the "covered way" itself, and although the distance is only a cleek shot, it must be nicely gauged to avoid being trapped by the moat. The line to the fourth hole lies over a corner of the "covered way," but the risk is too great to justify the long carry that is required, and so we play off to the left, and are sure of a good lie and a straight path to the green.

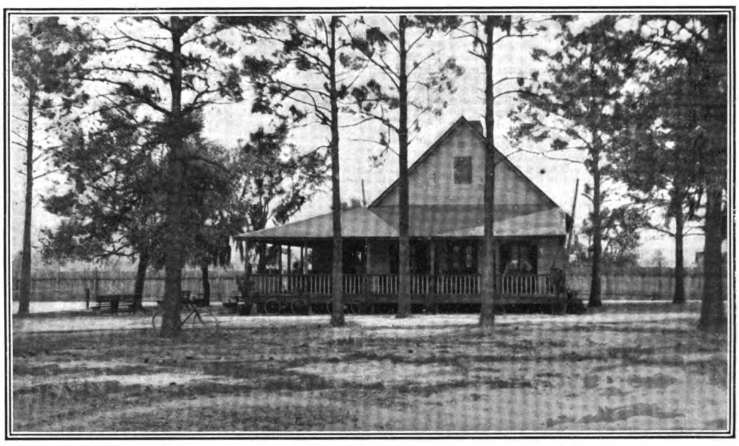
The holes in the San Marco division are over newer ground, and the fair green is still rather rough and thin. There are good artificial bunkers for the seventh and eighth tee shots, and the old city moat furnishes an overplayed approach shot to the sixth green. The nine holes measure but 1888 yards in actual playing distance, but the course is nevertheless an exceptionally interesting and sporty one. The area of the fort green is a trifle too small for the five holes that it contains, and the tourist sight-seers have an aggravating habit of planting themselves squarely in the line of play to unfurl their umbrellas and rustle the leaves of their guide-books. But there is no penalty for a "rub-of-a-tourist," and the "Cookies" are gradually becoming educated to the significance of the warning "Fore!" The grounds of the St. Augustine Country Club are about a mile from the centre of the town, and are reached by an excellent bicycle road. In its general features the course reminds one of the low-lying Long Island coast, surrounded as it is by salt marshes and intersected by numerous tideways. Part of it is old cultivated ground, and the fair green is in very good condition for brassey play. Both the teeing-grounds and putting-greens are of turf, and although the latter have to be resodded from time to time, they afford an opportunity for genuine exercise in the art of holing out. Most of the hazards are artificial cop-bunkers, and the one on the ninth hole is a particularly good example of its class. It is in a wrong position, however, being a trifle too far from the tee; and the same may be said of the bunker that must be carried from the fifth tee. A fairly good drive is trapped, and a topped one goes unpunished. In both cases the teeing-grounds should be put back, so as to make the bunkers hazards for the second shot.

The club controls sixty-five acres of ground, but only some thirty-five are in use, and the polo-field and bicycle-track take up a good slice of that. In consequence the nine holes are too close together, and there is too much parallel play. One is reminded thereby of the story told of an American visitor to the North Berwick (Scotland) links in the old days of that famous golfing Mecca.

"They tell you to keep your eye on the ball," remarked the much-worried player, as he dodged a hard-driven missile. "I've all I can do to keep the darned ball out of my eye."

The golfing possibilities of the tract are so good that it would seem to be a wise move to take in some of the outlying ground and then rearrange the course. If properly laid out, the course should be one of the very best in the South; it certainly has the appearance of being the real thing, and needs only to be developed in accordance with orthodox golfing canons. The playing distance is 1730 yards, divided as follows: First, 178; second, 141; third, 173; fourth, 220; fifth, 303; sixth, 107; seventh, 162; eighth, 240; ninth, 206.

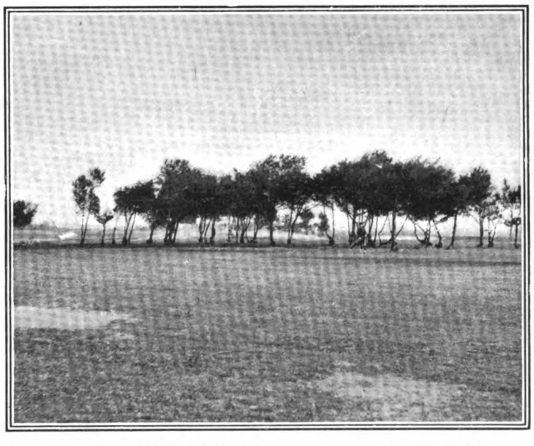
There is but one golf-course in all the South which may be said to come up to first-class standards in the number, playing distance, and general arrangement of its holes, and that one is the Palmetto Club course at Aiken, South Carolina. It is also the oldest golf club in the South, and enjoys the support of the great majority of Northern golfers who play the game for its own sake. Its annual open tournament is almost a national event, and the winner of the Southern course is always some player who is known to fame. Originally the course had but nine holes, but it has now the full eighteen, the separate distances being as follows: First, 347; second, 253; third, 406; fourth, 320; fifth, 341; sixth, 285; seventh, 110; eighth, 385; ninth, 309; tenth, 160; eleventh, 285; twelfth, 380; thirteenth, 506; fourteenth, 153; fifteenth, 225; sixteenth, 300; seventeenth, 115; eighteenth, 275—total, 5155 yards. This comes close to championship length, and the hazards at the several holes are, moreover, arranged with judgment, so as to punish poor shots and reward the steady player. Water, brush fencing, dry watercourses, cop-bunkers, and wagon roads are among



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the hazards, and at nearly every hole a good tee shot is essential to the compiling of a low score.

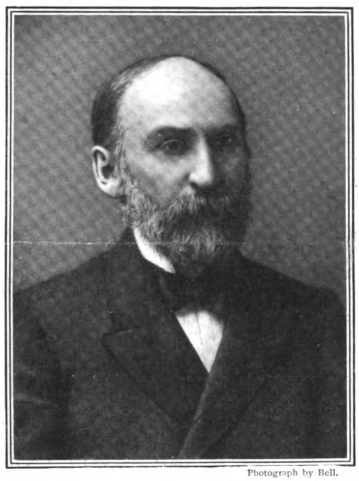
The general nature of the soil is light and sandy, with here and there streaks of reddish gravel and clay. The fair green is consequently inclined to be patchy and thin, but the joint-grass gives a good lie for the brassey, if you have the luck to find your ball resting upon it. The mid-green runs into "cups" at the slightest provocation, and it is necessary to keep men at work upon it pretty much all the time. A rough cocoa mat is dragged over the ground to prepare the way, and a small stone roller follows to smooth out the heel-marks and iron-scrapes. The putting-"browns" are all of beaten clay covered with a light sprinkling of fine sand, and the ball runs very true upon them.

The short course is made up of the first three and last six holes, and is therefore 2580 yards in playing distance.

Of the remaining Southern courses, those at Thomasville, Georgia, and at Summerville, South Carolina, demand a word. Both courses have been laid out by well-known professional experts, and afford good play. At Summerville there are nine holes, with a playing distance of 2343 yards. The putting-greens are of turf, and should be in good condition by the beginning of the present season. Two ponds, several drainage ditches, and artificial cop-bunkers make up the list of hazards.

At Thomasville the golf course is laid out in what is known as Glen Arvern Park, the home of the Thomasville Country club; the park contains over 300 acres, and the golf section consists of nine holes, with an aggregate playing length of about 2500 yards. The fair green is well turfed for this latitude, and the greens are all sodded and kept in excellent condition. The golfing tourist is always welcome, and the course is well worth a visit.

The courses at Hot Springs (Virginia), Richmond, and Fortress Monroe are comparatively Northern in their general characteristics, and therefore do not call for especial mention. Wherever true sod can be grown the game differs in no essential particulars from the golf of tradition. It is only when we attempt to play it upon the gravelly plateaus of North Carolina and Tennessee and through the pine-barrens of Georgia and Florida that we must modify our golfing canons to meet the new conditions of the problem. And, all things considered, it is remarkable that the results should so nearly conform to the standards of orthodoxy.



Photograph by Bell.

Nelson Dingley

THE leader of the Republican side on the floor of the House of Representatives died at Washington, D. C., on January 23.

Nelson Dingley was born in Durham, Androscoggin County, Maine, on the 15th of February, 1832. The family settled in Auburn, in the same county, at a time when he was a student at Dartmouth College. Mr. Dingley graduated in 1855, and entered the law-office of Merrill & Fessenden in Auburn. He was admitted to the bar in due course, but instead of following the law, purchased the Lewiston *Journal*, which prospered under his management. He removed to Lewiston in 1863. He was six times elected to the State Legislature, of which he was twice chosen Speaker. In 1873 Mr. Dingley was the Republican nominee for the office of Governor of Maine, and was elected by about 10,000 majority. This majority was increased at the time of his re-election, in 1874. In 1881 he was elected by a phenomenal majority to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by William P. Frye's resignation. He served on the Committee on Banking and Currency. Four months later he was appointed a member of a joint committee to investigate the condition and wants of American ship-building and ship-owning interests. The committee reported a bill to remove certain burdens on American shipping, and while this was under consideration in the House he made a speech which gave him a national reputation. Towards the close of 1884 he was appointed at the head of the Republican minority on the Banking and Currency Committee, and the Committee on American Ship-building and Ship-owning Interests. It was due to Mr. Dingley's initiative that the Bureau of Navigation was organized in the Treasury Department. There was no important interruption in his Congressional work before his last illness. His re-election took place when occasions arose, and, especially in 1894 and 1896, by increased majorities. In the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses he was a member of the Committee on Appropriations. Under his leadership in the Fifty-fifth Congress the House passed a bill revising the tariff.

LONDON

January 7, 1899.

THE British nation begins the new year in high good-humor. The country is prosperous, the revenue abundant and elastic, and troubles which for years have dogged the footsteps of the people and their rulers have disappeared. Tail-twisting has ceased, thanks to a strong navy and the determination to use it. An all-round understanding with France is at last within the arena of practical politics. India is again quiet, and Lord and Lady Curzon begin their five years' rule under happy auspices. The American flag is freely displayed wherever the Viceroy and his wife appear. The vindication of British rights in connection with the Fashoda incident has given deep satisfaction to the whole nation, but the more thinking portion of the community attach less importance to that event than to the realization of a wistful hope, nourished by the best men of all shades of politics for more than a century, that the chasm between the two branches of the English-speaking people, created by the folly and pride of a few individuals, now bids fair to be bridged over under the influence of the common-sense and the common interests of the two democracies. The overwhelming possibilities contained in a general understanding between the great American republic and the British people would make it the most important event of the last eighty years. The benevolent attitude of the man in the street on such a question as the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is a case in point. American doings and sayings have suddenly become interesting to the masses of the people, who but a short year ago were careless, indifferent, and ignorant. American personalities begin to stand out in clear relief. The Spanish war and the new foreign policy of the United States (in which the average Englishman recognizes his own racial instinct of expansion) is a phenomenon profoundly interesting to the British people of all classes, none the less since the United States, at great sacrifice, seem to be resolved irrevocably to embark on the troubled sea of imperialism, which for a decade or more must prove to be a costly and hazardous enterprise, although palpably beneficial to British interests and the "open door" in China. The pleasure with which the expansionist policy is regarded in this country, and the favorable criticisms on the acquisition of the Philippines prevalent here, are, at least partly, attributable to the fact that America is giving hostages to fortune, and that she does not shrink from following an anti-Russian policy that is destined to make the English-speaking race dominant in the Far East, whatever influence it may have upon the social, constitutional, and fiscal future of the home population in America. English friends of the United States, however, capable of looking beyond the immediate advantage accruing to England from American pride and ambition sharing the task of subjugating and administering an Asiatic population, are not without dread that, for the time being, at all events, there is considerable danger of the substance being sacrificed for the shadow.

American interests in China are rapidly growing, and are only second to those of Great Britain. The onward march of Russian militarism in Manchuria, the impending seizure of Peking by the peace-loving Tsar, and the total failure of the British government, amid the preoccupations of General Kitchener's victory and the dispute with France, to devise or pursue any firm and continuous policy whatever in China, are no less injurious to American than to British interests. In China, at all events, British and American trade interests are absolutely identical. The neglect of the British Foreign Office to safeguard British trade is as harmful to America as to England, while the preoccupation of American statesmen in meeting the initial difficulties of an expansionist policy is no less hurtful to British than to American trade in China.

Under these circumstances, the forth-coming visit to the United States of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., C.B., M.P., on his return from the mission in China with which he was intrusted by the combined chambers of commerce of Great Britain, will interest the merchants and bankers of Chicago and New York no less than the politicians of Washington. The following is the situation: Lord Charles Beresford writes me that the question in China is a military one and nothing else, that it is necessary to secure law and order for the security and development of trade in China, and that the dangers ahead to American and British commerce are two—(1) the dominant military position of Russia in the north, daily increasing in power; and (2) the effete condition of the Chinese government, which has no control over its people. There is nothing to prevent burning of stores, destruction of goods, or loss of life anywhere in China at the present moment. The great trading communities are eagerly enthusiastic for the institution of a definite policy to be followed by Great Britain and the United States, with the support, if possible, of Germany and Japan. They, naturally, know their own business, and what is necessary in China for future security for commerce. The Tsung-li-Yamen have had it pointed out to them by Lord Charles Beresford that unless the Chinese government ask us to reorganize their army as a whole, partition of China into European provinces, the expulsion of the Manchu, and the institution of military spheres of influence are inevitable.

China kept in its integrity, with adequate police and military, is the best possible condition to insure the development and security of American no less than British trade. This integrity of China by a commercial alliance among ourselves, America, Japan, and Germany can only be maintained by our getting hold of the army, nominally to be a Chinese army, but with British or American officers. The first Chinese regiment on the Egyptian plan, officered by Englishmen, was gazetted during the past week. This regiment is intended to keep order at Wei-hai-wei, and it is hoped that it will be the pioneer of many others; not with a view to territorial expansion, but for the establishment of law and order and the maintenance of the "open door."

THE Chinese problem is one of the most interesting and difficult Great Britain and the United States have had to face in the latter half of this century. Representative Americans, Japanese, and Germans, when asked by Lord Charles Beresford as to their opinion of a pooling of interests by Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and Japan, advocated and supported the proposal; and when asked whether they thought their country would object to Great Britain organizing the Chinese army, they all replied that we ought to undertake the duty, because we owned sixty-eight per cent. of the trade in China, and because no race could organize Eastern peoples, make them fight under and respect their officers, like the Anglo-Saxon.

The country is rich beyond all expectations. The people are easily led and governed, thrifty, and hard-working, do not fear death, and possess all the qualities to make splendid soldiers and thriving communities. A strong, clear-headed man is wanted out there; not so much a military or a naval man as one who can overcome obstacles and difficulties, who is well known at home and abroad, and thus has prestige. If only we can get the military forces of China under Anglo-Saxon control, capital will pour in from all countries, and peace will be assured, owing to the formation of European vested interests. There is ample finance to start and keep a large military force in the moneys now allowed for that purpose, if only it was spent as it was intended. Englishmen on the spot are beginning to get tired of Chinese apathy, and are gradually drifting into the "sphere-of-influence" policy. The Chinese army wants reorganizing, and if the Chinese government does not authorize this and have the idea carried out, European nations will split China up and make political treaties as to the "open-door" question. When once the Chinese government has asked for a man to reorganize the army, it is a matter of honor that it be done properly, effectively, and thoroughly, and no interference will be allowed by any mandarin or other person whose object is to nullify effort or to make the whole thing ridiculous, more particularly as France and Russia will use every conceivable effort to bring this about.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD needs all the support of his countrymen in his mission, and also the sympathy of the American public, for a great issue for our empire, as well as for the future of the American people, depends on what may be accomplished in China for the security of trade. In a few months it may be too late, while the interests involved are probably a hundred times greater than those included in the whole African continent.

IT may be interesting to say a word or two about Lord Charles Beresford's personality. He once described himself in the House of Commons as having been a "scallywag" in his youth, which is understood to mean that he would get into any scrape for the sake of fun and action. Like many Irishmen, he is brimming over with humor, but, unlike some of his countrymen, his singular modesty prevents superficial observers from recognizing the great worth and solidity of his character. He has never been a favorite with authority. When a Lord of the Admiralty he was required to sign the Navy Estimates for the year. The clerk brought him a wet pen and asked him to attach his signature to the voluminous documents about to be presented to Parliament. "Oh," said Lord Charles, "I have not read them!" "That does not matter," said the clerk; "these are the Estimates, and all you have to do is to sign." After some discussion he was allowed two hours in order to master a document for which he was expected to make himself responsible. Finding that grave omissions and misrepresentations misleading to the House of Commons were contained in the Estimates, he flatly refused to sign, and sent in his resignation the same day. This action was universally reprobated by the bureaucracy, and by the tadpoles and tapirs in the services; but the effect of it was to introduce efficiency into the naval service, and to the moral courage of that resignation, by which Lord Charles risked his whole future, Britain largely owes to-day the possession of an augmented fleet that is what it pretends to be. At the siege of Alexandria, Lord Charles Beresford commanded the *Condor*. The present manager of the *Times*, Mr. Moberly Bell, was on board, and I have heard him describe the singular coolness and courage with which Lord Charles steamed right under the walls of an Egyptian fort and silenced one gun after another.

Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour signalled to the assembled fleet, "Well done, *Condor*." Any naval officer might have done this; but a more difficult duty fell to Lord Charles Beresford—to land in Alexandria next day in command of a few hundred marines, and become responsible for thousands of lives, and property to the value of millions sterling. The city was in the hands of incendiaries and murderers. Civil order had disappeared. In three days Lord Charles had established law and order, with a skilful rapidity that marked him out as a true leader of men. In my judgment, the pacification of Alexandria after the bombardment is the most remarkable episode in his adventurous career, and alone gives him a title to be heard on the pacification of China and the establishment of law and order in the great Yang-tse Valley. The problem is virtually that of Alexandria on a large scale.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was in the thick of all the fighting in the Gordon relief expedition. He commanded the gunboat that went up to Khartum, and he defended her, when sick almost to death, when she was aground on a sand bank with her boiler pierced, and surrounded by a murderous horde of Dervishes flushed with victory. Lord Charles Beresford deserves the whole-hearted support of the English-speaking people because he is a brave and honest man, because he knows his facts, and, lastly, because he has absolutely no axe to grind. Many of our officials cannot understand a man in public life who is not seeking his own ends, and hence Lord Charles is misunderstood. If he succeeds in persuading the American people that their interests in China are gravely jeopardized, and that decisive action is required both by England and the States, he will at the same time destroy the apathy into which public opinion on the Far Eastern question has been allowed to sink on this side of the water.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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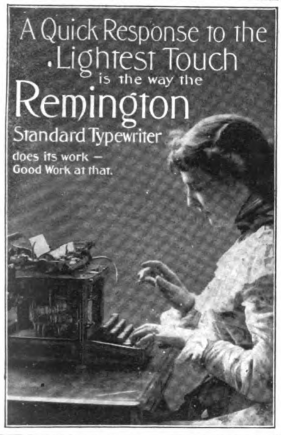
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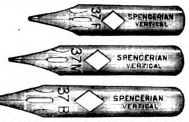
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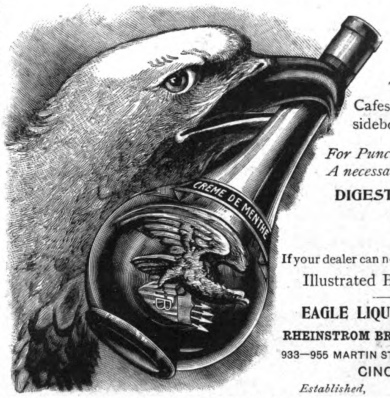
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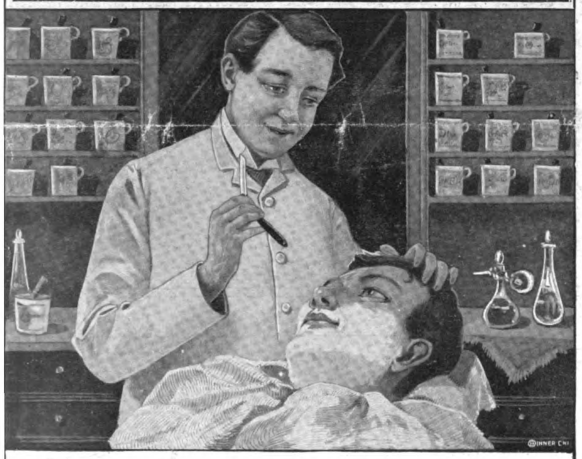
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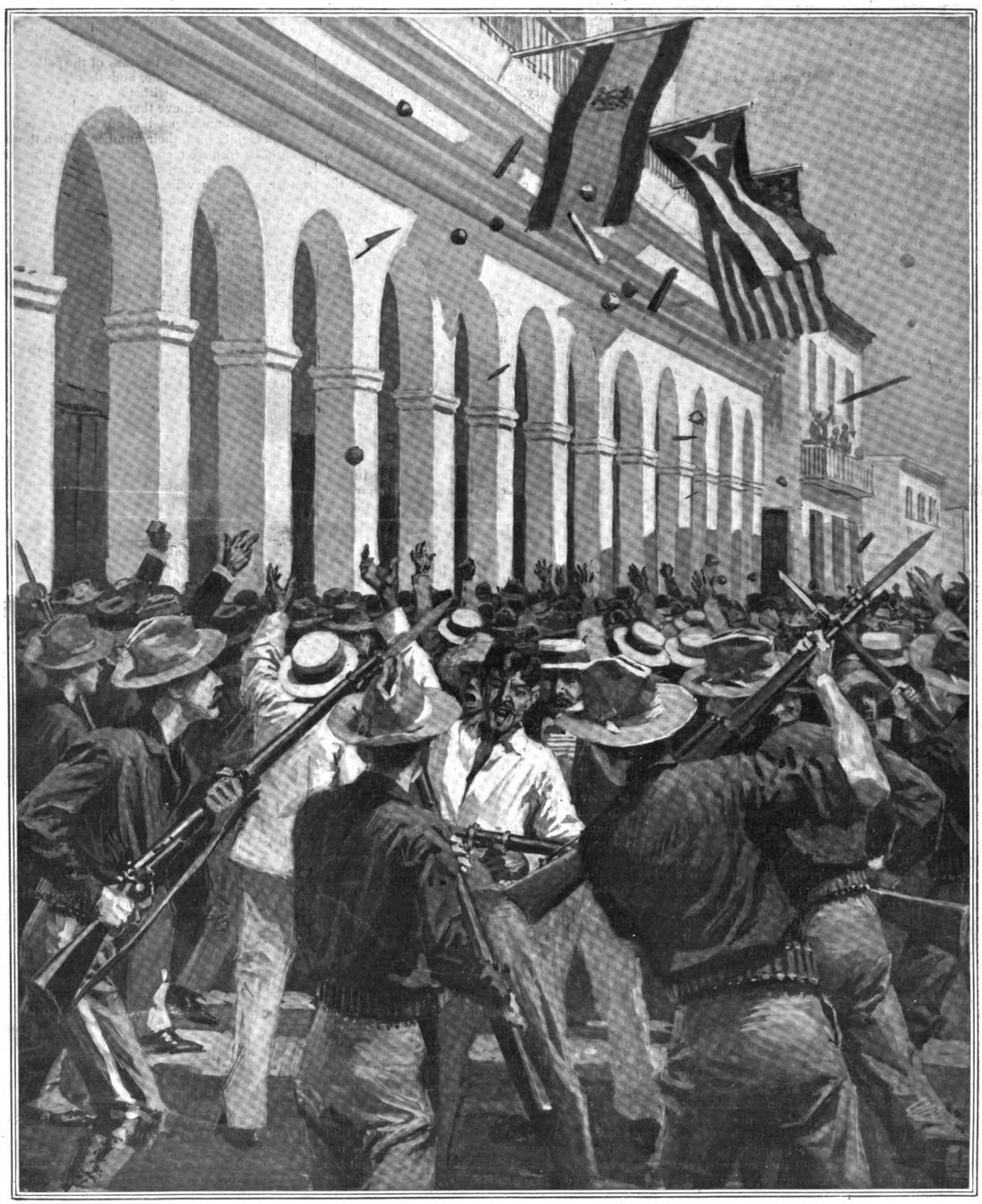
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A Harmless Dictatorship

IT is announced that the President is desirous that the Senate should ratify the Paris treaty in order that he may be relieved of the burdens of dictatorship. He dreads, it is said, the contemplation of a long summer of unlicensed power in Puerto Rico and the Philippines. We are also in receipt of specious letters from land-hungry expansionists, warning us of our mistake in opposing ratification, because, we are told, if the treaty fail, the President will be a dictator. We trust, however, that the friends of American institutions, who still have faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution, will not be misled by this foreboding cry anent the possibility of Mr. McKINLEY'S dictatorship, for there is nothing in it. In the first place, it is not quite ingenuous. If Mr. McKINLEY is very much opposed to being a dictator, why did he sign the measure providing for the temporary government of Hawaii, in which he is made a dictator by a joint resolution which enacts that all "civil, judicial, and military powers . . . . shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct"? He is therefore already dictator in Hawaii—dictator by a joint resolution which he signed, and which is more than likely to remain in force at least well on into the next session of Congress. Moreover, whether the treaty be ratified or not, he must remain as much a dictator in Cuba as he is or can be in Puerto Rico or the Philippines, while if the treaty be ratified, he will be a dictator everywhere until Congress sees fit to legislate and to frame colonial governments. In a word, the dictatorship, such as it is, must exist through the coming summer and as much longer as Congress neglects to provide colonial governments.

As to the merits of the contention, there seems to us to be no doubt, whatever one may think of Mr. McKINLEY'S executive capacity, or of the character of his advisers, that his rule as a so-called dictator will, for the present, be much better than Congressional rule can possibly be. In the first place, his dictatorship is a misnomer. Mr. McKINLEY'S rule as commander-in-chief may be considered irresponsible, judged by civilian standards, but it will be constitutional; it will be a dictatorship modified by a fear of the public opinion of the country and of his party; it will be a rule which must rest within certain bounds, under penalty of impeachment for their infringement. Moreover, the agents of this rule will be officers of the regular army, who are already demonstrating in Cuba their capacity for governing. The work which is being done in Santiago by General WOOD, and that which is about to be begun by General LUDLOW in Havana, which will soon transform those pest-holes into clean and healthy cities, are and will be object-lessons which must materially lessen the effect of appeals to our sentiments against a dictatorship.

We inevitably think of what will follow if this alleged dictatorship of the army be done away with. In the first place, the rule of the commander-in-chief will be succeeded by the rule of Congress. We believe, of course, in the rule of Congress as it is regulated and restrained by the Constitution; but the most eager of the imperialists are now contending that the Constitution does not apply to the government of colonies beyond placing in the hands of the legislative branch of the government the sole power to make rules for their regulation. They say that the power to take territory is an incident of sovereignty, and that the power to govern territory so taken is also a necessary incident of sovereignty. They forget, apparently, that the present taking is not by the sovereign of this country, but by its agent—an agent with well-defined and limited powers. In this republic the people are the sovereign, and the sovereign acts through the enactment of constitutional law, the government being merely the agent of the sovereign, acting under and in accordance with the commands and directions of constitutional law. Therefore, if it be true that our power to take and govern colonies is ours merely as an incident of sovereignty, it is the sovereign people and not the administration or Congress, the agents of the sovereign, who have a right to determine the question of taking or governing. If, then, this treaty be ratified, we shall govern these colonies outside of the Constitution. In any event they will be governed by Congress, which will be wholly irresponsible, and we shall see the military officers now administering local affairs supplanted by such politicians as Congressmen and other politicians usually select.

The alternative, then, is whether we shall permit the army to control and administer the affairs of these islands, or turn them over to the politicians. If Mr. McKINLEY'S dictatorship continue a little longer, the people will have an opportunity to pass on the whole question. That this is their right is the unconscious admission of those who contend that our power over territories is an incident of sovereignty. Then why not yield to the sovereign its rights? Why should the agent assume powers that belong solely to the principal? Are not the President and the Republican leaders in Congress afraid that the sovereign will resent such a usurpation by its agents? Moreover, it is certain that the condition of the people of the Philippines, if the insurgents cease their warfare upon us, will be much better under army administration than it can be under the administration of such politicians as will inevitably be appointed if the treaty be ratified and the islands come to us.

The Saloon

THERE has been a good deal of discussion stirred up by Bishop POTTER'S endorsement of the common remark that the "saloon is the poor man's club," meaning thereby that the poor man will frequent the saloon until something better, and at least as attractive, is provided for him. We take it that Bishop POTTER was simply expressing his opinion of the crudity of our efforts to deal with the liquor problem.

There is no difference of opinion among intelligent people and good citizens as to the character of the liquor-saloon. It is a breeder and promoter of intemperance; the cause of poverty, visiting its evils upon the innocent as well as upon the self-indulgent; the prolific cause of vice, crime, and political corruption. The civic and social health of the community, and the moral and physical health of hundreds of thousands of drunkards and tipplers and their suffering families, would be much the better if there were not a dram-shop in existence. It is probably true that the beer-shop to which the German takes his family may be comparatively innocent, but the liquor-saloon of the American or the Irishman or the Englishman is a place to which its patrons resort principally for stimulation and drunkenness. This is the saloon with which we have to deal, and its club feature is its most dangerous and insidious side, for those who enter it for the purpose of the warmth, light, and society which they cannot find in their tenements enter into a maelstrom of temptation, resistance to which by weary and insufficiently nourished men is wellnigh impossible. The hosts of saloon-frequenters, besides including all the vicious and criminal classes, are a great army of voters, led by saloon-keepers, who vote them in the interests of the saloon, which are inevitably the interests of corruption.

For a great many reasons the community is interested in putting down the saloon. Its youth are in danger from it. The property, the comfort, and the very lives of its citizens are constantly threatened by criminals who are bred and stimulated by it. It can never enjoy good municipal government until the saloon is of less importance in its politics than it is now. And yet, vital as it is, the problem has never been approached by the community, or by any large part of it, in a rational or philosophic spirit. Good men have worked over it, only to demonstrate that extreme methods of dealing with this evil are of no avail so long as the appetite for alcoholic stimulants is so universal as it is. We have found that prohibition does not work, because the law is not administered effectively. Knowing, then, that the problem is one of administration, our crude notion has been that we might control the evil by legislation. We have therefore sought to accomplish our object by law, regulating the liquor business, fixing the hours at which saloons must be closed, shutting them up entirely on Sunday. We have endeavored also to tax them out of existence, without much success. As to the regulations which provide that saloons shall not be opened after a certain hour of the night, or at all on Sunday, or during the voting hours of election day, we have found that they also provide the administrative officers of the law and the party leaders with something to sell for money or votes or influence. What the law denies to the saloon is sold to him by the guardians of the law, or by those who control the politics of the locality. The saloon-keeper who pays can keep open after hours or on Sunday. And in rural districts it is the common experience that a high license breeds the outlaw saloon—the saloon that pays nothing, which is protected by the local politicians for the votes of their numerous customers. Moreover, the effort to regulate the evil by legislation forces the saloon-keepers into a defensive union, unites and therefore strengthens them.

The fact is, if we are to break up the saloon, we must throw the responsibility upon the administrative power of the government. Legislation there must be, as a matter of course, but it should be legislation that makes the task of the police simple, as inevitable as possible, and that gives to them nothing to sell. Notwithstanding the apparent inconsistency, we believe that the State should get as large an income as possible out of the saloons, and should rigidly limit their number. Then the saloon should be frankly recognized as an evil, inevitable perhaps, but still an evil. It should always be under police surveillance, and when a charge is made against a saloon-keeper *per se*, the policy of the criminal law should be reversed. The presumption ought to be against him. His life and business should be made abhorrent and difficult. The hand of the State should be against him and his customers. Drunkenness ought to be regarded as more of an offence than it is, and the law against selling liquors to drunkards and minors should be strengthened and more firmly enforced. When the saloon is brought definitely within the pale of the criminal and vicious classes, the Squirrel Inns will have a better chance than they have now, but to that end we must look to administration and not to legislation; indeed, some of our existing regulative legislation should be repealed.

The Canal Bill

THE canal bill which was passed by the Senate on the 21st of January does not advance the enterprise. It entirely ignores the provisions of the concessions which have been made either to the Maritime Canal Company or to the EYRE-CRAGIN syndicate. It is contrary to the provisions of the first concession, that which is held by the company whose rights and property the Senate proposes that the government shall purchase, because that concession expressly provides that it "shall in no case be transferable to governments or to foreign public powers." It completely ignores the EYRE-CRAGIN concession, which, however, is an act of the Nicaragua Legislature.

The bill, in a word, provides that the government shall buy the property of the present Maritime Canal Company at its worth, the price paid not to exceed $5,000,000. The present stock is to be cancelled, and 1,000,000 shares of new stock issued, of which the government is to own 925,000 shares. This makes the government apparently a partner in the enterprise which is being carried on in Nicaragua; but it does not follow from the bill that the canal will be dug along any of the routes which have been surveyed; nor does it follow, if we properly interpret the bill, that the Maritime Company will receive anything at all for its old stock, for the simple reason that the adherence of the Nicaraguan government to the terms of the old concession, or to the concession made to Messrs. EYRE and CRAGIN, will make valueless the company's franchise, and consequently the work already performed by it. An amendment offered by Senator SPOONER, and adopted, forbids the purchase of the Maritime Company's stock if the canal is not to be built on its concession.

If Nicaragua is obstinate, the government is authorized to negotiate for a new route, and may go anywhere for that purpose—may even enter into negotiations with the Panama Company, if we read the bill correctly. There is much negotiation to be carried on; for, before any work is done, negotiation is necessary, not only with Nicaragua, but with other Central-American powers, and especially with Great Britain for the modification of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. Perhaps it would not be absolutely correct to say that we are as far as ever from an interoceanic canal, but we will get to the proper point of beginning if the bill pass the House of Representatives, for the President will then be directed to clear the ground for the work of legislation and construction.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS has agreed to be the successor of Dr. Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. Dr. Hillis comes to Brooklyn from Chicago, where for four years he has been pastor of the Central Church, in the pulpit of which he succeeded Dr. David Swing. It is stated that he made it the most popular church in Chicago. When Dr. Abbott gave notice, and the brethren at Plymouth began to look about for a new shepherd, their eye was soon attracted by Dr. Hillis as a pastor whose gifts seemed suited to their necessities. Presently their advisory committee sent a subcommittee to Chicago to view him and hear him discourse. The subcommittee came back full of praise and enthusiasm. Brother Stephen White said they went to Chicago intending to be icicles, and came back melted. Brother Raymond was charmed. Brother Brooks declared Dr. Hillis to be the ideal pastor for young men. Brother Thomas Shearman admitted that he had fallen in love, but he warned the brethren that Dr. Hillis was preaching to a congregation worth $300,000,000, which was anxious to build him a new church, and double a salary already larger than Plymouth could pay, so that Plymouth would not get him unless it wanted him desperately and unanimously.

In spite of the attractions of the field in Chicago, Dr. Hillis was willing to consider the necessities of Brooklyn. He came to Brooklyn, lectured before the Plymouth League on Ruskin, and preached a trial sermon in Plymouth Church. The lecture and the sermon settled the matter. On January 16 the church held a business meeting, and called him by a vote of 246 to 6. Five days later he accepted the call in a long and interesting telegram to Brother Shearman.

Dr. Hillis is about forty years old, and has an impetuous delivery which reminds some persons of that of the late Bishop Brooks. He will be Plymouth Church's third pastor. Dr. Beecher preached there from 1847 to 1887; Dr. Abbott, from 1888 to 1899.

ANOTHER important place, that has been much longer vacant than the Plymouth Church pulpit, is reported to have been filled. A despatch from Providence, dated January 21, says that the committee of six appointed last September to find a new President for Brown University has done its work, and will announce its choice to the corporation on the morning of February 8, at half past ten o'clock. The committee is said to be confident that it has made an excellent selection, which will be ratified by the corporation, but no hint has been dropped as to who the new President is to be.

Meanwhile no new discoveries of likely Presidents for Yale have been announced, and the rumor recently disclosed that Amherst is meditating upon the attractions of Dr. Henry Van Dyke does not seem important.

THE brisk demand for college Presidents for uses outside of their immediate calling has been illustrated recently in the appointment of President Angell as minister to Turkey, the nomination of President Low for Mayor of New York, and the effort to induce President Gilman to serve as a member of the War Investigating Commission. The newest example of it is the appointment of President Schurman of Cornell as president of the commission named by the President to go to the Philippine Islands, investigate and consider the situation there, and give advice as to what our government ought to do next. Cornell was pleased at Dr. Schurman's appointment, and on January 23 the university exchanged farewells with him at a crowded meeting. Dr. Schurman said he felt honored by the duty intrusted to him, but that he expected to be back in Ithaca to stay by the beginning of the next college year (October proximo). He said, somewhat rashly, it would seem, "I shall never accept a foreign mission after my return from Manila."

It may be fortunate for Harvard that her President is enough of a Democrat not to be readily available to help solve the problems of the present administration.

TWO good men have spoken notably about the case of Congressman-elect Roberts, the gentleman from Utah, who is credited with having three wives. Colonel T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, being asked to join the executive committee of the Anti-Polygamy League, which aims to exclude polygamists from Congress, has declined on the personal ground that he belongs to too many organizations already, and for the additional reason that he has not been able to make up his mind that Mr. Roberts ought to be excluded. He is opposed to polygamy, of course, but he does not find that Mr. Roberts has violated the law by marrying any extra wives since Utah became a State; and as for Mormonism, apart from polygamy, though presumably he dislikes that too, he is averse to persecution of that or any other form of belief.

Ex-Senator Edmunds has also discussed the case of Mr. Roberts, and has done so in a way that seems to settle certain points in it for good. In an article published in the *Christian Herald* he notes that, now that Utah is a State, polygamous marriages occurring in that State cannot be punished by the Federal government, and that if, as appears, Mr. Roberts is not violating any State law by living with all three of his wives, he can't be punished at all. Neither can he be excluded from Congress because he is a polygamist. If he has been fairly elected, and satisfies the requirements of the Constitution as to age, residence, and citizenship, he must be admitted. But Mr. Edmunds points out that after he has taken his seat he may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of his fellow-members if they think that for any reason he is unfit to keep his place. If the House does not take action about him, Mr. Edmunds considers that (supposing the facts about him to be as stated) "it will give its acquiescent approval of the conduct of Mr. Roberts, and of the action of the people who elected him with full knowledge of the circumstances, and henceforth it will be justly considered that the House has no disposition to interfere with the practice of polygamy in Utah."

Mr. Edmunds's opinion as to what ought to be done is sufficiently obvious, but the question is likely to be further discussed whether Congress, by tolerating Mr. Roberts, whose marriages all took place before Utah prohibited polygamy by law, would really justify the inference that it did not mind polygamy in Utah.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING and his wife sailed from Liverpool on January 25, on the *Majestic*, for this port. They are coming not to lecture, nor to talk to reporters, but apparently for fun, which, rumor says, they will look for in Washington. It is impossible that Mr. Kipling should not be an object of interest in this country wherever he goes, and impossible that the newspapers should not pay attention to him and try to learn his views on various subjects. As he is known to be the bard of British imperialism, there will be a special desire to know how American expansion strikes him. He is a bold man to come back here at a time when his political views are likely to be so much in request. Let us hope he will bear with philosophy and good-humor the inconveniences which attend distinction, and that he may have fun enough to tempt him to overstay that meagre two months to which his visit threatens to be limited.

WILL our friends in the West, both on the Pacific coast and in the Mississippi Valley, please have an eye out for a reprehensible person who sometimes describes himself as George W. Thayer, and at other times as R. W. Gardner, and doubtless uses other names still? He represents himself as agent of "The International Fashion Company" and "The Bazar Fashion Company," neither of which, so far as known, exists, except in his imagination. He also feigns to be an agent for the house of Harper & Brothers, which corporation does exist as heretofore, but does not employ him. His method is to make some proposition so absurd as to be suspicious, but set forth in blank forms of agreement, on the strength of which he collects four or five dollars, or less, and moves on. Do not dally with this person, for he is an impostor. The Messrs. Harper have warned the trade not to pay money to any person on their account, saying, "All payments intended for Harper & Brothers should be made in the form of bank draft, post-office money-order, express money-order, or cheque—all payable to the order of Harper & Brothers."

BISHOP POTTER has his trials. It has gone abroad in the land that he has defended drinking-saloons. It seems probable that in the first place what he said in the matter was correctly reported, but in passing from newspaper to newspaper and from commentator to commentator his remarks seem to have got so seriously disfigured that he has been constrained to resort to explanations. To an inquiry from Ohio as to whether he said that the saloon was "the poor man's club" and a necessity, he has answered:

> In a recent address in behalf of coffee-houses, coffee-wagons, coffee-carts, and the like, I stated that something answering to the saloon—*i. e.*, place of inexpensive recreation and refreshment—would always be a necessity. I may add that, until it is provided, the mischiefs of the saloon, which nobody recognizes more clearly than I, will continue. The saloon may be driven to cover, but it cannot be abolished. Something better, something wholesome, harmless, undefiled, and undefiling, must take its place, and so expel by substitution.

The discussion has reached other clergymen. The *World* published a sermon by Dr. Parkhurst, in which he was represented as finding great virtues in saloons and saloon-keepers, and in extolling especially the great work they did in feeding the hungry. After extracts from this discourse had been telegraphed up and down the land, it turned out that Dr. Parkhurst's sermon had got mixed up in the *World* office with that of another clergyman, and that the part relating to saloons set forth the other gentleman's views.

Bishop Potter believes in "squirrel inns," where no liquor is sold, as rivals and substitutes for rum-shops. Dr. Rainsford goes him one better. He says New York requires rum-shops of some sort; that the present saloon is an institution bad in every way, and that the way to better things is to put good saloons in competition with bad ones. Dr. Rainsford's idea of a good saloon seems to be one where honest men sell honest liquor at a fair price. He advocates the introduction of the Gothenburg system in New York, where, he says, "the present retail liquor trade is the greatest swindle on earth."

GOOD saloons are better than bad ones. "Squirrel inns" are good so far as they go, and are doubtless better for their patrons than any saloons where liquor is sold. But the temperance saloons, be they ever so good of their kind, will never get more than their share of the trade. One drawback to them is that they are liable to stink a little of virtue, and of course the normal man blooms somewhat sadly in that aroma. If the problem is to set up new dives which shall compete with saloons as places of resort, why would it not be a good plan to spend some money in developing the social side of the barber shop. There is something always going on in the barber shop, and that eases the atmosphere and promotes sociability. The news has passed in barber shops these thousands of years. Think of the atmosphere of them, how homelike and restful it is—the warmth, the faint smell of hair-oil, the mugs with familiar names lettered on them, the click of shears, the flopping of the razors on the strops, the newspapers, the pictures, the man who is having his mustache dyed and curled! Oh, there is a great deal that is consoling about barber shops, and though they are absolutely virtuous places, they don't smell so. The number of men required to support a saloon in good style could maintain a commodious barber shop, with plenty of chairs and papers, and have money enough left at the end of the year to buy a farm and escape the temptations of the city.

PERSONS who wish to inform themselves as to the scope, quality, and possibilities of Uncle Sam's new responsibilities are hereby counselled and invited to read HARPER'S WEEKLY. In the interest of the WEEKLY and its readers, Mr. Franklin Matthews, the observing gentleman who memorably disclosed the wide-openness of Chicago and New York, is on his way to Cuba to take note of the people of that island, its agricultural and commercial conditions, and the outlook for enterprises there. Mr. T. Dart Walker, the artist, is there now, making pictures.

Mr. William Dinwiddie and Mr. R. F. Zogbaum are recording what they know about Puerto Rico from personal observation.

Ex-President Dole of Hawaii has written of the situation and conditions in the Hawaiian Islands, and his views are supplemented by articles by Mr. Caspar Whitney, who has lately been to Hawaii on a quest for information.

As to the Philippines, Mr. Frank D. Millet, a very noted correspondent, is writing to the WEEKLY about Manila, and Mr. John F. Bass is travelling among the islands, learning all he can of all existing conditions, and laying before the WEEKLY'S readers, by letter and picture, what he learns.

What careful readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not know about the Spanish islands and Hawaii may, indeed, be worth knowing, but it is not likely to be known.

A MUSICALE, the second of two, will be given on February 8, at half past three o'clock, at the house of Mrs. Dimock, 25 East Sixtieth Street, for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association. Tickets, at five dollars each, may be bought at Sherry's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street.

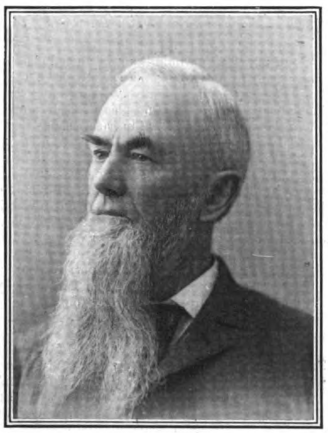
The object of the Kindergarten Association is to maintain free kindergartens in New York, in localities where they are most needed. The kindergarten has won its fight in the educational world, and pretty much every one whose opinion is valuable concedes its great usefulness. It is especially valuable for the development of children in cities, in their early years, before they are old enough to go to the public schools. Sometime kindergartens will be a regular part of the public-school system; but New York has not got to that yet, and the free kindergartens at present have to depend on private benevolence and public spirit for their support.

The work is a good work; the people who have it in hand are good people. Their musicale will be a good musicale, and, judging from its list of patronesses, one of high social distinction. The house, by-the-way, in which it will take place, was formerly the city home of Mr. C. A. Dana.

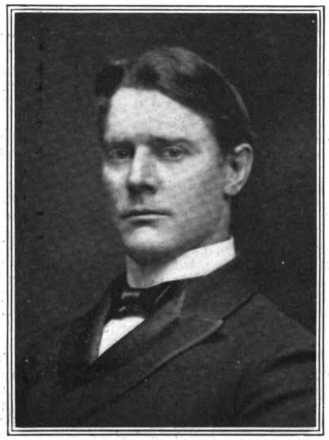
THE Irish came out wonderfully strong in General Eagan's testimony in his own defence before the court martial, as it did in his declaration before the Investigating Committee. He certainly has a fine gift of language. "On my honor and before God, not the color of one cent did I receive!" Surely it is worth some embarrassments to be able to speak like that. General Eagan's rhetoric carries much conviction. He may be a misplaced man, but his honesty, which has not been called into question in the court martial, must be absolute, so far as he knows. It may be that his sense as to propriety of conduct is in inverse proportion to his sense of propriety in language.

IT is a great tribute that Madame Adelina Patti has paid to matrimony in leading to the altar a third consort. Her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, whom she married in 1868, had the indelicacy to get a divorce from her on account of her attachment to Signor Nicolini. This attachment survived her marriage to Nicolini in 1886, and continued until his death on January 18, 1898. If it had been her sole attachment, possibly she would have felt indisposed to form another, but while one sainted memory may do to cherish for aye, two sainted memories make a good pair to draw to, and very possibly Madame Nicolini has done well in emphasizing the close of her year of widowhood by a new alliance. Her new husband, Baron Cederstrom, is a Swede, and has lately been engaged in the health-gymnastic business in London. His age is thirty; hers, fifty-six—giving an average for both of forty-three: a time of life which the blending of experience with expectation makes particularly suitable for the undertaking of new enterprises.

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HON. JONATHAN ROSS,
The newly appointed Senator from Vermont.



HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE,
Senator-Elect from Indiana.



HON. JOHN KEAN,
Senator-Elect from New Jersey.

Augustus H. Garland

ON January 26, Mr. Garland, whom Jefferson Davis characterized as the ablest man in the Confederacy, and whom ex-President Cleveland appointed to the office of Attorney-General, was attacked by heart-failure while arguing a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and died almost immediately. At the suggestion of Attorney-General Griggs, and out of respect to the memory of this distinguished member of the bar, the court adjourned for the day.

Mr. Garland was born in Tipton County, Tennessee, in 1832, but grew up in Arkansas, his parents having moved from Tennessee and settled in Red River Valley when he was very young. He received his education in part at St. Mary's College, studied law, and practised in Little Rock. Though earnestly opposing secession in the Arkansas State convention in 1861, he accepted the result, was elected to the Provisional Congress which drew up the Constitution of the Confederacy, and was a member of the Confederate Senate. In 1874 he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and two years later entered the United States Senate—to which office he was re-elected in 1883, though he did not serve out his term, owing to his appointment as Attorney-General.

Senator Jonathan Ross

IN the appointment of Chief-Judge Ross, of the Supreme Court of Vermont, to succeed the late Senator Morrill, Governor Smith followed an excellent precedent established by Governor Dillingham, who appointed Luke P. Poland, then Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, in 1865, to succeed Senator Collamer, who died in the harness. Jonathan Ross was born in Waterford, Vermont, April 30, 1826, and is therefore seventy-two years old. Up to the age of twenty-one his life was spent on a rugged Vermont farm, and when he decided to go to college a neighboring farmer regretfully remarked, "It's too bad to spoil a good farmer out of that boy just to make a poor lawyer." He was graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1851.

After graduation he taught school in his own State, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and began the practice of law in St. Johnsbury, where he has since resided. He represented his town three terms in the House of Representatives, and in 1870 was elected to the State Senate. The same year he was elected as one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and, after serving twenty years on the bench, was elected Chief Judge in 1890, holding the latter position until he was appointed Senator last week. Judge Ross's term of service on the Supreme Court bench is the longest in the history of the State, and he had become famous for the soundness of his doctrines, as set forth in his opinions, and for his considerate and broad-minded judgments. He has been twice married, and has a wife, two sons, and five daughters. He will serve as Senator until the next Legislature meets, in the fall of 1900, to choose his successor.

ARTHUR F. STONE.

Senator John Kean

ON the 24th of January, at Trenton, the two Houses of the State Legislature, balloting separately, chose ex-Congressman John Kean to succeed James Smith, Jr., in the office of United States Senator from New Jersey.

Mr. Kean is a member of a wealthy and influential family. He was born at Ursino, near Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the 4th of December, 1852; for a short time was a student at Yale, and was graduated at the Columbia College Law School with the class of 1875. He was admitted to the New Jersey bar, was elected to the Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Congresses, served as chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1891–2, and in the latter year was the Republican nominee for the office of Governor, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate. In 1894 he was a member of the commission appointed to revise the State judiciary and practice, and in 1896 was elected a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention.

Senator Beveridge

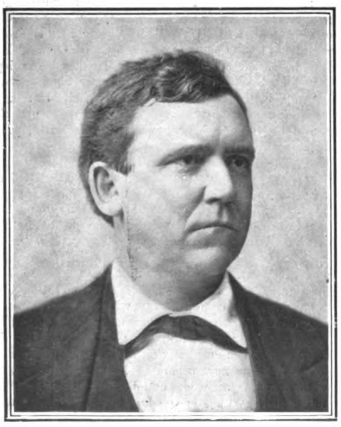
THE new United States Senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge, who will take the seat vacated by Senator David Turpie on March 4, is a native of Ohio. He was born in Highland County on the 6th of October, 1862. The removal of the family from Ohio to Indiana was a consequence of serious reverses, and a life of privation and hardship began. As one of Mr. Beveridge's friends has said, "No young man ever covered a rougher road and reached a high station in so short a time." At the age of twelve he was a ploughboy; two years later he was employed as a laborer in the work of railroad construction. A logger and teamster at fifteen, he was at the same time a student at the high-school, mastering the studies of a year during the winter months. Then he borrowed fifty dollars to enter De Pauw University, and, once admitted, paid his way for two years by hard work, and for the rest of the course by prize-winning.

After graduation he entered the law-office of Joseph E. McDonald, and the firm of McDonald & Butler offered him their managing clerkship at the end of the year. During the last ten or twelve years, carrying on the practice of his profession without the aid of a partner, he has been intrusted with many important cases, and his ability has won recognition. When only twenty-two years of age he began his political career, during the Blaine campaign of 1884, addressing his first audience in a blacksmith shop, and on the second occasion speaking in a barn. It is said that he has made more speeches in Indiana, and devoted more time to his party, than any other man in the State. In 1892 he opened the campaign at Indianapolis; in 1895 and 1896 delivered speeches in Chicago, which drew to him the attention of Eastern men.

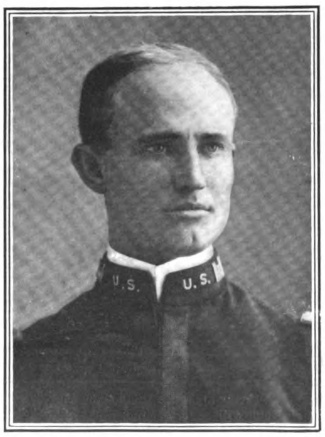
Edouard Rôd's Visit

IN response to an invitation from the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, M. Edouard Rôd will deliver a series of eight lectures at Cambridge on the "History of French Dramatic Poetry," the first lecture to be given on March 1, and the last on March 17. It is thought that on the conclusion of the Harvard lectures M. Rôd will be heard at Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, and other centres of learning. He will arrive in New York about February 26.

M. Rôd, one of the most versatile of modern French writers, was born at Nyon, near Geneva, in 1857. His first noteworthy production was a defence of Zola, entitled *À propos de l'Assommoir* (1879). In the following year appeared his novel *Les Allemands à Paris;* in 1881, *Palmyra Veulard;* in 1882, *La Chute de Miss Topsy* and *Les Protestants;* and two other novels in 1884. *La Revue Contemporaine* was founded by him in association with other young men, and he became well known as a contributor to several periodicals. In 1885, with the publication of *La Course à la Mort*, the full extent of his ability was indicated for the first time. The University of Geneva appointed him to a professorship, and while discharging the duties of this office his literary activity as critic and novelist has continued without interruption. His critical works, *Études sur le XIX Siècle* and *Les Idées Morales du Temps présent*, have exerted a decided influence upon the thought of the day, and, not to mention other novels, his *Le Sens de la Vie* was crowned by the French Academy, and won for M. Rôd the cross of the Legion of Honor.



HON. AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND.
Died January 26, 1899.



LIEUT. W. D. CONNOR, ENGINEERS, U. S. A.
[See Page 119]



M. EDOUARD RÔD.

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ONE OF FOUR DECORATIVE PANELS FOR THE JOAN OF ARC MEMORIAL CHURCH AT DOMRÉMY.—By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

Maurice Boutet de Monvel

THE Art Institute of Chicago, co-operating with the local Society of the Antiquarians, has recently afforded Chicagoans an opportunity of studying a varied collection of the works of M. Boutet de Monvel. The artist himself has accompanied his exhibitions, and will visit in turn Philadelphia, Boston, and possibly other cities, including New York. His work was already known to American students through the publication of his series of water-color drawings illustrating the career of Joan of Arc, and also through contributions to a children's magazine. Now the originals of these may be studied, as well as examples of easel pictures, of other illustrations, of portraits, and



"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL."
By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

of decorative compositions. The seriousness of purpose which all these evince, joined to a freshness of imagination, an artistic simplicity of execution, and a sentiment by turns robust, tender, or playful, gives a distinction to the exhibition that is immediately felt, and renders it delightful to the layman and very instructive to the student.

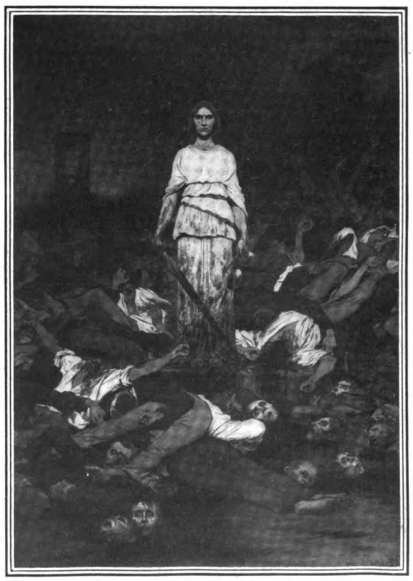
M. de Monvel was born in Orléans, France, in 1850, of a family that has also produced the famous actors Monvel, Nourrit, and Mademoiselle Mars. His grandfather came to this country and fought for American independence as a Captain of Engineers in the French allies. He himself early turned to art, and studied under Cabanel, Lefebvre, and Carolus Duran. He served as a soldier during the Franco-Prussian war, and then, resuming his brush, exhibited for the first time in the Salon of 1874.

The impression which he makes upon one is of a man refined, earnest, tender, strong, and mirthful, with a quietly penetrating mind, and a sincere connection between his words and the thought behind them. His work reflects the same qualities. This is the more remarkable because a large proportion of what is shown on this occasion is concerned with the old story of Joan of Arc; the infusing of life and reality into the dry bones of legendary and archæological lore. How easily affectation might be apparent! The average painter would be enamoured of the opportunity for pageantry, or would ape mediævalism in his methods so as to obtain an atmosphere for his compositions. M. de Monvel's methods are modern, and yet the spirit of his scenes is simply and unaffectedly mediæval. Here come in his penetration and sincerity. He sees so deeply that his mind gets beyond the envelope of prejudice, superiority, fashion, and conviction which make up the modern atmosphere. The past rises up to his vision as it was, or might have been, illuminated by its own light instead of the light of an entirely different age. Then, too, he sees it with a single-heartedness that is sincerity; not as an opportunity for a display of this or that modern accomplishment of technique, and not with the infatuation which some people feel for a thing just because it is old, and therefore, in their fancy, ideal, but simply and actually as it would have seemed to a man participating in the events. Is not this, while very different from what we usually call imagination, really a very remarkable manifestation of it? The question is interesting because that other distinguished Frenchman who is visiting us, M. Tissot, in his "Life of Christ," has exhibited much the same qualities of mind; and yet many of the critics are unable to see imagination in his work. In their different ways these two men have accomplished very much the same result. Both have united to a thoroughly modern technique a spirit which is entirely old, and have revealed a power of re-creating a series of scenes that are astonishingly complex, and yet achieved with the most consummate simplicity. M. Tissot's was the harder problem; M. de Monvel's the more completely harmonious result. This was natural, for the latter was dealing with local conditions of sky and atmosphere and color that, as a Frenchman, he knew from childhood, while the other had to travel outside himself for everything. Then, remarkably good though M. Tissot's drawing is, the other man's is better. Few men, even Frenchmen, draw with more absolute knowledge, a freer hand, more expressive flexibility, and yet a stricter economy of means than M. de Monvel.

In this connection one should study the most important example of M. de Monvel's work in the present exhibition. It is a large decorative panel, one of four that are to adorn the nave of a church dedicated to Joan of Arc, in her native village of Domrémy. The building is dark, and the paintings will derive their light chiefly from above, through a row of deeply set clere-story windows. Consequently the painter has selected a high scheme of color, and made his design a patch-work of bright shapes. Seen in a full glare, as it was at Chicago, and too near the eye—an altogether false setting—it looked garish and confused, which must have been very painful to the painter, who had no doubt calculated his effects with conscientious discrimination. The subject selected is the moment in which Joan, introduced into the great hall of the Castle of Chinon, picks out the King, Charles VII., who is plainly clad, from among his brilliantly attired courtiers. An examination of the reproduction will show that the decorative effect is produced by a pattern composed of bold shapes of form. The surface of some of these is plain unadorned color, while that of others is richly elaborated with ornament, which in many cases has been covered with an impasto or raised surface of white paint, afterwards gilded. The design thus becomes a well-considered contrast of strongly pronounced form-shapes, which are still further contrasted by a nicely adjusted balance between simple and elaborate expanses. The heads and hands become the accents or emphatic spots of this flat embroidery, and their treatment is well worthy of study. On the one hand, they are not treated realistically. There is a smooth flat tone of pink and white, almost chinalike in quality, preserved throughout; modelling, as generally understood, has been studiously avoided, and there is practically a complete absence of light and shade. On the other hand, every face possesses a distinct and interesting characterization; the hands, too, are expressively individual; and all this has been obtained solely by flawless, simple, certain drawing. Only the contour is drawn, but with such intuition of the effect to be produced, and of the most accurate and abbreviated way of expressing it, that one's own imagination readily supplies the bones and muscle below the flat surface. The piece of drapery hanging over a seat in the left-hand corner of the panel is the only bit in the composition that has been painted and modelled in a realistic way. The apparent intention is that, without exactly attracting attention, it should make itself felt in such a way as to set back the brilliant elaboration of the surrounding costumes.

The influence of the Lower Chapel at Assisi is plainly discernible in this panel by M. de Monvel. It is Giottesque in suggestion, but executed with the matured knowledge of nature and art characteristic of modern development. This is not to say that it is superior to the work of Giotto. One could not approach a final comparison without seeing the Joan of Arc panel placed in the church at Domrémy; but a suspicion is felt that this modern work, notwithstanding its superior technique, so delightful so far as it goes, will not have the calm carrying force of the older work. It seems as if it might have just a taint of that bizarrerie—in plain English, fantasticalness—which takes from the value of so much modern painting. If this is so, it is certainly without intention on its author's part, for a study of his other examples, especially of the lovely portraits of children and young girls, shows a purpose and a method singularly free from affectation. It is therefore fair to assume that the painter has thoroughly grasped his problem, and that when his painting has been placed in the dim light of the village church, the kaleidoscopic complexity will merge into a unified whole, serene, dignified, and forceful.

Charles H. Caffin.



"JUSTICE."
By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

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MUSIC

THE NIBELUNGEN TETRALOGY

"'Thankee, my dear,' said Mr. Weller, senior. 'How do *you* find yourself arter it, my love?'

"'Scoffer!' exclaimed Mrs. Weller. 'Benighted man!' said the Reverend Mr. Stiggins."—*The Pickwick Papers.*

"He has been deserted by the *poet*, for whose faults he will try once more to make up by his music."—*Richard Wagner.*

THE first "Cyclus" in this country of Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy, as sung without cuts, last week, has passed into our splendid Wagnerian history. All subscribers to the undertaking, a matter outside of the Metropolitan's other subscription offices, surely should feel that they have had the worth of their money several times over. The daily press will have set before the national public full array of those details entering into the success of both the "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung" representations, indicating why neither music-drama, on the whole, has been quite as impressively put before New York till now. The larger reasons are, first, a matter of the noble casts. In these, not only the greater, but the lesser, rôles have offered us an assemblage of exponents not possible to any stock stage, or to any "star" one except Covent Garden. In the "Götterdämmerung" appeared Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Brema, Saville, Pevny, Meisslinger, Kellogg, the two De Reszkes, Bispham, and Muhlmann. Next must be praised heartily the new and almost always accurate scenery and properties. The "Rheingold" sets, in especial, are almost exactly like their best models—one of which is illustrated on this page of the WEEKLY. Last in virtue I should at least record Mr. Grau's much-advertised decision to make no omissions in the scores.



THE THIRD SCENE OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD," ACCORDING TO HOFFMANN'S DESIGN, FOR THE WAGNER THEATER AT BAIREUTH.

This courageous and rare condition can always be trusted to interest curious and irrational Wagnerists. It also gives the other kind their chance to hear two or three incidents in the Ring dramas that are impressive. Unfortunately, it entails listening to a dozen intolerably unmusical and undramatic passages; and in New York an uncut representation of the Trilogy does violence to every social convenience, physical nourishment, and other concerns included. Let us render unto Baireuth the exactions due to Baireuth—when we are there. In Baireuth they are not felt. These have been majestic, lovely, exhilarating representations. But "Siegfried" began at seven o'clock, and ended at a quarter before midnight! "Die Götterdämmerung" began at three-quarters past six, and ended at five minutes before midnight!

The "Uncut" Trilogy.

In view of a somewhat surprising amount of mail-matter, and most of it surprisingly commendatory, addressed to the editor of this department last week, apropos of those observations of "The Illogical Wagner" accompanying the record of the first two dramas of the new Cyclus, it would seem to be an acceptable thing to add just a few more comments on the amusing inconsistency of Wagner's formidable Ring as it is developed in "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung." And it is of peculiar interest to observe that the cyclus-manner of performing the Tetralogy—each drama coming so fairly on the heels of its predecessor—not only enhances all the power and beauty of the towering series, but also helps us to understand the amazing want of dramatic art and of reasonable consistency in the Ring. Every ineptitude, every botch of management in Wagner's poem, is proclaimed by a "cyclus" as not otherwise.

Anent "The Illogical Wagner."



BLANCHE MARCHESI, SOPRANO.

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Let us note once more that *Wotan* is acclaimed by the Wagneristic seers as a sapient and godlike figure; the Nibelungen dramas being his heroic and personal tragedy rather than anything else. "Siegfried" is before us. In "Siegfried" this profoundly wise, powerful, dignified deity has pretty much everything at stake on young *Siegfried's* existence, for *Siegmund* is dead. *Wotan* has allowed the youth to grow up under the worst conditions for establishing heroic or other useful fibre. *Wotan* cannot even mend the mystic sword for his stalwart young grandson. Whatever were *Wotan's* limitations, he could certainly have done a bit better by *Siegfried* than to commit his whole upbringing to a hostile and tricky Nibelung! But *Wotan* does not try to avoid that, it seems. *Mime* the keen is here so dull that he not only pretends to be deceived by *Wotan's* disguise as "The Wanderer," but he *is* deceived for a time, and bets his head on those pompous and turgid riddles as carelessly as if his noddle were the traditional china orange. *Mime* must have known all about *Wotan's* peregrinations. In poetic or other dramatic reasonableness the *Dwarf* never could be so hoodwinked nor so rash as to invite destruction. The forging of the Sword? The Sword is forged by *Siegfried* just exactly as it might have been forged at any earlier time by *Mime* himself. The expedient is a smith's ordinary common-sense; nothing supernatural hinders or helps it that one can accept, and *Mime* long ago could have done the filing down, melting, and re-forging. Again (the strong Ring being so weak as to fail to save *Fafner's* "drowsy life," and *Siegfried* having killed *Fafner*), what an inept expedient of the drama was it to make *Mime* talk out all his plot against the lad straight to *Siegfried's* face! Oh yes, the audience must be instructed in the *Dwarf's* villany. But that is not to the purpose. Nothing is said anywhere in the drama of a charm to make *Mime* betray himself as he might do if he were visiting Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." The blood of *Fafner* has no such virtue. In the richly musical scene between *Wotan* and *Erda*, *Wotan* talks of relinquishing to the youthful Völsung the heirship of the world. How can *Wotan* brag or promise to give up what he does not possess, what is to be utterly destroyed; and how can he, except in sarcasm, give it up to one who is to die before *Wotan* himself shall die? If we pass on to the meeting between *The Wanderer* and *Siegfried* we become the more entertained and surprised at Wagner's charming inconsistency. The last thing that *Wotan* should do, in view of his own words to *Erda* (unless as a highly moral father!), is to bar *Siegfried's* way up to *Brünnhilde*. But he does so. He need not test *Siegfried's* free-agency. But he does so. The Spear about which we have heard so much is shivered. There is every reason to agree that, with the Spear shattered, also are shattered *Wotan's* foolish "treaties" and his "compacts" with the foes of the Æsir. All the stress on the God-Father is removed. But Wagner does not mind a trifle like the breaking of the Runic Spear! The piece will go on, and *Siegfried* goes on to waken *Brünnhilde*. Now, pray observe that only a "fearless" hero shall match with her. That ought to mean a rescuer heroic of courage. Is *Siegfried*—this crude, clamorous, brawling young Orson—a true fearless hero? By no means. *Brünnhilde* made a sad *mésalliance* on the false pretences of an adventurer, as so many other young ladies have done in quite modern and mortal society. And *Siegfried* does not learn fear from meeting *Brünnhilde*. He learns something quite other. Since when was Lust the same as Fear? "Mir in die Brust brach mir die Lohe . . . . ein zehrendes Feuer," and so on.

Of "Siegfried."

"The Dusk of the Gods," as a drama, not only brings the gloom of the Tetralogy to blackest flower, but is as full as all that has forerun it of "how-come-you-so" incidents and unjustified climaxes. All through the Tetralogy we have not been sure whether the Ring only or *all* the gold must be restored to the Rhine. We do not even know whether or not that operation will set things to rights or wrongs. As the Lord Chancellor observes in "Iolanthe," "H'm—it's a nice point." In "Die Götterdämmerung" we find *Siegfried* so uncertain in the "heroism" needful to defend *Brünnhilde* that *Loge* has kept up the fire which surrounds her rocky retreat—a most supererogatory attention from *Loge;* not what that sly mischief-brewer would do of his own choice or on compulsion. *Siegfried* gives the magical Ring to *Brünnhilde*, who does not need it at all just when he needs it most; because he is departing to new deeds of valor. The champion is so little divine and discreet as to accept the evil draught from *Gutrune*—in a strange dwelling, after a series of direct questions that ought to arouse suspicion in any mind not idiotic. A semi-demi-god, he is caught by a vulgar love-philter. By-the-bye, before this scene should not *Siegfried* know the powers of the Helm? Neither *Bird* nor *Fafner* told him. So when *Waltraute* begged *Brünnhilde* to give up the Ring, she declined in a sickly sentimentality to do so, though understanding all the awful fatality supposed to hang on her keeping it. When *Brünnhilde* is attacked by the supposed *Gunther* the Ring is no safeguard. *Siegfried* pulls it off her finger like a sixpenny trinket. Why, too, does she yield herself at all, and at last so compliantly, to the insulter? That true Valkyr soul should have struggled to the uttermost, even to dashing into *Loge's* billowy fires, to avoid such dishonor! In the scene of recrimination at the Gibichung's abode, *Brünnhilde* never guesses that *Siegfried* may be under some charm or other stress, excusing his dastard course toward her. Not a bit. *Brünnhilde* hastily plots his death, and tells *Hagen* to thrust at the Völsung's back. In the colloquy between *Siegfried* and the Rhine Nymphs, at the pool in the woods, it is impossible to make good dramatic sense out of the changing positions, taken successively, toward the holding of the Ring by *Siegfried*, or toward his surrender of it. The scene is pretty; but it is sad nonsense as carrying on the Tetralogy's true outcome. We reach the closing scene. The tragedy of *Siegfried's* death occurs with the Ring, ironical treasure, on his hand! Last, can any one make it clear how *Brünnhilde's* immolation in any way solves the "problem of the world," or "redeems it by love," or has any real meaning in the woof and warp of the drama? Nothing has been pledged about her death being so useful. *Brünnhilde* assumes too much; and her last exceedingly long and involved allocution mixes up facts and fancies as unnecessarily as Wagner has allowed the fire of *Siegfried's* pyre to mix with the Hall of the Gibichs and with Walhalla.

No, let us not try to make the Tetralogy a structure of Æschylean, Dantesque, or Shaksperean dignity of construction or characterization. It is a stupendous, impressive, overpowering jumble of the great Lied and of bewrayed myths. Like certain notable landscapes, it looks better seen at a far range. Yet Wagner writes to Uhlig modestly, in 1852, "The whole will then be (I am impudent enough to say it) *the greatest poem ever written.*"

There is much in a name—sometimes recognition, reputation, and fortune are its gifts. Much interest has been taken in the appearance in this city of Madame Blanche Marchesi, whose song recitals so far are to be regarded intently, not only for their lavish musical charm, but as giving a clear exposition of the method that the singer's distinguished mother has made of note. The success of Madame Marchesi has been so complete, her grave, brilliant, and varied intellectuality in every kind of lyric already has made so generous an impression on all her audiences, that it seems odd to find her voice by no means remarkable. It is a large, somewhat uneven, and dramatic organ, warm in its fullest register. Many tones in it lack resonance and clearness. But her use of it is an extraordinary example in the very best traits of the Marchesi care and system, if also occasionally that technique is much to be questioned. This Madame Marchesi, the younger, is not a perfect singer. But she is a great singer. She has the grand style—the grand air. She is magnificently artistic in everything that she attempts. She succeeds surprisingly in the tragedy or comedy of all lyrism. Altogether, she is the most striking artist of her sex just now on our concert stage. Incidentally, Madame Marchesi curiously realizes a *Trilby O'Farrell* in her tall and sumptuous personality. But where art is to be so brilliantly mastered and made so magnetic, Nature could have been less kind. Madame Blanche Marchesi will be much heard here for a time. It is understood that she comes here to teach Madame Mathilde Marchesi's system under authoritative conditions. More will be said of her in this journal anon. Her débuts have been convincing.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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DRAMA

"There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they bit—
They gouged and they spit—
Till instead of two cats there weren't any."

THE most picturesque feature of the present dramatic season is the strife of the two Irish comedians of Fourteenth Street. At the Academy of Music, Mr. Andrew Mack is presenting "The Ragged Earl," and at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on the other side of Fifth Avenue, Mr. Chauncey Olcott is presenting "Athlone." Both plays are Irish melodramas, with plenty of fighting and singing; the time of both is the end of the last century, and the plots and scenes and costumes are strikingly similar. Both Mr. Mack and Mr. Olcott are singing comedians, and both are remarkably prosperous with their audiences. Rivalry is a tame word for the feeling that apparently exists between them. Mr. Olcott's manager rings up Mr. Mack's manager on the telephone, and asks,

The Rival Irish Comedians of Fourteenth Street.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
In her Costume Production of "Camille," showing the use of flowers at the period of the Play, 1840–50.

in the sweetest of brogues, "Would ye be afther lending us yer standing-room-only sign for the night, if ye happen to remember where ye've left it?" Mr. Mack's manager, keenly alive to the insult, answers in a brogue that lubricates the wires: "Is this the first time ye've had nade of wan? Sure ours is so battered be use we'd be ashamed to have it go forth from us." The strife between Mr. Mack and Mr. Olcott, meanwhile, rivals the famous battle between their compatriots, the Kilkenny cats, though—Saint Patrick preserve us!—the likeness does not extend to their voices. Night after night the fight goes on, and if either is waning in strength he has not given sign of it yet. When the end comes, I doubt if so much as the tail of either is left. The singing comedians will fade like the Cheshire cat, and leave behind, if not their smiles, at least their songs. The day is far hence when the urchins of the side streets will cease singing "My Sweet Maid."

I find myself indebted to Fourteenth Street and to Mr. Mack for an evening of solid enjoyment, as well as for a comparison that may be odious to Broadway. There have been times when the good old melodrama has seemed to be sadly retreating through the slum districts to a watery grave off the Battery, but, thanks to "The Ragged Earl," we have hope. No Irish nobleman was ever more delightfully ragged than the *Earl* Mr. Ernest Lacy and Mr. Joseph Humphreys have presented to us; none ever fought his way more recklessly through a series of more diverting adventures to a sweeter wife and a more abundant fortune. "The Ragged Earl" is nothing if not superlative. There may be gentry who like the high-class adventures Mr. Anthony Hope has given us in "Phroso," and gentry who like the superficial good taste of Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," which I rank as a melodrama because, in spite of its sad ending, it in no place strikes the true note of tragedy; but to my mind both of the gentlemen of Broadway have gilded the tiger-lily. The melodrama is a simple rank growth that flourishes best among simple plain people. "The Ragged Earl" has the virtue of melodrama in abundance. There may be impossibilities in its plot, but they are no worse than the scenes in which *Nathan Hale* throws away his life; and no part of the machinery is as absurd as that parlous secret passage in which *Phroso* changes her gown for the last act. There is a villain or two in the play, to be sure, but they would blush at the intrigues of Mr. Hope's Greeks and Turks, and at the obvious wickedness of Mr. Fitch's redcoats. Their wickedness is never so great as to put them outside the scope of human imagination. One's anger never fails to kindle and one's sympathy to respond. From first to last "The Ragged Earl" has a rough heroism and tenderness, a frolic humor of its own; its quality is the quality of a folk-song.

Melodrama in Fourteenth Street and in Broadway.

I should add that much of its quality is due to the admirable manner and voice of the hero of the play. Mr. Mack tells his child lover (little Miss Olp) a fairy-tale in which the fairies break loose and eat up everything green. "Did they eat up the Irish flag?" asks the child. "Faith no," answers *The Ragged Earl;* "England tried to do that a hundred years ago, and has had an indigestion ever since." No one could imagine how witty Mr. Mack makes that jest to appear. At the end of the play, when he has at last rescued "my sweet maid" from the plots of her villanous English relatives, he is taunted with being "the degenerate scion of a conquered race." "The conquest of Ireland," he answers, "began in the twelfth century, and is not yet completed!" When you hear Mr. Mack say that, you will scarcely hold up your head for not being an Irishman. And his songs! If any one fails to be moved by the lullaby with which he sings little Miss Olp asleep after her fairy-tale—I can wish no worse to his hard heart, bad cess to him! than a life-long attendance on the polite melodramas of Broadway. No wonder everybody in the play loves Mr. Mack—except the villains—and everybody in the audience without exception. In those rare moments of abandon when I am a matinée girl, I shall do up my dishes early on all my Wednesdays out, and go in my best bonnet and petticoat to hear brave, kind Mr. Mack sing "My Sweet Maid."

The Matinée Hero of Fourteenth Street.

There are times and places in which one does not care for melodrama, even when it has its full native quality. At Daly's Theatre the season of revivals of old comedies is to be cut short to make way for "The Great Ruby," last year's Drury Lane success, by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, which has been imported with all its costumes and scenery. This is even harder to bear than Mr. Daly's autumn season of musical comedies, to which we have only lately accommodated ourselves. It does not help matters that Miss Rehan has never shown greater power of impersonation nor authority in reading than at present. This department has already paid tribute to her latest creation, *Portia*, which ran more than fifty nights. Her excellent *Lady Teazle* had been revived and dropped before I was able to get a word in edgewise; and now there is just time for a word about her *Katherine*. As I remembered the performance over an interval of several years, it seemed to me Miss Rehan's best. I own up, very reluctantly, to a certain sense of disappointment. Miss Rehan evidently believes in the rule that an actor must play at the last man in the last row. I found myself in the middle of the front row, and found that since I last saw her *Katherine* my eye and ear had been more or less accustomed to acting of the neutral-tinted, naturalistic order of which Duse has shown us the virtues. To get any real illusion I should have been that last man in the last row. But in these matters, though one cannot help having his preferences, there are no absolute rights and wrongs: one must grant an artist his convention, and, granting Miss Rehan her convention of emphasis, there is little but praise for her art. The part of *Katherine* brings out all her vigorous womanhood, her broad comic power, and her delightful passages of tenderness. Moreover, it gives scope to her facility in indicating natural transitions from moods that seem unrelated and even antagonistic. The tempestuous rage and jealousy of the opening acts scarcely suggest any depth of womanly tenderness, but when the play is done, Miss Rehan has made it clear that they were the result of a power of heart that only awaited the authoritative touch of love to develop it. It is right that her love and submission should prove as great as her rage and jealousy. Such a conception of a character is possible only to a mind of inspiration, and such an execution as Miss Rehan's is possible only to an artist of ripened power of expression. Miss Rehan's *Katherine* is the only great *Katherine* of our time, and there is probably warrant for saying that it is the most adequate reading of the part of which we have record. If, as has been reported, Miss Rehan accepted her part in "The Great Ruby" only after vigorous protest, one can only say that our loss is greater than her own. Is our season of old comedy at Daly's to be sandwiched in every year between musical comedy and melodrama?

Melodrama *vs.* Old Comedies, at Daly's.

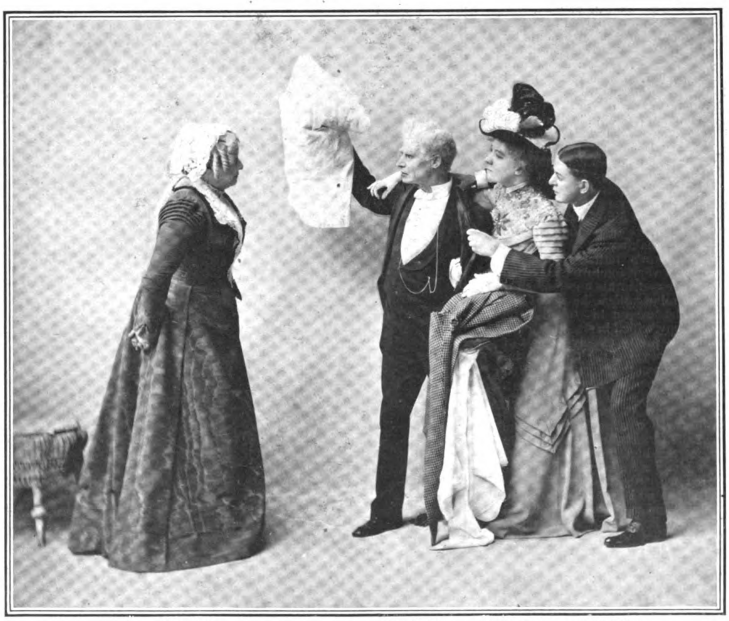


MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
In her Costume Production of "Camille," showing the hat of the period of the Play, 1840–50.

"Because She Loved Him So," which Mr. Gillette has taken from the French of Bisson and Leclercq, is, in most ways, a triumph of adaptation. The usual made-over play is a half-baked thing, true neither to the country of its birth nor to that of its adoption. In "On and Off," which preceded "Because She Loved Him So" at the Madison Square Theatre, there were traces of Gallic obliquity in spite of careful disinfecting; in "Zaza" the specious morality which Mr. Belasco has superadded is a blemish on an otherwise excellent work of art. "Because She Loved Him So" is at once proper and, in the sphere of farce, natural and essentially delightful. The story is a slender one. In the first act a maid-servant, who wishes an evening out, plays on her mistress's jealous temper by cleverly sprinkling her master's coat with perfume, and putting two of her own blond hairs on his shoulder. The servant gets her night out, for her mistress flies home to her parents. In the second act the parents, who have lived in utmost harmony for thirty years, pretend to quarrel, in order to give their daughter a terrible example, and in pretending to quarrel it so happens, in the third act, that the mother becomes really suspicious of her innocent old husband. This is about all there is of the plot. As Mr. Gillette handles it, however, it is all so cleverly and smoothly put together that one scarcely stops to realize how slender it is. And, best of all, it is so honest and sympathetic in motive that one would easily pardon a greater lack of the situations and the surprises of farce. We have at last the farce we have all been looking for so long—the farce that is true to our ideas of life and of conduct, natural in feeling, and still diverting.

"Because She Loved Him So."

JOHN CORBIN.



Kate Meek. J. E. Dodson. Ida Conquest. Edwin Arden.

FROM ACT II. OF "BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO," AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
The young Couple forget their own Quarrel in preventing their Parents from Quarrelling.

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LI PI-TSE,
Chief Eunuch of the Imperial Palace, and a Power behind the Throne.

Before and Behind China's Throne

THERE are photographs of the Chinese Son of Heaven, both real and reputed. Certain ancient electro-plates, purporting to represent the Emperor of China, keep up a perpetual transmigration through the daily newspapers, and even through some so-called respectable illustrated weeklies. Just as a generation or two ago any South Sea Islander's bludgeon might suit the label "this is the club that killed Captain Cook," so one picture of a mandarin, made long ago, comes periodically forward as that of Kuang-Hsu. Chinese ladies stand in print for "the late Queen of Korea," and pictures revealing Japanese top-knots and kagos are made to illustrate the life of "the Dowager Empress of China." "And why not?" asks the unscrupulous editor of the penny paper. "Do not all Chinese look alike to foreigners? Is not one as much like another as the pea in the pod is like its fellows?"

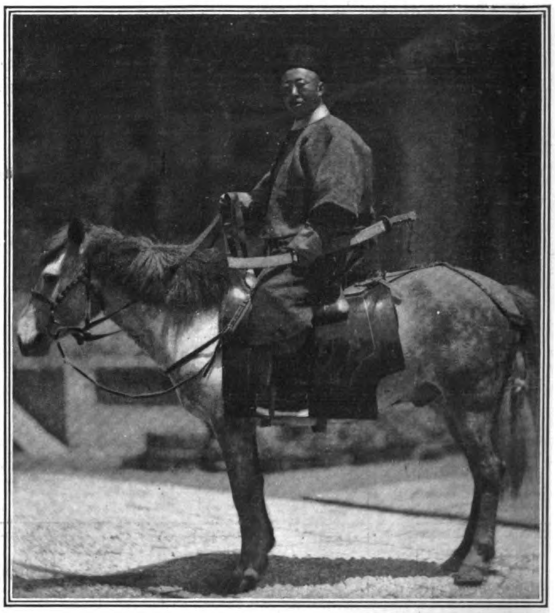
It is a rare treat to have a genuine and authentic picture, taken from life and within the precincts of the Forbidden City in Peking, of the real Emperor of China.

On this page we have presented reproductions of photographs taken by a Chinese photographer who, several years ago, was employed for some months within his palace grounds by the late Prince Ch'un, the father of the present Emperor. Old residents in China are not deceived by the fraud or folly of Western newspapers that profess to give a fac-simile of the "dragon's countenance." During a residence of nearly twenty years in China, the gentleman who obtained the photographic copies here presented had never seen any attempt at a photographic likeness of the young Emperor. Yet those given here were taken by Prince Ch'un's private photographer, whose acquaintance he succeeded in making.

The Emperor's father, Ch'un, has always been very fond of horseback-riding. Dressed in his out-door suit, fitted for all weathers, he spent his hours of leisure on his tough little Manchu pony, which in size and speed corresponds pretty closely to one of our best mustangs on the Texan plain. The saddle, from the North, with high stirrups which often keep the knees almost level with the seat and rarely allow the feet to go beneath the belly of the horse, seems to suit the taste of the Oriental rider better than our leg-stretching affair. The Prince father's tastes were very simple. He preferred wearing the sword of ancestral shape and scabbard, and was, in all dress and manners, the polished gentleman. Fond of study, his tastes have descended to his son, who has been a lover of books, and of that erudition in which the Chinese so delight—depending far more upon the memory than the judgment. To an extraordinary and, in the mind of the conservative, to a dangerous and even revolutionary degree, also, the young Emperor has been fond of new ideas, and of the learning derived from Christendom. To the horror of eunuchs, of women who never saw any world outside Peking, and of the ultra-Confucianists, he actually read new books and held interviews with the disciples of the foreign missionaries.

The picture, which represents father and son dressed in in-door costume and at leisure, is suggestive not only of that filial reverence which lies at the basis of all Chinese social order, but also of the law of succession to the Lung-Wei, or Dragon's Seat—the throne. No polite lad in China would ever think of sitting while his father was standing. With that propriety so ingrained in the Chinamen from infancy, the father sits on the richly carved chair, with his cup of tea and fan, properly posed for the man behind the camera, while the boy, even though he be the Son of Heaven himself, stands in the presence of his father.

On the other hand, succession to the Chinese throne can never, as so often in Europe, pass to any one in the generation preceding that of the last heir—say from son to father, or nephew to uncle—for this would derange the path of order between heaven and earth. In other words, it would involve the worship of the younger by an elder generation. In the Chinese mind there is no succession of life, either in this world or the other, without the celebration of proper sacrificial rites in due form, before the ancestral spirit, by posterity.



THE LATE PRINCE CH'UN, FATHER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR, MOUNTED ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE.



KUANG-HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA, AT THE AGE OF ABOUT FOURTEEN, WITH HIS FATHER.

The young Emperor has not only been in warm sympathy with Western ideas and methods, but had his eyes fully opened by the horrible official corruption, and by the superiority, both moral and physical, of the Japanese in the war of 1894–5. Still further, the leader of the reform party, Kang Yu Wei, whose portrait was printed some weeks ago in HARPER'S WEEKLY, succeeded in getting into the Emperor's presence, and persuading him to issue edicts radically reforming education, government, and public methods.

These, if carried out, would have begun an entirely new life for China. Kang had already presented two books of his, in which he told the story of the reform of Russia under Peter the Great, the reform of Japan in our day, and the recovery of France after defeat by Germany. These timely works the Emperor read with interest.

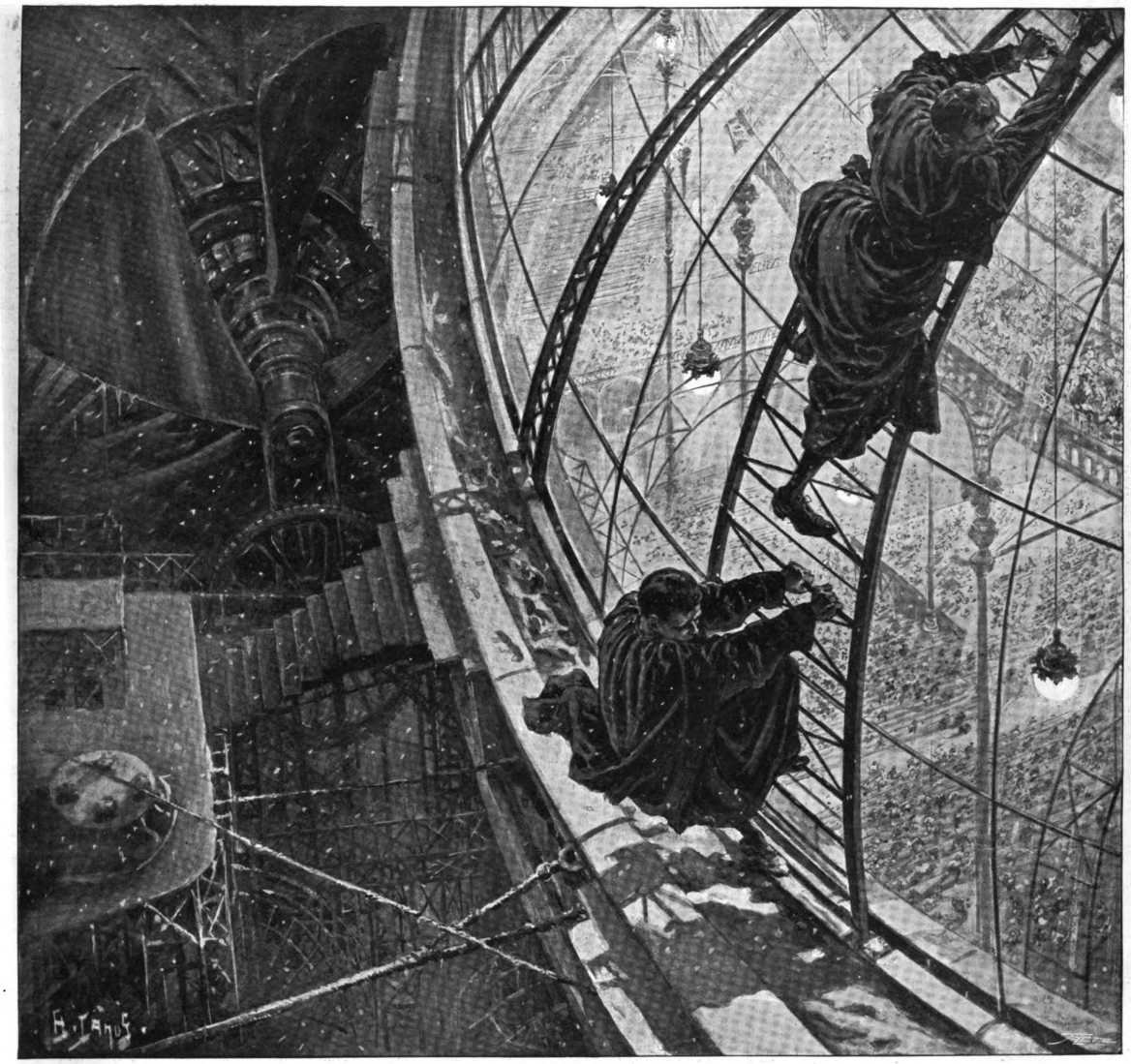
All this good work, however, has been ruined by the Empress Dowager. She roused the whole united ring of the Manchu clan, and those mandarins who, still blind as bats, cannot see China's danger. The immediate personal agent and go-between, who brought together the Empress and the mandarins discharged by the Emperor for disobedience, was the eunuch Li Pi-Tse. He is another of the unseen powers behind the throne, like that potent sword in the dragon's tail of Oriental mythology. In his typical eunuch's face we see the very incarnation of the conservative spirit of China, opposed as it is to all moral progress.

We all remember, last November, how the contradictory telegrams came flying to Europe and America, hinting at what was going on. In reality a reign of terror had begun as the outcome of the palace feud, which dethroned the Emperor and suppressed the native newspapers. Six of the leading reformers were put to death by the immediate orders of the Empress.

Kang Yu-Wei succeeded in escaping by a railway train and on a British steamer to Japan, only because he had received personal warning from the Emperor himself. His brother and the five martyrs—for martyrs they were—were executed in Peking like the worst criminals.

Yet surely the cause of reform is not lost. The Emperor is not dead. He is living yet, and the foreign ministers—absent, unfortunately, from Peking when the bloody work was done—refuse to acknowledge his deposition. Even the tigress behind the throne cannot stop that tremendous ferment which is going on in China to-day. Even a dragoness cannot turn back that revolution which was begun long ago by the teachers from Great Britain and the United States who brought the printing-press with them.

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROOF SPACES.

As the fans in the circular aperture of the inner room rotated and permitted glimpses of the night, dim sounds drifted in thereby. And Graham, standing underneath, wrestling darkly with the unknown powers that imprisoned him, and which he had now deliberately challenged, was startled by the sound of a voice.

He peered up, and saw in the intervals of the rotation, dark and dim, the face and shoulders of a man regarding him. Then a dark hand was extended; the swift fan struck it, swung round and beat on with a little brownish patch on the edge of its thin blade, and something began to fall therefrom upon the floor, dripping silently.

Graham looked down, and there were spots of blood at his feet. He looked up again, in a strange excitement. The figure had gone.

He remained motionless—his every sense intent upon the flickering patch of darkness; for outside it was high night. He became aware of some faint, remote, dark specks floating lightly through the outer air. They came down towards him, fitfully, eddyingly, and passed aside out of the uprush from the fan. A gleam of light flickered, the specks flashed white, and then the darkness came again. Warmed and lit as he was, he perceived that it was snowing within a few feet of him.

Graham walked across the room, and came back to the ventilator again. He saw the head of a man pass near. There was a sound of whispering. Then a smart blow on some metallic substance, effort, voices, and the vanes stopped. A gust of snowflakes whirled into the room, and vanished before they touched the floor. "Don't be afraid," said a voice.

Graham stood under the fan. "Who are you?" he said.

For a moment there was nothing but a swaying of the fan, and then the head and shoulders of a man were thrust cautiously into the opening. His face appeared nearly inverted to Graham; his dark hair was wet with dissolving flakes of snow upon it. His arm went up into the darkness, holding something unseen. He had a youthful face and bright eyes, and the veins on his forehead were swollen. He seemed to be exerting himself to maintain his position.

For several seconds neither he nor Graham spoke.

"You were the Sleeper?" said the stranger at last.

"Yes," said Graham. "What do you want with me?"

"I come from Ostrog, sire."

"Ostrog?"

The man in the ventilator twisted his head round so that his profile was towards Graham. He appeared to be listening. Suddenly there was a hasty exclamation, and the intruder sprang back just in time to escape the sweep of the released fan. And when Graham peered up, there was nothing visible but the slowly falling snow.

It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before anything returned to the ventilator. But at last came the same metallic interference again; the fans stopped and the face reappeared. Graham had remained all this time in the same place, alert, and tremulously excited.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said.

"We want to speak to you, sire," said the intruder. "We want—I can't hold the thing. We have been trying to find a way to you—three days."

"Is it rescue?" whispered Graham. "Escape?"

"Yes, sire. If you will."

"You are my party—the party of the Sleeper?"

"Yes, sire."

"What am I to do?" said Graham.

There was a struggle. The stranger's arm appeared, and his hand was bleeding. His knees came into view over the edge of the funnel. "Stand away from me," he said, and he dropped rather heavily on his hands and one shoulder at Graham's feet. The released ventilator whirled noisily. The stranger rolled over, sprang up nimbly, and stood panting, hand to a bruised shoulder, and with his bright eyes on Graham.

"You are indeed the Sleeper," he said. "I saw you asleep. When it was the law that any one might see you."

"I am the man who was in the trance," said Graham. "They have imprisoned me here. I have been here since I awoke—at least three days."

The intruder seemed about to speak, heard something, glanced swiftly at the door, and suddenly left Graham and ran towards it, shouting quick incoherent words. A bright wedge of steel flashed in his hand, and he began, tap, tap, a quick succession of blows upon the hinges. "Mind!" cried a voice. "Oh!" The voice came from above.

Graham glanced up, saw the soles of two feet, ducked, was struck on the shoulder by one of them, and a heavy weight bore him to the earth. He fell on his knees and forward, and the weight went over his head. He knelt up, and saw a second man from above seated before him.

"I did not see you, sire," panted the man. He rose and assisted Graham to rise. "Are you hurt, sire?" he panted. A succession of heavy blows on the ventilator began, something fell close to Graham's face, and a shivering edge of white metal danced, fell over, and lay flat upon the floor.

"What is this?" cried Graham, confused, and looking at the ventilator. "Who are you? What are you going to do? Remember, I understand nothing."

"Stand back," said the stranger, and drew him from under the ventilator as another fragment of metal fell heavily.

"We want you to come, sire," panted the new-comer; and Graham, glancing at his face again, saw a new cut

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

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had changed from white to red on his forehead, and a couple of little trickles of blood starting therefrom.

"Your people call for you."

"Come where? My people!"

"To the hall about the markets. Your life is in danger here. We have spies. We learned but just in time. The Council has decided—this very day—either to drug or kill you. And everything is ready. The people are drilled; the wind-vane police, the engineers, and half the way-gearers are with us. We have the halls crowded—shouting. The whole city shouts against the Council. We have arms." He wiped the blood with his hand. "Your life here is not worth—"

"But why arms?"

"The people have risen to protect you, sire. What?"

He turned quickly as the man who had first come down made a hissing with his teeth, and looking through the intervening archway, Graham saw the latter start back, gesticulate to them to conceal themselves, and move as if to hide behind the opening door.

As he did so, Howard appeared, a little tray in one hand and his heavy face downcast. He started, looked up, the door slammed behind him, the tray tilted sideways, and the steel wedge struck him behind the ear. He went down like a felled tree, and lay as he fell athwart the floor of the outer room. The man who had struck him bent hastily, studied his face for a moment, rose, and returned to work at the door.

"Your poison," said a voice in Graham's ear.

Then abruptly they were in darkness. The innumerable cornice lights had been extinguished. Graham saw the aperture of the ventilator, with ghostly snow whirling above it and dark figures moving hastily. Three knelt on the vane. Some dim thing—a ladder—was being lowered through the opening, and a hand appeared holding a fitful yellow light.

He had a moment of hesitation. But the manner of these men, the swift alacrity, their words, marched so completely with his own fears of the Council, with his idea and hope of a rescue, that it lasted not a moment. And his people awaited him!

"I do not understand," he said, "but I trust you. Tell me what to do."

The man with the cut brow gripped Graham's arm. "Clamber up the ladder," he whispered. "Quick! They will have heard—"

Graham felt for the ladder with extended hands, put his foot on the lower rung, and turning his head, saw over the shoulder of the nearest man, in the yellow flicker of the light, the first comer astride over Howard and still working at the door. Graham turned to the ladder again, and was thrust by his conductor and helped up by those above, and then he was standing on something hard and cold and slippery outside the ventilating funnel.

He shivered. He was aware of a great difference in the temperature. Half a dozen men stood about him, and light flakes of snow touched hands and face and melted. For a moment it was dark, then for a flash a ghastly violet white, and then everything was dark again.

He saw he had come out upon the roof of the vast city structure which had replaced the miscellaneous houses, streets, and open spaces of Victorian London. The place upon which he stood was level, with huge serpentine cables lying athwart it in every direction. The circular wheels of a number of windmills loomed indistinct and gigantic through the darkness and snowfall, and roared with a varying loudness as the fitful wind rose and fell. Some way off an intermittent white light smote up from below, touched the snow eddies with a transient glitter, and made an evanescent spectre in the night; and here and there, low down, some vaguely outlined wind-driven mechanism flickered with livid sparks.

All this he appreciated in a fragmentary manner as his rescuers stood about him. Some one threw a thick, soft cloak of furlike texture about him, and fastened it by buckled straps at waist and shoulders. Things were said briefly, decisively. Some one thrust him forward.

Before his mind was yet clear a dark shape gripped his arm. "This way," said this shape, urging him along, and pointed Graham across the flat roof, in the direction of a dim semicircular haze of light. Graham obeyed.

"Mind!" said a voice, as Graham stumbled against a cable. "Between them, not across them," said the voice. And, "We must hurry."

"Where are the people?" said Graham. "The people, you said, awaited me?"

The stranger did not answer. He left Graham's arm as the path grew narrower, and led the way with rapid strides. Graham followed blindly. In a minute he found himself running. "Are the others coming?" he panted, but received no reply. His companion glanced back and ran on. They came to a sort of pathway of open metalwork, transverse to the direction they had come, and they turned aside to follow this. Graham looked back, but the snow-storm had hidden the others.

"Come on!" said his guide. Running now, they drew near a little windmill spinning high in the air. "Stoop," said Graham's guide, and they avoided an endless band running, roaring, up to the shaft of the vane. "This way!" and they were ankle-deep in a gutter full of drifted thawing snow, between two low walls of metals that presently rose waist-high. "I will go first," said the guide. Graham drew his cloak about him and followed. Then suddenly came a narrow abyss, across which the gutter leaped to the snowy darkness of the further side. Graham peeped over the side once, and the gulf was black. For a moment he regretted his flight. He dared not look again, and his brain spun as he waded through the half-liquid snow.

Then out of the gutter they clambered, and hurried across a wide flat space, damp with thawing snow, and for half its extent dimly translucent to lights that went to and fro underneath. He hesitated at this unstable-looking substance, but his guide ran on, unheeding, and so they came to and clambered up slippery steps to the rim of a great dome of glass. Round this they went. Far below a number of people seemed to be dancing, and music filtered through the dome. Graham fancied he heard a shouting through the snow-storm, and his guide hurried him on with a new spurt of haste. And then an ascent to a space of huge windmills—one so vast that only the lower edge of its vanes came rushing into sight, and rushed up again, and was lost in the night and the snow. They hurried for a time through the colossal metallic tracery of its supports, and came at last above a place of moving platforms, like the place into which Graham had looked from the balcony.

They crawled across the sloping transparency that covered this street of platforms in, crawling on hands and knees because of the slipperiness of the snowfall.

For the most part the glass was bedewed, and Graham saw only hazy suggestions of the forms below, but near the pitch of the transparent roof the glass was clear, and he found himself looking sheerly down upon it all. For a while, in spite of the urgency of his guide, he gave way to vertigo, and lay spread-eagled on the glass, sick and paralyzed. Far below, mere stirring specks and dots, went the people of the unsleeping city in their perpetual daylight, and the moving platforms went on their incessant journey. Messengers and men on unknown businesses shot along the drooping cables, and the frail bridges were crowded with men. It was like peering into a gigantic glass hive, and it lay vertically below him, with only a tough glass of unknown thickness to save him from a fall. The street showed warm and lit, and Graham was wet now to the skin with thawing snow, and his feet were numbed with cold. For a space he could not move.

"Come on!" cried his guide, with terror in his voice. "Come on!"

Graham reached the pitch of the roof by an effort.

Over the ridge, following his guide's example, he turned about and slid backward down the opposite slope very swiftly, amid a little avalanche of snow. While he was sliding he thought of what would happen if some broken gap should come in his way. At the edge he stumbled to his feet, ankle-deep in slush, thanking Heaven for an opaque footing again. His guide was already clambering up a metal screen to a level expanse.

Through the spare snowflakes above this loomed another line of vast windmills, and then suddenly the amorphous tumult of the rotating wheels was pierced with a deafening sound. It was a mechanical shrilling of extraordinary intensity, that seemed to come simultaneously from every point of the compass.

"They have missed us already!" cried Graham's guide, in an accent of terror, and suddenly, with a blinding flash, the night became day.

Above the driving snow, from the summits of the windwheels, appeared vast masts carrying globes of livid light. They receded in illimitable vistas in every direction. As far as his eye could penetrate the snowfall they glared.

"Get on this," cried Graham's conductor, and thrust him forward to a long grating of metal—snowless metal that ran like a band between two slightly sloping expanses of snow. It felt warm to Graham's benumbed feet, and a faint eddy of steam rose from it.

"Come on!" shouted his guide, ten yards off, and, without waiting, ran swiftly through the incandescent glare towards the iron supports of the next range of windwheels. Graham, recovering from his astonishment, followed as fast, convinced of his imminent capture. . . .

In a score of seconds they were within a tracery of glare and black shadows shot with moving bars beneath the monstrous wheels. Graham's conductor ran on for some time, and suddenly darted sideways and vanished into a black shadow in the corner of the foot of a huge support. In another moment Graham was beside him.

They cowered, panting, and stared out.

The scene upon which Graham looked was very wild and strange. The snow had now almost ceased; only a belated flake passed now and again across the picture. But the broad stretch of level before them was a ghastly white, broken only by gigantic masses and moving shapes and lengthy strips of impenetrable darkness, vast ungainly Titans of shadow. All about them huge metallic structures, iron girders, inhumanly vast as it seemed to him, interlaced, and the edges of wind-wheels, scarcely moving in the lull, passed in great shining curves steeper and steeper up into a luminous haze. Wherever the snow-spangled light struck down, beams and girders, and incessant bands running with a halting, indomitable resolution, passed upward and downward into the black. And with all that mighty activity, with an omnipresent sense of motive and design, this snow-clad desolation of mechanism was void of all human presence save themselves, and seemed as trackless and deserted and unfrequented by men as some inaccessible Alpine snow-field.

"They will be chasing us," cried the leader. "We are scarcely half-way there yet. Cold as it is, we must hide here for a space—at least until it snows more thickly again."

His teeth chattered in his head.

"Where are the markets?" asked Graham, staring out. "Where are all the people?"

The other made no answer.

"*Look!*" whispered Graham, crouched close, and became very still.

The snow had suddenly become thick again, and sliding with the whirling eddies out of the black pit of the sky came something vague and large and very swift. It came down in a steep curve and swept round, wide wings extended and a trail of white condensing steam behind it; rose with an easy swiftness and went gliding up the air; swept horizontally forward in a wide curve, and vanished again in the steaming specks of snow. And under the ribs of its body Graham saw two little men, very minute and active, searching the snowy areas about him, as it seemed to him, with field-glasses. For a second they were clear, then hazy through a thick whirl of snow, then small and distant, and in a minute they were gone.

"*Now!*" cried his companion. "Come!"

He pulled Graham's sleeve, and incontinently the two were running headlong down the arcade of iron-work beneath the wind-wheels. Graham, running blindly, collided with his leader, who had turned back on him suddenly. He found himself within a dozen yards of a black chasm. It extended as far as he could see, right and left. It seemed to cut off their progress in either direction.

"Do as I do," whispered his guide. He lay down and crawled to the edge, thrust his head over, and twisted until one leg hung. He seemed to feel for something with his foot, found it, and went sliding over the edge into the gulf. His head reappeared. "It is a ledge," he whispered. "In the dark all the way along. Do as I did."

Graham hesitated, went down upon all-fours, crawled to the edge, and peered into a velvety blackness. For a sickly moment he had courage neither to go on nor retreat; then he sat and hung his legs down, felt his guide's hands pulling at him, had a horrible sensation of sliding over the edge into the unfathomable, splashed, and felt himself in a slushy gutter, impenetrably dark.

"This way," whispered the voice, and he began crawling along the gutter through the trickling thaw, pressing himself against the wall. They continued along it for some minutes. He seemed to pass through a hundred stages of misery, to pass minute after minute through a hundred degrees of cold, damp, and exhaustion. In a little while he ceased to feel his hands and feet.

The gutter sloped downwards. He observed that they were now many feet below the edge of the buildings. Rows of spectral white shapes like the ghosts of blind-drawn windows rose above them. They came to the end of a cable, fastened above one of these white windows, dimly visible, and dropping into impenetrable shadows. Suddenly his hand came against his guide's. "*Still!*" whispered the latter, very softly.

He looked up with a start, and saw the huge wings of the flying-machine gliding slow and noiselessly overhead athwart the broad band of snow-flecked gray-blue sky. In a moment it was hidden again.

"Keep still; they were just turning."

For a while both were motionless; then Graham's companion stood up, and reaching towards the fastenings of the cable, fumbled with some indistinct tackle.

"What is that?" asked Graham.

The only answer was a faint cry. The man became motionless. Graham peered and saw his face dimly. He was staring down the long ribbon of sky; and Graham, following his eyes, saw the flying-machine, small and faint and remote. Then he saw that the wings spread on either side, that it headed towards them, that every moment it grew larger. It was following the edge of the chasm towards him.

The man's movements became convulsive. He thrust two cross-bars into Graham's hand. Graham could not see them; he ascertained their form by feeling. They were slung by thin cords to the cable. On the cord were hand-grips of some soft elastic substance. "Put the cross between your legs," whispered the guide, hysterically, "and grip the holdfasts. Grip tightly—grip!"

Graham did as he was told.

"Jump," said the voice. "In Heaven's name, jump!"

For one momentous second Graham could not speak. He was glad afterwards that darkness hid his face. He said nothing. He began to tremble violently. He looked sideways at the swift shadow that swallowed up the sky as it rushed upon him.

"Jump! Jump—in God's name! Or they will have us," cried Graham's guide, and in the violence of his passion thrust him forward.

Graham tottered convulsively, gave a sobbing cry—a cry in spite of himself—and then, as the flying-machine swept over them, fell forward into the pit of that darkness, seated on the cross-wood and holding the ropes. Something cracked; something rapped smartly against a wall. He heard the pulley of the cradle hum on its rope. He heard the aeronauts shout. He felt a pair of knees digging into his back. He was sweeping headlong through the air, falling through the air; all his strength was in his hands. He would have screamed, but he had no breath.

He shot into a blinding light that made him grip the tighter. He recognized the great passage with the running ways, the hanging lights, and interlacing girders. They rushed upward and by him. He had a momentary impression of a great circular aperture yawning to swallow him.

He was in the dark again, falling, falling, gripping with aching hands, and, behold! a clap of sound, a burst of light, and he was in a brightly lit hall, with a roaring multitude of people beneath his feet. The people! His people! A proscenium, a stage, rushed up towards him, and his cable swept down to a circular aperture to the right of this. He felt he was travelling slower, and suddenly very much slower. He distinguished shouts of "Saved!" "The Master! He is safe!" The stage rushed towards him with rapidly diminishing swiftness. Then—

He heard the man clinging behind him shout as if suddenly terrified, and this shout was echoed by a shout from below. He felt that he was no longer gliding along the cable, but falling with it. There was a tumult of yells, screams, and cries. He felt something soft against his extended hand, and the impact of a broken fall quivering through his arm. . . .

He wanted to be still, and people were lifting him. He believed afterwards he was carried to the platform and given some drink, but he was never sure. He did not notice what became of his guide. When his mind was clear again, he was on his feet; eager hands were assisting him to stand. He was in a big alcove, occupying the position that in his previous experience had been devoted to the lower boxes. If this was, indeed, a theatre.

A mighty tumult was in his ears—a thunderous roar, the shouting of a countless multitude. "It is the Sleeper! The Sleeper is with us!"

"The Sleeper is with us! The Master!—the Owner! The Master is with us! He is safe!"

Graham had a surging vision of a great hall crowded with people. He saw no individuals; he was conscious of a froth of pink faces, of waving arms and garments; he felt the occult influence of a vast crowd pouring over him, buoying him up. There were balconies, galleries, great archways giving remoter perspectives, and everywhere people, a vast area of people, densely packed and cheering. Across the nearer space, like a huge snake, lay the collapsed cable. It had been cut by the men of the flying-machine at its upper end, and had crumpled down into the hall. Men seemed to be hauling this out of the way. But the whole effect was vague; the very buildings throbbed and leaped with the roar of the voices.

He stood unsteadily and looked at those about him. Some one supported him by one arm. "Let me go into a little room," he said—"a little room," and could say no more. A man in black stepped forward, took his disengaged arm. He was aware of officious men opening a door before him. Some one guided him to a seat. He sat down heavily and covered his face with his hands. He was trembling violently; his nervous control was at an end. He was relieved of his cloak; he could not remember how. His purple hose, he saw, were black with wet. People were running about him; things were happening, but for some time he gave no heed to them.

He had escaped. A myriad cries told him that. He was safe. These were the people who were on his side. For a space he sobbed for breath, and then he sat still, with his face covered. The air was full of the shouting of innumerable men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Our New Possessions—The Philippines

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

ILOILO—HARO MARKET.

MANILA, *December 7, 1898.*

If you wish to know how business is done in Iloilo, you must go to the Haro Market. Of course I do not mean the business done by the great British and German firms; nor, again, do I mean the business done by the omnipresent Chinese retail dealer, who tucks himself in the nooks and corners of every village in the Philippines, and in spite of the opposition and hatred of both natives and foreigners, does a thriving business. Before starting, however, throw overboard all preconceived American ideas about business, lay in a large stock of patience, and, above all things, remember that the goddess "Mañana" (to-morrow) rules supreme in the Philippines.

Your "keelis"—an imitation of a broken-down herdic—will take you through streets lined with low irregular buildings of more or less European structure, past the European stores and the Chinese shops, out among the native bamboo huts, with their sloping thatched roofs, and on to the bamboo bridge across the river; further it cannot go. The bridge is not strong enough for a carriage, and although there is a ferry-boat, it would take three-quarters of an hour to collect the men and get it into running order. After crossing the bridge on foot, you can get another keelis, more dilapidated than the first one, drawn by a rack-o'-bones pony; or, if you wish to spend all day in going two miles, by a slow water-buffalo.

At one corner of the town, in a ten-acre lot, the market of Haro is held every Thursday. Here you may buy every kind of native product—shoes, fish, knives, cloth made of the pineapple fibre, and silk, hemp in every form, wine of the palm-tree, detestable dishes to eat, baskets and hats of bamboo. The little brown dealers, with black, bright, expressionless eyes, squat before their small store of goods. The larger dealers have bamboo roofs over their stock in trade, and some even have wooden platforms on which their goods are displayed. The crowd of buyers move slowly about, and squat down before the different booths where they wish to buy; indeed, unless you squat on your haunches it is impossible to make a bargain. There is an infinity of color in the picture; men and women are dressed in neat diaphanous clothing of every color of the rainbow. Many women smoke tobacco leaves ten inches long rolled up and tied with a string. Save for the mob of beggars, with every kind of deformity and queer diseases, the crowd seems remarkably clean. What strikes the American, however, is the indifference of the seller. There is little shouting of wares. No one rushes out to force his wares upon you. There seems to be a great deal of shopping and very little buying. The goods are there, and you may take them or leave them, as you please. The buyer squats before the seller, and the bargaining begins; it is conducted on terms of perfect equality. Apparently one does not care to sell or the other to buy.

As you push your way through the hundreds of natives who throng the market, taking care not to step on their brown toes, you will run across some pretty half-caste girls, who have used all their worldly possessions for self-adornment, and would starve rather than go without jewelry and fine clothes. They carry themselves very erect (all Filipino women carry themselves gracefully), and flaunt the beaver-tail-shaped trains of their pretty dresses in the eyes of their less fortunate sisters.

In one corner of the market is a large hut—the restaurant. An old hag keeps the place and ladles out the food. On the split-bamboo floor, in a circle about the room, large smoking jars filled with unsavory stews of buffalo meat and queer vegetables give off an unpleasant odor. The clients come with their plates and squat before the jar which contains for them the most pleasing mess. They receive a ladleful for one cent, and if they like the concoction they take another helping.

You, as a European, will be looked upon with suspicion. The crowd will stare at you, and your efforts to purchase anything will be met by monosyllabic coldness. If, however, you want to buy a piece of the "piña," cloth of pine-apple fibre finer than the finest linen, you must pick out that neat old lady (the young women are more shy) in a red and yellow plaid skirt, a "piña" waist which leaves her brown arms and shoulders bare to the sun, with an embroidered handkerchief about her neck; you must squat at her bare shiny feet and ask the price. She will look at the spot where you are vainly trying to balance yourself on your toes as if you were not there, and answer in a monosyllable whose cold indifference will complete the overthrow of your physical and moral balance, and probably you will retire discomfited. If you are experienced, however, you will continue to squat and finger the goods in silence. By-and-by the old lady will look at you and begin to talk. You will not understand what she says, because the chances are she is talking to you in the Visayan dialect, but you will understand that in time you may get a price set on the goods. It is your turn to speak next. It does not matter much what you say, for she will not understand. Recite "The boy stood on the burning deck"; do it dramatically, and then say, "Quanto vale?" (How much?), holding up the five fingers of your hand. If the old lady smiles, the day is won, and after half an hour's further bargaining you will be able to buy the piña at five times its value. After that the whole market will show you a friendly indifference, and you will return with your keelis laden down with more goods than have changed hands before for a month in the market of Haro.

A YOUNG ENGINEER.

Few people realize the importance of engineers to an army. Public attention is riveted on the crucial moment when man meets man. A momentary impulse of courage may at such times make a man famous, whereas his act may have had no effect on the general result of the fight. A strategist always asks what maps have you; what do you know of the country?

When our expedition landed in the Philippines we had no war maps, and no knowledge of the country in which our campaign was to be conducted. There was only one engineer in the whole expedition who did any active work in the field, Lieutenant W. D. Connor. General Greene sent him out to make a complete reconnoissance of the Spanish positions on all sides of the city of Manila. The first part of the work he did alone. In his second expedition he was accompanied by Major Bell, of the bureau of information. It took him from the 20th to the 25th of July to complete this trip, and on his return he drew the map which furnished the key to our advance on Manila. He also brought back much valuable information concerning the Spaniards, the insurgents, and the country.

To make his observations he was constantly obliged to approach so near the enemy's lines as to draw his fire. At one place, where he spent the night with the insurgent outposts, the firing was so heavy that to retire was impossible, and he was obliged to lie on the ground for several hours, with the possibility of being hit even in that position. The journey was mostly made on foot, for horses would have been too much of a target, through swamps and jungle, and over roads where every other moment one stumbled into bog-holes, at a time when the trenches were still occupied by the Filipinos, and he had their hostility to fear as well as Spanish bullets.

Among the insurgents, General Garcia treated Lieutenant Connor and Major Bell with the utmost consideration, and gave them his young insurgent officer as guide and interpreter. The party, however, met with a very different reception from General Pio de Pilar, who did everything he could to prevent them from getting information.

Lieutenant Connor will be remembered as the brilliant half-back and captain of the '94 West Point eleven.

Lieutenant Connor is now in charge of the water-works of this city.

A DARING RECONNOISSANCE.

In these days of indiscriminate glorification it is a relief to find a man who deserves commendation and gets it. Such a man is Major Bell of the bureau of information. He was brevetted for a reconnoissance which he made on August 10, three days before the taking of Manila. The purpose of the reconnoissance was to find out the depth of a stream which emptied into the sea between the American and Spanish lines, and also to discover what intrenchments the Spaniards had put up between their main line of defence and our earth-works.

At my request the major kindly consented to have photographs taken of the most interesting points of his reconnoissance. Leaving the trenches on August 10, accompanied by Major Strother, he crawled through the low brush to within about 350 yards of the enemy's trenches. Here Major Strother remained on watch, and Major Bell advanced to the edge of the small stream which I have before mentioned, where he met Lieutenant Means and Sergeant (now Lieutenant) Clotworthy of the First Colorado volunteers, who were bent on the same errand as Major Bell.

Leaving Sergeant Clotworthy on guard with his rifle, Major Bell and Lieutenant Means entered the stream, and discovered that it was fordable near the mouth and for a considerable distance out into the sea. They then returned into the river, and crawling up towards Fort San Antonio Abad, tried several approaches to a point nearer the enemy's works, and finally succeeded, by pushing through a bramble thicket, in getting to within 150 yards of a number of Spaniards at work on the fortifications. At that point, still being unable to see whether there were any obstacles in front of the enemy's works, they determined to swim out to sea and approach the Spanish position from that side. During this portion of the reconnoissance they were in full view of Fort San Antonio Abad, but a heavy shower favored them by driving most of the Spanish soldiers under cover.

Taking to the ocean, they swam out, and then began to approach the fort, but found that the water was so shallow for a long distance out from shore that it would scarcely conceal their bodies while swimming. In the mean time it had stopped raining, and the men began to work on the sand-bag barricade which extends from the fort to the edge of the water. Major Bell and Lieutenant Means remained quiet in the water for some time, so as not to attract attention; then when the Spanish soldiers seemed absorbed in their work, the major and his companion turned and swam out to sea, their plan being to dive if any shots were fired, and only to come to the surface for breath. As no shots were fired and the Spanish soldiers returned into the fort, they determined to go further out and approach the Spanish line from the right rear for a nearer view. They succeeded in reaching a point 200 yards from the fort, when a Spanish sentinel discovered them and gave the alarm. There was considerable commotion in the fort, and a number of Spaniards crowded to the parapets. Some of the enemy also ran down across the bridge near the fort, as if intending to cut off the retreat of the two Americans, but the latter succeeded, by swimming and crawling, to reach cover.

During this time, and indeed throughout the whole reconnoissance, the Spaniards did not fire a single shot. The reason for this was that some days before they had fired on Father McKennon and Father Dougherty, American chaplains, who were trying to pass the lines bent on a peaceful mission. The Spaniards regretted this incident extremely, and thought that Major Bell and Lieutenant Means might also be priests.

In the mean time Major Strother, seeing the commotion on the walls of Fort San Antonio Abad, went back to the lines, and returned to meet Major Bell with a squad of soldiers.

Continuing their reconnoissance, Major Bell and Lieutenant Means, with Major Strother and Sergeant Clotworthy a little to the rear as guards, reconnoitred, on the right of our lines, several Spanish outpost trenches. During the time they were frequently in plain sight of the enemy at distances varying from 300 to 150 yards from the Spanish lines.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

Decoration day in the Philippines comes on the 1st of November. Then innumerable lights are burned by the graves of the dead, and services are held all day in the churches.

Paco cemetery is a characteristic Filipino burying-ground, a small circular piece of land with two thick and high concentric walls some distance apart, the outer one enclosing the cemetery. In these walls, and not in the ground, the dead are buried, in innumerable narrow niches running deep into the wall. When the body is once put in, the niche is walled up and a tablet is placed to mark the spot. The reason that graves are not dug in the ground is that at a depth of two feet water is found. The cemetery is managed on the plan of a boarding-house. The deceased's friends pay his board for four years, and if at the end of that time they do not pay again the niche is broken open and the remains are thrown into the bone-pit. Sometimes not even this courtesy is shown to the dead, for I saw a coffin and part of a corpse thrown over the back wall of the cemetery into somebody's rice-field.

On the 1st of November, towards evening, Paco cemetery is a very interesting sight. The two concentric rings of walls blaze with the light of thousands of candles and small lamps. About these two blazing rings a great crowd moves. Individuals stop now and then before the niche of some dead friend, as, on the promenade of any European watering-place, people stop to speak to each other.

I never knew before what became of all the Derby hats of bygone years, but now I know that they are sent out to the Philippines. Little native men, in spick and span shirts with the tails floating to the wind, wear Derbys of every conceivable shape, some perched on the top of their heads after the fashion of the Irish music-hall comedian, some covering their faces and ears with voluminous curved brims. Little Philippine women with stiff clean piña dresses and black gauze veils over their heads, looking neat and wholesome, swing along with that peculiar undulatory motion of the body which reminds one a little of the snake. Mestiza girls, in costumes which are not quite Philippine, and certainly not European, hold their heads high and sniff at the common people as befits their superior caste. Spanish women, in dresses after the Paris fashions in the sixties, hang indolently on the arms of gallant Spanish officers who carry themselves with the haughty pride of conquerors. And, finally, Jimmy Green, in an ill-fitting brown duck suit with a flannel shirt and a campaign hat, slouches along to see the sights.

At one end of the cemetery is a chapel, where for a small consideration masses will be said to get the suffering souls out of purgatory. Indeed, "All-Souls day" is the only day in the year when souls in purgatory have a chance to get out. Back of the church is the "bone-yard," a long trench where the skulls and bones of people that have failed to pay their rent are thrown. A rather pretty Filipino girl, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette at the edge of this pit, gave a "light" to one of our party. Her escort climbed down into the "bone-yard," and picking up a skull, muttered something in Tagalo. It might have been "Alas! poor Yorick!" for all we knew. The relic-hunter among us asked the man, in Spanish, to give him the skull to take home as a memento.

"Oh, señor," answered the Tagalo, "if you take it home, it will jump about at night, and give you no rest until you either break it or bring it back here!"

"But if I get the padre to sprinkle holy water on it?" asked the relic-hunter.

"Bah! What can the padre do?" replied the irreverent Tagalo.

While we were satisfying our morbid curiosity over bones, bits of hair, and a single velvet slipper, unexpectedly the familiar sound of the old hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" swelled through the cemetery. We hurried to the spot. There about a grave half filled with water stood a company of big American soldiers, singing, hat in hand, the last hymn over the grave of their comrade. To one side, rifle in hand, a squad of men awaited the moment to fire the last salute. In the uncertain light of coming night, touched with the distant sheen of many candles, surrounded by strange people in a strange land, they let the coffin down with a splash into the grave. The volley startled the Spaniards and Filipinos, and when the trumpeter sounded taps a dense crowd had gathered around the soldier's grave.

That night it was too hot and the mosquitoes were too thick for any one to work. Consequently, under the guidance of a cheerful spirit, we took a drive. The moon came up, and with its witching light stirred our blood to desire for adventure. The twang of a guitar in a small nipa hut attracted our attention. We stopped the carriage and listened. Surely some happy soul was singing "After the Ball is Over." We got out of the carriage, approached the hut, and saw through the long open windows of the room what seemed to be a convivial gathering of men and women.

"A native 'party,'" said the cheerful spirit.

While we stood watching and listening, a man came out of the hut and said, in English,

"Come in."

There was nothing to do but to follow. Accordingly, we pushed through the crowded anteroom and into the packed gathering in the "parlor." Chairs were shoved to the front for us, and we sat down. Before us on a box, in the middle of the room, was the body of a tiny baby dressed in white, with a white wreath about its head. We were stunned.

"A wake," said the cheerful spirit.

Our eyes wandered wonderingly about the room. Above the child was a great lamp; in the background were pictures of saints. A lithograph of Admiral Dewey hung on the wall. The bereaved host smilingly passed around cigars and native wine to the brown men and women, who smoked, drank, and chatted quietly. Again the mandolin and guitar twanged, and again it was "After the Ball is Over," not as we had heard it in music-halls, but "After the Ball" in Tagalo, with sorrow, with tenderness, with hope, and finally with joy. Still it was "After the Ball is Over," and we fidgeted about in our chairs trying to lose sight of the poor little bundle on the box. My neighbor pointed out to me the mother, who was sitting at the foot of the box, smoking stoically.

"Do you think it was small-pox?" whispered the cheerful spirit.

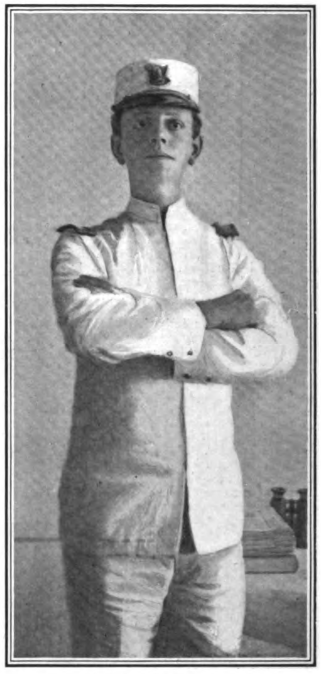
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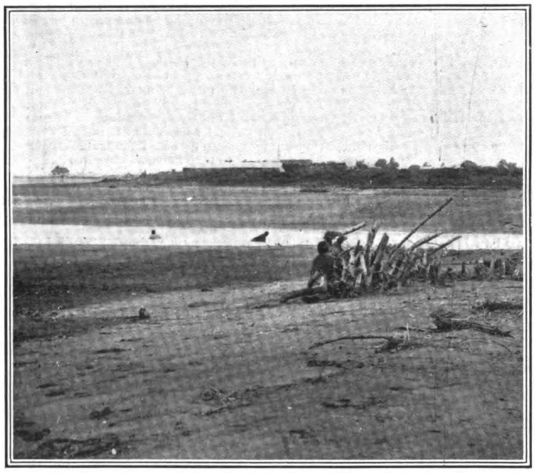
LIEUT. MEANS, U. S. V.,
1st Colorado Infantry.



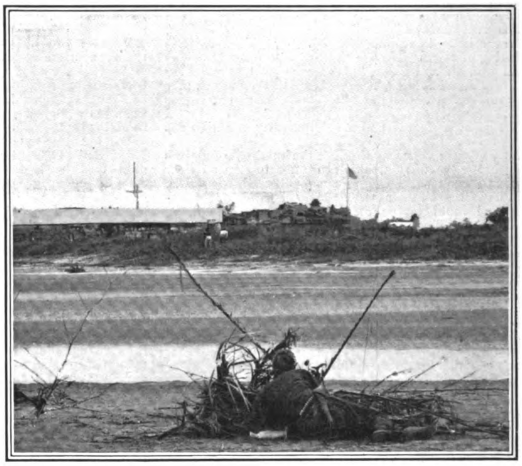
MAJOR J. F. BELL, U. S. V. E.
(Lieut. 7th U. S. Cavalry.)



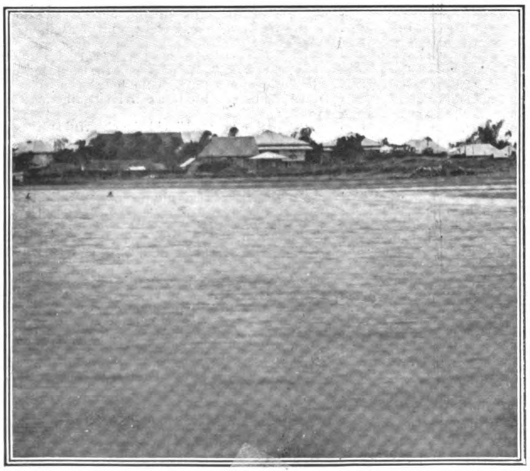
LIEUT. CLOTWORTHY, U. S. V.,
1st Colorado Infantry.



RECONNOITRING SPANISH FORT FROM BEHIND OBSTACLES.
Distance, 150 Yards.



RECONNOITRING SPANISH FORT FROM BEHIND OBSTACLES.
Distance, 137 Yards.



RECONNOITRING RIGHT FLANK OF SPANISH FORT BY SWIMMING.



RECONNOITRING SPANISH TRENCHES FROM OUTPOST.
Distance, 300 Yards.

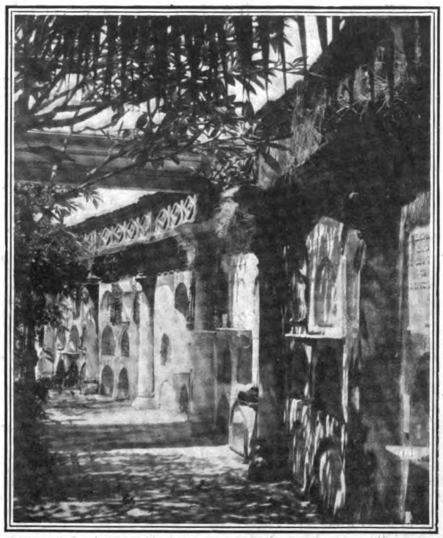
THE OPERATIONS BEFORE MANILA—A DARING RECONNOISSANCE BY THREE AMERICAN OFFICERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

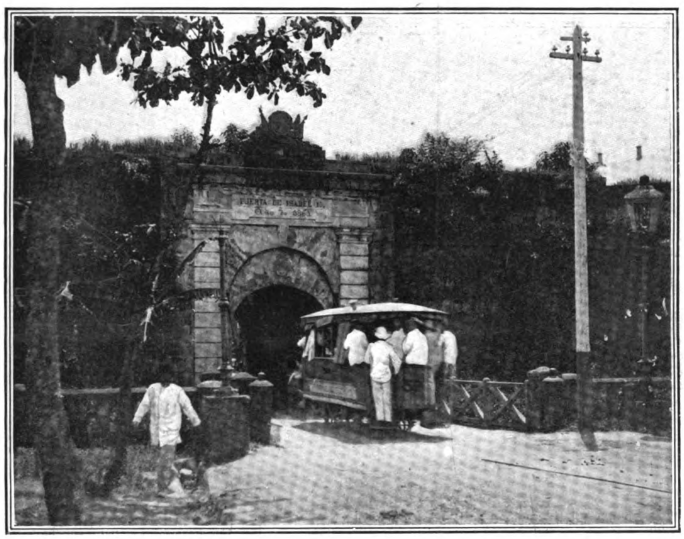
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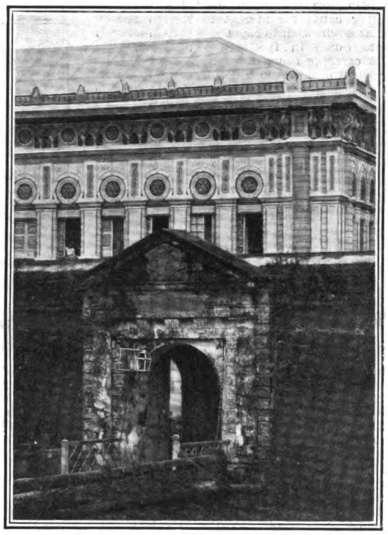
ONE OF THE FOUR GATES.



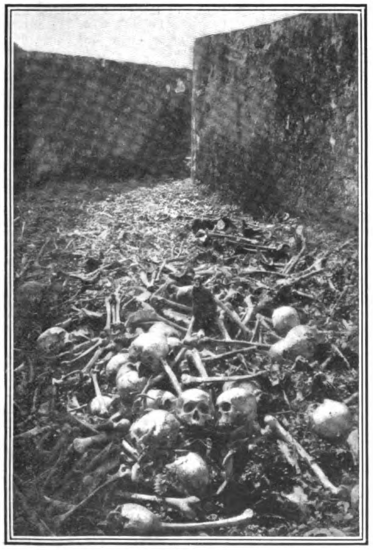
PACO CEMETERY—WALL WITH NICHES FOR THE RECEPTION OF BODIES.



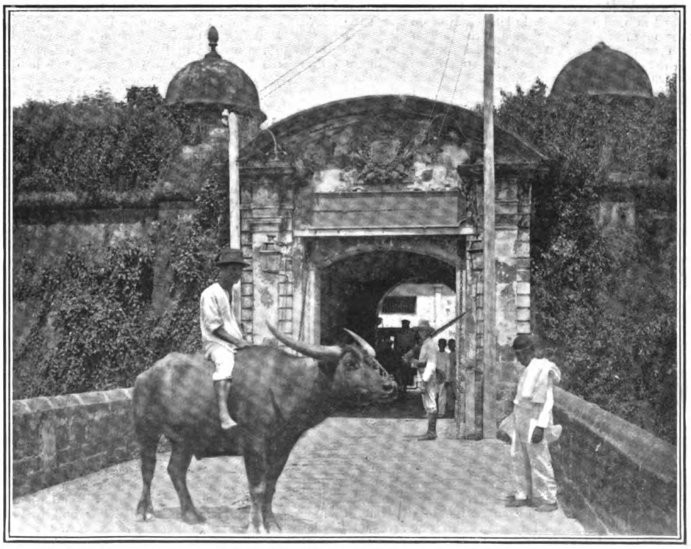
GATE OF ISABEL II.



AN ENTRANCE TO OLD MANILA.



A "VALLEY OF DRY BONES"—PACO CEMETERY.



GATE OF OLD MANILA—A FILIPINO MAZEPPA.

MANILA—PACO CEMETERY AND THE FOUR GATES OF THE OLD CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U. S. V., 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY, AND BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—PUERTO RICO

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE ISLAND

(*Concluded*)

CATTLE-RAISING has a bright future in this country, where the tall succulent bunch-grass grows as high as one's head, and the cropping of hay is never required, since the rich green food grows perennially. In 1895 only a little over 4000 head of live cattle were exported from the island, which brought an average of $38 apiece. There are no statistics as to the home consumption of beef, and it is impossible to even approximate that consumption when dealing with a people who are large meat-eaters among the well-to-do, and use little or none at all among the vast army of poverty-stricken peasants. Assuming that the annual exportation of hides, which amounts to about 11,000, represents one-fourth of the cattle slaughtered, the yearly consumption would be in the neighborhood of 50,000 head.

The accredited great cattle region of the island, the reputation of which is borne out by personal observations and the fallible testimony of the eye, is in the northeast section, a great district around Carolina and Rio Grande. The rolling, low-lying hills, adjacent to the immense flat and fertile cane-bearing bottoms, are covered with grazing cattle. These animals are much like the famous long-horned cattle of Texas, but are far finer in appearance and heavier—a condition brought about by the ease of grazing in fields where every step gives an abundance of nutritious food. The island of Vieques has been a large producer of beef-cattle for the main island, and each year many thousands are shipped to San Juan and other seaport towns—Santo Domingo and Haiti being also purchasers from this point.

Raising cattle for market in Puerto Rico has no drawbacks like those known to our people in the United States, such as carrying them through the hard winters of the northern and eastern sections and feeding them with hay and grain, or, as in the great Southwest, suffering from a shortage of pasture caused by biting blizzards or the withering heats of summer, when the grass becomes crisp and brown. It is a paradise for cattle—plenty of food the year round, flowing water in every hollow, and never a need for housing. With the United States as a market and free entry for cattle, there will be great inducement for money-makers in a land where hundreds of thousands of fine animals may be raised with a minimum amount of expense. The use of cold-storage plants in the island, already contemplated by some of our great beef-packers, with a view of introducing American fresh meats, might and probably will be reversed in a very few years to handling an island product for the benefit of the consumers in the United States. The high price of land may be cited as an argument against cattle-raising, but within given areas on the island many times more cattle may be grazed than in any portion of our own country, and if Pennsylvania and New York farmers can raise cattle with profit on lands valued, on an average, at $200 an acre, their only advantage being nearby markets, certainly in a region averaging $100 an acre and rejoicing in a superabundance of rich food much profit must accrue to the investor.

Dairy farming is another opening which has a future, notwithstanding the attendant drawbacks of a hot climate, no cold springs for cooling the milk, and ice at a premium. If entered into on a sufficiently large scale to warrant the installation of an ice-plant, the returns would leave a large margin of profit. As things are to-day, the cattle are milked but once in twenty-four hours, before daylight each morning. The warm milk must reach the consumer in a very few hours, or be lost by souring. The selling price ranges from eight to twelve cents a quart. Cream is unknown; not because, as one of the army officers put it, "This damn Puerto-Rican milk is so poor that never a particle of cream can rise," but because it is never sufficiently cool for cream to rise. Canned butter sells for from 60 cents to $1 a pound, in two, three, and five pound tins. This article, which delicate people should never have analyzed, was imported in 1895 to the extent of 365,000 pounds.

Cheese, another of the by-products of the milk-farm, is annually imported to the amount of a million and a quarter pounds. Also, there is made on the island good, palatable, hand-pressed cheese, too white, too dry, and too tasteless for the average foreigner, but largely consumed by the natives.

Dairies established with proper refrigerating facilities, near any of the larger towns, will be more than able to compete with the methods in vogue. Cream, fresh butter, and cheese would find a ready market at prices—for the present, at least—much higher than those of America.

Poultry-culture, as it exists to-day, seems to consist mainly of breeding game fighting-cocks. Miserable little chickens of a pound and a half bring 50 cents each. Eggs are to be had in limited quantities at sliding-scale prices, ranging from 30 cents to 50 cents a dozen, determined largely by the age of the hen-fruit, which becomes painfully over-ripe in forty-eight hours.

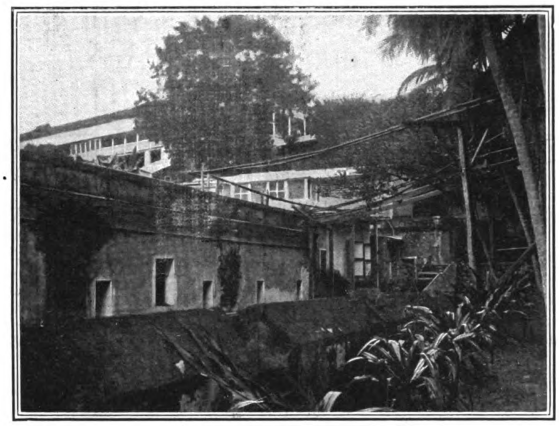
Fresh mutton is always in demand in the market, and it is an easy matter to keep sheep fat and in good condition. Wool-growing would not be a success, unless hair cloth becomes fashionable, as the imported lamb soon turns into a goat, judging by his bristling coat.

Pork, to the amount of nearly 10,000,000 pounds, is annually imported by Puerto Rico, and is almost wholly purchased from the United States. The raising of hogs in large numbers would, however, be a doubtful experiment, owing to the high price of corn, though there is much mast in the mountain regions, upon which they are said to grow fat. The indigenous animal is an extremely poor specimen of the razor-back species.

Corn is scarce and high-priced, and cannot be raised with much success on the northern half of the island, on account of the quantity of rain. The lands of the drier southern portions of the island are capable of producing very excellent corn, though during exceptionally wet seasons it is apt to mature badly and be injured by canker and must. The failure of corn crops in certain years is made apparent by the variable importation of this grain, which sometimes rises as high as 20,000 bushels, and falls in other years to one-fourth this amount. This year (1898), the island crop is very promising, and in the Yauco and Mayaguez districts several thousand acres of this cereal wave ten feet high, usually bearing two large ears to the stalk. While the local price of corn is high, ranging from 80 cents to 95 cents a bushel, it is not at all probable that in the future, with open markets, island corn can compete with the American product. The benefits, therefore, will accrue to American exporters of maize.

It is said that cotton can be grown successfully on the island, and in the past the crop has been referred to in consular reports. The raw product, however, has not been able to compete with foreign-grown cottons, and the raising has fallen into desuetude. In view of the over-supply of this commodity in our own country and the prevailing low prices, there is no remunerative future promise from the growing of cotton in Puerto Rico.

A mountain-rice is grown quite extensively by the peons, and at some points by the larger landholders and planters, but it is usually considered inferior to the foreign lowland-grown rice. In 1895, over 74,000,000 pounds, averaging a little more than three cents a pound, were brought into Puerto Rico. These figures indicate to what a large extent this cereal is consumed by the native population, being a little over eighty pounds per capita annually, not including the home product, which is consumed mainly by the poor people, and which would bring the consumption up to and over one hundred pounds. This remarkable quantity of rice is purchased principally from Great Britain, Germany, and Spain, the United States never having furnished more than 10,000 pounds in any one year during the last ten.



THE HOT SPRINGS AT COAMO.

It may be impossible, even with the cheap labor of this island, to compete with the cheaper Indian and Chinese rice, but one wonders nevertheless why sugar-cane planters, who have been running behind financially year by year, on account of primitive machinery and the disastrously low price of sugar, do not attempt the cultivation of rice in lieu of sugar-cane. Many of the estates are admirably adapted to such a purpose, with irrigation ready at hand and sufficient in quantity. It would at least pay a considerable margin over the cost of cultivation, and would be far preferable to the present custom of making muscavado sugar at a loss.

Bay rum and the essential oil of the bay-tree, which grows luxuriantly on the island, bring an annual income of no mean proportions into the coffers of a number of men. Up to the present time, however, no systematic culture of this tree, which furnishes us with the delicious bath and tonsorial perfume, has been attempted. While this is now an industry of minor importance, there is no reason why it should not readily be expanded into a commercial enterprise of magnitude. The destructive distillation of the leaves in rum and the extraction of the essential oil from the leaves are both extremely simple and require no extensive plant.

Market-gardening for the cities is not apt to prove very remunerative in a region where every negro or mestizo, by stirring up the earth with a stick and planting seed, secures a tenfold return for his labor, and, further, where the primitive gardener is in the habit of trudging miles, on his own bare feet with a few centavos' worth of produce, which he sells in the market-place. Americanizing the island will mean a greater demand for a larger variety of fresh vegetables, and supplying the new population may offer inducements to a few men. Rich returns will accrue, however, only through the raising of agricultural products which may be exported. The raising of fruits and vegetables, with the attendant industrial possibilities, will be treated in another article.

Lumbering has no future in the island, as it has long since been on the wane. There are no extensive sections covered with virgin forests; here and there, on the rugged mountain-sides in the eastern central and western central portions, a few hundred acres may be found clothed in heavy timber, but beyond these regions and scattered patches, from which the best woods have been culled, no timber remains. The vast wildernesses of trees, which often mislead the unknowing into believing that forests abound, are usually the spindling guava and mocha tree coverings for rich coffee plantations beneath.

There have been, and yet remain, many small areas of rare and fine woods, but, in the commercial sense of lumbering, there are no business openings of any magnitude. The small rare growths will be cut out as the clearing of land for agricultural purposes proceeds, and will be sold abroad as the years go by, the larger common timber being used, as in the past, for the framing of local buildings.

The balance of trade in lumber—excepting the types of rare woods—will be largely in favor of the United States, though up to 1896 only an annual average of a million dollars' worth of wood and its manufactured products was shipped to Puerto Rico. At Lares, in the heart of the mountain region, lumber is worth $50 a thousand feet, and the cost of erecting frame houses and buildings, at this high price for building material, may readily be imagined. There should be a great demand for cheap American lumber.

Wood for fuel is becoming scarcer each year, and, delivered at the big sugar-mills in small ox-cart loads of about a third of a cord, commands the exorbitant price of a peso to a peso and a half, and this too for the roughest kind of firewood, crooked, with knots and knobs, and much small stuff among it.

Among the woods still found on the island may be enumerated the *asoubo*, which grows very large, is very hard, reddish in color, a little like mahogany, and is used for house-framing, principally; the *capa blanca*, which grows large, is hard, fine-grained, white in color, and used for framing and furniture manufacture; *capa prieta* is a beautiful wood, fine-grained, with black and white streaks, grows large and straight, rather rare now, and is desirable for export trade; *capa de sabana* is a soft wood, with a white ground having yellowish veins; looks—by optical illusion—semi-transparent when polished, rare now, and used by the natives for the manufacture of beautiful canes; *aceitillo* is another fine hard wood, of yellowish color, which makes good plough stuff, carriages, and framing; *cedro* (cedar) is found rather plentifully, and is used to a limited extent for cigar-boxes—it is not, however, the fragrant species so common in Cuba, and is therefore less desirable, commanding a much lower price; mahogany is found in small trees, but is not profitable, commercially—it is used for making fine canes; lignum-vitæ occurs in some districts, in limited quantities, but the major portion of the best wood has long since been exported; *tachuelo* is interesting for a hardness so extreme that a nail will not penetrate it, and for a weight which causes it to sink in water; the *ciera* or silk-cotton-tree is one of the most imposing of tropical growths, rising to great heights, with far outspreading branches, and with immense encircling ribs, which stand out like braces at its base.

There are hundreds of other woods, many of them very beautiful with variegated colors, but not growing in sufficient quantity to make the handling of them profitable.

There are a number of small manufacturing projects which may be carried into effect by quick-witted men, and through them a few men with small capital will undoubtedly make a beginning in this new territory. Straw-hat making and straw-plaiting offer opportunities where rice straw and a score of grasses and barks are abundant and adaptable to this end; rope-making from vegetable fibre is another; tortoise-shell cutting still another; fan-making, cane manufacture, basket-weaving, and many others, dependent on the natural resources, will be found profitable in a small way.

Manufacturing of any kind in Puerto Rico for home consumption will probably be profitable only when the raw material is found or grown on the island, as the want of mineral fuel—unless discovered later—will be a serious drawback.

The United States, by reason of the abundant supply of cheap fuel, will be able to furnish Puerto Rico with all commodities manufactured from raw materials not found on the island, at less cost than she can fabricate them herself, and it may even be discovered that many of the raw products of the island—where they are not perishable—may be more economically enhanced in value in America.

Whether Puerto Rico manufactures or not in the future, on a large scale, depends greatly upon what action Congress may take in determining the form of government for the island. With free trade relations between the United States and her new possession, manufactories will be slow to develop; on the other hand, high tariff will force her to increase the value of crude materials at home.

Brick, flagging, and tile making should be a good opening for capital. While every town of any importance has its brick-kiln, and some of the largest several, their fittings are crude and the machinery and methods in vogue very primitive. The pug-mill consists of a circular

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trench dug in the ground, some two and a half feet wide by two in depth. Around this excavation an ordinary wheel travels—one from a cart usually serves the purpose—through which is thrust a long wooden pole, attached to a swivel-head in the centre of the circle, which answers for both axle and draught-bar. A yoke of oxen on the outer periphery furnishes the motive power. Clay and water are thrown into the trench, and the wobbling, revolving wheel does the pugging. The pugged clay is all moulded into brick by hand, and often a form is not used, but the plastic clay is paddled into brick shape. Drying takes a long time, as the clay is worked very moist, and the atmosphere is usually damp. Burning is done with wood, in fairly good kilns of small dimensions. Good brick of this character brings $15 a thousand.

From this meagre outline of the process, it will be readily understood by brick-makers that, through the introduction of modern brick-making machinery—the dry-clay variety being preferable—far finer brick could be produced, and the present price could be almost halved and yet leave a handsome profit to the investor.

Roof-tiles are also made by hand, the proper curves being given over a wooden mould. The same brick-machine, with an additional die, is easily adapted to the manufacture of simple curved roofing-tiles.

The clays of the island are exceedingly fine for all purposes to which burnt clay is applied. There are many clays with only a small percentage of iron, which will burn light, but the majority of them are the iron-bearing ones, which burn into bright reds. The texture and homogeneity of most of the clays cannot be surpassed, where a hard, firm, clear, ringing brick is desired. It is claimed that kaoline of fine quality appears in the western portions of the island, but, in view of the fact that there are several earths identical in appearance with kaoline, though totally different in chemical composition, this point must first be determined before being finally announced; there are, however, other clays well adapted to the manufacture of the heavier and coarser pottery wares.

Every small town in the island has its alleged hotel, and the larger cities have several, among them some very good abiding-places for the travelling public. Cafés are found by scores and hundreds in the cities, towns, and villages, as well as scattered along the highways and trails; in fact, any house or hut bearing on a highway may be approached with perfect confidence that at least coffee, bread, and *dulces* are served for the benefit of the passer-by.

From an American stand-point, however, there are no good hotels on the island of Puerto Rico. The rooms are meanly furnished, the beds are without mattresses, the victim sleeping on a blanket spread over wire springs so short that the head must be skilfully perched on the infantile pillow to keep it off the wooden cross-piece, while the heels rest on the bottom of the wooden frame in such a position as to cause one to feel as if he were sleeping with his feet on top of the mantel-piece. It requires months of practice to slumber easily and not get up with a broken back. The partitions between the rooms are usually made of a single planking, and the next-door neighbor's midnight idiosyncrasies may be a source of entertainment more painful than pleasant to the insomniac. American hotels, run by Americans, will be hailed with delight by the army officers, and, in the large towns, the fear of lack of patronage need never be felt, as the English-speaking population is large and will rapidly increase.

The cafés are fair—that is, in all the big centres there are establishments where one can be reasonably well fed. They are so numerous, moreover, that few Americans will be able to sandwich in among them with much chance of a brilliant business success.

For a winter resort the climate of the island is everything that the æsthete, the tourist, or the invalid could desire. The balmy days and cool nights of January and February, the exquisite flowers and tropical verdure, the rolling mountains and the rushing brooks, all blend to charm the eye and the senses, and should, in a few years, make Puerto Rico a much-sought-after winter home for those who roam the earth in search of more genial temperature. Winter-resort hotels will, in every probability, be one of the successful financial ventures. There are many spots in the lovely mountain regions which offer sites of natural beauty, encompassed by natural wonders. One might suggest the great caves of Aguas Buenas or those near San German as desirable points, though there are many other places in this great limestone country where unexplored caves may turn out to be caverns rivalling in extent those of America.

Thermal, mineral, and medicinal springs occur in numbers all over the island, the one of chief present importance being two miles from Coamo, where the heated mineral water rushes out of the earth in great quantities. This has been a favorite resort of the island population for many years, and a fairly comfortable establishment exists. There are also mineral springs at Ponce and Caguas, which have been, to some extent, developed commercially, and there are numbers of others scattered through the land, to whose curative properties enthusiastic praise is given.

The most serious hinderance to the immediate development of winter resorts is the lack of roads. The great travelling public, excepting the brawny, danger-loving tourist, is not going to be carried over wild mountain trails, even to witness the most profound natural phenomena. The military road across the island is the only travel route now feasible for the mass, and along this line certainly not over three fashionable resorts would prove profitable. However, not many years will elapse without bringing to this land of sunshine and flowers its needed highways, and with them crowds of seekers after pleasure, comfort, and health.

General merchandising is held well in hand by Spanish and Puerto-Rican storekeepers, and Americans will err if they assume that as business men they are more capable than their newly acquired dark-haired brethren; for the Spanish tradesman is thoroughly clever and competent, usually well educated, polite to a fault, and eager to meet the wants of the incoming American population. Most of these men are well-to-do capitalists, and they have often carried on the same business in the family for generations. It will be no easy task for shopkeeping Americans to compete with an element of this character, which controls all the native trade, and is capable of meeting all the exigencies of the new.

LONDON

January 14, 1899.

I LEARN without surprise that very strong pressure is being unsuccessfully brought to bear upon the government from certain quarters to intervene in connection with the troubles in the Transvaal. Vigorous action is desired. If the present Parliament be dissolved after the completion of its sixth session, ministers have but little more than two years of office to look for. It has been pretty well understood in well-informed circles that sooner or later the two great mistakes of Mr. Gladstone's ministry of 1880 would be wiped out, should opportunity occur, by a Unionist administration. One of these mistakes was the abandonment of Gordon and the Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan. Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener having recovered the Sudan, that transaction is wiped off the slate. The recovery of the Transvaal is a different matter. Law, progress, and sensible legislation in the South-African republic were believed to be indefinitely postponed by Jameson's mad and futile freak. If President Krüger had only played his cards with moderate skill, the position of the Transvaal would still remain morally impregnable. Fair play requires that England should exercise the utmost forbearance before taking active steps against Boer delinquencies. Such, however, is the reckless folly with which President Krüger and his advisers have met the just requirements of the English-speaking population that the difficulty with the British government now is how not to interfere. The Convention of 1884 is openly flouted, and especially as regards those articles which stipulate for the equality of Uitlanders and burghers before the law. Despotism, with the denial of elementary rights of citizens, is the form of rule favored by the Boer government. This is more than Anglo-Saxon flesh and blood will stand. Krüger is trying to play the part of George III., at the end of the nineteenth century, while Dr. Leyds and the new Secretary of State, Reitz, reproduce the insolent fatuities of Rockingham and Lord North. Upon the British and American inhabitants of Johannesburg and other mining centres is levied the taxation that keeps the Boer farmer in idleness, and enables a hungry horde of corrupt officials to live at their ease. Taxation without representation is producing the usual results. Conservative and sober minds are still inclined to await the disappearance of Mr. Krüger from this world of sin and sorrow, and favor the further exercise of that patience which again and again in the long history of Britain has proved her salvation. But the old gentleman is so uncommonly tough, and the tension is so great, that there is a constant danger of outbreak. Strong as the necessity may be for vigorous interference by her Majesty's government, the state of our relations with France presents almost unanswerable reasons for continuing the policy of endurance which was practically entailed by Dr. Jameson upon the people and government of Great Britain in their dealings with the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain, however, no longer inquires after Mrs. Krüger's health, and arrangements have been quietly made for the solution of any military problem that may arise in the event of the Boer government taking the initiative.

A RUPTURE with France is now possible because the maintenance of peace no longer rests in the hands of Lord Salisbury. The military oligarchy which controls the destinies of France shrinks from a war with Germany, for obvious reasons, and favors the alternative of war with England, on the ground that, although defeat is inevitable in either case, a struggle with the English would leave the French army intact, would involve only the death of a few thousand sailors and the dislocation of commerce, with perhaps the loss of a batch of unprofitable colonies. One member of the French General Staff has openly stated that while these calamities would not affect the interests of the heads of the army, a war with England would enable them to seize the reins of power, to punish or destroy their domestic enemies, and to expel the Jewish, Protestant, and intellectual elements in the population which now form the only barrier against the accomplishment of the revolutionary designs of the military confederacy. Jewish friends in Paris tell me that they are in constant dread of a new St. Bartholomew.

HER Majesty is now at Osborne, where she regularly spends Christmas and the New-Year. An amusing story, which I have reason to know is true, has reached me. While a regimental band was playing after the Queen's luncheon, a sprightly music-hall air, unfamiliar to her Majesty, struck her fancy. She immediately despatched an aide-de-camp to find out the name of the piece of music. On his return it was noticed that the officer's face was troubled, and instead of at once complying with her Majesty's command he hesitated, until the Queen insisted on his telling her what was the piece of music that she had admired. With much difficulty the officer faltered out that its title was, "Come where the booze is cheaper." After inquiring the meaning of the substantive, the Queen is said thoroughly to have enjoyed the joke.

THE opposition to an expansion policy which is so marked a feature in American public life begins to find an echo on this side of the water. People are beginning to ask themselves what will the British tax-payer get out of the contemplated railway from Cairo to Cape Town when the communication is completed? The Mombasa and Uganda Railway is built with a different gauge than that of the Cape or Egyptian systems, and a break of bulk will be required at Uganda, or wherever the junction may take place. With cheap and constant water communication between Britain and Cape Town it is difficult to understand the class of traffic that will make use of five thousand miles of railway transport on the Dark Continent. The prospects of Rhodesia are still uncertain, but the Rhodes party are using all their political and social influence to induce the government to guarantee the Tanganyika section of the Cape Town to Cairo Railway. There is reason to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has already yielded, or is about to yield, to the representations made to him on the subject. Seeing that there is an enormous trade in China already in existence, which needs only railway communication for its indefinite expansion, and remembering that the government has refused to guarantee a penny for railways in China, the assumption of further heavy pecuniary responsibilities in central Africa is a policy that will be bitterly attacked before any of us is very much older. One of the pieces of good fortune attending Mr. Rhodes's career is the alliteration contained in the words "Cape Town to Cairo." But for this, it is improbable that the project of the Tanganyika railway would be entertained by any government in its senses. A project for a railway from Maine to Patagonia would not float on its merits. Cape Town to Cairo is unlikely to yield greater results, always remembering that the alliteration is of priceless value to English expansionists.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Yankee Tar of '98

THE achievements of the United States navy during the Spanish-American war are less remarkable when one becomes acquainted with the superb personnel which manned the guns and fed the fires during the brief but brilliant strife.

At the beginning of the war several foreign critics predicted shortcomings, if not disaster, owing to the alleged "lack of discipline," "mongrel crews," etc., which prevailed on our ships of war. These critics have been crushed by the performances of our bluejackets, who are to-day fully the equals in all things, and the superiors in many, of the men who captured the *Serapis*, humbled the Barbary pirates, and in 1812 made the American nation the only successful competitor that Britain has ever had upon the seas.

For coolness, intelligence, devotion to duty, and utter disregard of personal danger, the Yankee tar of '98 leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, under the test of war, he has revealed qualities which astonished even his own officers, who had known him only under the monotonous conditions of peace. There was no shirking in the Spanish-American war, and when men were told to do a thing they could be relied upon absolutely to do it.

I have seen cases of emergency, coaling, where every man on board, petty officers, men who had just come off watch, men on sick-list even, turned to with a will at this usually hated task, and rushed the coal into the bunkers with speed hardly conceivable, cheering when the last bucket was emptied and the work done. On the blockade off Santiago there were doubled lookouts placed on deck, thus doubling the work, but even then there were dozens of voluntary lookouts day and night, straining their eyes at the entrance to the harbor, longing for a sight of the enemy's ships emerging. This eagerness to get at the enemy was a universal and marked characteristic of the men. Once, when I was sent away from my ship on distant service with an armed boat's crew of seven men, right in the heart of the enemy's country, the pleadings of those who wished to share the danger by going with me were really touching. One big sunburnt fellow actually wept when I told him he could not go. The only way I could still the clamor of volunteers was by announcing that only the regular boat's crew should go. When, after eighteen hours of hardship, we returned without being attacked, the disgust of the men was amusing. "Them Dagoes ain't got no enterprise," was a remark made by my coxswain, which met with hearty approval from all. Once, during the same night, I chased what we supposed was a hostile boat, larger than ours. While in pursuit, the men at the oars fairly lifted my boat out of the water. Men never rowed harder. When we found the strange craft innocent, and started to pull back, the murmurings of disappointment verged upon positive indignation.

One morning, early in June, the *New Orleans* was ordered close in to shell some new gun emplacements east of the Morro. The position she took was in excellent range of both the Morro and Socapa batteries. Under her stern was the little *Gloucester*, with orders not to fire, her heaviest guns being only 6-pounders. The *Gloucester's* men did not altogether like this, but they quietly went about their allotted tasks as if nothing were taking place. They scrubbed their clothes, washed the decks, and cleaned up bright work, while shells from the shore batteries were flying all about them, with as much *nonchalance* as if lying peneably in New York Harbor. Occasionally, when a shell would pass particularly close, one would hear such jocular comments as "Low ball," "Once more for the drinks," "That's a '96 model, Dago."

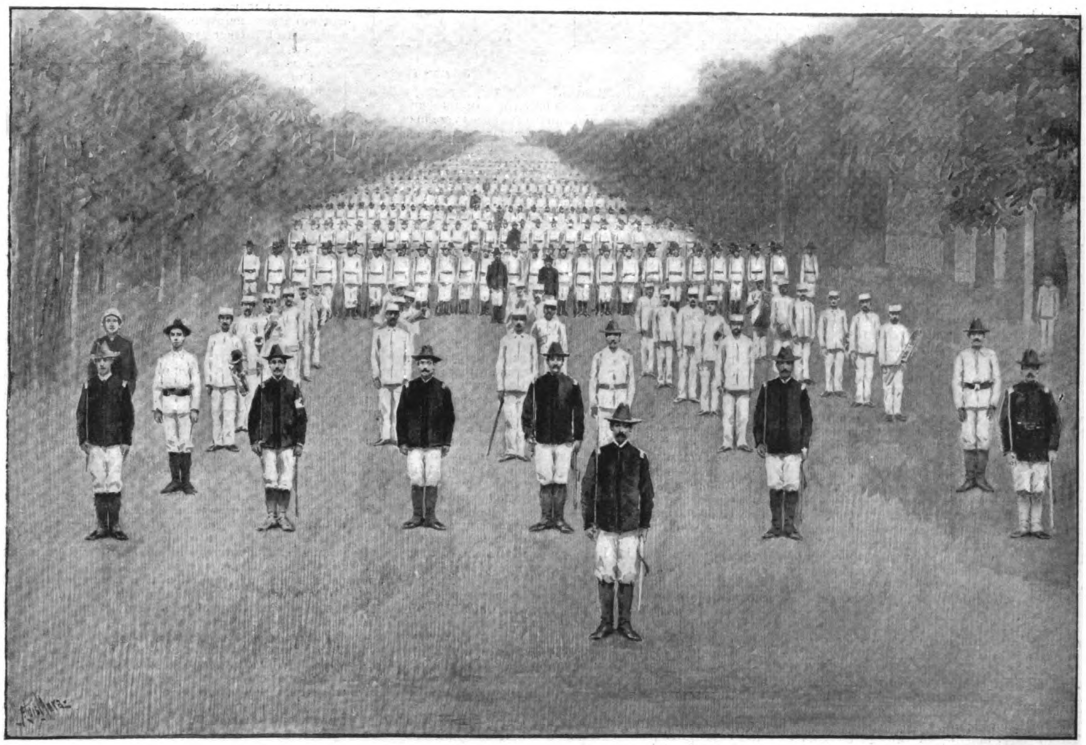
While the marines were holding their position at Guantanamo, there were almost daily encounters between the war-ships in the bay and the enemy's forces on shore. On one vessel the gun-shield of her starboard forecastle gun was cracked and had to be removed, leaving the men behind it completely exposed. This annoyed the crew of the corresponding gun on the port side, whose shield was intact. They wanted it removed at once. All sorts of pretexts were brought up, such as its "spoiling their aim," etc., but the ordnance and divisional officers did not see their way clear to complying with the request. One fine morning the shield was missing. It was found joined to the damaged one from the starboard gun, both being neatly and firmly secured amidships, forming an improvised barbette around the boxes of spare ammunition always kept on deck for sudden emergencies. It is hardly necessary to say that the officer in charge of the division never made any inquiries, never made any report of the episode, never even referred to the matter before the men of the port gun.

I must say that my emotions are stirred even now when I recall the sight of the men as my ship would go into action. Every man at his post, no excitement other than a poorly repressed eagerness for the order to commence firing; all cool, all listening for the slightest word of caution or command. When the firing was at its height it was just the same—coolness, perfect oblivion to danger. Sights were adjusted promptly and correctly as needed, aim carefully rectified, the firing done with deadly deliberation, yet with rapidity.

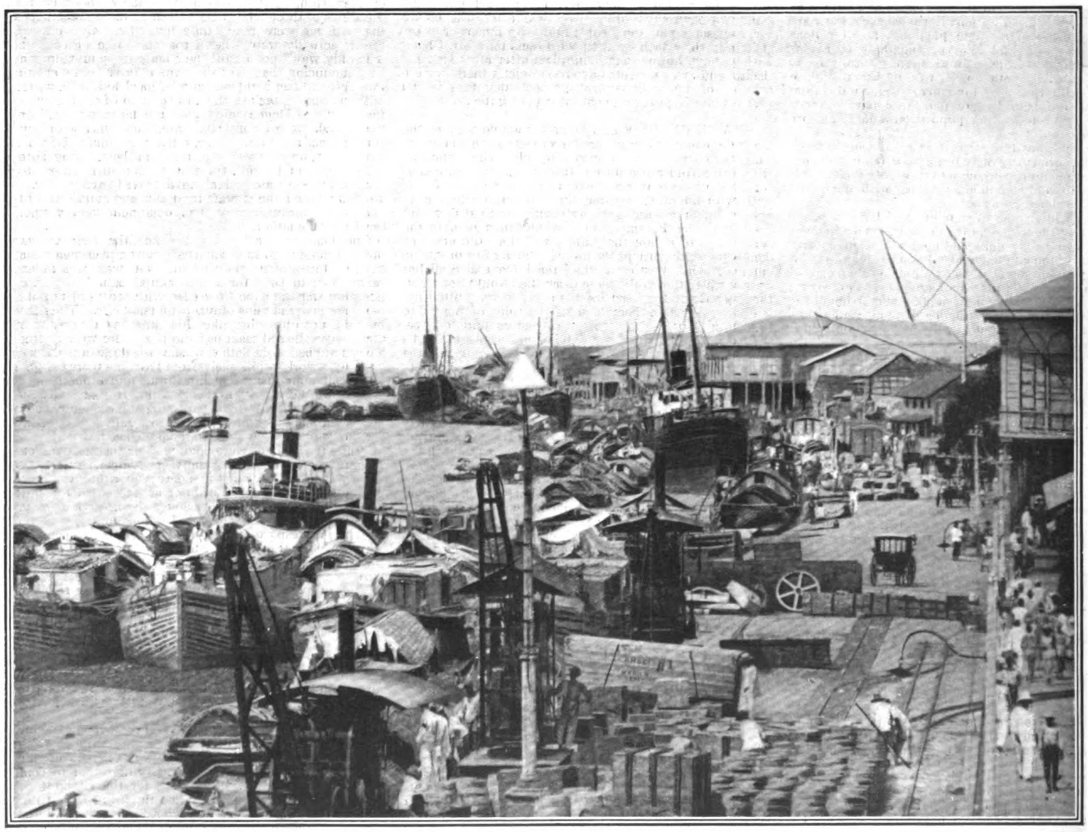
With such men behind the guns, and with such guns and ships, no navy need cause us fear with equal numbers. And when song and story want a subject, let the Yankee tar of 1898 be not forgotten.

ARTHUR H. DUTTON,
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

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THE 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY, U. S. V., ON ITS WEEKLY PARADE FOR INSPECTION.—DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

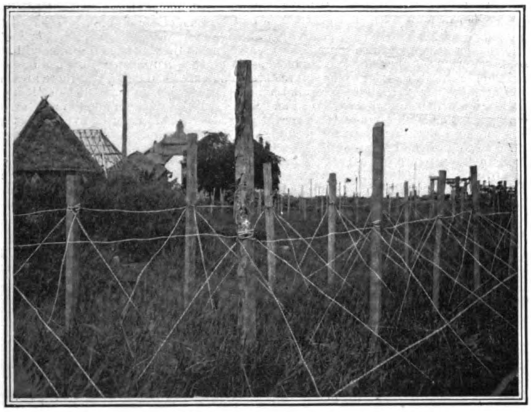


THE COMMERCE OF THE CITY—SCENE ALONG THE WATER-FRONT.

MANILA—ITS WARLIKE AND PEACEFUL SIDES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

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SPANISH BARRIERS ON THE WAY TO MANILA.



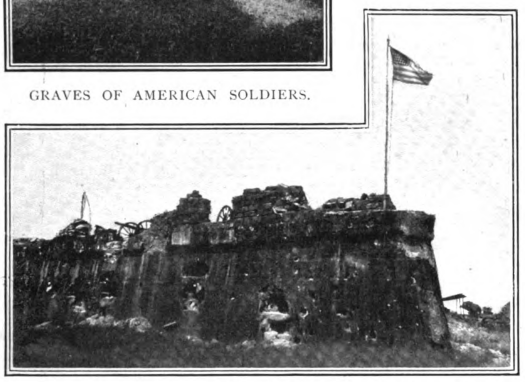
THE LAST SPANISH TRENCH.



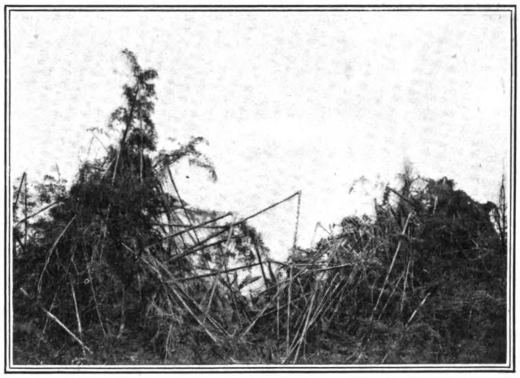
GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.



DESERTED TRENCHES—A LONELY WATCH.



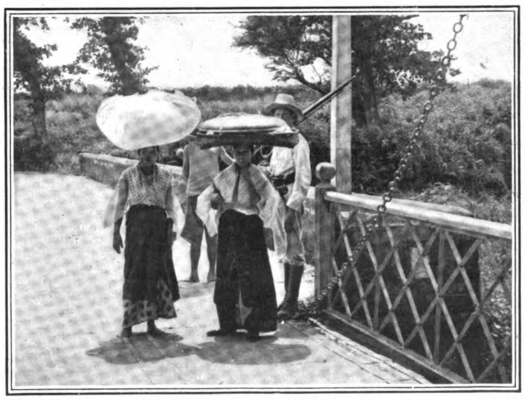
FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, SHOWING EFFECT OF AMERICAN SHELLS.



NATURE'S BARRIERS ON THE WAY TO MANILA.



A NATIVE SHOP.



CROSSING THE MOAT INTO OLD MANILA.

MANILA—SCENES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U.S.V., 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY, AND JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

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MANILA

BY FRANK D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, *January 15, 1899.*

IT is a mistake to suppose that the attitude of the Filipino insurgents has changed since the Paris treaty defined the Philippine question; it has been practically the same ever since the capture of Manila, for at no time since then could armed United States troops have entered the territory in the possession of the insurgents without provoking open hostility. Much has already been written about the humiliating position of the American forces in Manila in their relations with the insurgents, by whom they have all along been practically besieged, and I will only recall a few points of the situation, in order to show that the Filipinos are, after all, not to be so much blamed for their assumption of authority, or for their expectation to be recognized as an independent government. We ourselves have educated them up to these ideas by a policy of non-interference with them in any of their performances, however much they were opposed to our principles, and however degrading they were to our dignity as a military force. We have only ourselves to call to account for whatever loss of life may result from the present situation in the islands of Luzon and Panay.

When Admiral Dewey landed Aguinaldo and his immediate following at Cavité, and practically made them a present of the place with the captured Spanish arsenal, they naturally considered this act as a tangible proof of recognition as a necessary ally. During the siege of Manila, Aguinaldo was very persistent in demanding some status as an ally, or at least some consideration as a possible co-operating factor in the capture of the town, but no formal notice was ever taken of his demands, nor was his force ever co-operated with in the investment of the town, unless our occupation of a portion of the insurgent lines be called co-operation. The insurgents resented being totally ignored in an official way, and at the same time being made use of to hold the miles of swamp around the town—even the lines in front of the camp of American troops at Jambo. They were not informed of the plan to capture the town by the combined action of the land and the sea forces, but of course followed us into Manila on the day of the surrender. No effort was made by our troops to occupy the Spanish works on the line of the defences, and the insurgents took possession of them all, with the single exception of the fort San Antonio Abad, which had been bombarded by the fleet. They fixed their lines wherever they saw fit, without any protest from the American authorities, and in Malate held a strip of territory which completely separated one part of our lines from the other, so that they held an uninterrupted zone entirely around the town, from Malabon on the north to Malate on the south. They then proceeded to establish an *octroi* and to collect taxes at the markets and various other places. They held the water-works, and only allowed the water to be turned on after much delay, and as a special favor which might at any time be rescinded. They controlled the railway and the Pasig River above the town. The trains were permitted to run only on condition that no foreign troops should be carried, and no navigation was allowed on the Pasig except by written permission of Aguinaldo. They turned the Spanish works from defensive to offensive positions. They made little attempt to conceal the fact that they were importing rifles and Maxim guns, and they recruited actively and drilled with great diligence in all the suburbs of the town. In Cavité they continued to starve to death the Spanish prisoners within the lines of our own guard, and insisted that we had nothing to do with their prisoners, and went so far as to march away those whom General Merritt had ordered to be served with rations. The fate of part of this lot is, by-the-way, well known, but nothing has ever been heard of the remainder. The result of all this has been to develop in the minds of the natives a well-grounded notion that the Americans are afraid of the Filipinos, for on every occasion when a show of firmness would have had a most salutary effect we have backed down in a very ignominious fashion. The affair of the water-works is a notable illustration of our methods.

On August 17 two companies of the First Colorado Regiment were sent out to take possession of the pumping-station of the water-works, about five miles outside the town. A small outpost of the insurgent army disputed the passage of this detachment, and while the officer in command was making up his mind whether it was advisable to force his way through the insurgent lines, a message came from headquarters for the expedition to return to town. Later on, when General Otis insisted that the insurgents should evacuate the suburbs of the town, this same insurgent force, having had experience with American methods, refused to leave their positions, and actually held them for days after the date of the ultimatum, and only evacuated the disputed territory at the repeated orders from the revolutionary headquarters at Malolos. A hundred other cases might easily be cited where we have made a very poor showing in the eyes of the natives, who have no notion of respect for any one which is not based on the consciousness of superior physical force. We have paid dearly enough for submitting to be besieged by them in Manila, where every egg and every quart of milk and all market produce was fixed in price by the insurgent tax-collectors, and where the fresh articles of diet, an urgent necessity in the hospitals, were often impossible to obtain because the insurgents interfered with the market-men, and robbed the peasants so much at the octroi that it did not pay them to bring produce to the town. But still more to be regretted has been the humiliation of our soldiers, who have patiently endured a situation which would have been impossible in any other army, and all because no one was willing to take the responsibility of asserting our proper rights as successful belligerents. The whole history of the capture and occupation of Manila has yet to be told. It would probably be injudicious at this moment to publish many facts in detail, but the secret of our failure there—for it has been a failure, so far as the establishing of our authority goes—has been due, first, as I have just said, to the unwillingness of any one to assume any responsibility, and secondly, to the mistaken notion that a population like that in the Philippines can be governed on the same lines as the municipality of Xenia, Ohio, or any other American town of moderate importance and a citizenship of mixed races. Various authorities on colonization have urged that America take the English rule in India as an example of how to govern the Philippines. But a moment's reflection will show that the problem is quite a different one. The Dutch colonization of Java is much more to the point, for the population of that country is allied to that of the Philippines in temperament, in race, and in the mixture of religions. Further, the peasantry are as contented, prosperous, and progressive under Dutch rule as possible for them to be with their temperament, and they compare most favorably with the natives of the Indian peninsula.

Without any question the educated Filipinos are not in favor of autonomy, for they do not profess that the population is homogeneous enough or enlightened enough to undertake the task of self-government. The ultra-revolutionary party, first under the nominal leadership of a journalist by the name of Luna, who established and edited the revolutionary paper the *Independencia*, has grown rapidly since the congress met at Malolos, at which time it was scarcely given a hearing. It must be remembered that the great majority of the leaders of the so-called revolutionary government are really only petty chiefs in the provinces, and their notions of a republic are naturally crude and vague. Men of the stamp of Arellano and Legarda, who long abstained from any participation in the cause of the insurgents, and whose sober counsels must ultimately prevail, look upon the ambitions of the revolutionary government as suicidal, and destructive to the interests of the Filipino people.

HAVANA

January 20, 1899.

ONE thing that has much satisfied the Cubans in the military government of this island by the United States is the fact that to themselves have been allotted by far the great majority of civil positions and employments. This is to them a pleasing fulfilment of the policy that to the victors belong the spoils. Another fact that is worthy of notice is that very few of the Cubans thus employed have had any previous experience in public life. Mr. Mora, recently appointed Civil Governor of the city of Havana, called yesterday to his office the representatives of the Havana press and addressed them with considerable wisdom and tact. He said he considered himself highly honored with the position offered him, and that he accepted it with the strongest determination to fulfil his obligations to his country, considering only his country's good and advancement. He buried all factional feeling in the past; he started the new work in hand with high purpose. He asked for the co-operation of the press in his labors. "I will make some mistakes," he said, "it cannot be expected that I should not, and I beg of you to criticise them kindly. But if you see me depart from the path of honest and fair administration of my powers, then you may criticise me as hardly as you please. This I am safe in saying to you, because I have no intention of departing from that path."

The installing of Cubans themselves in the many posts of civil administration gives them the chance to demonstrate to us their ability properly to conduct their own affairs, and they will surely do their best so to convince us. If they prove good and efficient public servants, then their arguments for that unattained ideal Cuban independence will be so much the stronger.

Meanwhile Havana city promises to be much governed. First of all, there is Major-General Brooke, who, as Governor-General of the island of Cuba, with headquarters in the capital, has an active interest in the municipal administration of this place. Next, there is General Ludlow, Military Governor of this city. Frederico Mora has been appointed Civil Governor. Perfecto Lacoste is Mayor, and under him are five assistant mayors; and then there are the twenty-four city councilmen—only two of which are Spaniards. These several controlling heads and bodies are too recently appointed for the limits of their various functions and powers to have been clearly defined. The civil administrators are of course controlled by the American military authority. A morning paper asks, "What is the purpose of the city council of Havana?" The article in question goes on to say that the recent commission appointed by General Ludlow to investigate the condition of Havana's finances is independent of the city council; that no member of this commission is also a member of the city council; and all that pertains to municipal affairs, such as rendering a report on the state of the city treasury, rightly comes within the province of the council in question. Furthermore, the fact that General Ludlow has also filled, by appointment, certain municipal positions formerly in the patronage of the city council, and that he appointed the commission to examine and report upon city finances, when this action properly belongs to the Civil Governor, Mr. Mora, is brought forward as an additional reason for asking, "Of what use is our city council?" We are to-day hearing the beginnings of a political question, the importance of which will probably grow with the development of Cuban administration. This matter can be summed up thus: The American military authority, under the old laws of the land, appoints Cubans to civil positions. How far will the American authority permit this civil authority to assume the initiative and act independently—for the laws under which they are appointed give them considerable independence of action—and to what degree will these civil administrators admit the control of the military?

Major-General Menocal of the Cuban army—of the "Army of Liberation," to give it its Cuban name—has been appointed chief of the Havana police force, and General de Cardenas is his first assistant. Colonel Moulton has been efficiently active in the organization of this branch of the public service, and former Chief John McCullagh, of the New York Police Department, has been his adviser. A very thorough organization, based upon the principles of the New York force, has been accomplished by these gentlemen. Havana has been divided into twelve police precincts and six inspection districts. There are to be one thousand policemen, properly clad in uniforms obtained from the States, and armed with American policemen's clubs. Applicants for positions on the new force are being examined daily, and there are already several hundred accepted members. Besides being able to read and write and possessing a good character, a man to be accepted as a policeman must be five feet six inches tall, a ruling that shuts out many applicants. Among those who have been examined for this purpose have been several ex-lieutenants of the Spanish army. On the strength of their former military positions, some of them have asked for officers' commissions in the force, and have withdrawn their applications when refused. But others are glad to be made patrolmen, and to accept the fifty dollars American money a month, which is their salary. A man who is excellently posted in police organization says this salary is insufficient; that it should be raised to seventy-five dollars a month. Living is high in Havana, and a policeman, to be honest, should be properly fed and housed. This economy of salary in the initial outlay will not give as reliable a force as would result from better paid men. General Guy V. Henry, Military Governor of Puerto Rico, has recognized this fact, and has organized his police force in San Juan on a fifty-dollar-a month basis, but with the assurance that proficient and honest men will be raised to seventy-five dollars a month. This new Havana police force will probably be on the streets on or soon after the 1st of February. They will have comparatively little to do, and this because the people of Havana are very temperate. While saloons and cafés abound, and there is no liquor license in our understanding of the expression, there is remarkably little drunkenness, and the local police will not have to combat that "drunk and disorderly" element which forms such a large proportion of our own police-court trials. Much of the effort of the Havana police will be directed toward the enforcing of city ordinances of health and sanitation, which, in the beginning, and because of their newness, will probably be disregarded.

A certain set of rules on this subject has just been made public, and householders are allowed fifteen days in which to comply with them; failing therein, the government will proceed to do, at his own expense, what the householder neglects to perform. Havana cannot be made healthy in a month or a year. What can be done to-day is to minimize the danger from infectious diseases, while proceeding with the radical changes which are imperative before the city will be a safe place for the thousands of Americans who will come here.

Twelve hundred men are employed in cleaning the streets, and this number of workers is being increased. The great majority of them are Cubans, and the results of their work are already noticeable. This street-cleaning department has a plentiful supply of brooms, carts, and shovels, and there are plenty of unemployed men in Havana to do the work, and much is expected from this effort. The various and many city hospitals and asylums are being examined by American authorities, and active steps are being taken towards their improvement.

Three hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars was taken in at the custom-house during the first two weeks of 1899, and this is only $7000 less than the amount thus collected during the same period of 1898. Thirteen thousand dollars of the custom-house funds has already been paid out for street-cleaning, but otherwise these receipts are intact. At the end of the month they will be available for the expenses of government, and at that time Colonel Bliss, Collector of the port of Havana, will have on the field a proper disbursing department, and be ready to pay out custom-house funds upon the requisition of the proper authority.

The Eighth and Tenth regulars and some batteries of artillery are encamped on the squares and plazas of the city. They are here to guard the city, and American soldiers with rifles over their shoulders are as familiar here as are policemen at home. These regular troops are behaving very well. The sale to them of spirituous liquors has been prohibited in an order posted in all the cafés, which is stringently enforced. The Seventh Army Corps, under General Lee, is encamped at Marianao, about eight miles out of town. Here there are some ten or twelve thousand men with nothing to do. Camp life is deadly monotonous, the soldiers are seldom if ever allowed to come into Havana, and out in that big encampment they invite disease and epidemic. If they are kept where they now are, the next two or three months will show an alarming health condition.

The city of Havana is filled with men without work, and the civil authorities are besieged by office-seekers. One of the solutions to the Cuban question lies in the supplying of work to the unemployed. At present they throng Havana. Some there are who cannot go afield where work can be had, and there are others who will not leave the city—men who want some certain employment, and who obstinately remain here in the hopes of obtaining it. The establishment of a system of labor bureaus throughout the island, operated from a controlling head, would help the unemployed to labor, and could also do much toward relieving the congestion of the hungry in Havana and the other large cities of the island where they to-day congregate. HAROLD MARTIN.

The Sixteenth Regular Infantry at San Juan

HE who in line of battle carries a gun and does most of the killing is rarely heard from after the echo of the fusillade dies away; and yet this man is not only the important factor in war, but he knows a very good deal of what is going on, and can, if you will listen, tell you much that is of interest.

After reading every available report by the officers and various war correspondents in regard to the splendid fight which the American soldiers made at Santiago, I sought my friend of the ranks.

It does not always follow that the regiment or company which loses most heavily in an engagement is made up of any better or braver material than some other com-

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mand which escapes more fortunately, but any old soldier will tell you that a heavy ratio of killed and wounded is a pretty good indication that these troops were in the thickest of the fray and stood up well to their work.

As the men of the Sixteenth Regular Infantry and the colors of that regiment were first on the heights at San Juan, and as this regiment lost more heavily in killed and wounded than any other, and as the losses in Company E of this same regiment were heavier than those in any other company engaged, I asked an army friend, who was in a position to know, to refer me to some member of this company who had distinguished himself in that battle, as I wanted to get a description of the fight from the stand-point of a man that carried a gun. He referred me to Corporal Frank S. Boone, a direct descendant of the famous Kentucky frontiersman, who was among the first half-dozen who reached the Spanish trenches. He told me this:



CAPT. W. C. McFARLAND, Co. E, 16th U. S. Infantry.

"We broke camp about half past three on the morning of July 1. Our march to the front was very slow, owing to the condition of the road, the thick vegetation of that country having narrowed it until it was little more than a path, while the heavy rains which had fallen during the night made it in places almost impassable, causing the column to move a great deal of the time in single file. We had passed El Pozo about a mile when we first came under the Spanish fire, and from this point to the San Juan River our way led through a dense jungle.

"When about six hundred yards from this stream our regiment filed to the right and formed in line of battle. Although the enemy's bullets could be heard clipping through the bushes or whizzing over our heads, and occasionally striking a man, we could not see the Spaniards, nor did we know their position. Anyhow we pushed forward, each company separately breaking its way through the heavy underbrush and wading the river, along the further bank of which our line was re-formed in a sunken road which ran nearly parallel to the San Juan Hill, the crest of which, lined by the enemy's earth-works, was five or six hundred yards away. As soon as we began to appear along this road the Spanish fire of artillery and small-arms, which had been going on as we advanced, became now very much more severe and accurate. In this slightly sunken road we threw ourselves flat on the ground to protect ourselves as well as was possible, for we were not permitted to return the fire of the Spaniards, whose straw hats we could see bobbing up here and there along the line of their earth-works away off on the crest of the hill.

"In this position we remained for probably a half-hour, until it began to look as if there were no orders for us to do anything, either to move forward or to retreat. After we had been in this position a few minutes, either by reason of some misunderstanding of orders, which were construed to mean a retreat across the river, or a false alarm of some kind, just to the right of our company a number of men started to break to the rear. Owing to the quick foresight and prompt action of Captain McFarland, who rushed in between the men and the river and assured them that there was no order to retreat and that everything was all right, that we were going forward to take the hill, what bid fair to be a stampede was prevented.

"Shortly after order was fully restored, Lieutenant Ord of General Hawkins's staff passed along the rear of our line, and called for volunteers to rush forward and cut down the heavy wire fence which was west of the road and between us and the Spaniards, so that we could make a rush for the hill. There was a level field of high grass stretching from this wire fence some four or five hundred yards to the foot of the San Juan Hill, which rose quite abruptly some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet to the crest where the Spaniards were.

"As soon as the volunteers were called for, our entire regiment arose quickly, ran to the fence, and soon clipped the tangled maze of wires, and broke across the field at full speed. Leading the front of this swift rush upon the enemy, Captain W. C. McFarland, at the head of his company (E), reached a position well in front of the remainder of the line. With our bodies bent forward as close to the ground as possible, few stopped to shoot, although subjected to a deadly fire from the enemy, who from their protected position emptied their magazines into us. We made quick time to reach the foot of the hill, where we would be out of their range. Most of our men who fell were shot between the roadway and the foot of the ridge.

"When we reached this safe point we did not stop even to catch our breath, but swept on up the hill, following the gallant Captain McFarland, who seemed determined to be the first man of all in the Spanish trenches. It was hot work under that July sun to make this long march, and then after this rush of several hundred yards to climb the steep sides of the San Juan, but it did not take us long to reach the brow, or crest, where we were within thirty or forty paces of the Spanish line.

"The enemy, seeing our heads appear from below the hill, broke and fled from their trenches, and practically ceased their firing. Our own batteries, from their station fully a mile in the rear, did not seem to realize that the American troops were now so near the Spanish breastworks, for just as we were chasing them out of their trenches Captain McFarland, who had led the charge, and who, pistol in hand, was in the act of firing at the retreating enemy, was struck down by a piece of shrapnel from one of our own guns, which exploded immediately over our heads. As soon as the enemy disappeared in the distance, we gathered around our fallen captain and had him carried to the field hospital, where, fortunately for all, it was found that his wound was not mortal. We had gone into the fight with 63 men, and had 19 killed and wounded, our ratio of loss being near 30 per cent."

JOHN A. WYETH.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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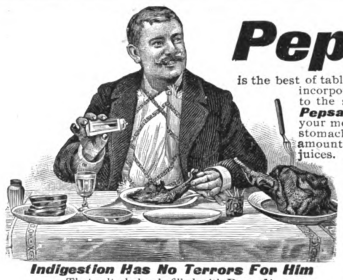
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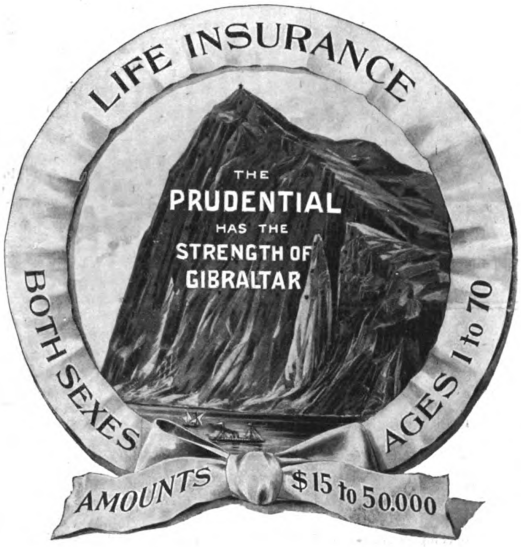
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Twenty-third Annual Statement of

THE PRUDENTIAL



January 1st, 1899.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$10,489,318.63
Real Estate	3,557,234.29
Railroad Bonds, (Market Value)	9,054,906.25
Municipal Bonds, (Market Value)	3,167,718.75
U. S. Government Bonds, (Market Value)	111,000.00
Cash in Banks and Office	1,311,107.03
Interests and Rents, due and accrued	308,243.00
Loans on Collateral Securities	30,000.00
Loans on Policies	225,570.52
Deferred Premiums in course of collection	632,097.95
Total	$28,887,196.42

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies	$22,877,071.00
Capital and Surplus to Policy-holders	5,888,894.76
All other Liabilities	121,230.66
Total	$28,887,196.42

The Prudential's Record for 1898 shows remarkable gains in those Departments of its business which add Strength, Progress, and Prosperity.

ASSETS	increased to nearly	29 MILLION DOLLARS
SURPLUS	increased to nearly	6 MILLION DOLLARS
INCOME	increased to over	17 MILLION DOLLARS
INSURANCE IN FORCE	increased to over	414 MILLION DOLLARS
POLICIES IN FORCE	increased to nearly	3 MILLIONS
CLAIMS PAID DURING 1898	on over	43 THOUSAND POLICIES
PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	during 1898 over	5 MILLION DOLLARS
TOTAL PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	to date, over	36 MILLION DOLLARS

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AMATEUR SPORT

SPORTSMEN and friends generally of college boating will sincerely regret the inability of Harvard-Yale and Cornell to agree upon a fitting course for next June. Not simply that it takes one interesting factor from the race, but because of its significant bearing on the future of competitive college rowing.

Perhaps it was only a sportsman's dream, but many of us have believed in the practicability of a week of college boating that should be, among university men, in America what Henley is in England, not merely in its racing programme or methods, but in character, both of the event and of its spectators. It seemed at the opening of this year as though the dream, if so it must be called, were about to be realized—at least, all the elements were at hand to make materialization easily possible. The only thing lacking was the spirit.

Absence of boating spirit in our universities has been perfectly obvious these many years. Sometimes, too, I feel that no sporting spirit is discernible, except in so far as it makes for beating somebody. Despite all the learned gentlemen who direct the athletic destinies of our universities, there is manifest so short-sighted a conception of the possibilities of college sport as to be depressing. I would fain believe that faculty advisers are not so concerned with the mere winning as their repeated attitudes suggest. Splitting definitions appears to absorb such an amount of attention, that no one shows inclination to stand upright and look ahead five or ten years into collegiate sporting situations.

WHETHER Cornell enter the Harvard-Yale race this year, or next year, or any year, is not the vital question with sportsmen. The mere arrangement of a race between any two or for any three of the half-dozen rowing colleges is not the end and all of collegiate boating. Such matters are settled in accordance with individual interests and necessities, and all the ding-dong in the papers recently over Harvard, Yale, and Cornell served no purpose other than to sensationalize the proceedings, and very likely to distract attention from the real injury being done collegiate boating through neglect of opportunities.

It is bitterly disappointing that the maturer advisers of the universities concerned should themselves have been so absorbed in the making of schedules and in the discussion of racing courses as utterly to ignore the opportunity offering for a general agreement upon some plan to be the forerunner of a week of genuine college boating.

AND it is not to be understood that a week of eight-oared racing is advised, or even implied, for such an occasion. The crying trouble of college rowing to-day is the lack of any idea or of sufficient crews outside of eight oars. The lack of boating spirit is of course responsible for the deficiency, and the sponsors for rowing at the several universities are to a considerable extent answerable for the contracted boating policy.

If the undergraduates were given the opportunity, candidates would soon be forth-coming for other shells. Singles and pairs and fours are the rowing need of the day, and would be supplied by such a boating week as Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia could have agreed upon. A proper conception of the possibilities of such a week would have raised the boating delegates above considering the arrangement of an eight-oared race between all parties as a necessary feature. In plain words, Cornell's disposition with regard to the Harvard-Yale race should have made no difference one way or the other. That Harvard and Yale meet in one dual eight-oared race, and Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia meet in a triple, is no reason why there should not be other races in singles, pairs, fours, among all these universities; nor is it any reason why the two important eight-oared races should not be rowed on the same water on different days.

It was a great opportunity that Harvard-Yale and Cornell had recently to do something substantially beneficial for college boating, but single contemplation of selfish interests shut all else from their narrow vision.

IT is not generally known, perhaps, that Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia two seasons ago organized the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association, which might ordinarily have accomplished something worth considering had the broad subject of collegiate boating been taken more into consideration, and the two oldest rowing universities been of the organizers. No college boating week, such as sportsmen have hoped for, will be achieved by an Association that chooses such popular courses as Saratoga and Poughkeepsie, or of which Harvard and Yale are not members. The rowing association of Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, is as meaningless as the football association of Yale and Princeton which seriously pretends to the annual distribution of "championship" footballs.

MUCH has been said and written about the relative merits and demerits of the Poughkeepsie and New London rowing-courses. I have heard a great deal of evidence on both sides—not from prejudiced college coaches or alumni, but from disinterested men capable of passing judgment, from boatmen living on the waterway—and the consensus favors New London. As a race-course for a large regatta, where more than three crews are entered in a single event, New London is impossible, whereas Poughkeepsie is the finest in this State. For any race the Poughkeepsie course is a beautiful one, so far as concerns space permitted to entries, the natural surroundings, and, when not disturbed by passing steamers, the waterway itself.

The climate of New London, a majority of unprejudiced physicians say, is more bracing and better to train in during June than that at Poughkeepsie. Professional watermen and boatmen say there are eddies on both rivers, and peculiar and unexplained eccentricities of currents; that, for instance, on the Hudson the tide is running out in the centre of the river for a couple of hours after it has begun running in along both sides; that in places close inshore on the Thames the water is dead, while in the channel is a one-and-a-half-mile current. All this is as fair for one as another; and, except on a good-sized lake, perhaps not a rowing-course exists which does not show variations of more or less degree.

Neither at New London nor at Poughkeepsie have they ever been regarded as serious enough to bear appreciably on the result of the racing. The historic rowing-courses of England, where the Oxford-Cambridge annual eight-oared race and the Henley regatta are held, offer much more serious obstacles to fair racing, and yet we hear no complaints. The best crew will win, whether on the English or American Thames or on the Hudson. All argument to the contrary is apt to be unconvincing and to suggest search for other motives.

THE two serious and tenable objections sportsmen and unprejudiced college men have to Poughkeepsie are (1) the traffic on the river, which is a constant worriment to crews and an ever-present menace to shells; (2) the absence of traditional surroundings, of alumni reunions, of that university atmosphere which is utterly out of the question at Poughkeepsie, or at any course that is within reach of the excursion fleets, the beer-venders, and the shell-game projectors of a big city. The first objection makes Poughkeepsie a decidedly uncomfortable training and racing course; the second objection makes it a most undesirable one. Apart from all other considerations, and, in truth, of least importance, is the central location of New London. Midway between the two oldest rowing universities in the country, and about half-way between the two cities—New York and Boston—that, except for a football game in which Pennsylvania is actively concerned, furnish three-quarters of the spectators at all the amateur contests of first importance in the East.

FEELING at Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, inimical to New London, appears to be of comparatively recent development. They all rowed there formerly and annually, with entire satisfaction to the individuals of the crews and to the general collegiate body. I never heard of a race lost or won through the eccentricities of the waterway. If any of my readers has heard of one, I shall be grateful for information.

The plain fact is that the Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia race was taken from New London to Poughkeepsie with the idea that the change would spare the event from close comparison with the Harvard-Yale race in the matter of spectators, general interest, etc. It is nothing to the discredit of Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, that their race at New London did not arouse the interest or bring out so many spectators as the Harvard-Yale race; nor is it to the discredit of the three that their race, whether it be on the Hudson River or on Saratoga Lake, will never attract so many onlookers as the annual event of the two.

There is no special point to be made in this; the facts are familiar. I have set it down as mere matter of college boating history that the move from New London to Poughkeepsie by Cornell *et al.* was not due primarily to dissatisfaction with the Thames course *per se*.

HOW much of wisdom it may reveal is a question on which not all of us will agree, but there can be no misunderstanding the resolution in Cornell's refusal to leave the Hudson. Personally, I am convinced that Cornell's attitude is dictated by sportsmanly motives; yet to have declined the move to New London, which the offer of Pennsylvania and Columbia made possible, narrowly escapes athletic asceticism. Truly I think the burden of a certain dignity which winning colleges are constrained to uphold has perhaps kept Cornell from being entirely natural. And this is uttered with all due respect to her newly acquired predilection for Poughkeepsie. Moreover, Harvard's discourtesy in publishing in the newspapers the joint reply of the Harvard-Yale captains to the Cornell captain before the latter had received their letter through the mail was cavalier enough to account for all the resolution in Cornell's reply. Cornell owes nothing to either Harvard or Yale, and was quite right in resenting this oft-revealed Harvard method of communicating with rivals.

I can see no particular reason why Cornell should row with Harvard and Yale on the Thames if, for reasons sufficient to herself, she prefers rowing on the Hudson. Nor can I see any good reason for Harvard and Yale's leaving the course they prefer, and going over to one they dislike, merely to row Cornell. So far as I am able to see, neither side is indebted to the other. For this year, at least, Harvard and Yale's interests and necessities go one way, and Cornell's go another. In time I feel certain that all the parties concerned will come to appreciate the Thames as the course to be desired for the particular purpose of college rowing. At present the rowing colleges are divided, and I cannot see that any of them is to be criticised, however much individual choice may cause us wonder. Only the "sporting gent" makes the mistake of regarding the two forth-coming races—one on the Thames, the other on the Hudson—as rival rowing functions. The misfortune is that present chances are wrecked for the immediate establishment of an annual week of college boating. Discernment seems not to be an integral part of college boating committees in 1899.

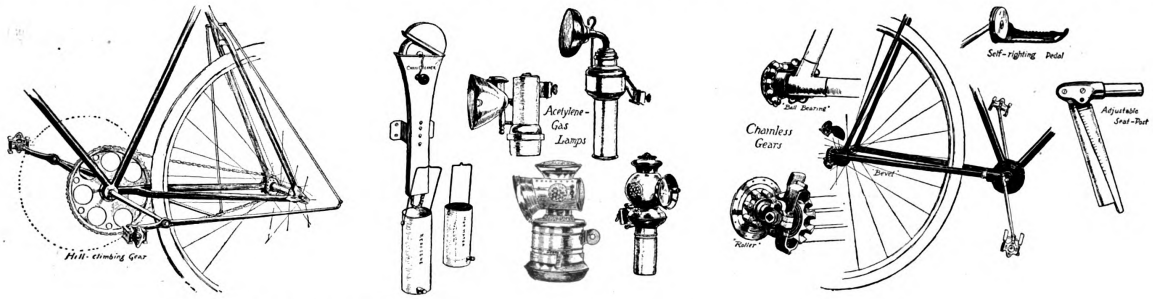
BEARING in mind the ruling undesirability of meetings between college and strictly club teams, some surprise is occasioned by hearing that Wisconsin has completed arrangements for a triangular race with the Boat Club of Duluth and the Delawares of Chicago. And there is, too, a note of discouragement in the news. Not that Wisconsin has erred by entering into such an arrangement, but that conditions should compel her to do so. Surely it is disheartening that with so good a boat club as they have at Madison no inter-university races can be arranged short of the East. That such a club is maintained, and that, in proportion to university enrolment, there are as many rowing-men at Madison as at Cambridge, certainly bespeaks a deep inherent interest in the sport.

The Eastern races of the Wisconsin crew have been an immense financial burden to the athletic association, and I doubt if another eight will soon be seen on the Hudson. They have more than eaten up the football surplus, and it has been necessary each year to raise about $1000 by subscription. Yet, certainly from the student body, there has never been raised a voice of protest against this far-away seeking of honors both elusive and illusive. To incur the luxury of a large indebtedness for the sake of a chance to beat the Yale Freshmen, when the only value of such a victory lay in gaining such prestige as would permit the incurrence of further indebtedness for the chance of a handicapped meeting with better crews—this is indeed enthusiasm. Misdirected enthusiasm, I should say. It is paying too dearly for your whistle.

WITH the probable abandonment by Wisconsin of Eastern racing-waters as an annual venture for its crews comes the thought whether the tendency to seek athletic contests afar is beneficial. Candidly, I do not believe in this athletic roaming for glory. Much for good for the college and for the sport, whether it be rowing or football or baseball, is to be accomplished by concentrating all energy at home, where one's interests and one's natural rivals are to be found.

Occasional contests between widely separated college teams or crews are not objectionable. In fact, I believe they have a stimulating effect; but, like all stimulants, they lose their value if applied too frequently. There ought to be, for instance, an inter-college track-athletic meeting in Chicago, because it is central, every four years—*i. e.*, once during the average undergraduate life of every college athlete from California to Maine. No one will deny that such a meeting would do much for track athletics throughout the smaller colleges of the country. So too, now and again, a game between an Eastern and a Western college eleven is beneficial to the sport. But as a regular annual fixture, as indications point to its becoming, there would be benefit neither to the sport nor to the contestants. Several years should elapse between such games—where the universities are so far apart as, for example, Pennsylvania and Chicago, and Princeton and Ann Arbor; certainly it is a matter for faculty intervention. It is a step leading to that athletic over-indulgence which beset us a few years ago, and dominated class-room and even council-chamber.

NO Eastern university team can make the trip to Chicago without being within one day of a week absent from his own college. That sort of thing, it seems to me, should be forbidden, except at long intervals. There is already entirely too much travelling about the country by baseball and football teams. Let us have less of it, and perhaps some of the suspicion attaching to individual



NEW IDEAS IN BICYCLE GEAR AND SUNDRIES AT THE '99 NEW YORK CYCLE SHOW

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athletes will banish with his more frequent appearance in the lecture-room.

I do not quite understand how Chicago can undertake the baseball and football tours contemplated and the members of its teams maintain a class-room standing. In the East the tendency, at those colleges where the place of sport is intelligently conceived, is just the opposite from the touring spirit advertised by Chicago. Long trips are not in favor, and this year, in baseball, both Harvard and Pennsylvania have forbidden their nines to schedule games with professional or semi-professional teams.

Friends of college sport are convinced that its ends are served best by tolerating no serious interference with class-room attendance, and trips that keep fifteen or more men away from home for a week at a time do seriously interrupt class-room work. We of the East have run the gamut of athletic aberration, and are familiar with its blandishments and its disappointments. Now we are striving to all healthful rivalry in a wholesome and perfectly rational manner. Really, the only permanent prosperity in sport comes under normal conditions.

I fancy the season of '99 will witness further development along the normal line—by a football game between Princeton and Pennsylvania.

POSTING hot haste after "championships," or its brother folly "national reputation," is neither healthful nor profitable. The scandals resulting from the gathering of stars suggest the unwholesomeness, and the failure of clubs whose professional methods have been notorious, like, for instance, to cite clubs fresh in the public mind, the Orange A. A. and the Pittsburg A. C., should be convincing of the unprofitableness.

The most recent, and perhaps in some ways the most impressive, illustration of the futility of seeking permanent athletic prosperity through unwholesome methods, has been furnished by the Chicago Athletic Association. Here is a club with a complete athletic equipment and a home thoroughly appointed and attractive. It is in the centre of a section which, for four years past, has been stirring with athletic fervor, not to mention the athletic movement among the schoolboys in the city of Chicago itself. What an opportunity the C. A. A. had for founding its athletic department upon a rock! Virgin soil and a powerful club in a town prone to loyalty and booms!

There were times when remorse, superinduced by a low treasury, drove the club to brief periods of athletic reform. The only substantial gain made towards purer sport, however, was while Herbert Alward was responsible for the eleven. Alward was an old Harvard 'varsity player, and the best of that type of athlete whose fitting motto is *mens sana in corpore sano*. Herbert has gone, but his gentle heart and his forceful sportsmanly play will long live as dear memories to his friends and in the Chicago club.

NATIONAL reputation was the dearest wish of the C. A. A., and, to secure it, track athletes were gathered in at some expense to the club, and football-players hired and paid cash. While the athletic committee rested from its recruiting efforts, it figured on the prospective gate-receipts, and indignantly denied unpleasant insinuations against the amateur status of its athletes.

Once or twice half-hearted efforts were made to shake clear of professional methods, but without avail. There was an element in the club that proclaimed a winning team absolutely necessary to the club existence. They proclaimed loudly and frequently, and they prevailed; for the voices of those who believed professional methods not necessary to athletic prosperity were few and weak.

Yet these voices have been developing strength and numbers during the last two years, and two weeks ago they made themselves heard by electing a club ticket pledged to the "practical suppression of out-door athletics."

Now the pity of it is that the athletic habits of the club should be so unwholesome as to suggest "suppression." And, too, one cannot look upon the retirement of the C. A. A. from Middle-Western athletics without deepest regret that it should so wantonly have squandered its opportunities and so miserably lessened its usefulness.

AT the same time, hope for the future springs from the ascendency of the better element in the club. And here a parallel between the Chicago club and the New York Athletic Club may not inopportunely be drawn, for the purpose of pointing a moral. The New York Athletic Club, except in football, of which it has no team, has been quite as serious an offender against the ethics and the rules of amateur sport as the Chicago A. A. In point of age and intent, the N. Y. A. C. is both ancient and conscienceless. Although there are quantities of sportsmen in the N. Y. A. C., not in my remembrance has the better element asserted itself with any appreciable result. In fact, a serious effort has never been made, to my knowledge, by the sportsmen of the club, to wrest the direction of athletics from those with slight idea of ethics and even less regard for them. This element of the club has always controlled its athletics, and the few of the better element that have now and again been elected to an executive office in the athletic department have disappointed their friends by fitting into their surroundings with astonishing adaptability. So it has come about that sportsmen have lost respect for the controlling forces of the N. Y. A. C. athletics, who, by-the-way, seem ever diligent. Last week I saw a letter from a recently famous Irish jumper saying he had been asked to join the N. Y. A. C. at no expense, and promised a "job" if he would come to New York.

That the better element in the Chicago A. A. has rebelled against unclean athletics, while the better element in the New York A. C. utters no complaint under similar conditions, precisely illustrates an undeniable difference between Eastern and Western men. The Western man is much the more healthful and genuine at heart; he is more loyal, he is more sincere.

FEARS are expressed by some of my Western friends that the Chicago A. A.'s abandonment of its peculiarly vigorous athletic policy will hurt Western athletics; that ambitious athletes of the West have looked upon athletic membership in the C. A. A. as the logical, if not the only, possible path to "national reputation"; that the withdrawal of this helping hand "is certain to be looked forward to with consternation by the rising generation of Western track athletes." Not very sound reasoning, I take it; for no athlete of promise is, in these days, forced to hide his light under a bushel basket. The abolition of the C. A. A.'s past policy will certainly take a liberal patron from that class of athletes who seek material profit through their athletic skill. But that is a class whose loss we can view with complacency. Nor need we be disturbed by the retirement of so diligent a developer of "promising athletes." There has been too much "bringing out of promising athletes" by the Chicago A. A. Amateur sport in the Middle West will be benefited by less of such zeal. The relationship between the Middle-Western college athlete and club athletics has been altogether too intimate for the good of collegiate athletics.

There is a tremendous amount of buncombe uttered about "national reputation," and developing "promising material." They are the catch-pennies of the vicious or ignorant, and the lure of the inexperienced club and college legislators. It is good for sport to have an occasional disclosure. And it is particularly good for Middle-Western athletics that the better element in the Chicago Athletic Association has at length secured the upper hand.

Once I had hopes that the better element in the Bankers' Athletic Club would triumph, but after the withdrawal of Mr. Frank E. Brown's guiding hand and sportsmanly spirit, it sunk to the semi-professional ranks, where it still was when last heard of.

AMALGAMATION of the Knickerbocker and New Jersey athletic clubs seems a fitting step for two clubs that separately have striven to clean athletics and achieved a fair measure of material prosperity, despite the low ebb of club athletics and the recruiting activity of the New York A. C. By the co-partnership each club secures what it needed most, and amateur sport gains a strengthened champion. The New Jersey A. C. has usually been free of objectionable recruiting devices, and the Knickerbocker has steered an absolutely unvarying course toward honest sport since its present executive took office.

May the partnership result in much good to the clubs and to the cause to which they stand avowed! The New Jersey members will have in New York the use of one of the most completely equipped athletic-club houses in the world, and the Knickerbockers will gain a first-class athletic field, boat-house, tennis-courts, golf-links, and a comfortable and well-appointed country club-house—all of which it needed sorely.

THE joint meeting at the Garden (N. Y.), to celebrate the union, was, on the whole, one of the most interesting of the kind we have seen in the last two or three years. It was chiefly interesting to me through evidence of the new spirit with which the K. A. C. has infused local athletics, and that was revealed by the scarcity of "cracks," and in the very even and generally excellent quality of the entries. A new generation of athletes has been developed without illegitimate recruiting. The meeting was interesting too in emphasizing the virility of the smaller clubs in this vicinity, and especially of the Pastime A. C., whose members, although a social law unto themselves, have abundant spirit, and, as a club, I fancy are upright in track athletics. It is the best of the clubs of its kind about here—the kind that holds Sunday games, and seeks the Bowery for its pleasures—but it deserves credit for holding its own all these years in the face of the ceaseless recruiting of the large clubs.

Some exciting racing marked many of the events, as the presence of Tewkesbury (Pennsylvania), Cregan (Princeton), A. Grant (Pennsylvania), and R. Grant (Harvard) would suggest. Tewkesbury made a brilliant performance in the 60-yard run, which he won easily in the record time of 6⅘ seconds. Cregan won the half-mile even more easily. The great race of the night was between the Grants for the 5-mile A. A. U. championship. There is little to choose between these men in either speed or staying quality, but in judgment Alexander outclassed his brother on this occasion, and won the race largely because of it.

AMONG the smaller college elevens of the East, none is deserving of more credit than the deaf-mute team of Gallaudet College.

Perhaps there is no minor eleven in the country where better team-play is exhibited. Accustomed to silence, and unable, of course, to hear their opponents' signals, they are ever ready for the play of their adversaries, or to respond to their own signals, which the quarter-back gives on his fingers. The alertness of the team immediately impresses you. To watch the work of these silent players is to experience a sensation new to the side-lines. Of the '98 eleven, a photograph of which was published recently in this department, nine of the men are considered deaf-mutes, though one or two of them have learned to articulate. The team this year averaged 155 pounds.

Football is not a new story at Gallaudet, for one of its tutors in 1875 introduced the Rugby game to Washington. It has always been creative in a small way, having evolved in '85 a series of double passes and interference plays that quite surprised old opponents, including the Naval Cadets, who were defeated by a score of 16–0. This year its chief reliance has been on close formation and revolving wedge.

Although deaf, the majority of the students in Gallaudet can talk, and, like other colleges, have a 'Varsity cry, which is shouted to the movement of a baton in the hands of a leader, and in very good time. Their voices sound a bit strange, but their words are clearly enunciated.

Last autumn they defeated Gettysburg College, 6–0; Maryland Agriculture College, 34–0; St. John College, 6–5; St. Mary College, 16–6; Johns Hopkins University, 28–0; Georgetown University, 17–6.

And were defeated by University of Virginia, 0–10; Georgetown University, 0–11.

Gallaudet belongs to a league of colleges, of which it has won the championship for the last two years.

The best part of its record is the absence at all times of any tendency to sully its work and reputation by the employment of unwholesome methods.

BY their deeds shall ye know them—which is not intended as irreverence or even as a quotation, but only to refer to the statement often made in these columns that the mere spreading of stringent rules on the college records is no guarantee of the spirit with which those rules will be enforced.

Northwestern University has excellent rules, and many of them. Naturally it has the one common to all colleges and athletic clubs—that a man who sells his athletic skill is a professional, and not eligible to amateur teams. Of course the amateur rules are all lived up to and enforced most rigidly. If there is any doubt on that subject the faculty athletic member, the athletic-team managers, and indeed every resident of Evanston will supply reams of evidence attesting the purity of the university's athletic morals and of the morals of every Northwestern athlete past and present. A visit to Evanston is really necessary for a full appreciation of the rarity of the athletic atmosphere.

How rare it is the following statement of its '98 football quarter-back, John Ryan, will suggest:

> "I was engaged to play football by Manager Hart of the Evanston team," he said, "and Coach Baynard and Trainer Max Bentner were witnesses to the agreement. My record as an amateur was above reproach until last fall. Then I agreed to play a game for money in order that I might study medicine. Having become a professional, I think that I ought to receive my salary. Hart's claim that I was to receive no pay for my work on the gridiron is absurd on the face of it. What other inducement could bring me out West to play football for the Northwestern University? I simply needed the money, and, as a natural sequence, accepted Mr. Hart's offer. I am sorry that the matter has become public. It would have been better for all concerned if the story had never got out. At the same time, I mean to get the money."

Undoubtedly, however, full explanations will be forthcoming, and convincing ones—to Evanston.

BICYCLE shows come and go, but the refinement of the bicycle and the multiplying of sundries go on uninterruptedly. To those who are really devoted to the bicycle, who ride it and study it as they would a steed of flesh and blood, the exhibition at the Garden last week was the most interesting in recent years. From a constructional point of view it was notable for the absence of freaks, which suggests the substantial mechanical basis manufactures have finally reached. Refinement is the order of the bicycling day, and noticeable in driving-gear, in bearings, and in frames.

So far as lines are concerned, there is practically nothing to distinguish the '99 wheel from that of '98 or '97. There has been no material change in the size of tubing, while the low frame and "short-head" pattern appears to be the prevailing one. I observed that some of the best makers are returning to the old though strong style of outside joints; and there seems a tendency to lengthen the distance between the front and rear axles, or, technically speaking, the wheel base.

Last year there was a decided preference for a very low drop of the crank-hanger, but that has passed; and this year we return to the normal—the only stable condition, when all is said and done—and the usual length of cranks for road wheels seen last week is 7 inches for men and 6½ for women. An emphatic increase of average gear is to be noted also—that of men's wheels being 80, and women's 70; narrower chains are to be seen, and welcomed.

COLORED enamels were more in evidence than at any previous show, and there appears to be a disposition toward gay, though single, tones. Two years ago the show seemed devoted to tires of every conceivable substance; this year, despite all the claims of indestructibility hitherto advanced for many different kinds, rubber remains the usual—in fact, the only—material in use. There were no tires of leather, or any of those other freaks of which so much was promised in '97.

Nor is there any especial departure in rims or spokes. Broader tires are noticeable, and rims are, consequently, flatter and thicker and wider. A twisted or, as called, "Sunbeam" spoke was shown, which in effect is rather attractive—for women's wheels, say—but nothing save prettiness is claimed for it, I believe. Some of the manufacturers are adding more spokes to the wheel, and in one case fitting them directly into the hub, there being no flanges on the ends. The usual supply of novel hubs is wanting this year, and no one is the loser. Handle-bars show an upward tendency, in which fact there is much cause for rejoicing.

A number of triplets and quads were shown, but few tandems.

Among the sundries, a word covering a multitude of bicycling sins, some were very neat and practicable, as, for instance, a type of luggage-carrier exhibited, a folding crate for shipping purposes, a repair stand, and a contrivance for cleaning the chain. Even a-penny-in-the-slot machine for inflating the tires was in evidence.

UNDOUBTEDLY the features of the show were the chainless wheels and the lamps. Great improvement has been made in the chainless bicycle since it was last put on public exhibition, and wheel men and women appear to regard it with much more favor than they did on its appearance last year. It is no longer regarded as a freak, and that the demand for it is increasing is shown by there being twenty exhibitors this year. There were several varieties shown—the "bevel gear," the "pin and roller," the "spin roller," the "ball gear," and the "spur gear." The general trend is towards simplicity and strength, both of which, judging from the exhibited mechanism and the travel records made with the wheels, seem to have been attained. A chainless tandem, propelled by five cog-wheels, varying in size from three to thirteen inches, was one of the novelties.

But the gas, or acetylene, lamps were the real feature of the show; there were several makes—all attractive, and apparently practicable; the same being true of the electric lamp on view—one excellent bracket shown fastened to the front fork, thus causing the light to always follow the direction of the wheel—a much-needed improvement.

There were 130 exhibitors, as against 200 in '97 and 300 in '96; but the quality of the '99 show was none the less the best of the three. Fifty bicycle firms have gone out of business since the '97 show.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, $3 50

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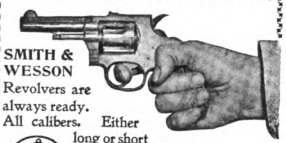
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1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,372.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,343.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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IT has been said that Puerto Rico has the best climate of all our new possessions for Americans. Is this so? Mr. William Dinwiddie and Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum are presenting, by means of pen and pencil, the actual conditions here, as others are in Cuba and the Philippines.

HAWAII

EX-PRESIDENT SANFORD B. DOLE has written of the situation and conditions in Honolulu and the islands of this new addition to the United States, and his opinions are supplemented with articles on the outlook among the Hawaiians, by Caspar Whitney, who has made a special trip for the purpose.

PHILIPPINES

HERE is another vital question. What opportunities do the climate, the soil, the nature of the inhabitants offer for new enterprises? Mr. Frank D. Millet, one of the best-known of living correspondents, is writing of Manila, and Mr. John F. Bass is travelling among the other islands laying the whole situation, by text and illustration, before the WEEKLY'S readers.

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HAWAII UNDER ANNEXATION, By Ex-President Dole

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2199

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY TWO CENTURIES AGO—CUPID OR IROQUOIS?

DRAWN BY PETER S. NEWELL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

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Politics and Expansion

THE leading question of public policy raised by the peace treaty is yet to be settled. Notwithstanding the strong and bitter denunciations of the opponents of imperialism in which the advocates of the new departure have indulged, there is a good deal of trouble in the minds of these voluble Washington politicians. The President is not so sure as he was a few weeks ago that his policy is popular. He has been coming to the conclusion that popular sentiment is not always accurately represented or mirrored at the national capital. There is much heat in the air there, and a good deal of noise, but occasionally the voice of reason has its sway for a moment, and the noise has been sufficiently stilled to permit the people who pay the taxes to be heard. And they have spoken most effectively through Republicans like Representative JOHNSON of Indiana, while Speaker REED and a small group of men, including Representative WADSWORTH of New York, are intensely hostile to the colonial system, and to the militarism which must attend and uphold it. And there is no doubt that a very large number of Republicans, among them the most respected men of their party, are willing to abandon their old party if it persists in its expansion course, and to join the Democrats, if the latter will surrender every issue but that of anti-expansion and anti-imperialism.

The issues of the next campaign are forming, and the ratification of the peace treaty will commit the Republican party to imperialism. It is true that the friends of the treaty, driven by public opinion away from their original extreme views, have promised, or at least half promised, to declare by resolution that it is not the intention of the United States to retain permanent possession of the Philippines. However, like every other important question which comes before the national government, party politics plays a large part on this occasion. The strongest effort will be made by both Democratic and Republican anti-expansionists to convince the country that the annexation of the Philippines sets the seal on the imperial policy, and that Republican success hereafter will mean expansion, and the adoption of a colonial policy as a leading feature of the permanent policy of the country.

There is no doubt that the original impetus of the movement to take the Philippines was a desire entertained by some heretofore uninfluential minds to imitate the reactionary colonial movement of Continental European powers. The unpopularity of that scheme was revealed very early, and it has been abandoned by most of its advocates, only such wholly obstinate persons as Senator FRYE adhering to it. The stigma remains, however, and the ratification of the treaty unamended, and the subsequent failure to declare in favor of or to take steps for speedy self-government for the Philippine people, will certainly convince the country that the advocates of the taking of the islands have not been frank, and that they intend to revert to their colonial dreams and purposes. The adoption of the HULL bill by the majority in the House, of the provision giving the President the unprecedented discretion of adding fifty thousand men to the regular army when he alone deems such an increase of force necessary, will only strengthen this opinion, and it is within our knowledge that Congressmen are already hearing from their Republican constituents to this effect.

The opponents of this colonial policy expect that war with AGUINALDO and his Filipinos will follow the ratification of the treaty. Doubtless the whole country will at first sustain the administration in such a war; but it is expected that the war will be long and harassing, and that it will be accompanied by cruel disasters by reason of the character of the climate and physical conditions in the Philippines, to the first of which our troops are not accustomed, while the distances between the islands, and the methods of warfare which are employed by the savage natives, will render orderly and effective campaigns against them wellnigh impossible. Then will come the burdens of taxation, rendered necessary by the military occupation of these distant islands. It is a significant feature of the debates going on in Congress over military and naval bills, and over the resolutions touching the constitutional power of the government to acquire territory, that none of the advocates of the new policy can be induced to discuss the question of cost. They must admit that it will be considerable, if they can be brought to make any admission whatever; but they avoid the subject as if they feared it, and doubtless they are troubled by its possibilities. The fact is that the new policy will at least double taxation, and that if we are to persist in the government of the Philippines, and in attempting to meet every question of international politics that will arise out of our possession of them, Federal taxation for necessary current expenses, excluding the pension appropriations, will be at least double what they were before the Spanish war broke out. Then, too, we shall have, as we have already suggested, a great many international complications, because we shall be, in name at least, a great power among the quarrelling European powers. Add to all this the inevitable consequence of Congressional incompetency in military affairs, which will leave the Executive without the proper means for defending the national honor and the integrity of the national domain, and a state of affairs can be imagined which will lead to a revolt against the party which is responsible for it all. The people of the United States are impatient with unsuccess, and the chances are that for several years to come, at least, the efforts of this government to control the Philippines and to maintain order there will fail, partly by reason of the character of the problem, and partly by reason of the almost inevitable refusal of Congress to give the Executive a free hand, and to permit the strong and consistent policy which is absolutely necessary in the government of Asiatic people by the white race. The secret of English success in Asia lies in the intelligence and character of the agents of its government, as well as in their continuity of policy. The cause of its failures is to be traced to the interference of the legislative branch of the government—an interference from which our own Executive will suffer ten times where the Indian government of Great Britain suffers once.

The political opponents of the Republican party and the Republican opponents of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration are therefore counting upon making the complete annexation of the Philippines the occasion for a campaign issue as to the wisdom of adopting a colonial policy, and the object-lesson is to be found in every failure of administration, civil and military, in the government of the Philippines, and in every addition to the burden of taxation. It will be a false friend of the administration who does not warn it against impending danger, and a false friend of the country who does not urge the President to do all in his power—by ridding the government of the insoluble problems which will be presented by our attempt to follow in the footsteps of defeated Spain—to prevent a revolt that will inure to the benefit of the Democratic party.

CONGRESS, in its usual manner, has been displaying its incapacity to deal with the military and naval establishments of the government. It is said by those who believe in fancies instead of facts that by adding to our responsibilities we shall rise to them. It is true that whenever the responsibility rests directly upon the people, the response is all that can be desired. It is also true that when the responsibility rests upon the representatives of the people—that is, upon the government—there is no sign whatever that the politicians who wield the political power have any capacity whatever to rise to responsibilities—either new or old.

If ever there was an opportunity given to these gentlemen to meet the expectations and the needs of the country it is now, and in connection with bills for the improvement of the army and navy. Whether we retain or drop the Philippine Islands, we have need of increased army and navy establishments, while we have seen demonstrated the defective character of the staff of the army, and the admirable character of the instructed officers of the line of the army and the navy. One would suppose, in view of existing conditions, and of the serious needs of the country, that we should see Congress endeavoring at last to pass intelligent and patriotic bills for the increase and improvement of both services. But what do we really see?

So far as the army is concerned, a bill has passed the House of Representatives which, it is true, increases the army, but which also exaggerates all the evils upon which the recent war threw so strong a light that military experts admit that if the United States forces had faced a first, or even a second-rate European power they must have met with temporary defeat. To state the defect of the bill briefly, it is full of opportunity for "pulls." It is made for the appointment and promotion of civilians, and not for the establishment of an efficient military force. There is hardly a man among its intelligent advocates who will not admit that it is the worst of the three leading bills, the other two being General MILES'S and Representative MCCLELLAN'S bills. It opens the door for vast abuses through the appointment of civilian sons and grandsons to offices, and it contains the grave fault of permitting the President to add 50,000 men to the army in his own discretion. It is a bill made to catch votes, and to permit Congress to evade its responsibility.

The navy personnel bill should have been passed before the outbreak of the war, but Congress did not rise to its responsibility even in the face of the enemy; and now the Senate, the House having finally passed the measure, has added a provision permitting the President to appoint civilians to the service under certain limitations, none of them relating to professional capacity. Fancy adding landsmen to the list of officers of the navy! Fancy adding young men who have served a few months on a gunboat in the recent war; their admission to the service retarding or preventing the advancement of younger officers who have prepared themselves for their profession by long and arduous work at the Naval Academy!

This is the manner in which Congress rises to its responsibilities where the military services are concerned. One might think that these facts would give a pause to the optimists, but they will not. We learn by experience in this country, and always demand our own experience.

THE death of MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, librarian of the Congressional Library, has attracted the attention of the spoilsmen to the good place thus made vacant. They are swarming about the honey. They are buzzing about the ears of the President. They are settling around Senators and Representatives who are supposed to possess influence. The place is said by most to "belong" to the Republican party; by others, to Pennsylvania, and therefore to QUAY, because MR. YOUNG was a Pennsylvanian; by others still, to the newspaper men, and by preference to the newspaper men of Washington, because MR. YOUNG was of them.

It is only in select and exclusive, and therefore excluded, circles in Washington that one hears of the needs and interests of the Library, or of the interests and concerns of art and letters. The Library as a repository of books and works of art has long been under inexpert care. There is one man, we are told, who is the brother of a Senator, appointed as an assistant—of course by the influence of the Senator—who, after painful toil on the part of his mentor in the Library, has at last learned to sort books by their color. MR. YOUNG wanted Congress to give him an appropriation for an assistant who would be an expert in art, especially familiar with prints, in order that the great collection of engravings and etchings in the possession of the Library might be properly cared for. No sooner is he dead than an assistant, a candidate for the successorship, announces that there is no necessity for such an expert. In the mean time the collection is in charge of a person who knows nothing of the subject, but who, we admit, is conscientious, for she has lately been seeking the title of some elementary work on prints. She knows nothing of schools, or different kinds of engravings, such as mezzotint, or stipple, or line. She has no intimacy with etchings, but she solves her difficulties by sorting the plates according to size.

This collection of books and works of art is a national collection, and should be under the charge of trained persons, as the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale are. A man may be a Republican, or even a Pennsylvanian, or even a newspaper man, and be fit for the librarianship, but there is no reason to suspect his fitness from his proficiency in either of these trades. The President ought to look first for a trained librarian. If he cannot procure one, let him try to find a man of letters who, if he possess executive ability, will surround himself with expert assistance.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A CONTEMPORARY newspaper writer has made a column of pleasant reading by forecasting the great increase in the pleasure of living in New York that will follow the disuse of the horse as a motive power for vehicles. He points out that although the use of cables and electricity for hauling street cars has turned a great number of horses out of town, and the increasing prevalence of electric cabs and delivery wagons implies the departure of many more, horses are still used for the trucking and heavy work of the city, as well as for a vast amount of other work, and the spread of asphalt is limited by the necessity of leaving in many streets and avenues the stone pavement which is required for work too heavy for asphalt. But when the autotrucks prevail and do the heavy work of the town, and contrivances of compressed air or electricity have superseded horses for that, as they promise to for most other uses, then stone pavements may be abolished altogether. The smooth pavements which succeed them may be kept much cleaner than it is possible to keep block pavements. The dirt which now comes with traffic will be largely done away with, and the horses themselves will have ceased, in great measure, to augment the labor of the street-cleaners. There will be no dust then, or at least not very much. Lines of horseless stages will supplement the street cars, and the clamor of trucks and wagons jarring with steel-shod wheels over stones will have departed. A clean city will influence the people who live in it to an increased cleanliness. It may even be that folks will no longer spit on the floors of street cars and on the pavements, and much of all this transformation may be reasonably hoped for in the course of ten years.

It is delightful to think how clean the cities will be when the changes already fast progressing are complete, and the horseless wagon has driven out the horse. Nice people must remember, however, that cities have other means of defilement besides the horse, and that the great work of dismissing filth from the sidewalks will still be incomplete until some genius has attained to the solution of the problem of the dogless dog. The natural dog, designed by the Creator, is, like the natural horse, a delightful creature in the country, and fit to be the friend of rural man; but for street use in town the dogless dog is one of the most vociferous wants of the time. No doubt we shall have him presently, but meanwhile, even if we get rid of the horse, we must walk circumspectly when we walk abroad.

MAGISTRATE POOL of the Morrisania Court, of New York, has turned the Bible out of his court. He is quoted as saying: "I won't swear any one on the Bible, or tell them to kiss it. There is no law to compel any one to do so. In court all manner of persons kiss the Bible, which in such places becomes a breeder of disease." So hereafter he will swear folks in his court by having them hold up their hands.

Court Bibles cannot be nice kissing, and a police-court Bible after a day's work must be a thing to be handled with tongs. There may be, and probably are, persons who feel that they can speak more truthfully after kissing the Book, and perhaps for them a Bible ought to be available. But the habitual kissing of Bibles in court is a dreary and unsanitary performance which ought to fade out of every court just as soon as civilization in that locality reaches a point where it can be spared. Oaths made by placing the hand on the Bible, or by holding up the hand, or by whatever form most influences the witness's mind, are just as effective and just as binding as those in which the Bible is kissed. In spite of the higher criticism, the Bible means a great deal to the average man, and perhaps its presence in courts is useful, but the formal kissing of it by witnesses is a fit custom to abolish.

IT is cheering to read that while some folks are mindful of the needs of the poor, others are taking thought to ameliorate the distresses of the rich. Rich and poor alike are liable to damage from drink and the various temptations of city life, but the rich suffer greatly from at least one serious evil which presses somewhat more lightly on the poor. The bane of rich people is taxes. It is rumored that a project for the relief of some of them is about to take form in the shape of a municipality in New Jersey, near Morristown, where rich men may go and live and govern themselves. The idea is a novel one, and wholly contrary to the usual practice, according to which the taxes in communities are assessed, levied, and spent by persons who have time to devote to public affairs, and are paid by persons whose private business, though remunerative, is engrossing. If the New Jersey Legislature will incorporate the new borough which is wanted, the rich gentlemen who live in it hope to be able to run it to suit themselves, and to have a voice in determining not only what taxes shall be levied, but how they shall be spent.

THERE would seem to be obvious wisdom in the announced intention of the Manhattan Club to abandon the A. T. Stewart house on Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and seek shelter in the club-house on Madison Square which the University Club is about to leave. Just what the Manhattan Club stands for in politics is a little dubious in these days, but as a social organization it seems bound to better itself as well as to save much money by the intended change.

Still more interesting, though somewhat less credible, is the report that the Manhattan's rival, the Democratic Club, has determined to throw its house open from ten to five daily to the wives, daughters, and sisters of members. This new departure, it is said, will date from February 11. If the plan be carried out, Mr. Croker and his friends will set a very interesting example to their fellow-clubmen in New York, and one which may possibly be found deserving of imitation. So far as is known, the New York clubs on Fifth Avenue above Fiftieth Street may choose at present whether in the daytime their houses shall have women visitors or go empty.

ON January 27 the House Committee on Naval Affairs received a delegation of school-children from Cincinnati, headed by one W. Rankin Good, and introduced by Representative Grosvenor, who asked for the building of a war-vessel to be called *The American Boy*. The original plan, which was matured during the late disturbance with Spain, was to collect from school-children enough money to build a war-ship to replace the *Maine*. The undertaking proved to be too big, but $20,000 was raised, chiefly in Cincinnati, and it was the desire of Mr. Good and his delegation that this fund should be accepted by the government, and applied on the construction of a gunboat, to be named, as stated, *The American Boy*. The House Committee advised that the fund be turned over to the President, to be placed by him in the Treasury, and used in ship-construction if opportunity offered. Perhaps that is as good a way as any to dispose of the money; but has Mr. Good of Cincinnati no judicious friend to take him aside and whisper to him that it is for the interest of the school-children of Cincinnati to stick to their job, and not distract their young minds about the construction and naming of war-ships? Naval strength is surely not the sort that is ordained to be perfected out of the mouths, or the pockets, of babes and sucklings.

THE catalogue of the Architectural Exhibition of the T Square Club of Philadelphia, which ended February 2, is a document of much interest, which illustrates by more than a hundred pictures the contemporary activity of the architectural imagination in this country. In this catalogue are printed the replies of eleven distinguished American authorities on architecture to the question, "Do you as yet see any signs tending to indicate the development of an indigenous architecture in America?" The opinions expressed are more or less conflicting, but while some of them are positively negative, those that incline the other way are rather hopeful than confident. The letters which came from Chicago, St. Paul, New York, Ithaca, Boston, and Philadelphia are careful, and in some cases elaborate, expressions of opinion, and are worth attention.

"THE NEW YORK CHARITIES DIRECTORY," published by the Charity Organization Society, is out. Its field has grown with the enlargement of the city, and now that it covers Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Richmond, as well as Manhattan, it has grown from a volume of 516 pages in 1896 to one of 744 pages in 1899. It gives classified and descriptive lists of the philanthropic, educational, and religious resources of New York.

It is very proper that charities which depend upon the public for support, and especially those which are partly supported by taxation, should be closely watched and sharply criticised if they deserve it. An amusing instance of the performance of this form of public duty appeared the other day in the form of an attack on the Charity Organization Society, which appeared in a contemporary New York weekly, in which the unfitness of the society to exist was assumed to be demonstrated by the fact, shown in its own report, that the cost of its support was a greater sum than the whole amount of cash that it disbursed for the relief of the suffering. It seems odd that any one should venture to assail in print so well-known an institution as the Charity Organization with so meagre an equipment for his job as not to know that the society is specifically prohibited by its constitution from giving relief from its own funds. Its purpose is not itself to relieve the poor, but to promote a system of mutual help and co-operation between all charitable societies, and make them work together for good. Money does pass through the hands of the Charity Organization's agents for the relief of suffering, but that is merely incidental to its work, and is no part of its defined undertaking. So the discovery that it spends more on its own organization than it does in relief is a diverting example of the phenomenon known as a mare's nest.

BUFFALO proposes to hold a big Pan-American Exposition in 1901, primarily to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the first sale of building lots on the site of the present city by Joseph Ellicott, the agent of the Holland Land Company, and incidentally, doubtless, to enhance the market value of any Buffalo building lots that may still remain unsold. The date fixed has practical as well as sentimental reasons to recommend it. It follows the close of the World's Exposition in Paris, so that the American exhibits which come home from that show may be shipped to Buffalo and set up again for domestic consideration. To promote this enterprise Buffalo has huddled together more than a million dollars, in subscriptions ranging from $10 to $50,000. This amount it hopes to induce a grateful country and a proud State to raise to $2,500,000, and for that sum it thinks it will be able to have a nice, profitable fair. It expects to put Niagara Falls between the shafts of its enterprise, and thinks it will be a pity if it cannot get a move on a fair which will have the most notorious cataract in the world to help haul it. Dauntless Niagara seems to spill its crashing approval on the proposition, delegations are meditating advances on Washington and Albany, and we shall see what we shall see.

Buffalo is judiciously situated within 500 miles of half the population of the United States. It is cheaper to go there than to Paris, and, in Buffalo's opinion, you get to a better town when you arrive. Buffalo has several breweries, two bishops, and more miles of asphalt pavement than the people of any other American city will admit. If she has a Pan-American Fair, no doubt it will prove an edifying show.

MR. DELAND'S picture in this issue of the WEEKLY tells a story that is a hundred years old this week. Some readers may not recall that the eighteenth century was not out, nor Washington in his grave, before Uncle Sam was constrained to fight the French. The naval war of 1812 with England is far better known and remembered than the clash with France a dozen years before. The incident that Mr. DeLand has illustrated befell on February 9, 1799. The French frigate *L'Insurgente*, of the French squadron in the West Indies, was one of the two frigates that on November 20, 1798, captured Commodore Bainbridge on the *Retaliation*. She was reckoned the best sailer in the French navy, and when, a little later, she fell in with the *Constitution*, under Commodore Barry, she managed to get away. She did not fare so well with the *Constellation*, flagship of Commodore Truxtun's squadron, which chased her off the island of St. Kitt's, and brought her into close action after three hours' pursuit. They were well matched, though the *Constellation* had heavier guns. After an action of one hour and a quarter *L'Insurgente* struck her colors, having lost 20 men killed and 46 wounded. The *Constellation's* loss was 3 wounded and 1 killed, which is something like what we are used to now.

IT is admitted at New Haven that the Junior promenade was neither fiscally nor socially so exuberant a success as usual. Usually the promenade committee has a surplus after paying expenses, which it bestows for the promotion of athletics. This year it had a deficit, and has had to assess box-holders and call for subscriptions.

The explanation given is that the promenade festivities have outgrown the average Yale purse, and that the students of limited means have finally come to a practical realization that during promenade week they are clay pots swimming down the same stream with iron ones. The promenade, it seems, had gradually come to be a rich man's dance, and at last the poorer men gave up and got out. The trembling of the social fabric which has resulted may have the effect of introducing a new instalment of democratic simplicity next year.

TWO lots of Doukhobors have reached Halifax on their way from Russia to Manitoba. The first band of 2800 arrived on January 20, and have doubtless before this passed on by rail to Winnipeg and their other destinations. English Quakers arranged for their transportation by sea; Canadian officials and other friends met them in Halifax. They go to St. John, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Manitoba. They seem to be objects of the kindest solicitude in Canada, and on their journey they pass from the hands of one committee into the hands of another. A Montreal committee has been gathering thick clothes for them, to be distributed at Winnipeg, where the Canadian government has laid in supplies to make sure that they get through the winter. Many of them are vegetarians, which simplifies the problem.

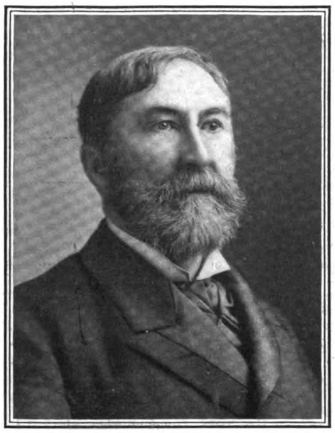
The second ship-load of 2000, which reached Halifax on January 27, has been detained by small-pox, and cannot go on until they get out of quarantine. A third band, also of 2000, is on the way, or will soon start.

THE pictures of General Forrest which go with Dr. Wyeth's article about him in the February issue of *Harper's Magazine* represent him with his sword on his right side instead of on his left. Enquirers who have noticed this with perplexity, and have written to enquire about it, are respectfully referred to the passage in the article (p. 344) in which it is stated that Forrest was left-handed and wore his sword accordingly.

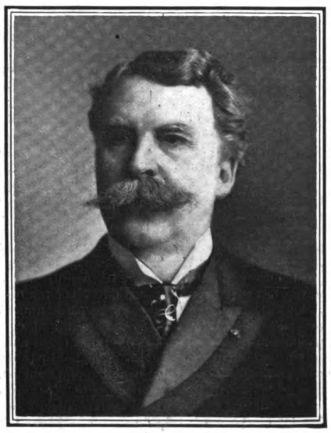
GENERAL GEORGE SEARS GREENE, who died at Morristown on January 28, was one of the famous old men of the country, being noted not only because he had attained to a great age, but for his remarkable vigor and usefulness at a time of life at which most men who reach it at all are content merely to exist. General Greene was born May 6, 1801, and was consequently nearly ninety-eight years old. Yet until within two years he was a familiar figure in New York, and was the cheery and welcome companion of men thirty or forty years younger than himself. He was graduated from West Point in 1823, and after serving for a time as instructor in the Military Academy, left the army in 1836 and became a civil engineer and railroad builder. When the civil war broke out he was connected with the aqueduct department of New York. He went to the war in 1862 as colonel of the Sixtieth New York Regiment. He was soon made a brigadier-general, served with distinction at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Culps Hill, Gettysburg, and in other fights, and was dangerously wounded at Chattanooga. Before his
in 1866 he was brevetted major-general of volu

He served later as chief engineer and commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department in New York, and after that as chief engineer of public works in Washington. One of his three sons is General Francis V. Greene, late of our volunteer army.

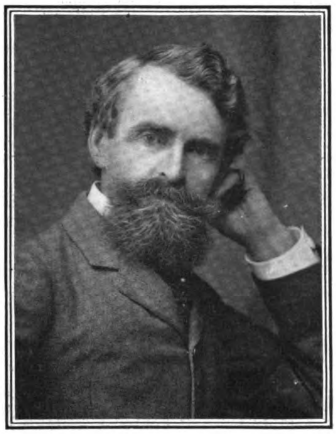
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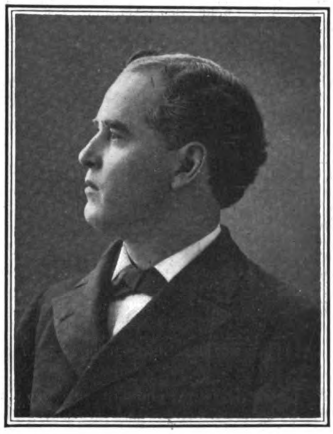
NATHAN B. SCOTT—WEST VIRGINIA.



JOSEPH V. QUARLES—WISCONSIN.



WILLIAM A. CLARK—MONTANA.



CHARLES A. CULBERSON—TEXAS.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Four New Senators

NATHAN BAY SCOTT, who was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of West Virginia, on January 25, was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, on the 18th of December, 1842. For a few years he attended the country school near his home, but his education has been mainly acquired in the effort to master problems which had a direct bearing upon his own career. At the age of twenty he entered the United States army, and was mustered out in July, 1865. Making his home in Wheeling, West Virginia, he became an employé of the Central Glass Company, and in the course of time the ability he displayed in all details of the business led to his selection as manager, and ultimately as president of the company. The Dollar Savings Bank, the pioneer institution of its kind in the State, was organized by him in 1887; and the practical experience he acquired when, as a boy of seventeen, he was seeking his fortune in the West, has been so well utilized that he has at present large mining interests in Colorado, Nevada, and Montana. His knowledge of the resources of the country is exceptional, for it is said that he has visited every State in the Union, and studied the conditions in each more or less thoroughly.

Mr. Scott has always taken an active interest in politics. In 1880 he was a member of the Wheeling City Council; in 1882 and 1886 he was elected to the State Senate, and served as chairman of the finance committee. During the past twelve years he has represented West Virginia on the Republican National Committee, and in the last campaign he shared with Mr. Hobart and General Powell Clayton the direction of affairs from the party headquarters in New York city. The office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which he now holds, was conferred upon him in recognition both of his qualifications for the position and of his services in securing the election of President McKinley. Mr. Scott is a member of the vestry of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church in Wheeling, and a director of the City Hospital.

ONE of the Senatorial deadlocks which have scandalized the country from Delaware to California was broken when, after seventeen days of continuous balloting, the Legislative Assembly of Montana elected William Andrews Clark, of Butte, to succeed Senator Lee Mantle. The successful candidate, who has made a great fortune in silver-mining and banking, and, more recently, in the development of copper-mines, has for years been opposed at every turn by the rival millionaire of Montana—the "Copper King," Marcus Daly. Mr. Clark's victory on January 28 marks the latest stage in a personal feud of such dimensions that, a correspondent writes, "there is not an interest or industry in the State but has felt the effect of it; it has more than once determined the election of Congressmen and Senators, and it was the determining factor in the selection of the State capital."

Mr. Clark, who is now in his sixtieth year, is a native of Connellsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He studied at Laurel Hill Academy in preparation for college, but still had before him such an experience as the WEEKLY has noted in sketches of other new Senators, for when he was about sixteen years old his parents moved to a farm in Van Buren County, Iowa. There the interrupted studies were taken up again, and carried on as well as possible in the intervals of farming work. He attended the Illinois Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, but did not graduate; and he read law, but never practised it. Reports of the discovery of gold in the Northwest attracted him, at first, to Colorado in 1862, and a year later to Bannock, Montana, where he was active as a merchant and miner, and laid the foundations of a fortune, which rumor, with its preference for superlatives, is now busily proclaiming the greatest in the West. In 1888 Mr. Clark received the Democratic nomination as Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Montana, but was defeated by the Republican nominee, Thomas H. Carter. Again, in 1893 (Montana having meantime become a State), when Mr. Clark was a candidate for the position of United States Senator, the Republicans and Daly Democrats voted together. It became impossible, therefore, to elect Mr. Clark; the Legislature was adjourned; Lee Mantle was appointed by Governor Richards, but the Senate refused to seat him, and for two years Montana had but one Senator. When the two years had passed, Mr. Mantle was elected for the short term, which expires on the 4th of next March.

In the contest which has just ended, charges of attempts to bribe have been made by both the Daly and Clark factions, and thirty $1000 bills are now a picturesque item of the evidence before the grand jury. Each side charges the other with having tried to use this money in the purchase of votes, and as the question of ownership may not be determined, Representative Geiger has supported a motion "to use the $30,000 to establish a school to educate male youths of the State in pure politics."

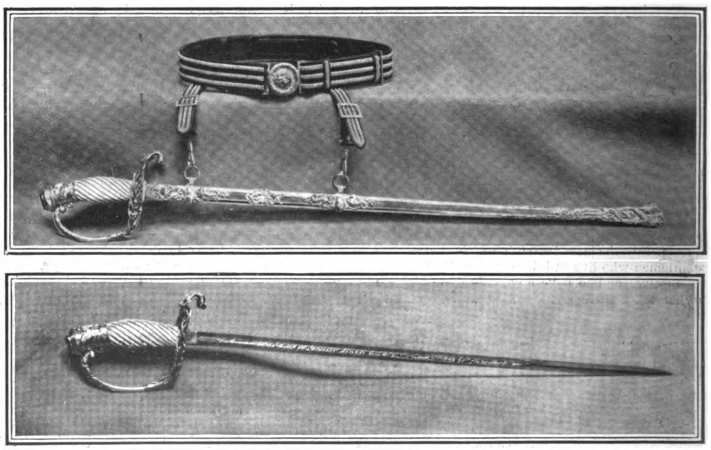
EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES A. CULBERSON received a practically unanimous vote for the office of United States Senator in the Legislature at Austin, Texas, on January 24. As Senator from Texas, Mr. Culberson succeeds Roger Q. Mills, who has served continuously in Congress since 1873, and in the Senate since 1892.

Mr. Culberson, though born in Alabama, in 1854, has been a Texan almost all his life. After graduating at the Gilmer high-school, he took a course in law at the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar of Texas. In 1880 he became Attorney of Madison County, and then in succession Attorney-General and Governor of the State. The public services which have especially commended him to the attention of the people of the country at large have been in connection with vigorous efforts to preserve order and enforce the laws in a State which has never had the opportunity to learn thoroughly the lesson of self-control. Among other things, he proved that his State could, on occasion, be inhospitable to a much-advertised prize-fight. During the campaign of 1896 his name was associated with a national issue, owing to the circumstance that he was the recipient of a letter from Bismarck, on bimetallism, which attracted much attention.

TO the old English name Quarles a new prominence is given by the choice of the Legislature of Wisconsin on January 31. Joseph Very Quarles, of Milwaukee, was elected United States Senator, to succeed John L. Mitchell, whose term expires on March 4. He received the solid Republican vote, the Democratic candidate being Timothy E. Ryan, of Waukesha.

Mr. Quarles is a successful lawyer, and in public life is distinguished as a man who, by saying little himself, has given to others occasion and opportunity to speak in his favor. He has seemed to be the quiet "man behind the guns" in the politics of Wisconsin. Unlike the three new Senators who have been mentioned above, he is a native of the State which has delighted to honor him; in fact, his father was one of the early settlers of Wisconsin. He was born at Southport (now Kenosha) on December 16, 1843, studied at the Kenosha high-school until he was seventeen, and then began to teach, so that he might earn money to continue his own education. In his nineteenth year he entered the University of Michigan, but left college to enlist in the Thirty-ninth Wisconsin Volunteers. Returning to Ann Arbor at the close of the war, he was graduated with the class of 1866, spent a year at the university Law School, and then, finishing his law studies at Kenosha, was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was elected District Attorney of Kenosha County and Mayor of Kenosha, and represented the same district as Assemblyman and Senator in the State Legislature. For a number of years he practised law in Racine, and since 1888 has been a resident of Milwaukee.

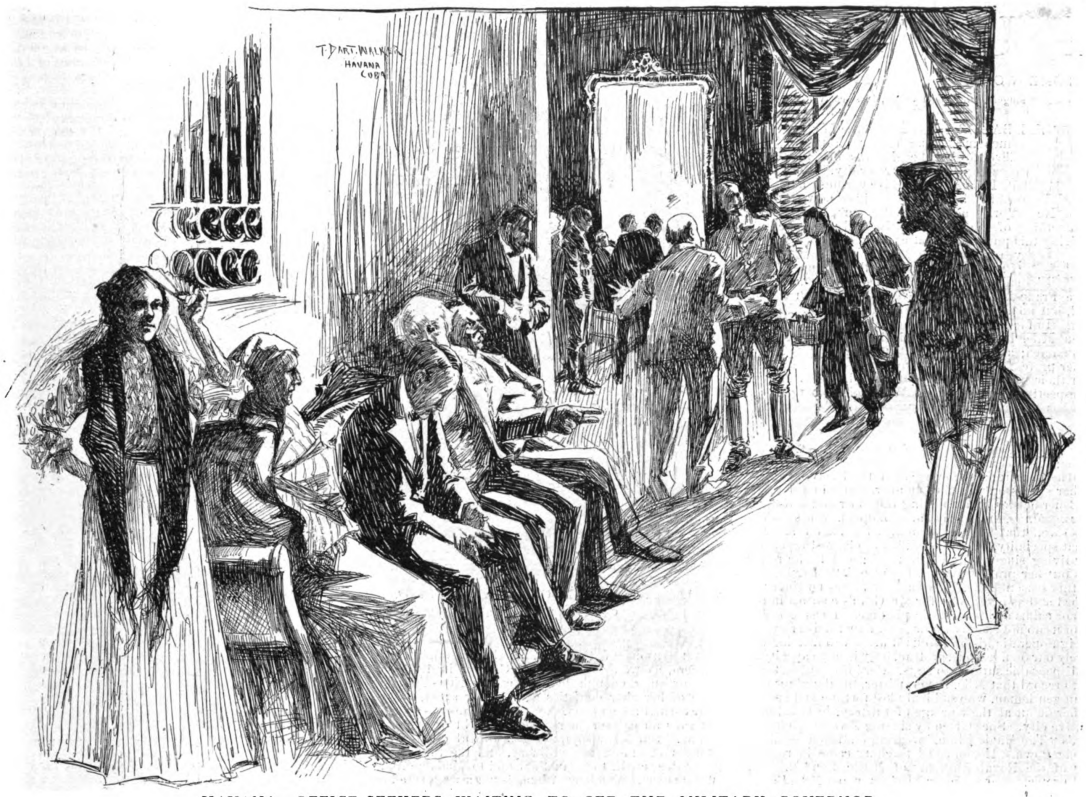
MARRION WILCOX.



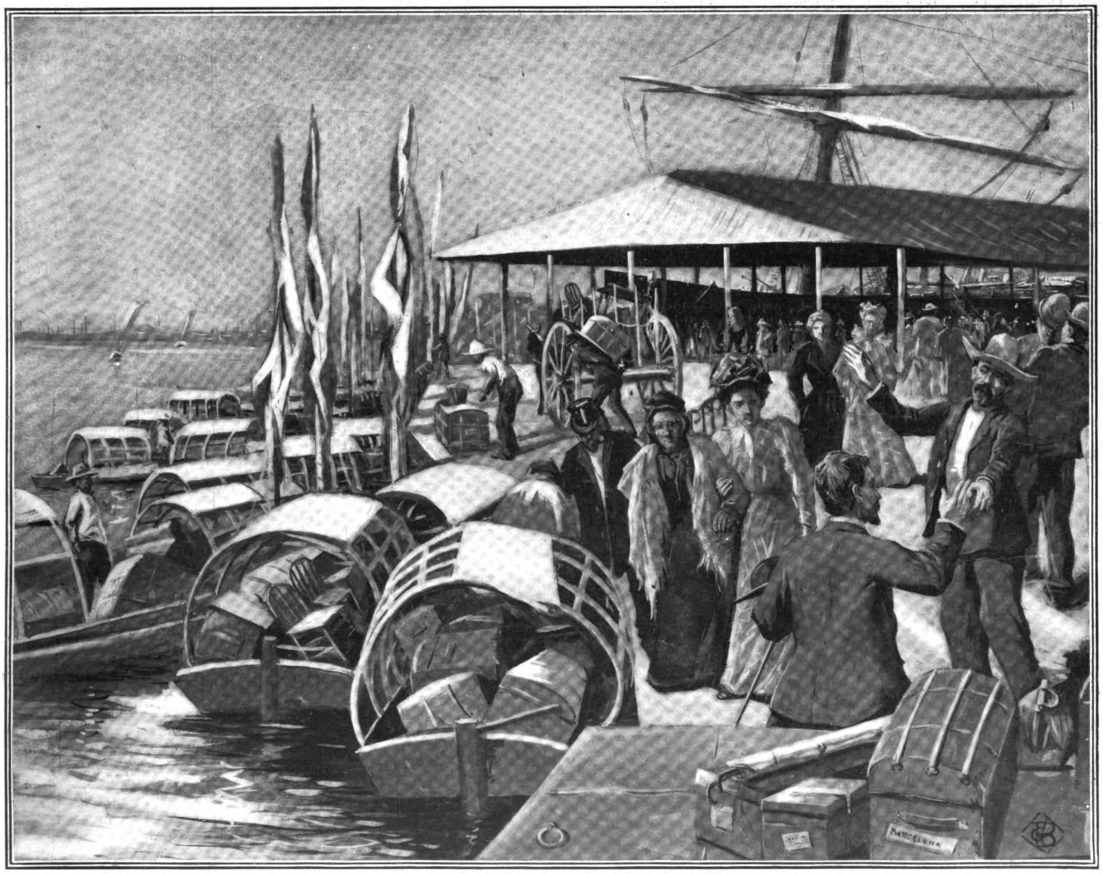
SWORD OF HONOR PRESENTED TO COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP, U. S. N., FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

By courtesy of Bailey, Banks, & Biddle, Philadelphia—Makers and Designers.

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HAVANA—OFFICE-SEEKERS WAITING TO SEE THE MILITARY GOVERNOR.
Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.



HAVANA—SPANISH FAMILIES PREPARING TO EMBARK WITH THEIR BELONGINGS FOR SPAIN.
Drawn by George Bruestle after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

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MUSIC

SOME WOMEN-SINGERS IN OPERA

"The singing singers, with vocal voices, in sweet vociferation."
—Henry Carey.

MLLE. BAUERMEISTER, whose familiar countenance meets the reader on this page, I believe to be the *doyenne* of Mr. Grau's present operatic confraternity. More than that, I suspect that this ever-busy and ever-youthful little lady is just now the *doyenne* of New York's active operatic personnel. There was something of the same surprise and amusement in considering this possibility that came to some of us a few years ago when M. Clarétie made it clear (I mean no pun) that Mlle. Suzanne Reichenberg was the lady in senior service at the Théâtre Français. There were several older artists of her sex, but none who had been in the House of Molière so long. In fact, there is a good deal of physical likeness between Mlle. Bauermeister and the sprightly French actress named; and when the latter withdrew last March from her professional career there was a striking likeness also in their usefulness and professional relationships to their respective managements. Mlle. Reichenberg in her early teens began playing the "young-girl" rôles. She kept on playing them season by season, until identified to the last with a long catalogue of them. She could always "look" them; she built up a vast repertory at the Français; she was more in demand than any other woman artist of her theatre; and now she has retired, leaving no one quite her successor. In like manner, when in her teens, Mlle. Bauermeister began singing the sober and self-sacrificing *confidantes*, the elderly ladies of opera. She soon did them so well that she had committed herself forever to just that speciality. She has edified the largest repertory of any living singer that I can recall; and if she really carries out her professed intention of quietly leaving the stage this season, Mlle. Bauermeister leaves no singer as equipped and as invaluable for Mr. Grau's comfort in the storms or calms of his operatic pilotage. I suspect that many of us do not exactly know Mlle. Bauermeister's voice or foreign operatic history, so used are we to meeting her in merely our own seasons, protean, busy in any capacity of her indispensable support to stars. For information, then, I beg to record that Mlle. Bauermeister, the daughter of a German gentleman, who suddenly lost fortune and health, made her début at the ripe age of thirteen, in Hamburg, her native city. She started by singing *Astrifiammante* in Mozart's "The Magic Flute," wearing on the occasion her first long gown. Her musical teaching came in regular classes of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Her special protectress was Teresa Tietjens, whom Mlle. Bauermeister regards as her operatic godmother. Her career has been chiefly a part of London and New York operatic story. In fact, Mlle. Bauermeister considers herself half an English woman and half an American. I recall her first assistance here—never mind the year—I think, as *Frasquita* in "Carmen"; it was under Colonel Mapleson's régime. She has kept on singing with a vast popularity in two cities, and with an artistic usefulness exceptional for a singer never making the least pretence to be a prima donna, and never conducting herself otherwise than with that modesty, discretion, and conscientiousness special to her. Mlle. Bauermeister's voice, originally a high soprano, is a full mezzo, employed with excellent method. She is said to be able (I dare say she is so) and willing to sing any part, from *Martha* in "Faust" to *Falstaff* or *John of Leyden*. If Mr. Grau ever should produce Rossini's ludicrous opera "I Due Bruschini," where the soprano sings bass, and the bass soprano, then we may finally reach the full measure of the available gifts of this esteemed little artist. Incidentally, Mlle. Bauermeister is the only singer whose illness or health comes near to stopping and setting going the operatic clock in two great cities.

Mathilde Bauermeister.

Madame Suzanne Adams has maintained the wisdom of Mr. Grau's choice of another American soprano for such use and advancement in his company as opportunity and ability may allow. Madame Adams (only lately "Madame") is of Cambridge, Massachusetts, but for many years of musical training, and two or three of public singing, has been living with friends in Paris, studying under M. Jacques Bouhy or under her professional engagements. Her début was in the temporary home of the Opéra Comique (since midwinter it is called the "Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt") in 1894, as *Juliette*. She has sung in several of the more important seasons of the Meridional and other theatres of opera, as well as at Covent Garden in 1898. She has now sung enough here to enable New-Yorkers to judge of her characteristics as a young artist, and they invite cordial recognition. Madame Adams has a voice by no means an extraordinary one in height or strength or volume. But it is a soprano of beautiful quality, of an evenness of timbre not ordinary, and the tuition of M. Bouhy does credit to his method and to Madame Adams. She sings well. Madame Adams is not always safe in her pitch, and there are two or three notes in at least one register that need particular care. For all that, the voice itself sounds as one likely to develop much in fibre and accuracy; the remedy for any present defects should be speedy. *Juliette*, at present, is the best rôle in which Madame Adams comes before the public. Aside from the charm of a really girlish personality pervading it—that element so different from stage youth, that charm which no rouges, no perruque-dealer, no corsétière can supply—Madame Adams sings this part with a kind of sentiment happily in balance with the traits that Shakspere and Gounod successively had fused into it. Her *Marguerite* in "Faust," though much praised by the Parisians, lacks in tragic emotionality. We are not apt, nowadays, to consider the distinctions; but if one compares *Marguerite* with *Juliette*, too many traits of tragedy unite in the former part for exposition by any young artist, unless she be a genius indeed. We must find Goethe, and more than Goethe. We must watch a girl's fearful discovery that she loves; we must meet the self-forgetfulness and the self-abandonment of a nature that never has been so deeply stirred. We must have overstrained agony of conscience, a dread of love's perfidy, then shame and disgrace and the sense of blood-guilt twice earned, the terror of eternal perdition, and *Marguerite's* moments of madness, of lucidity, and of her wild grasp at salvation in instants that are life's last ones. These strings are not to be touched by young hands in a way to move us. But *Juliette*—she has only to be a creature of four aspects to us—innocent of love, wholly in love, terrified with a sudden danger to love that she as suddenly can dismiss when *Frère Laurence* propounds his scheme of the potion, and last, a girl-wife really so bewildered by despair that she does not know or care for life or death. Young singers, as a rule, can find in the lesser demands of the rôle of *Juliette* just the acting and singing that best suits them, rather than in Gounod's opera. Madame Adams is a graceful and intelligent example of the distinction. In a few years her claims and powers should put her in a different attitude toward the other severer and less familiar impersonations.

Suzanne Adams.



ERNEST VAN DYCK, AS *SIEGMUND*.
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Madame Emma Eames has proceeded successfully, and ever with much dignity of movement, into the highway of Wagnerian personification. She has left behind her many traits which only three seasons ago seemed likely to stand in the way of more than merely her *succès d'estime* as *Elsa*, *Elizabeth*, *Sieglinde*, and so on; and she now holds a place among truly dramatic Wagnerian sopranі of the first merit of any nationality on any stage. There are two sorts of acting in opera, as in the other theatre. One sort suggests more than it actually, in detail, depicts; the other kind works out every histrionic point vehemently, as if convinced of the theory that the public has no imagination whatever. Berlioz laid down this last theory, and not without good cause. But there are publics and publics. Madame Eames has always adhered to the more academic, classic, and reserved method of acting. She is an operatic actress after the school of France at Paris, where facial expression, gestures, and poses are employed with a *finesse* not always of broad effect, but carefully measured—in the high sense of the word, harmonious with the character—and not aiming at making an operatic audience regard the artist more as an actress than as in her responsibility as a singer. Proportion is of the essence of French acting in opera. If people find it "cold" now and then, if they cannot cipher out its wise conservatisms, the mistake is in their apprehension, not in the school. There is no reason to blame temperaments for more or less than their real ingredients. To the French stage of operatic tragedy there ever remains something of the old histrionism of the great ancient theatres of fashionable Gaul, the stages of Marseilles and Narbonne and Nimes under the antique Roman impresarii. The best French acting is the best acting in the world, because it inherits and keeps a Latin quality even more than does theatrical Italy itself. Madame Eames as *Sieglinde* presents a study that enhances Wagner æsthetically. For that matter, in "Die Walküre," Mr. Van Dyck, the Belgian (a good deal of a Frenchman in practical acting), is a *Siegmund* never lacking in force of personification, but with, every now and then, a finish of dramatic art far too rare among Wagnerian heroic tenors. It is not out of place, as a by-the-bye, to remark that Madame Eames, in spite of her care, is showing vocally just now a bit of that influence of the Wagnerian repertory detrimental to finished singing in rôles by Gounod and Bizet. She is using more voice and a less steady and pure tone than that for which of old she was so admirable and admired. The danger of Wagner to artists of such gifts includes the important one of a dulling of a singer's sense of dynamics in music that is more lyrical than heroical. And it is a danger despite all the foolish enthusiasts that deny it.

Madame Emma Eames.

The Castle Square Opera Company during the fortnight have been presenting Donizetti's "Lucia" with capital musical effect. Miss Yvonne de Treville is one of the very few singers hereabouts who, as *Lucia Ashton*, can look the part of that timorous heroine—and she sings *Lucia's* florid or melancholy musings with equal pathos and brilliancy, albeit a bad diction. But, most wonderful to record, the costumes in this "Lucia" are proper to the period! Mr. Temple, the authority at the American Theatre, has offered this rare civility to Donizetti and to Scott by taking no small care in the Astor Library and elsewhere. The result is that most of the men in the presentation really appear as if they had walked out of canvases by Vandyke; and the women in many instances are obviously quite in the Scotch modes of 1666, save for their coiffures, which are not in the flowing and undulant fashion affected in the period in France and imported to North Britain. I have seen "Lucia" dressed as if it were "Faust," and "Martha" staged with a tinge of "Lohengrin" gear. Perhaps "La Traviata" will be rehabilitated as well as sung at the American. Miss Olga Nethersole is following the recent Continental reform of the costumes in "Camille," and leads the way for Mr. Savage and Mr. Grau and Mr. Ellis. I do not know how Mr. Charley, down in New Orleans, costumes his "La Traviata." The next operas at the American will be "H.M.S. Pinafore," with "I Pagliacci." The four-hundredth performance of the company occurs this week. New American singers are entering into service at the American Theatre, one of them Miss Laura Millard, whose portrait is below. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

"Lucia," by the Castle Square Company.



SUZANNE ADAMS, AS *JULIETTE*.



MATHILDE BAUERMEISTER.
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LAURA MILLARD.

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DRAMA

MR. JAMES A. HERNE is about the most curious figure in the American drama; and his new play at the Herald Square Theatre, "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," which he has adapted from Miss Helen H. Gardener's novel *An Unofficial Patriot*, has all of his curious qualities. If any one were to say to him that the piece lacks dramatic unity, dramatic situations and development, and dramatic climaxes, he would doubtless answer that he knew it well enough, and had never tried for any of these things. He has merely aimed to put on the boards a series of passages from real life, and to represent with artistic truth the characters of real men and women. His people are the members of a Virginia family that is divided against itself by the issues of the civil war. The *Rev. Griffith Davenport, Circuit Rider*, is a Southern slaveholder, who attempts to free his slaves, and who votes for Lincoln. He fails to inspire the slaves with any real love of liberty, and because of his political principles his neighbors force him to seek refuge in the North. One of his sons enters the Confederate army, another the Federal army. His wife follows him North; but when, at Lincoln's urgent appeal, he undertakes to guide the Federal army in its campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, where he has always lived, she leaves him and returns to her home, now a Confederate hospital, to nurse the wounded. While in the service of the North, *Davenport* is captured by his Confederate son, and taken to his old home, where, as it happens, he is reunited with his wife. As a series of events, this is all interesting enough, but numberless passages in the action are irrelevant, and there is no informing principle, no idea that gives coherence to the whole. Yet the successive events are so significant historically, and so truly presented, that at times the play rises to the pitch of artistic creation. In a leisurely and discoursive manner one is shown about all there is to see in plantation life and character, and receives a full, strong impression, both of the temporal extenuations of slavery and of its eternal wrongs. In a few quiet passages, full of home feeling and affectionate charm, one realizes what the war meant to Southern families, and in other passages what it meant to the established political order. In the main the play is quiet, humorous, sincere, deeply intelligent, and artistic. If any one wishes to realize to the full the conventionality of what usually passes for dramatic structure, and the shallowness of the usual stage climaxes, let him go to see Mr. Herne.

An Essay in Stage Realism.

This is not to say that Mr. Herne has altogether profited by ignoring the usual conventions of the stage. Far be it from me to object to a play for lacking unity of motive; I merely depose that I didn't see what many of the passages were about, if indeed they were about anything. To object that it lacked climaxes would be to confess inappreciation of the author's intention, but one is forced to admit that the play was monotonous to a degree. To suggest that the managers would realize more at the box-office if the author had realized less on the stage, would be to affront the sacred cause of realism; but many an honest soul in the audience was wearied by the maze of inconsequent detail. I must admit, though I do not pretend to be an honest soul, that I came away from "The Rev. Griffith" with a new respect for all those qualities of dramatic structure the names of which are so tediously familiar. If you ask a thousand or so of people to come to hear you during three or four hours, it is both considerate and prudent to have something definite and inevitable to say to them, to vary the manner of your saying it so that their attention will not be wearied, and to say it so simply and consecutively that the mind is led irresistibly from the first word to the last. "Shore Acres" was successful, most deservedly so, in spite of similar eccentricities, because of its homely humor, its truth and sweetness of feeling. The same qualities are in "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," but it is a question whether they are strong enough to survive the peculiarities of their dramatic presentation. If they are not, we have a just complaint against Mr. Herne because he has hidden his light in a bushel; for his light is a pure light, and, if well trimmed and reflected, is a light of unusual power.

The Conventionalities and the Conventions of the Stage.

The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Herne, as well as of their company, which has evidently been trained carefully and intelligently in accordance with their methods, reminds one in many ways of the acting Duse has made known to us, but it is scarcely of the same kind. Duse is restrained, temperate, well modulated, but she is always fluent and expressive; she never tries to escape from the fact that she is a part of a world of shifting scenery and of foot-lights. She respects the limitation of her medium, and takes advantage of all its possibilities of utterance. Mr. Herne and his people would try to convince us that we are in the same street with them, or the same room; and, as if conscious of an alien presence, they deal rather with the repression of feeling than with its utterance. Mr. Herne appears never to have an emotion of the kind that speaks. Mrs. Herne's utterance is less hampered, and therefore more appealing, though still far from being positively expressive. Their acting tends toward monotony as clearly as the more usual type of acting tends toward undue emphasis, and it is as inevitably based on an artistic convention. Yet, granting their convention of repression, the depth of feeling they portray is marvellous. In the first act, by some subtle magic, Mr. Herne, without the movement of a limb, and almost without changing a line in his face, acquaints his audience with every stage of a long hard struggle between his goodness of heart and his resolve never to buy or sell a slave; it is as if his features were transparent to his soul. And when the time comes for *Davenport* and *Mrs. Davenport* to part, the cumulation of repressed, or half-repressed, emotion is overwhelming. In its best moments his art has a richness of humor and a truth of feeling impossible except to the highest order of creative power.

Repression and Utterance in Acting.

Mr. Edgar Smith's burlesque of "Catherine" at Weber & Fields's is not only most excellent nonsense, but it has the rare virtue of sticking closely to the original. Mr. Smith has taken his cue from the fact that, as played by Miss Russell, *Catherine* was up against it pretty hard; and he represents her as a young woman (Miss Fay Templeton) who is happy only when she is suffering because of others. Her little brothers (Messrs. Weber and Fields) spend their lives with rare devotion in playing horse with her and with her ducal connections. Her sister *Blanche* (Miss Rose Beaumont) is pining away because *Catherine* doesn't have to work at all on her account—in spite of the cigarette habit she has a constitution stronger than the constitution of the United States, and she receives twenty dollars a dozen for making pin-wheels. Her father (Mr. Dave Warfield), though too lazy to annoy *Catherine* by playing the piano, has an automobile box, for which he wearily consents to turn over the leaves of music. To eke out her miseries, *Catherine* gives lessons on the sewing-machine; and she promises to marry *George Mantelpiece* in the hope of having to support him, but discards him for the *Duc de Cocoo* in the very rational hope that she will have to work harder to support a noble husband. The minor incidents in the play are very successfully perverted. *Catherine's* father (Mr. Dave Warfield), in his consternation (*à la* Mr. Le Moyne) at the visit from the *Duchess*, brings out the stove for her to sit on, and places her feet in a bath of hot water, which she graciously shares with him. In the second act he develops the scissors habit, and spends his time in snipping the fringe off the furniture and hangings. The part of the *Duchess* is taken with great unction by Mr. Peter F. Dailey. Mrs. Le Moyne's worried look, which is very cleverly imitated, Mr. Dailey explains by a constant anxiety as to whether her acting is really natural. When she (*i. e.*, Mr. Dailey) has finally arranged that the *Duke* shall marry *Catherine*, she smirks at him and says, "Are you hungry?" He answers, "No, mother: are you?" "Not a bit," she says; "let's both go out and take a drink." Miss Mabel Fenton, in travesty of Miss De Wolfe's *Hélène*, beseeches the *Duke* to let her support him for an hour and a quarter of his life. He asks, "Why the quarter?" She answers, "Just for a little change." Then *Catherine* comes in, waving her palms before her, and cries, "You may keep the change!" In make-up and manner the various actors have kept as close to the original as Mr. Smith has done in his book. There is little or no vulgarity, and the low comedy of Messrs. Weber and Fields and their company keeps the audience in intermittent convulsions for an hour. The play is, to be sure, "a little bunch of nonsense," but it hits off a real work of art with unerring aptness and good-humor, and to any one to whom *Catherine* is a trifle stale it might easily suggest more of its quality and charm than another hearing of the original production. The burlesques of Messrs. Weber & Fields have added a delight to the theatrical world of New York of a kind that probably cannot be found in any other English-speaking community.

Another Little Bunch of Nonsense at Weber & Fields's.



CISSY LOFTUS IMPERSONATING YVETTE GUILBERT.

The idea of costuming "La Dame aux Camélias" in the fashion of its period, 1840-50, has the virtue of emphasizing the fact that the play belongs to a generation of more abundant petticoats and sentiments. In 1867, some twenty years after it was written, Dumas indited a long preface, which people have taken as implying that there is a problem in the play; but one has only to see those scoop-shovel hats, those peg-top trousers, and shirt-fronts soufflés, or whatever you call them, to know it ain't so. "Camille," as we call it, is the work of a young man who discovered that vice can be as genteel (that is the crinoline word) as virtue can be repulsive. His heart melted, and he wrote all about it in a play. Later he wrote better plays, that deal with real, inevitable social forces, grinding up against each other to the destruction of the weaker. *Marguerite Gautier* is the heroine of a sentimental romance. It was a cough that carried her off. As a work of intellect and art, *Mrs. Tanqueray* is far better. That is not saying that it will hold the stage longer. At *Mrs. Tanqueray* you can do with one handkerchief; "Camille" is a two-handkerchief play. Miss Nethersole's *Marguerite* has much the virtues and defects of her *Tanqueray*. Its muscularity does not fit the cough, but then its frills are quite in line with the crinoline. JOHN CORBIN.

It was a cough That carried her off.



Lou. Fields. Dave Warfield. Joseph Weber.

FROM THE BURLESQUE OF "CATHERINE" AT WEBER & FIELDS'S, NEW YORK.

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH FRIGATE "L'INSURGENTE" TO THE U.S.S. "CONSTELLATION," COMMODORE TRUXTUN, FEBRUARY 9, 1799.—Drawn by Clyde O. DeLand.—[See Page 135.]

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEOPLE MARCH.

HE became aware of some one urging a glass of clear fluid upon his attention, looked up, and discovered this some one to be a dark young man in a yellow garment. He took the dose forthwith, and in a moment he was glowing. A tall man in a black robe stood by his shoulder, and pointed to the half-open door into the hall. This man was shouting close to his ear, and yet what was said was indistinct, because of the tremendous uproar from the great theatre. Behind the man was a girl in a silvery-gray robe, whom Graham, even in this confusion, perceived to be beautiful. Her dark eyes, full of wonder and curiosity, were fixed on him; her lips trembled apart. A partially opened door gave a glimpse of the crowded hall, and admitted a vast uneven tumult, a hammering, clapping, and shouting that died away and began again, and rose to a thunderous pitch, and so continued intermittently all the time that Graham remained in the little room. He watched the lips of the man in black, and gathered that he was making some clumsy explanation.

He stared stupidly for some moments at these things, and then stood up abruptly; he grasped the arm of this shouting person.

"Tell me!" he cried. "Who am I? Who am I?"

The others came nearer him to hear his words. "Who am I?" His eyes searched their faces.

"They have told him nothing!" cried the girl.

"Tell me, tell me!" cried Graham.

"You are Master of the Earth. You are owner of half the world."

He did not believe he heard aright. He resisted the persuasion. He pretended not to understand, not to hear. He lifted his voice again. "I have been awake three days—a prisoner three days. I judge there is some struggle between a number of people in this city—it is London?"

"Yes," said the younger man.

"And those who meet in the great hall with the White Atlas? How does it concern me? In some way it has to do with me. *Why*, I don't know. Drugs? It seems to me that while I have slept the world has gone mad. Who are those Councillors under the Atlas? Why should they try to drug me?"

"To keep you insensible," said the man in yellow.

"To prevent your interference."

"But *why?*"

"Because *you* are the Atlas, sire," said the man in yellow. "The world is on your shoulders. They rule it in your name."

The sounds from the hall had died into a silence threaded by one monotonous voice. Now suddenly, trampling on these last words, came a deafening tumult, a roaring and thundering, cheer crowded on cheer, voices hoarse and shrill, beating, overlapping, and while it lasted the people in the little room could not hear each other shout.

Graham stood, his intelligence clinging helplessly to the thing he had just heard. "The Council," he repeated, blankly; and then, snatching at a name that had struck him, "But who is Ostrog?" he said.

"He is the organizer—the organizer of the revolt. Our leader—in your name."

"In my name. And you? Why is he not here?"

"He has deputed us. I am his brother—his half-brother Lincoln. He wants you to show yourself to these people, and then come on to him. That is why he has sent. He is at the wind-vane offices, directing. The people are marching."

"In your name," shouted the younger man, "they have ruled, crushed, tyrannized! At last even—"

"In my name! My name! Master?"

The younger man suddenly became audible in a pause of the outer thunder, indignant and vociferous, a high penetrating voice under his red aquiline nose and bushy mustache. "No one expected you to wake. No one expected you to wake. They were cunning. Damned tyrants! But they were taken by surprise. They did not know whether to drug you, hypnotize you, kill you!"

Again the hall dominated everything.

"Ostrog is at the wind-vane offices, ready. Even now there is a rumor of fighting beginning."

The man who had called himself Lincoln came close to him. "Ostrog has it planned. Trust him. We have our organizations ready. We shall seize the flying-stages. Even now he may be doing that. Then—"

"This public theatre," bawled the man in yellow, "is only a contingent! We have five myriads of drilled men—"

"We have arms!" cried Lincoln. "We have plans, a leader! Their police have gone from the streets and are massed in the—" (inaudible). "It is now or never. The Council is rocking. They cannot trust even their drilled men—"

"Hear the people calling to you!"

Graham's mind was like a night of moon and swift clouds—now dark and hopeless, now clear and ghastly. He was Master of the Earth; he was a man sodden with thawing snow. Of all his fluctuating impressions, the dominant ones presented an antagonism. On the one hand was the White Council, powerful, disciplined, few—the White Council from which he had just escaped—and on the other, monstrous crowds, packed masses of indistinguishable people clamoring his name, hailing him Master. The other side had imprisoned him, debated his death. These shouting thousands beyond the little doorway had rescued him. But why these things should be so he could not understand.

The door opened, Lincoln's voice was swept away and drowned, and a rush of people followed on the heels of the tumult. These intruders came towards him and Lincoln, gesticulating. The voices without, explained their soundless lips. "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!" was the burden of the uproar. Men were bawling for "Order! Silence!"

Graham glanced towards the open doorway, and saw a tall, oblong picture of the hall beyond, a waving, incessant confusion of crowded, shouting faces, men and women together, waving pale blue garments, extended hands. Many

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

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were standing; one man in rags of dark brown, a gaunt figure, stood on the seat and waved a black cloth. Graham met the wonder and expectation of the girl's eyes. What did these people expect from him? He was dimly aware that the tumult outside had changed its character, was in some way beating, marching. His own mind, too, changed. For a space he did not recognize the influence that was transforming him. But a moment that was near to panic passed. He tried to make audible inquiries of what was required of him.

Lincoln was shouting in his ear, but Graham was deafened to that. All the others, save the woman, gesticulated towards the hall. He perceived what had happened to the uproar. The whole mass of people were chanting together. It was not simply a song; the voices were gathered together and upborne by a torrent of instrumental music—music like the music of an organ, a woven texture of sounds, full of trumpets, full of flaunting banners, full of the march and pageantry of opening war. And the feet of the people were beating time—tramp, tramp.

He was urged towards the door. He obeyed mechanically. The rhythm of that chant took hold of him, stirred him, emboldened him. The hall opened to him, a vast welter of fluttering color swaying to the music.

"Wave your arm to them," said Lincoln. "Wave your arm to them."

"This," said a voice on the other side—"he must have this." Arms were about his neck, detaining him in the doorway, and a black, subtly folding mantle hung from his shoulder. He threw his arm free of this and followed Lincoln. He perceived the girl in gray close to him, her face lit, her gesture onward. For the instant she became to him, flushed and eager as she was, an embodiment of the song. He emerged in the alcove again. Incontinently the mounting waves of the song broke upon his appearing, and flashed up into a foam of shouting. Guided by Lincoln's hand, he marched obliquely across the centre of the stage, facing the people.

The hall was a vast and intricate space—galleries, balconies, broad spaces of amphitheatrical steps, and great archways. Far away, high up, seemed the mouth of a huge passage full of struggling humanity. The whole multitude was swaying in congested masses. Individual figures sprang out of the tumult, impressed him momentarily, and lost definition again. Close to the platform a beautiful fair woman, her hair across her face, swayed, carried by three men, and brandished a green staff. Next this group an old careworn man in blue canvas maintained his place in the crush with difficulty, and behind shouted a hairless face, a great cavity of toothless mouth. A voice called that enigmatical word "Ostrog." All his impressions were vague, save the massive emotion of that tramping song. The multitude was beating time with their feet—marking time, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The green weapons waved, flashed, and slanted. Then he saw those nearest to him on a level space before the stage were marching in front of him, passing towards a great archway, shouting, "To the Council!" Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. He raised his arm, and the roaring was redoubled. He remembered he had to shout "March!" His mouth shaped inaudible heroic words. He waved his arm again and pointed to the archway, shouting "Onward!" They were no longer marking time; they were marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Those passing him looked at him and shouted their utmost. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. In that host were bearded men, old men, youths, fluttering-robed bare-armed women, girls. Men and women of the new age! Rich robes, gray rags, fluttered together in the whirl of their movement amidst the dominant blue. A monstrous black banner jerked its way to the right. He perceived a blue-clad negro, a shrivelled woman in yellow; then a group of tall, fair-haired, white-faced, blue-clad men pushed theatrically past him. A tall, sallow, dark-haired, shiny-eyed youth, white-clad from top to toe, clambered up towards the platform, shouting loyally, and sprang down again and receded, looking backward. Heads, shoulders, hands clutching weapons, all were swinging with those marching cadences.

Faces came out of the confusion to him as he stood there, eyes met his, and passed and vanished. Men gestured to him, shouted inaudible personal things. Most of the faces were flushed, but many were ghastly white. And disease was there, and many a hand that waved to him was gaunt and lean. Men and women of the new age! Strange and incredible meeting! As the broad stream passed before him to the right, tributary gangways from the remote uplands of the hall thrust downward in an incessant replacement of people; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The unison of the song was enriched and complicated by the massive echoes of arches and passages. Men and women mingled in the ranks; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The whole world seemed marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; his brain was tramping. The garments waved onward; the faces poured by more abundantly.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. At Lincoln's pressure he turned towards the archway, walking unconsciously in that rhythm, scarcely noticing his movement for the melody and stir of it. The multitude, the gesture and song, all moved in that direction; the flow of people smote downward, until the upturned faces were below the level of his feet. He was aware of a path before him, of a suite about him, of guards and dignities, and Lincoln on his right hand. Attendants intervened, and ever and again blotted out the sight of the multitude to the right. Before him went the backs of the guards in black—three and three and three. He was marched along a little railed way, and crossed above the archway, with the torrent dipping to flow beneath, and shouting up to him. He did not know whither he went; he did not want to know. He glanced back across a flaming spaciousness of hall. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF THE DARKNESS.

He was no longer in the hall. He was marching along a gallery overhanging one of the great streets of moving platforms that traversed the city. Before him and behind him tramped his guards. The whole concave of the moving ways below was a congested mass of people marching, tramping to the left, shouting, waving hands and arms, pouring along a huge vista, shouting as they came into view, shouting as they passed, shouting as they receded, until the globes of electric light dropped down the perspective and hid the swarming bare heads.

The song roared up to Graham now, no longer upborne by music, but coarse and noisy, and the beating of the marching feet, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, interwove with a thunderous irregularity of footsteps from the undisciplined rabble that poured along the higher ways.

Abruptly he noted a contrast. The buildings on the opposite side of the way seemed deserted; the cables and bridges that laced across the aisle were empty and shadowy. It came into Graham's mind that these also should have swarmed with people.

He felt a curious emotion—throbbing—very fast! He stopped again. The guards before him marched on; those about him stopped as he did. He saw the direction of their faces. The throbbing had something to do with the lights. He too looked up.

At first it seemed to him a thing that affected the lights simply, an isolated phenomenon, having no bearing on the things below. Each huge globe of blinding whiteness was as it were clutched, compressed in a systole that was followed by a transitory diastole, and again a systole like a tightening grip, darkness, light, darkness, in rapid alternation.

Graham became aware that this strange behavior of the lights had to do with the people below. The appearance of the houses and ways, the appearance of the packed masses, changed, became a confusion of vivid lights and leaping shadows. He saw a multitude of shadows had sprung into aggressive existence, seemed rushing up, broadening, widening, growing with steady swiftness—to leap suddenly back and return re-enforced. The song and the tramping had ceased. The unanimous march, he discovered, was arrested; there were eddies, a flow sideways, shouts of "The lights!" Voices were crying together one thing. "The lights!" cried these voices. "The lights!" He looked down. In this dancing death of the lights the area of the street had suddenly become a monstrous struggle. The huge white globes became purple-white, purple with reddish glow, flickered, flickered faster and faster, fluttered between light and extinction, ceased to flicker, and became mere fading specks of glowing red in a vast darkness. In ten seconds the extinction was accomplished, and there was only that vast darkness—a vast darkness whose coming had almost the shock of a blow, a black thing that had suddenly swallowed up those glittering myriads of men.

He felt invisible forms about him; his arms were gripped. Something rapped sharply against his shin. A voice bawled in his ear, "It is all right—all right."

Graham shook off the paralysis of his first astonishment. He struck his forehead against Lincoln's and bawled, "What is this darkness?"

"The Council has cut the currents that light the city. We must wait—stop. The people will go on. They will—"

His voice was drowned. Voices were shouting: "Save the Sleeper. Take care of the Sleeper." A guard stumbled against Graham and hurt his hand by an inadvertent blow of his weapon. A wild tumult tossed and whirled about him, growing, as it seemed, louder, denser, more furious, each moment. Fragments of recognizable sounds drove towards him; were whirled away from him as his mind reached out to grasp them. Voices seemed to be shouting conflicting orders; other voices answered. There was suddenly a succession of piercing screams close beneath them.

A voice bawled in his ear, "The red police," and receded forthwith beyond his questions.

A crackling sound grew to distinctness, and therewith a leaping of faint flashes along the edge of the further ways. By their light Graham saw the heads and bodies of a number of men, armed with weapons like those of his guards, leap into an instant's dim visibility. The whole area suddenly began to crackle, to flash with little instantaneous streaks of light, and abruptly the darkness rolled back like a curtain.

A glare of light dazzled his eyes; a vast seething expanse of struggling men confused his mind. A shout, a burst of cheering, came across the ways. He looked up to see the source of the light. A man hung far overhead from the upper part of a cable, holding by a rope the blinding star that had driven the darkness back. He wore a red uniform.

Graham's eyes fell to the ways again. A wedge of red a little way along the vista caught his eye. He saw it was a dense mass of red-clad men jammed on the higher further way, their backs against the pitiless cliff of building, and surrounded by a dense crowd of antagonists. They were fighting. Weapons flashed and rose and fell, heads vanished at the edge of the contest, and other heads replaced them; the little flashes from the green weapons became little jets of smoky gray while the light lasted.

Abruptly the flare was extinguished and the ways were an inky darkness once more, a tumultuous mystery.

He felt something thrusting against him. He was being pushed back along the gallery. Some one was shouting—it might be at him. He was too confused to hear. He was thrust against the wall, and a number of people blundered past him. It seemed to him that his guards were struggling with others.

Suddenly the cable-hung star-holder appeared again, and the whole scene was white and dazzling. The band of redcoats seemed broader and nearer; its apex was halfway down the ways towards the central aisle. And raising his eyes, Graham saw that a number of these men had also appeared now in the darkened lower galleries of the opposite building, and were firing over the heads of their fellows below, and the boiling confusion of people on the lower ways. The meaning of these things dawned upon him. The march of the people had come upon an ambush at the very outset. Thrown into confusion by the extinction of the lights, they were now being attacked by the red police. Then he became aware that he was standing alone, that his guards and Lincoln were along the gallery in the direction along which he had come before the darkness fell. He saw they were gesticulating to him wildly, running back towards him. A great shouting came from across the ways. Then it seemed as though the whole face of the darkened building opposite was lined and speckled with red-clad men. And they were pointing over to him and shouting. "The Sleeper! Save the Sleeper!" shouted a multitude of throats.

Something struck the wall above his head. He looked up at the impact, and saw a star-shaped splash of silvery metal. He saw Lincoln near him. Felt his arm gripped. Then pat, pat; he had been missed twice.

For a moment he did not understand this. The street was hidden, everything was hidden, as he looked. The second flare had burned out.

Lincoln had gripped Graham by the arm, was lugging him along the gallery. "Before the next light!" he cried. His haste was contagious. Graham's instinct of self-preservation overcame the paralysis of his incredulous astonishment. He became for a time the blind creature of the fear of death. He ran, stumbled because of the uncertainty of the darkness, blundered into his guards as they turned to run with him. Haste was his one desire, to escape this perilous gallery upon which he was exposed. A third glare came close on its predecessors. With it came a great shouting across the ways, an answering tumult from the ways. The redcoats below, he saw, had now almost gained the central passage. Their countless faces turned towards him, and they shouted. The white façade opposite was densely stippled with red. All these wonderful things concerned him, turned upon him as upon a pivot. These were the guards of the Council attempting to recapture him.

Lucky it was for him that these shots were the first fired in anger for a hundred and fifty years. He heard bullets whacking over his head, felt a splash of molten metal sting his ear, and perceived without looking that the whole opposite façade, an unmasked ambuscade of red police, was crowded and bawling and firing at him. Down went one of his guards before him, and Graham, unable to stop, leaped the writhing body.

In another second he had plunged, unhurt, into a black passage, and incontinently some one, coming, it may be, in a transverse direction, blundered violently into him. He was hurling down a staircase in absolute darkness. He reeled, and was struck again, and came against a wall with his hands. For a moment he was crushed by a weight of struggling bodies, whirled round, and thrust to the right. For a moment a vast pressure pinned him. He screamed, and then the whole mass of people moving together bore him back towards the great theatre from which he had so recently come. There were shouts of "They are coming!" and a muffled cry close to him. His foot blundered against something soft; he heard a hoarse scream underfoot. He heard shouts of "The Sleeper!" but he was too confused to answer. He heard the green weapons crackling. For a space he lost his individual will, became an atom in a panic, blind, unthinking, mechanical. He thrust and pressed back and writhed in the pressure, kicked presently against a step, and found himself ascending a slope. And abruptly the faces all about him leaped out of the black, ghastly white and visible, astonished, terrified, perspiring in a livid glare. One face—a young man's—was very near to him. At the time it was but a passing incident, of no emotional value, but afterwards it came back to him in his dreams. For this young man, wedged upright in the crowd for a time, had been shot and was already dead.

A fourth white star must have been lit by the man on the cable. Its light came glaring in through vast windows and arches, and showed Graham that he was now one of a dense mass of flying black figures pressed back across the lower area of the great theatre. This time the picture was livid and fragmentary, slashed and barred with black shadows. He saw that quite near to him the red guards were fighting their way through the people. He could not tell whether they saw him. He looked for Lincoln and his guards. He saw Lincoln near the stage of the theatre, surrounded in a crowd of black-badged revolutionaries, lifted up and staring to and fro, as if seeking him. Graham perceived that he himself was near the opposite edge of the crowd; that behind him, separated by a barrier, sloped the now vacant seats of the theatre. A sudden idea came to him, and he began fighting his way towards the barrier. As he reached it the glare came to an end.

In a moment he had thrown off the great cloak, that not only impeded his movements, but made him conspicuous; had slipped it from his shoulders. He heard some one trip in its folds. In another he was scaling the barrier and had dropped into blackness on the further side. Then, feeling his way, he came to the lower end of an ascending gangway. In the darkness the sound of firing ceased and the roar of feet and voices lulled. Then suddenly he came to an unexpected step and tripped and fell. As he did so pools and islands amidst the darkness about him leaped to vivid light again, and the glare of the fifth white star shone through the vast fenestrations of the theatre walls.

He rolled over among some seats, heard a shouting and the whirring rattle of weapons, struggled up and was knocked back again, perceived that a number of black-badged men were all about him, firing at the reds below, leaping from seat to seat, crouching among the seats to reload. Instinctively he crouched amidst the seats as stray shots ripped the pneumatic cushions and cut bright slashes on their soft metal frames. Instinctively he marked the direction of the gangways, the most plausible way of escape for him so soon as the veil of darkness fell again.

A young man in faded blue garments came vaulting over the seats. "Hullo!" he said, with his flying feet within six inches of the crouching Sleeper's face.

He stared without any sign of recognition, turned to fire, fired, and shouting, "To hell with the Council!" was about to fire again. Then it seemed to Graham that the half of this man's neck had vanished. A drop of moisture fell on Graham's cheek. The green weapon stopped, half raised. For a moment the man stood still, with his face suddenly expressionless, then he began to slant forward. His knees bent. Man and darkness fell together.

At the sound of his fall Graham rose up and ran for his life, until a step down to the gangway tripped him. He scrambled to his feet, turned up the gangway, and ran on.

When the sixth star glared he was already close to the yawning round throat of a passage. He ran on the swifter for the light, entered the passage, and turned a corner into absolute night again. He was knocked sideways, rolled over, and recovered his feet. He found himself one of a crowd of invisible fugitives pressing in one direction. His one thought now was their thought also—to escape out of this fighting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Hawaii Under Annexation*

By Honorable Sanford B. Dole, Ex-President of the Republic

IN dealing with this subject, it is desirable to consider somewhat the ethnic conditions of the Hawaiian community.

The native Hawaiians, including part whites, form more than a third out of a population of 109,020, according to the census of 1896. There is a steady increase of the part whites, with an equal division of the sexes. The pure natives are slowly decreasing in numbers, with men preponderating over women in the ratio of 53 to 47 per cent.

Naturally the part whites have a hereditary superiority over the pure Hawaiians, and are, as a rule, more progressive.

The Anglo-Saxon element, made up of settlers from America, England, and Germany, and their descendants, while they represent but a small proportion of the aggregate population, form an influential part, taking the lead in religious, social, political, and business enterprise, and being the main factor in the formation of public sentiment.

Portuguese immigrants and their descendants, making an approximate seventh of the population, are an important addition to the community, with their characteristic qualities of thrift and order. While the percentage of illiteracy was large among the original immigrants, their children, under the peremptory school system of Hawaii, are making a promising advance in education.

The rest of the population is mainly Chinese and Japanese, with a scattering of other nationalities. The greater part of the Chinese and Japanese are temporarily in the country as laborers, without families, making a floating population constantly moving about in search of wages, and contributing largely to the passenger travel westward across the Pacific.

The majority of native Hawaiians have opposed annexation—some from political reasons based upon the hope of an eventual restoration of the monarchy; others from traditional familiarity with nominal native rule involving their feeling and prejudices; others from an undefined anxiety lest the annexation of Hawaii to the United States would injure them through loss of civil rights, political privileges, social standing, or in some other way which they could not forecast; and many on all of these grounds, with all of which race-sentiment was an element of more or less force.

The average Hawaiian feels more than he thinks. He has never been able to analyze the political situation very thoroughly or to carry out any line of thought relating to Hawaiian affairs very far; and he is unable now to think out the question of annexation and how he is to be affected by it.

Many Hawaiians cheerfully accepted the abrogation of the monarchy, having lost confidence in it. These, as a rule, would have preferred the continuance of the republic of Hawaii to annexation, but, with confidence in the judgment of the annexationists and in the friendship and justice of the United States, have bravely faced the—to them serious—new departure.

The Portuguese are good annexationists.

The Chinese were loyal to the republic of Hawaii, and would have preferred the continuance of its independence. Annexation has brought them grave anxieties.

The Japanese were not pleased with the extension of American sovereignty to Hawaii, but have accepted the situation with good grace.

The immediate effect of annexation is a rise in the values of real estate and sugar stock, and a general upward tendency in all kinds of business. There is excitement among speculators. Although these circumstances tend to support the theory of the existence of a boom, it is probable that, with the limited amount of land in the group, the new land values will rather increase than fall as time goes on, while values of sugar stocks will be affected favorably or otherwise mainly by the price of sugar and the state of the labor market, although it is evident that there is now a slight inflation of values.

Local politicians are considerably excited over the consummation of annexation, even to the extent of taking measures to influence the selection of local officials by the government at Washington.

There is some discontent among this class with the civil service status of the government of the republic of Hawaii, as it is and has been, on account of the absence of the political spoils system. Although annexation has inspired these with hopes in this direction, there is impatience at the slow and uncertain progress of events towards a permanent form of government on American lines.

Speculators are discontented with the Hawaiian land system, which intentionally excludes them from all participation in its benefits, and are looking hopefully to Washington for legislation that shall open the public lands to their manipulation, and are discussing means to promote such legislation.

The intermediate period in the programme of annexation is of value in giving the community time to adjust itself to the new relations. It is most important that the political development of Hawaii shall be a growth from former conditions, rather than that the present political plant shall be uprooted and another started in its place. It was fortunate that there was no sudden change of the civil system upon the transfer of sovereignty. That in itself was shock enough for the time being. All legitimate interests were conserved by the delay in the organization of the permanent government. Time was obtained for a deliberate study of the situation by the Hawaiian Commission and by Congress. That the government has continued much as before, except as to diplomatic relations, has undoubtedly promoted confidence in the field of business enterprise, and it has had a quieting effect upon the political situation, with its enthusiastic annexationists, its enthusiastic anti-annexationists, its royalists, and its great mass of puzzled and anxious people without definite views.

That all important changes in the system of government or its administration should be gradual, and with due notice to all concerned, has always been a recognized feature of the policy of the republic of Hawaii. The Hawaiian Commissioners, in reporting an organic act for the Territorial government of Hawaii, have been influenced by similar views. They recognized the fitness of the Hawaiian civil system for the local conditions, and were loath to introduce radical changes outside of the executive power. They felt that interference in the judicial or legislative function would tend to embarrass the administration of affairs and create a period of troublesome readjustment, causing worry, suspense, and uncertainty in all directions.

It is probably for the best that a Territorial form of government, instead of immediate Statehood, has been recommended. It cannot be doubted that the responsibilities and experiences of five and a half years of self-government as an independent power, with the serious obstacles and difficult questions which have beset the administration of affairs under the republic, have formed an effective school of preparation for the political union of the Hawaiian community with the United States. In like manner the experience of the nation under a Territorial system will be educational in the line of American methods. Although the Anglo-Saxon element is probably as competent for the organization and maintenance of State government as the population of any American State, the Hawaiians and Portuguese need further opportunities of studying political principles and of applying them in practice. These a Territorial government will furnish to some extent, and it will thus, in a measure, prepare the way for State government. Such a period of preparation will be in the interest of business prosperity, good government, and success in Statehood when it comes.

It may be that some of the experiences under the Territorial system will be bitter ones, and they may be all the more valuable on that account. If the Hawaiian distribution of official patronage is abolished for the more American but less scientific system, it is inevitable that the spoils feature of American politics will obtain a foothold in Hawaii. And if, in addition, the advisory feature of the Hawaiian administrative system is swept away, good government may become as difficult as it was under the decadence of the monarchy. Such retrogressions—temporarily disastrous though they may be—can be calmly endured, in the confidence that their reactions shall tend to keep alive that Hawaiian spirit of insistence on good government which has heretofore carried the insistors successfully through a period of difficulty and danger on the way to the accomplishment of their object.

Hawaii, as a civilized community, is older than any part of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. There is much misconception on this point. Americans are arriving every day imbued with the idea that this is a new country, and that the mere fact of being on the ground is an advantage of great value, regardless of the want of capital, tools, or professional or mechanical skill. When gold was discovered in California, Hawaii was successfully administering its own affairs under a constitution and good laws, a legislature, and a supreme and subordinate courts. Life, liberty, and property were protected; schools existed in all parts of the country; churches were numerous and well attended.

For more than two generations enterprise has been developing and branching out in many directions. Local firms now have the business of the country well in hand. Annexation, by its stimulus to production and immigration, has already increased the traffic in lumber, machinery, tools, dry-goods, and groceries, and perhaps luxuries. The hotel and lodging-house business is very favorably affected, while the growing demand for rented houses, and for ground on which to build, has stimulated land values.

This business development makes room for new capital and new men. The new man with capital may find room in the established lines of business. He can hardly develop a new line of enterprise until American laws are extended to the islands, except perhaps in the field of agriculture, where it is extremely probable that products now not thought of may be profitably cultivated, and in the development of water-power.

During the intermediate period business growth will closely depend on the increase of the white population and the development of sugar production, but upon the extension of the American tariff to Hawaii there will be new opportunities for enterprise, such as canning of various kinds of fruit, the manufacture of textile fabrics, the production of tobacco, the cultivation of fruits and vegetables for American consumers, and raising flowers for the manufacture of perfumes.

The natural resources of the group are a fertile and well-watered soil, a considerable water-power, climate, and geographical position. Besides these there are no others to be seriously considered in forecasting its future development.

The geographical position of the Hawaiian Islands confers large business advantages, and promises much for the future. During the year 1898 there were one hundred and thirteen arrivals at Honolulu of large steamships going and coming between the Pacific coast and the Orient and the British colonies of the south seas. These vessels contributed greatly to the business of that port through their freight and passenger traffic, and by their requirements for coal, provisions, water, and repairs.

The commerce of the Pacific is in its beginning. Its growth will in the near future test the harbor facilities of the Hawaiian group to the utmost. Extensive wharf and dock improvements must be promptly made to meet the new requirements. All this means an increased demand for labor and capital.

The construction of the Nicaragua ship-canal, which may be regarded as a feature of that new American departure that includes the assumption of the control of the Spanish East and West Indies and Hawaii, will most materially add to the commanding commercial position of the Hawaiian Islands.

Upon the consummation of annexation, the cultivation of sugar under the conditions of rainfall and irrigation by gravitation had materially reached its limit. Stability, as a feature both of the government and of the sugar market, caused by that measure, has greatly promoted enterprise in the direction of irrigation by means of water artificially raised. This forecasts a considerable addition to the sugar product within the next few years, if the labor market proves to be reliable.

For a generation or more wild coffee-trees have furnished the local supply. Within seven or eight years the cultivation of this crop has been taken up and carried on with much energy. As three or four years from the nursery are required for the trees to reach full bearing, it is as yet early to speak with certainty in regard to the prospects for success. There is no doubt, however, that in suitable localities it will be a reliable and profitable crop. Further data are required as to soils, weather, elevation, and other matters of environment in relation to its successful cultivation. This product is not materially affected by annexation, except as that event raises land values and promotes the immigration of persons who want to plant coffee, thus casting both favorable and unfavorable influences over the prospects of this industry.

Tobacco has long been raised by the natives in small quantities for their own use. Both soil and climate favor its growth in sheltered and elevated localities in many parts of the group. It freely grows wild in such places. Plants from foreign seed flourish. What place Hawaiian tobacco is entitled to in the markets of the world is as yet unknown, as it has never yet been properly cured. We may expect that tobacco will be produced in Hawaii of good, if not first-class, quality, and that the extension of the American tariff to these islands will be the signal for exhaustive experiments in its culture and preparation.

A considerable part of the grazing area of the islands is fair arable land, and under annexation will be in demand for the cultivation of some crop or other. This will reduce the extent of grazing-lands, and will diminish stock-raising in the old Hawaiian way, which will be a direct benefit, as it will tend to promote a more intelligent and scientific system of stock-farming than has been the case heretofore. Quality will take the place of quantity as the paramount object, because it will pay better with the diminished pastures and the necessity of relying to a large extent on forage crops.

The land system of the republic of Hawaii, which encourages the settlement of individuals on small farms, has been very successful. The number of small landholders is constantly increasing, thus adding materially to the taxable value of the real estate affected, and developing a prosperous and conservative class of citizens. Although these farmers, for the most part, cultivate coffee and Indian corn, they are in a favorable position to take up the cultivation of such other crops as the new conditions under the extension of American laws and tariff shall encourage.

The continuation of this policy under annexation is vital to a successful settlement of the public land by a class which by its industry and its interest in public affairs shall favorably affect the future politics of the country.

The Hawaiian climate has been mentioned as one of the natural resources. The inhabited islands are within 154° 30′ and 160° 30′ west longitude and 19° and 22° 30′ north latitude. They are within the trade-wind belts, are surrounded in every direction by thousands of miles of ocean, unbroken by any shores save the smallest islets. The air currents that come to them are pure and full of the tonic of the sea. The temperature is hardly tropical, yet entices all of every age into the open air all the year round. Sunstroke is practically unknown. No one is debilitated except by his own inactivity. Out-of-door athletics prevail much as they do in America. Men from northern climates work freely and comfortable under the sun's direct rays. There is no deterioration of Anglo-Saxon families from generation to generation, either physically or mentally, but there are indications of a contrary tendency.

A climate of this quality is a resource, because it attracts tourists who are running away from cold weather and settlers who are tired of the struggle with nature in higher latitudes. It affects national prosperity as it promotes the general health. The tops of the highest mountains have heavy falls of snow in the rainy season. From these to the sea-shore is a large variety for one to choose from, with an environment of scenery everywhere—land and sea, forest and meadow and silver stream—which is beyond the anticipations of every visitor.

I do not know that anywhere there is a civilized community whose social life is more natural and unconventional, without loss of refinement, than that existing in the Hawaiian Islands. There is no aristocracy, nor any "four hundred." There is no social color-line, and no definite social lines of any nature. There may be said to be loosely defined social sets, but there are no lines between them; they merge into each other. Education, refinement, polish—these have more to do with social position than any other circumstances. Wealth has its weight, but has hardly come to be regarded as a social circumstance, although it is a strong ally where the more important qualifications exist. Family is an important consideration.

There is no color prejudice affecting the Hawaiian, the Chinese, or the Japanese; or if there is, it is discoverable only in marital considerations. None of these races, if otherwise socially acceptable, are barred by color. The Hawaiians, and part Hawaiians in particular, are specially in demand socially.

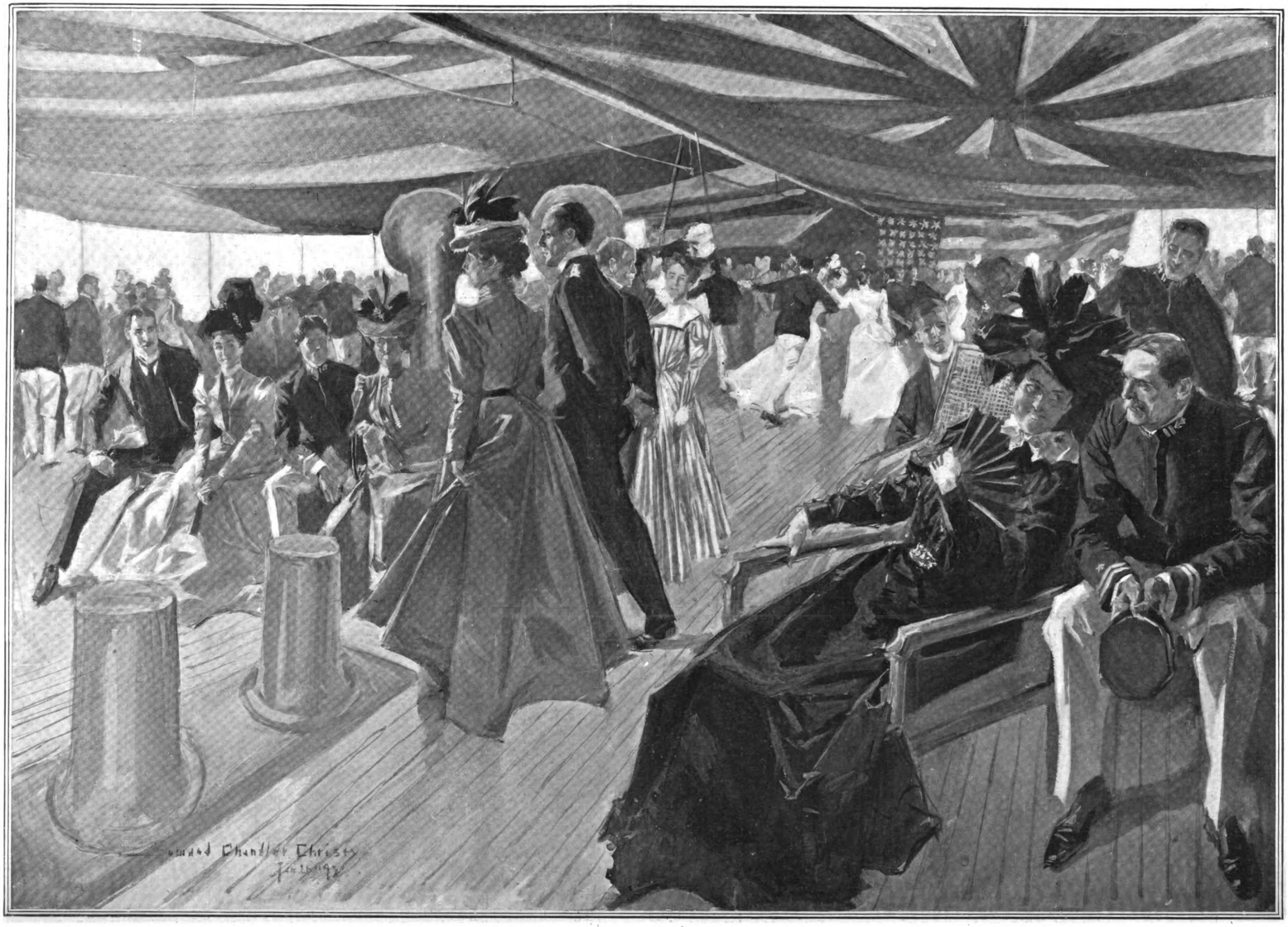
A charm of Hawaiian society is its cosmopolitan quality. Every large social gathering has representatives from the great world races—Polynesian, Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Scandinavian, Frank, Mongolian.

A large part of the opposition to annexation among Hawaiians was due to anxiety lest they would be socially prejudiced by its consummation. Conscious that both the monarchy and the republic fostered their social advancement, they were afraid that, as a part of the great eager American nation, they would be gradually ignored until their position should have become intolerable.

There is a good deal to say on the side of these fears.

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HAVANA—RECEPTION TO HAVANESE SOCIETY GIVEN BY COMMODORE CROMWELL ON BOARD U.S.S. "TEXAS."

Drawn by H. C. Christy after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

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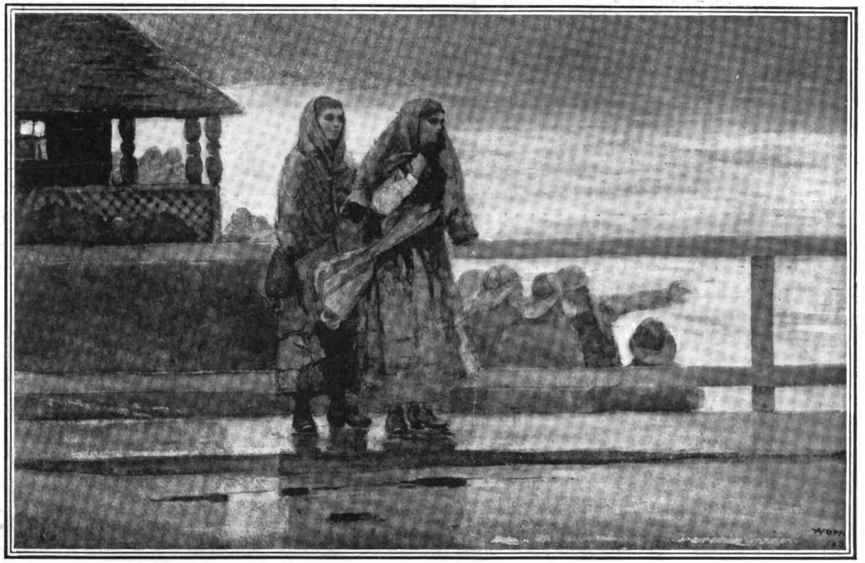
"A VISIT TO THE MISTRESS"—1877.



"DANGER"—1887.



"WATCHING THE TEMPEST"—1881.



"THE PERILS OF THE SEA"—1881.

FROM THE THOMAS B. CLARKE COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY—FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF WINSLOW HOMER.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 150.]

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A large part of the white population is Hawaiian by birth and environment through the susceptible time of childhood. Another large part has sifted in slowly, one or two at a time, never in sufficient numbers to dominate in any line of influence, always absorbed, so to speak, by the Hawaiian community, and quickly converted to its sentiment and taste and likes and dislikes, and, among other things, to its recognition of the native Hawaiian as a social equal.

What will be the result when white men come in as they are coming now, and faster? Will the Hawaiian community still continue to dominate the situation and assimilate the arrivals as fast as they come, or will the new-comers, before they become Hawaiian, assert themselves and be a law unto themselves and the old society, making their social sentiment and indifference toward the native Hawaiian to be the paramount unwritten code?

If this take place it will be unpleasant and prejudicial for the Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, not only socially, but commercially as well. But it will not take place. The social community as it exists is strongly intrenched, and Hawaiian families are an essential part of it. Some of these have wealth as well as social prestige. There is a kindly sentiment in America toward the whole native element. They are civilized enough to escape being regarded as Indians are regarded by Americans. Their civilization is mainly an American product. Individuals may be indifferent or patronizing, but the American people are proud of the results of this educational enterprise of theirs, and will ever be disposed to foster the due blossoming and fruitage of this vine of their own planting and culture.

The industrious Hawaiian will be benefited by the larger horizon which annexation brings to him, and by the power and prestige of the great nation in which he may claim citizenship. The new environment will be educational; he will continue to be a man and brother, but in a larger sense than before. Competition in all lines will increase somewhat, but he will stand it, and will find the place to which his competency entitles him.

Especially will those who own the lands which they live on and cultivate be able to hold their own with new-comers. Some, indeed, will be led into mortgaging their homes and eventually losing them, but the many will learn, as they are learning now, to resist such temptations, and will come more and more to prize the independence which home-ownership confers.

The Chinese and Japanese element of the population, forming about forty-two per cent. at the census of 1896, must be considered in the social and political outlook. How will our future be affected by them; and does their presence constitute a menace to Hawaiian civilization?

There is one feature of the movements of these people which aids materially in the solution of these questions, and that is the fact that the great majority are here temporarily in search of wages, and that but few of these show any tendency to settle permanently. The rest return home—some to stay, others to return eventually, if they can. If the supply is cut off, the constant migration homewards rapidly diminishes the local colony.

In 1886, in consequence of understandings with the Japanese government at the inauguration of the immigration of Japanese laborers under treaty provisions, the influx of Chinese was substantially shut off. At that time their number in the islands was approximately 19,500. For eight years the doors were closed against them, and in that time their numbers fell off approximately to 15,300. The same result will be reached again in regard to them, now that restrictions have been placed upon their entrance into the country. Restrictions on the entry of Japanese would produce similar results.

Many of the Chinese in the country are employed on rice plantations, generally owned and managed by their countrymen. It is safe to say that white men will never be willing to do the work required in the cultivation of rice, as in all of it, except the harvesting, the laborer is compelled to work in water and mud. Chinese labor employed in raising rice may be left out of the consideration of the prospects of white labor.

In regard to raising sugar, it is not probable that white men will work in gangs under the direction of an overseer, according to the system generally in vogue at the present time. Experiments are now in operation to employ white men in sugar-plantation field-work under profit-sharing conditions. There seems to be no reason why the application of this principle should not be completely successful. If this be accomplished, it may be expected that systems of profit-sharing in a considerable variety will be gradually developed throughout the sugar plantations of the islands because of the greater liability of labor under such conditions. Such a change in the labor status will give the white laborer the most favorable conditions possible in relation to the most important crop of the country. The change cannot be made at once, but must have time for its effective accomplishment.

The temporary nature of the Chinese and Japanese stay in the country is further shown by the fact that those that take up agriculture as proprietors generally acquire leaseholds rather than actual ownership of land. While in 1896 seventy-four per cent. of the land-owners of the country were Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, and seven per cent. Portuguese, only three per cent. were Chinese, and one and a half per cent. Japanese, and at the same time the Chinese and Japanese, the great majority of whom were adult males, numbered forty-two per cent. of the whole population. It is true that opportunities of acquiring holdings in public lands are not open, as a rule, to the Chinese and Japanese under the special systems of the present land laws, but under the homestead law under the monarchy, which was put in operation in 1887, no distinctions were made, and none have existed for many years in the ordinary sales of public lands at auction.

From these facts and figures it will, I think, be clear that the Oriental element of the Hawaiian population is under easy control, and is not likely to become a menace to Anglo-Saxon civilization, unless, indeed, the enterprise of establishing families from other races upon the public lands with ownership in the soil should be neglected.

While the Chinese conduct all the rice plantations, and were the pioneers in sugar-culture, they do not at the present time manage a single sugar plantation, and the amount of sugar stock they hold is insignificant.

If the settlement of small farmers on the public lands continue, and especially if it should be carried out on a larger scale than at present, and if they should be, as a rule, men with families, content to make their permanent homes on their holdings, and looking to the cultivation of the soil instead of speculation in land for a living, the political and social future of the country will be secure.

Many native Hawaiians have refrained on political grounds from voting during the past few years. It is probable that in the future all will vote who can. All political parties will seek their support. This will give them a standing politically, and will be helpful to them. The natives will be numerically strong enough for a while to elect their own candidates on race lines, should they so desire, and they will probably do so in some cases; but it is not likely that this will generally happen. Such results will be reached by them more often in the politics of the local municipal corporations which will be inaugurated than in elections for the Territorial legislature; for, while they are able sometimes to organize within the limits of a district, they have never succeeded in extending a political organization effectively over the group.

Without doubt the union of little Hawaii with great America lifts the curtain before a future full of great possibilities to Hawaii. To America the union is of great importance, but to that great country, with its manifold interests, it is but a ripple in the onward flow of its resistless energies—a rivulet joining the river.

To us of Hawaii it is present loss for a future and greater good, sovereignty and independence, and some heartfelt associations for participation in a greater sovereignty and a more effective independence represented by a government of incalculable strength.

We shall undoubtedly have our disappointments. There will be some bad mixed with the good. But there will be growth beyond all our precedents. Our local world will be larger, and we shall be more in touch with the great communities of the rest of the world. We are Americans now for better or worse. We have placed our fortunes and our future in the hands of the United States. We shall prosper or suffer as they shall deal with us.

Honolulu, *December 27, 1898.*

Our New Possessions—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

COFFEE-CULTURE

COFFEE-RAISING ranks first as an industry in Puerto Rico, bringing wage into the pockets of thousands of earners and substantial profits to the coffers of the plantation-owner and exporter.

Besides the assured income from a well-planted coffee plantation, the life of the planter and owner has many desirable features which recommend it as an occupation to be followed by the American investor. First, coffee must needs be raised in the higher altitudes of the picturesque rolling hills, and on the faces of the steep mountainous inclines which finish upward in sharp zigzagging narrow ridges, thus giving him a healthful, cool place of residence, away from the hot lowlands and fever country of the coast. Second, in the hills and mountains living springs for uncontaminated water-supply are found, and, at the worst, he has always at hand the cooler, frothing, dashing torrents of the rock-bound mountain streams from which to draw crystalline water. Third, and perhaps most important, no great technical training is required to raise coffee successfully, as is the case with raising sugar or tobacco. Fourth, the life is an easier one for the proprietor—which is no small factor in a torrid zone, where excessive activity is sure to bring on fever in the case of the unacclimated—in that he travels in the shade of the forest which shelters his coffee-trees from the hot sun, as he makes his overseeing tours, and works under cover where the pulpy berry is changed into the finished and polished bean of commerce.

Good coffee-land ranges in price from twenty to five hundred dollars an acre, depending upon location and the topography of the site, and again whether it be virgin soil or in crop of varying age, the highest price being asked for five-year-old full-bearing trees, near the great military highways, within easy-hauling distance of coast shipping centres.

It may be said that five hundred dollars is a fictitious value for any coffee plantation, and that the owner naming such a price is usually a Spaniard, filled with a desire to return to Spain, but inwardly fearing, even in his dislike of the American, that the new rule may mean unparalleled progress in the island. Two hundred dollars an acre for well-grown trees, with adequate shade above them, has hitherto been considered a good round sum for a plantation, though as much as three hundred has been paid under Spanish domination.

There is no favored section in the mountain districts where coffee grows to greater perfection or with better flavor on account of more fertile ground, and this assertion is made in the face of a prevailing opinion that the Yauco region, in the southwestern part of the island, grows the best coffee. Yauco has become a trade-name in France, so it is almost a universal practice to mark the higher-grade coffees with the word Yauco, whether they come from the east, west, north, or south.

The western end possesses some topographic and shipping advantages over other portions of the island, for in a section running in a great arc around this district the mountain country has more rounded foot-hills and less angular and precipitous contours, thus making the work of planting and cropping easier, and also permitting expeditious gathering of the berry. The shipping advantages lie in that a fair military road connects all the coast towns and that good harbors are not far away. Ponce is reached by rail from Yauco, and the deep water and picturesque harbor of Guanica is not over six miles away. Ponce also has a military road leading up into the Adjuntas country, which is almost solely devoted to coffee-culture.

There is the port of Guayanilla to the eastward of Guanica and Cabarnjo on the lower western end of the island, Bramadero several miles to the north, and the large city and harbor of Mayaguez in the centre of the western side. After Ponce, Mayaguez is the great coffee-shipping city of the island, and a large area of country to the eastward is tributary to this city. North of Mayaguez is Aguadilla, which exports a fair proportion of coffee; and Arecibo, on the northern coast towards the west, receives nearly all the coffee grown in the Utuado district, as a good military road connects the two towns.

The coffee country on the great military road across the island from San Juan to Ponce is just as rich, and on it are raised as prolific crops as in the western end of the island; but the region is rougher and the hauling is a large item of expense, reaching eight cents a pound where it is necessary to bring the product in by pack-mules over frightful trails to the military road, and then laboriously to haul it in ox-carts to San Juan or Ponce. Electric railways will relieve this burden of excessive tolls, which is now in some places so destructive to profits.

The development of coffee-raising in the eastern half of the island has no doubt been retarded by lack of roads, less water, greater area of rough rocky country, and no convenient harbors, though there are many fine coffee plantations scattered through the mountains. The clearing of virgin soil in Puerto Rico for coffee-raising, or for any other purpose, represents much labor, but it is a far easier undertaking than in Cuba, where virgin land presents the densest of tropical jungles. In Puerto Rico there are few areas which have not been cultivated over and over again during its three centuries of occupation, and the overlying vegetation consists, except in rare cases, of small trees and heavy undergrowth only, which, at a wage of fifty cents a day per laborer, may be economically cleared away and burned. The man who essays, however, in this way to create a coffee plantation *de nuevo* must be prepared financially to tide himself over four years of waiting for a remunerative crop of coffee, and to meet attendant expenses of cleaning, weeding, and the final introduction of coffee machinery.

Here is a fair estimate of the cost to a man contemplating the purchase of one hundred acres of coffee-land and converting it into a paying investment:

One hundred acres of land, with trail leading from it, not over twenty miles from coast harbor, at $40 an acre	$4,000
Clearing of land, preparing the soil, planting coffee-bean, platano, and guava trees, at $30 an acre	3,000
Weeding for four years, cutting out the platano, at $20 an acre	2,000
Introduction of machinery	8,000
Buildings, plain residence	2,500
Coffee-houses	2,500
Trail-building and repairs and ditches for water	500
Incidentals	1,000
Total	*$23,500

* Puerto-Rican pesos.

This represents an establishment with modern machinery but plain buildings: boiler and engine, pulping-machine, steam drying-drum, huller for second shell, polishing-machine, classifier, blowers, bins for handling and final sacking. The machinery, except the pulping-machine, may be dispensed with, and the coffee-bean in its last casing dried in the sun on cement floors, or in flat shallow boxes supported on rails, to be run under cover, but the saving would not exceed five thousand dollars, and the expense of handling the coffee would be increased, while the marketable price would be greatly reduced, as it is necessarily sold to the coast merchant, who finally prepares it for market in his own mills.

The returns for this outlay would, approximately, be as follows:

Second year, coffee (5000 lbs.) at an average of 15 cents a pound	$750
Third year, coffee (10,000 lbs.) at same price	1500
Fourth year, coffee (20,000 lbs.) at same price	3000
	$5250
Cost of picking, at 1½ cents a pound	$525
Cost of hulling and washing, at 2 cents	700
Cost of easy transportation, at 2½ cents	875
	2100
Net returns at end of four years	$3150

At five years of age the plantation should be in full bearing, and by careful attention 500 to 1000 pounds of coffee per acre can be raised in the following years, the decline in yield not being apparent until after the trees are twenty years old. Assuming that the average crop is 500 pounds to the acre, the annual output would be 50,000 pounds, and, gauged by the present standard price, controlled by the French, Spanish, and German markets of fifteen cents a pound—though in the last few years it has been as high as twenty-five cents—the returns, after deducting the cost of handling, which in itself may be reduced by the introduction of greater transportation facilities, would yield a net income of $4500 a year.

It must be understood that fifteen cents a pound repre-

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sents an average price to the grower of coffee for his entire crop, paid by the local exporters of coffee at the coast towns, and does not refer to the selling figures for the special classes of coffees supplied to the foreign market. This subject will be developed in the course of the relation of the growing, handling, and exportation of coffee.

Coffee, as it is raised to-day on the island, is planted with very little system. The bean is poked into the prepared land, and platano or banana slips are set up in the ground at intervals. The platano, making a full growth in each year, affords the first year's shade, which is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the young coffee-plants. *Melango*, known in English as tannia, the big lily with an edible root, is often used for this primary shading, particularly where the clearing of the ground is undertaken by a native laborer, who is granted the privilege, by the plantation-owner, of living on a plot of ground for two years and raising his subsistence, provided he prepares the ground for coffee.

With the planting of the platano it is customary to plant small guava and mocha trees; the former are preferred, as they are speedy growers, which give the essential shade for years to follow in the life of the plantation. Both trees are slender, high shade trees, branching out towards their tops into a fairly dense covering of fluttering leaves, and they bear little fruit, and lose few leaves during the year.

As the years pass, loose berries drop from the coffee-trees, and sprout to form new plants. These are transplanted when they interfere with the parent plant, and from them it is possible in a few years to secure a solid mass of coffee-trees, and to advance new areas each year, by transplanting under the shade of growing banana-fields, which in themselves furnish a marketable food.

The flowering coffee-tree is a thing of beauty, with its myriads of white flowers clinging close to the slender, waving, nearly vertical branches of the bush. The flowers give way to green berries, until the tree looks much like a nature's rosary, so closely do the green beads crowd one another. In the month of October the berries begin to ripen and get their rich red and glazed coloring, which foretells the coming of the picker.

The commercial man perhaps does not care that the ragged, tattered pickers, large and small, father, mother, and a brood of partially clothed children, make one of the most picturesque sights in this island of loveliness. In the early morning they trudge out from their little thatch-roofed huts, with home-made baskets slung on bands from their shoulders or balanced carelessly on their heads, straggling along the trails and roads, the little elfin children chasing each other in glee as they go to work. The bright-eyed comely girl wishes you "Buenos dias" with half-timid, half-flirtatious smile, and the father and mother each salute you with the deference born of generations of training. Later, from the depths of every thicket comes the chant of singing voices, and the chorus is feminine, the woman of poverty somehow knowing how to be happier than the man.

The little children gather all the low berries which may be reached by their tiny hands, while the grown-ups bend down the tall bushes and rapidly strip the berries into their baskets. At dusk, from every side, burdened figures struggle up the steep hill-sides to the winding trails, or ease themselves down step by step from the heights above. The men and women are carrying the berries now, sometimes laden down with a large basket on the head, and smaller picking-baskets swung around the body, while the sleepy, tired tots stumble along with all the brightness of life gone out, for that day, from their worn-out little souls.

Down at the plantation the coffee-berries are weighed up or measured up and paid for, usually with mild protest from the lips of the picker, for it is the common practice to underweigh and underpay. A centavo more or less to these poor people means much.

For a hundred pounds of berries $1 50 is an average price. A man can gather, in a heavily fruited coffee plantation, an average of fifty pounds a day, and with the addition of the earnings of the whole family he becomes quite opulent for the first few weeks; but as the berries grow thinner—for they must not be picked green, and they ripen at different times—the work becomes more arduous and the daily wage less.

All told, the native coffee-picker gets, on an average, not more than four months' paid work in the year, and this estimate includes his work of weeding and transplanting. Assuming his family to number five pickers, two grown people and three children, he perhaps picks an average of 100 pounds a day for eight weeks, and not more than 50 pounds a day for the remaining four or five weeks. His annual income for his entire family at this rate could not possibly amount to more than $125 Spanish, including one month's labor in caring for the field. It is little wonder, then, that he and his family, on an average wage of $10 a month Spanish, have few clothes and live in plain thatched huts, anæmic and fever-stricken from fruit diet and no medicines.

In consequence of this low wage, much stealing of coffee prevails, the spoils being exchanged or sold at the little stores along the road-sides. One sees everywhere, bordering the military highways, small mats with drying coffee upon them, and while some of it is the legitimate raising of the present owners, most of it has been pilfered by the laborers. All this side-issue coffee is handled by hand, the berry being bereft of its pulp in crude wooden mortars with hand-pestles and dried in the sun, the outer shell being removed by a similar beating process in the same vessel. It is said that this system of peculation prevails in all the large exporting coffee-houses, and in consequence every poor family whose inmates work in the big mills and houses is always prepared to serve the most delectable beverage which the highest-grade coffee can produce.

When the berries arrive at the plantation-house they are stored away in sacks or bins, and as speedily as possible are put through the pulping-machine, which removes the outer juicy meat from the two coffee-beans which rest with their flat sides together within. This machine is extremely simple, and is generally of local manufacture. A heavy wooden roll, eight or ten inches in diameter and two or three feet long, studded with round-headed nails, much like the bottom of a hobnail boot, is the principal element in the machine. Into a hopper above, the berries are poured, and come down through a narrow slit upon this moving roll, which is guarded by a steel-edged adjustable rule, just separated far enough from the hobnails to macerate the berry and release the beans. This product, pulp and beans, falls upon an inclined shaking wire net, through which the beans pass by oscillation, while the pulp travels over its surface to a refuse-pile.

This finishes the handling of the coffee by machinery in most of the sun-drying establishments, though in the larger ones the entire work is done by mechanical means. Where the coffee is sun-dried, large square cement floors are laid down on the open ground, with a slight dip for drainage, or elsewhere shallow boxes on small flanged wheels are used, which travel on tram railways from exposed positions in the sun to cover under the house or shed at night and in time of rain. The cement-floor system represents much work, for the coffee must be housed at night and in damp weather, and it is a common occurrence to see men frantically raking the coffee into bags and upon squares of burlap, in haste to get the valuable product under cover from a coming shower.

At Lares the entire public square is rented to one coffee-seller on week-days, that he may spread his coffee for drying, and every morning a hundred men file out with huge loads of coffee, tied in burlap sheets, on their heads, and begin the work of laying them open to nature's heat rays. In this instance it is all kept on the cloths, so that it may be quickly gotten under cover. It is an interesting operation to watch the deftly trained men laying these cloths so that they overlap into one solid carpet of cloth, and following this manœuvre up by spreading the coffee into a vast field an inch in depth. It takes from two weeks to thirty days to dry coffee well by this means, depending, of course, largely upon the weather.

The greater percentage of raisers ship the coffee thus dried, and yet enveloped in a thin brittle shell, to the steam-mills on the coast. A few of them, however, have hulling-mills which remove this last coat and afterwards polish the bean. These mills are primitive in character, consisting of two great wedge-shaped wheels five feet in diameter and covered with tin, which chase each other round and round, from opposite ends of a great axle, in a circular walled and tinned trough two feet deep. The motive power is a yoke of oxen. The heavy wheels ride over the coffee and crush off the outer hull. It is then placed in an ordinary fanning-mill, such as we use for cleaning wheat or other cereals, and the dust and light hulls are blown out. It is passed back to the big rolls, and a small quantity of blued water—a quart to a hundred pounds—is poured into the runway, the wheels going round and round until every individual berry is polished till it shines and possesses the blue tint so prized in French markets. One coffee-burnisher of this character, at Cayey, run by steam, polishes and blues 16,000 pounds of coffee each day.

When the mountain coffee-growers have their crops of coffee ready for the market, pack-trains of the little sturdy mules (not burros) pour in from the pasture-lands along the coast, under the charge of expert packers. Everywhere over the tortuous, precipitous, muddy mountain trails, one finds in November and December long snaky lines of these muscular little animals crawling carefully along narrow rocky paths or floundering through mud-holes belly-deep, laden with such huge packs as would put our government mules to shame.

On the alleged passable highways two-wheeled ox-carts are used, and it is a common sight to see four and five yoke of these lumbering animals lurching and straining in the plastic muds, in an almost vain attempt to start five hundred-weight of coffee on its impeded journey.

Where the work is done entirely by machinery the wet beans may be run directly into the steam-drier, though it is the usual custom to spread the mass out under cover for a few days, until it loses its first water. The driers are of two types, a huge rotating cylinder filled with iron pipes, through which hot steam circulates, or the more usual kind, containing hot air sucked from the fire under the boilers and blown into the turning cylinder, where it escapes through close-meshed wire doors. From the drier it is dropped into bins, and carried to the top of the building by travellers and deposited in bins. It then passes into the huller, which is of American make—outside of the pulper and the polisher, most of the coffee machinery comes from the United States—where the hulls fly off after slight crushing by fast-moving teeth. It is then polished and blued as described, and finally passes to the classifier, a cylindrical framework six feet long, wound with piano cord into four sections, each set of wires being more open than the preceding. Inside this wire-work a fixed-screw shovel moves the coffee along, and, according to size, it falls through into different compartments beneath.

No machine method has been invented by which defective and marked beans may be separated from their better brethren, so hand labor has still to be expended on this part of the work. The hand picking of coffee is again one of the picturesque phases of the coffee industry, as it is carried on by women and girls. In the poorer establishments they sit on the floor with a lapful of coffee, and one by one throw out the bad beans, shoving the lapful of good coffee finally into a bag at their feet. In the big marts at the sea-coast, picking-tables are supplied, from whose compartmented boxes dangle bags connected to the table by open spouts. The girls work rapidly and deftly. Some woman in the corner starts a church chant, which is taken up by one after another, until the whole room is singing; then this is changed to a wild native love-song, and through the stronger voices of the grown ones sounds the weak treble of little children that one wishes might be in God's air instead of stooped day after day, thin and white, over their tables, their baby fingers flashing back and forth as they seize the discolored beans, piping amorous songs, while their unmatured bodies grow round-shouldered, and their eyes lustrous only in fever. Bagging, labelling, and shipping follow.

Four grades of coffee are handled; as has been said before, geographical position is not an index to quality or flavor. The prime coffee is the male bean, which grows alone in a berry-pod. The shape is ovoid, instead of having one flat side like the double bean. There is but five per cent. of this coffee, and it has brought a price at the wharves, in years gone by, ranging from twenty to thirty-five cents, the average being above twenty-five cents silver. The second coffee is the largest of the flat-sided beans, and is a very fine coffee. Its price has ranged between fifteen and twenty-five cents. The third coffee is a good bean, but smaller than number two, with a price of thirteen to eighteen cents. The fourth coffee is usually the irregular-shaped small bean, with more or less discolored coffee intermixed. Its price ranges between six and twelve cents silver, depending upon how many bad beans have been thrown in. This coffee is very fair, measured by American cheap-coffee standards, and it is hoped by Puerto-Ricans that it will compete with the grades of Rio so extensively consumed in our country.

Fifty-five million pounds a year seems to be a conservative estimate of the amount of coffee exported from the island in 1897, though the amount may fall somewhat this year. Of this amount Ponce ships from her seaboard near 25,000,000 pounds, Mayaguez between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds, and the rest goes from the ports of Arecibo, Aguadilla, San Juan, Guayama, and Guanica.

Yauco district raises		8,000,000 lbs.
Lares	"	5,000,000 "
Adjuntas	"	6,000,000 "
Utuado	"	6,000,000 "
Las Marias	"	5,000,000 "
Mayaguez	"	4,000,000 "
Cayey	"	500,000 "
Aybonito	"	500,000 "
	Total	35,000,000 "

The other 20,000,000 pounds is scattered over the island. It is not to be understood that these figures represent accurate statistics; they are merely an average of estimates given by various coffee planters and shippers.

It may confidently be stated that the coffee industry is in its infancy in Puerto Rico as compared with its possibilities under the progressive management of American capitalists. Not more than 100,000 acres are under cultivation, and the methods in vogue for handling the crop are very primitive. With American energy, proper machinery, and accessible electric transportation, there can be no doubt that Puerto Rico holds out the promise of becoming one of the leading coffee-producers of high-grade coffee in the world. The topography, soil, physical conditions, and climate favor an immense production of this one of the world's needs.

The quality of Puerto-Rican coffee is held in high esteem in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Spain. France has always been the heaviest purchaser of high-grade coffee, Spain the largest buyer of the poor grades. Cuba, in some years, has been a heavier purchaser even than the foreign countries. In the United States hitherto this coffee has not been sold, except in small quantities, as our coffee-buyers will not handle the commodity at the high prices asked and received abroad. In flavor it is as fine as our best mixture of old Government Java and Mocha; it has less of the pungent acridity of the Mocha, and is stronger than the Java. The half-way point reached between these two makes a cup of Puerto-Rican coffee a beverage of fine aroma and most delicate flavor. It should, as fads go, become the coffee of the future in America.

The progressive growth of the coffee industry during a century in Puerto Rico may be illustrated by the following table, though it should not be assumed that these figures are more than approximate statistics, for Spain and Spanish provinces have always been in a marked degree weak in accurate statistical reports:

Date.	Lbs.	Value.	Rate.
1788	1,126,925		
1803	294,784		
1832	2,800,000	$ 53,600	12c.
1834	11,596,500		
1851	12,111,900		
1887	25,102,000	3,415,666	13.6c.
1893	44,612,000	11,297,723	25c.
1896	55,780,000	13,379,000	22.7c.

The 1783 estimate is undoubtedly a guess made by de la Torre, author of *Cuba and Puerto Rico*, 1861, as there were no tabulated statistics of imports and exports of the island until the year 1803, and his figures for 1834 and 1851 are hardly to be credited, in that the careful writer Flinter (*State of Puerto Rico*, 1834) gives but one-fifth the amount of the other author for a coffee crop two years earlier (1832). Flinter states, however, as his belief, that the official returns represent but one-half the actual quantity raised. The figures for 1887 and 1893 are taken from the English consular reports of the island, and are reliable. The returns of the 1896 crop are from the report of the Department of Agriculture, by Frank H. Hitchcock.

The discrepancy or apparent increase of the later over the earlier selling price, ranging from an average of twelve cents per pound in 1832 to twenty-five cents in 1893 and a little less in 1896, is probably to be accounted for by the constantly augmenting depreciation of the silver currency of the island, which difference the consular agents have failed to consider. The Spanish official returns of the exports of Puerto Rico are reckoned in the island currency, and not upon a gold basis. A material increase in the selling price of coffee per pound would naturally follow, however, for by the introduction from year to year of coffee-handling machinery the quality of the marketable bean has been much enhanced, and the old methods of selling the bean for foreign exportation in its second hull and in an unclassified condition have wholly given way to modern methods, which place a carefully classified, highly polished, and blued coffee in foreign marts, where money is paid for fine appearance as well as flavor.

Saint Valentine in Canada

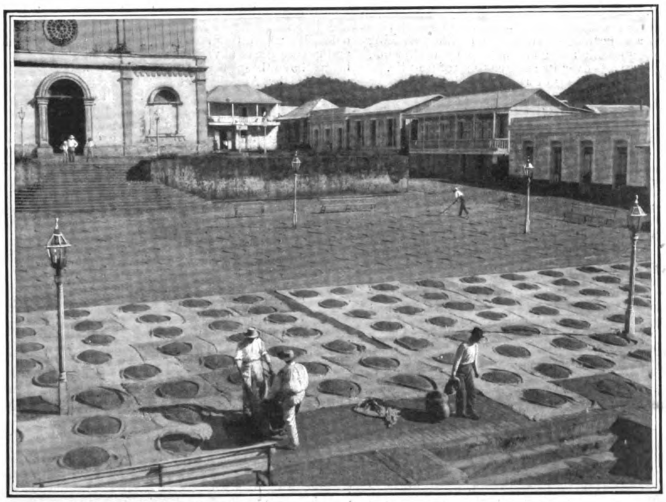
UNDER the cedars and over the snows
With soft still leaps the white hare goes,
Till every friend has heard his call
To a wildwood lovers' festival:
"Come, hunted ones, and hearts be light,
No hunter's abroad on Valentine's night.

With bark and berry the feast is made,
With dainty that ripes in cedar shade,
With wine of the woods, the mountain breeze
Blown through pungent balsam-trees.
There's chirp of squirrel and shy wood-mouse,
The red deer snorts, there's drum of grouse,
And when the moose bull bellows shrill
Their chorus rolls from swamp to hill:

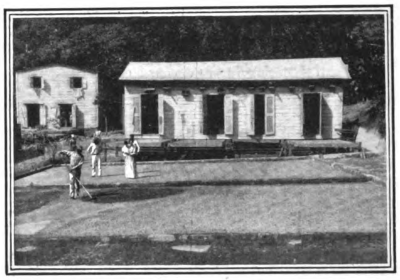
Till Jeanne and Pierre—whose love-talk low
Made fair a poor hut in the snow—
Listen, and thinking of forest elves,
Draw yet closer, and cross themselves.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

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PUBLIC SQUARE OF LARES
Rented Six Days in the Week for Use in Sun-drying Coffee.



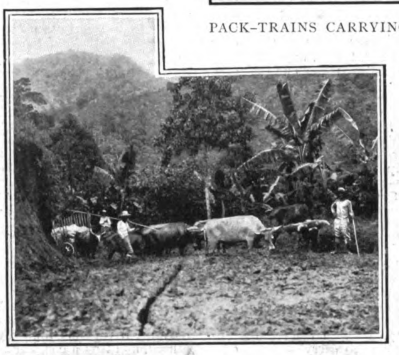
WHERE THE COFFEE IS SUN-DRIED.



PACK-TRAINS CARRYING COFFEE TO MARKET.



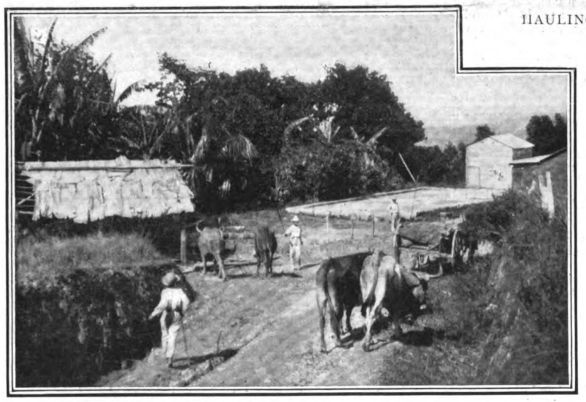
WOMEN WHO SEPARATE THE DEFECTIVES FROM THE BEANS.



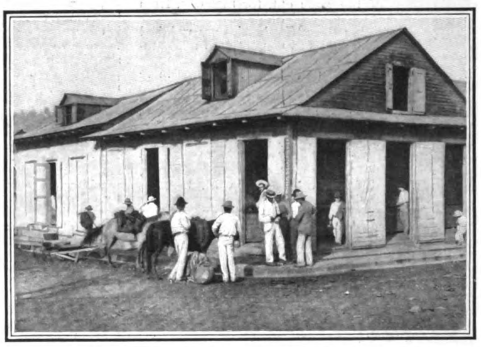
HAULING THE CROP OVER THE HEAVY TRAILS.



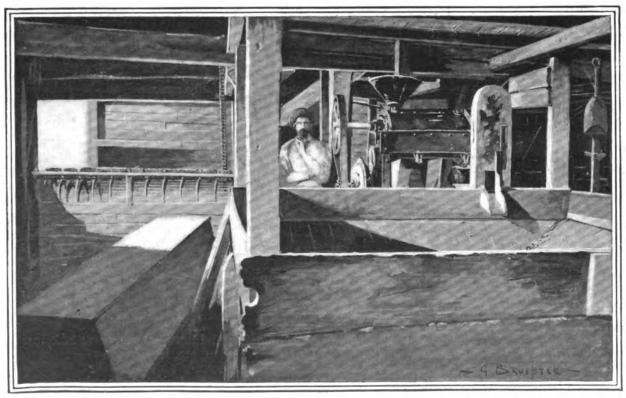
COFFEE-TREE IN FULL BEARING.



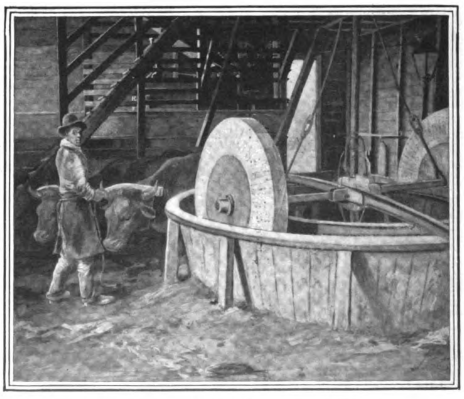
A COFFEE-PLANTER'S HOME. LARES—LOS MARIAS TRAIL.



TRADING COFFEE FOR MERCHANDISE.



A CLASSIFIER AND AN AMERICAN HULLING-MACHINE

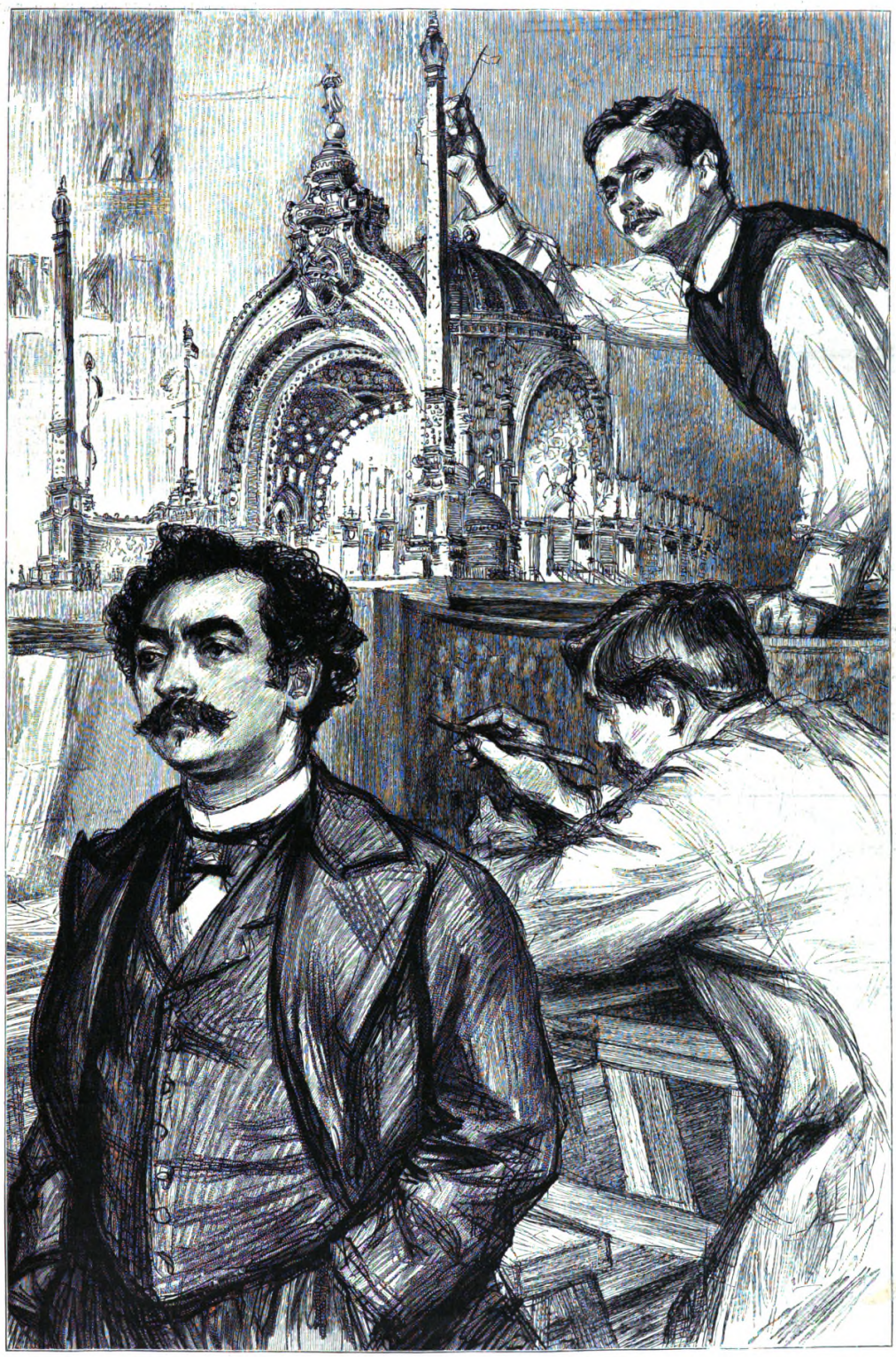


HULLING AND POLISHING MILL.

COFFEE-CULTURE IN PUERTO RICO—HOW THE MAIN INDUSTRY OF THE ISLAND IS CARRIED ON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 146.]

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THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900—THE ARCHITECT, M. BINET, AT WORK ON A MODEL OF THE ENTRANCE.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RÉNOUARD.

A Monumental Entrance

THE site of our World's Fair was not favorable to a grand entrance on the land side, so the authorities wisely abandoned the attempt and confined their efforts to a noble approach from the lake, where the Water Gate and Peristyle stood. The conditions are entirely different in Paris; the visitor will receive his first impression before he enters, and it is to be a big one. In the accompanying drawing of M. Binet, to whom the entrance has been intrusted, there is shown a model of the design proposed by this French architect. The extreme height is to be about 146 feet, and the area covered nearly 20,000 square yards, or, to make it more intelligible, a square 141 yards on each side.

The general scheme is a triumphal arch, flanked by low curving wing walls, at the ends of which are erections with a mixed suggestion of minarets and obelisks. This arch forms one of four surmounted by a dome. Passing through either of the three inner arches, the visitor will be confronted by a series of turnstiles, arranged upon the segment of a circle which sweeps around three sides of the building. The frame-work will be of iron, overlaid with wood and faced with staff, the surface of which is to be enriched with raised ornaments. M. Binet has been a student of Moorish architecture in Spain, and its influence can be traced in the present design. But his studies were in the direction of the use of external color, and the distinctive feature of the proposed structure is that it will be one of color as well as of form. It is to be polychromatic, by both day and night. To this end disks

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of colored glass will be freely introduced, which will count as jewels by day and be illumined by electric light at night.

The design as shown in the sketch, and the proposed use of colors, may strike the reader as likely to be fantastical and garish, particularly if he visited our World's Fair. It must be borne in mind, however, that the French approach the designing of exhibition buildings from an entirely different point of view from that which prevailed at Chicago. There it was determined to present an object-lesson of monumental architecture to arouse taste in the country. There is no need for this in France. The French people are artistic. They are also logical.

The sham presentment of white marble buildings erected of perishable stuff is repugnant to them. Moreover, an exhibition building is a temporary structure, and its design, they feel, should be suitable to its purpose and to its short life. And that life should be a merry one. The grounds will be a scene of low-shifting color from crowds of people bent—largely, at any rate—on pleasure, and the buildings should contribute to the general animation and gayety. It was entirely different at Chicago, where the majority of visitors were bent on educating themselves. Tired by their anxiety to "do" everything in a short space of time, they hurried from point to point, carrying their food in nose-bags, or snatching a hasty meal at a lunch-counter. Light-heartedness and gayety were mostly confined to the Midway—exhibited in a rather boisterous fashion, and in response to attractions chiefly shoddy. By night and day the Paris grounds will be a scene of *al fresco* entertainment. It is only fair to take into consideration the difference of the Gallic intention and of the Gallic temperament when passing judgment upon this design.

The Dewey Medal

By the courtesy of the sculptor, Daniel C. French, the Weekly is able to publish the first authentic reproduction of his completed design for the Dewey medal. The Tiffany company will cut the dies and strike the medals in copper; 1635 in all.

Upon the obverse is a lifelike presentment of the head of Commodore Dewey, with the following inscription: "The gift of the people of the United States to the officers and men of the Asiatic Squadron under the command of Commodore George Dewey." Upon the reverse, surrounded by the words, "In memory of the victory of Manila Bay May 1 1898," is the figure of a young sailor, stripped to the waist, who sits upon a gun, with the flag across his knees, and one foot resting upon a swinging loop of rope. In this beautiful figure Mr. French has admirably embodied the genius of the episode in its highest and purest aspect—the spirit of the fleet, such as one's imagination may picture it to have been on that memorable morning, and also the spirit of the country on whose behalf it was going into action. The chief characteristic of the face is youth—the beauty, confidence, and pure intention of youth. In the pose of the figure are alertness, fearless uprightness, and the unconscious grace and composure of assured strength. The very disposition of the flag is suggestive. The moment represented is not the one of victory, but of preparedness thereto. The flag is not a menace to the world, nor under the pretext of its name is a policy of aggrandizement foreshadowed. It is safe in the keeping of Young America, and when the cause is right it will be uplifted.

Such seems to be the suggestion of this beautiful figure. But its beauty, apart from the symbolism, is equally noteworthy. As a piece of decoration it is delightful.

Its placing in the circle secures an admirable balance between the varied portions and the flat ones very enjoyable to the eye. The strong horizontal bar formed by the cannon, low down in the space, lifts up the lithe figure of the youth, and gives it a dignity and sense of size very difficult to obtain in so small a compass. Again, the poise of that foot upon the rope—observe how exquisitely sensitive it is!—brings into the narrow space at the bottom an interest and distinction which make it contribute to the decoration of the whole. Lastly, the whole possesses that quality which is such a charm of low relief—"enveloppe" as the sculptors call it. Atmosphere is, perhaps, our nearest English word; the pattern of the decoration is not one merely of light and dark, but of several degrees of light and several degrees of dark, as if viewed through varying planes of atmosphere. The result is, though, not hard and gritty, but luminous, rich, and velvety. C.H.C.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORY, TO BE PRESENTED TO HIS OFFICERS AND MEN.—From Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

LONDON

January 21, 1899.

The reaction against imperialism and expansion has found a candid and creditable exponent in Mr. John Morley. In a series of speeches delivered in Scotland, the author of *Compromise* has formally broken with Lord Rosebery and his imperialist colleagues. Even Sir William Harcourt, his associate in an isolation that is not splendid, went to the London banquet to Lord Kitchener, and declared that "another brilliant page had been added to our history." Sir William Harcourt, on that occasion, praised the army that had been "able to create and maintain an empire wider than that which was ever guarded by the legions of Rome." There is an imperialist smack about these phrases, to which Mr. Morley did not find it convenient to refer. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, however, Mr. Morley spoke out clearly and courageously. He has given to the distracted groups of politicians who now represent all that is left of the great Liberal party shattered by Mr. Gladstone materials on which they can form a judgment. Mr. Morley lifts up his voice in protest against the jingoism that has invaded his party. At first he refused to define a jingo, but declared he would be ready with a definition when those who asked for it gave him a definition of a "Little-Englander." Mr. Chamberlain promptly accepted the challenge. Within twenty-four hours the Colonial Secretary defined a "Little-Englander" to be "a man who believed that expansion carries obligations which are out of proportion to its advantages." Mr. Morley rejoined by a prolix series of definitions of a jingo, far too long to quote here. He is as destitute of humor as Mr. Gladstone himself. Mr. Morley opposes imperialism because, he says, it means militarism, the ascendency of aristocracy and class privilege, and other evils. He holds that peace will be secured by concession and conciliation. He ridiculed the Congregationalist ministers who welcomed the Tsar's manifesto as making for peace, and yet were careful to say that they did not believe in peace at any price. Mr. Morley denounced "the feverish clamor and shouting" over the Fashoda incident, and the whole series of his speeches implied that the country is going mad with the fever of excitement, vainglory, and jingoism.

I give prominence to Mr. Morley's denunciation of British imperialism because much of what he says, whether true or not, is equally applicable to the condition of affairs in the United States, and because high personal character, trained intellect, historical knowledge, political eminence, and literary ability command for Mr. John Morley a respectful hearing from those who most keenly differ from his conclusions. Mr. Morley is mistaken in his facts. Nothing is more remarkable in recent events than the serenity and calm confidence of public feeling. Sir Nowell Salmon, one of the oldest and most distinguished of British admirals, recently said, "For the first time in my memory the nation has been brought face to face with the prospect of war without suffering from a war scare." This result is mainly, if not entirely, due to the motive power of active and alert public opinion, which has insisted on the assertion and maintenance of supremacy at sea. After two centuries of alternate activity and scare the nation has realized that the preparation of fleets and the organization of their personnel are the work of time. It is now recognized that when the day of battle comes it is too late to meddle with the navy. Nothing can be improvised at sea. The fact of the British fleet having been brought up to a high standard of efficiency and power enables the country to face the Fashoda, Newfoundland, Madagascar, and Waima disputes with France with equanimity. The "feverish clamor and shouting" attributed by Mr. John Morley to the English and Scottish people exist only in his imagination. No one supposes that Mr. Morley wishes to misrepresent anything, but he sees things through green spectacles. With him everything is colored by Irish interests. Nevertheless, the sincere and manly utterances of warning against vainglory and pride, against territorial expansion for its own sake, and a bastard imperialism which adds responsibility without increasing the welfare of the people, is a wholesome, if exaggerated, warning. Mr. Morley has fulfilled the true function of an opposition, although no nation has yet lived and thrived or achieved and maintained freedom and justice on the principles professed by Mr. Morley. Mr. John Morley is an interesting and even lovable personality; but the country will never quite forgive him for spelling "God" with a little "g" when he was editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and for the part he played in winning Mr. Gladstone over to the surrender that has shattered the Liberal party.

The meeting of Parliament is preceded by the usual crop of speeches. It is strange to observe the unanimity with which prosperous politicians shun the condition-of-the-people question. The country is tired of the poor. Ten years ago slumming was fashionable. Parliamentary commissions were held on the Sweating System, on the Invasion of Destitute Aliens, on the Housing of the Poor, and on a dozen cognate subjects. Some legislation followed, but little good has been done. One-fifth of the inhabitants of London still occupy dwellings unsanitary from over-crowding. Within a mile of the Mansion House are masses of men, women, and children who are more truly barbarian than the Basutos, Sudanese, or the aboriginal tribes of the Himalayas. Greater interest is excited among educated people by Sir William Harcourt's attack on prelates who have found the Narrow Way a path to the House of Lords than in the ghastly failure of civilization in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and most of the great towns and the great cities of England and Scotland. It is true that the country is prosperous, that the revenue is increasing, that philanthropists are active, that politicians are eagerly on the lookout for grievances that will tell with the voters. But the mass of national misery is appalling. It remains practically untouched by legislation. Over a million of our social failures are provided for in the workhouses. The sum of poverty and degradation outside the Poor Laws, inherited by this generation from its predecessor, is not being reduced. We are in a fair way to hand down to the next generation greater embarrassment and more efficient machinery for the manufacture of larger masses of human degradation. The national debt of the country is under $100 a head. In 1815 it was $225 a head. While liability for past expenditure has thus diminished, responsibility for our social failures has increased. In London alone the number of prostitutes exceeds the population of Albany. The folk without homes in London equal the population of Boston. Known criminals exceed one-third of the population of Memphis.

It is economically untrue that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer; but the gulf between the Haves and the Have-nots is deeper and wider and blacker as education enables the latter to understand the contrast between their lot and that of the comfortable classes. I have seen men willing to work throw themselves down in the street praying for death to end the misery of want. I have heard the wailing of children locked lonely into a bare unsanitary room while the mother, all too soon after recent childbirth, seeks the wherewithal to feed them. From the cheap lodging-houses, from the railway arches, from the over-crowded tenements, rises an ever-increasing volume of inarticulate but unquenchable revolt against intolerable conditions of life. Statistics published by optimistic officials are satisfactory to those who wish to believe that all is well in this over-crowded island. Discontent is not a matter that lends itself to statistics. Discontent, however, is growing. For the present everything is quiet. Trade is good. The disinherited have no means of co-operation, no political pull, no leverage as against the prosperous members of the community. The combined efforts of all the churches and all the societies have undoubtedly produced certain visible effects, but the evils that remain are so enormous in their extent that the blindest and most preoccupied politician can scarcely fail to perceive that expanding trade, a strong navy, friendship with the United States, a settlement with France, and public and private charity still leave something to be desired if the British people are successfully to escape the charge of hypocrisy.

Myriads of children produced in reckless disregard of parental responsibility and plunged into an environment of villany and vice, with no play-ground but the streets, is a feature in English city life which attracts little attention, but it is as much a reality as the Sudan victories. The social reformers are no more in agreement than theologians themselves, though there is a general conviction that a great deal requires to be done. Canon Barnett, who has done brave and good work in Whitechapel for many years, has recently called public attention to the horrors of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, but, with the exception of one or two letters in the newspapers, has met with no public response.

Although there is no country in the world where the social revolution is less likely to take place than in England, there is national weakness and shame in the social condition of masses of our countrymen, and until a new Savonarola arises to rouse the national conscience, the tendency will be to go from bad to worse. Many of the younger members, especially on the Unionist side, in the present Parliament, are keenly alive to the social question, but the preoccupation of the country, and necessarily, therefore, that of the Prime Minister, in foreign affairs, renders them impotent, even if legislation could accomplish anything in a direction where nothing but change of character and of morals can be of permanent benefit.

Arnold White.

The Clarke Collection

The dispersion of a private collection is often a pathetic incident, fraught with many regrets. One felt this at the sale of the late Mr. Charles A. Dana's wonderful collection of Oriental porcelain. The man's own lifework was finished, and the children of his adoption, upon which he had lavished all the love of his leisure moments, passed into the hands of strangers. A unique and historically complete collection was lost to the world. But no such feelings attach to the forth-coming sale of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's famous collection of pictures by American painters, which will be conducted by the American Art Association at Chickering Hall, New York, on February 14, 15, 16, and 17. Whatever Mr. Clarke's own feelings may be, the country will be the gainer by the sale. For twenty-seven years he has been buying pictures by American painters. When the majority of buyers were ignorant of

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what constituted a good picture, or were distrustful of their own judgment and preferred to follow the advice of the art writers and dealers, this gentleman not only had an opinion of his own, but the courage to back it with his money, and attached himself loyally to certain painters in whom he believed. Later on, the slowly ripening sagacity and taste in art matters of the American public began to recognize these men as great, and museums everywhere are eager to acquire their works. To mention only one name: locked up in this private collection are no less than thirty-nine examples of George Inness, now generally acknowledged to be one of the finest landscapists that ever lived. It is safe to say that these works will bring at public auction five or six times the amount which Mr. Clarke originally paid for them.

Nor is this a sordid way of regarding the matter. Painters have got to live, and the buying of their pictures becomes an important feature of the art movement of a country. Then getting a return for our investments, whether of time, brains, or money, is a principle upon which human society depends. He who buys pictures is justified in using the same sagacity as the man who buys stocks. The point is that many men have qualified themselves by training to be good judges of the earning possibilities of a railroad, but very few of those of works of art. So they either bolt past a good picture like a wall-eyed horse, or shy at it like a nervous one. They take their cue entirely from dealers and art writers, thinking those men must be the best of advisers. But are they? It is the dealer's business to carry goods which are already in vogue and will fetch the highest prices. He can ask pretty well what he likes for an old master, and the sum will not be demurred to. Why, then, should he waste his time in trying to force American pictures upon an unbelieving world? Then that other sheet-anchor of the average buyer—the art writer—what has he been doing for many years? Booming French art. Rightly regarding French methods and French art as excellent, he seems to have become infatuated with them, and to have grown to think that nothing else is admirable, until he is like a man who has looked at the sun for some time, and can see nothing but yellow blurs, whithersoever he turns his eyes. Influenced by this perpetual laudation of things French, the public naturally have learned to believe that it is futile to look beyond them, whether for admiration or for purchase. The result is that most sheeplike propensity a fad, the whole flock following one old bell-wether. When shall we be able to think for ourselves?

This faculty must be set to the credit of Mr. Clarke. It led him to make a practice of visiting the yearly exhibitions, and of looking out for the work of young, unknown painters. Many a one has owed to him the heartening up which is caused by his first sale. Some of them have gone on from strength to strength, and these early examples of their unfledged genius are now prized either for their intrinsic charm or for their promise. Others have dropped out of the race, from one cause or another, and their very name awakes no recollection in a modern ear. Many of these pictures, therefore, will not fetch even the moderate sum that Mr. Clarke very likely paid for them, and will seem to be weak spots in the collection. But the thoughtful visitor will see in them proofs of the sincerity and singleness of purpose which have actuated Mr. Clarke's connection with American art. He has had a life-long belief in native painters, and has dared even to make mistakes of judgment.

Of the collection itself it is impossible to speak in detail, for it consists of four hundred canvases. Some of us will have the privilege of seeing it all together, for it is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in Madison Square, where it will remain until the date of sale. Writing in advance of this exhibition, it seems reasonable to expect that the room devoted to landscapes will make such a showing of this branch of painting, in which American painters admittedly excel, as it is seldom possible to obtain. To begin with, there are no less than thirty-nine examples of George Inness, representing every phase in his long life of earnest and constant endeavor to get closer to nature and to explore all the problems of his art. There is "The Rocky Dell," one of his earliest pictures, painted in 1849, when he was twenty-four years old, showing the influence of the engraver's art, to which he had originally been apprenticed, and lacking in that feeling of color which he afterwards developed so thoroughly. There is also "After the Summer Glow," painted in the year of his death, which occurred in 1894. Between these two periods of promise and matured fruition—for that last picture is ripe in knowledge and execution, and has no hint of failing powers—comes a sequence of examples, characterized by extraordinary versatility, and a corresponding completeness of vision and achievement in every direction. One may have seen many Innesses, and thereby fancy that one has mastered the resources of this man. It is not so. On and on, through his nearly seventy years of life, he varied in his moods and manners, even as nature, which he lived with, changes, and was always a student, even when he had become a master.

The steady growth to plenitude of purpose and power can be also traced in the work of Winslow Homer, of which there are thirty-one examples in this exhibition. It is interesting to remember that he was a special artist of the WEEKLY during the civil war. He has always been an ardent student of nature, using it first of all, however, as a setting for picturesque and dramatic treatment of figures. Many of them were executed at Scarboro on the Maine coast, where the perils and hard life of the fisher-folk furnished him with abundant inspiration. In some the sea is secondary to the human interest, but at last he is drawn to it for its own sake, and those splendid canvases, "Wood's Island Light," "Coast in Winter," and the latest one, "Maine Coast," have been produced. In these the majesty, power, weight, movement, and color of the sea have been depicted with a fidelity and imagination that make one bow to this man as great. They are the product of that old principle of success—devotion to one's art and to all its promptings. This is what has made Dwight William Tryon our foremost of living landscapists. He is represented by ten examples in this collection, among them "The End of Day," and "Moonlight: Dewy Night," beautiful in themselves, and interesting also as showing the evolution of his methods and purposes before reaching the very different achievement, illustrated in his landscape of last year, which won the first prize at Pittsburg.

Of seven Wyants, "Early Morning," with its silvery sky and cool green foliage, is a fine example of his exquisitely poetic manner. The intense feeling, sense of harmony, and power of building up the anatomy of a landscape which characterized the later work of Homer Martin are admirably displayed in "Adirondack Scenery," 1895, probably the finest of his five examples included in this collection. But these are only a few of the landscapes, and space forbids the mention of any of the *genre* and figure compositions. But nearly all our leading men are represented.

The first chapter of Mr. Clarke's connection with American art is closed. He ceases to be a collector. The next chapter will bring these pictures into the lives of a great number of people in various parts of the country, especially if the museums, as it is to be hoped they will, become the purchasers of many of the more important. In the event of this, the influence of the forthcoming sale upon the taste and education of students of art will not be exhausted in many chapters. Mr. Clarke's life work will be continued indefinitely.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1898.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$34,724,277.55
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,063,423.53
United States Stocks, State and City Stocks, and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1898 (market value over cost, $11,478,910.73)	157,207,562.55
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1898, $14,520,910.00)	11,431,535.55
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	14,346,910.11
Cash in Banks at interest	9,056,737.55
Balances due from agents	252,786.50
Interest and Rents due ($179,646.83) and accrued ($369,524.37)	549,171.20
Premiums due and in process of collection	2,549,079.00
Deferred Premiums	2,187,815.00
Total Assets	**$258,369,298.54**

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1898, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1898.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.
Alfred W. Maine, 2d Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve) on all existing policies by Society's valuation (Computation by N. Y. Insurance Department $198,879,737, as stated below)	$198,898,259.00
All other Liabilities	2,160,550.27
Total Liabilities	**$201,058,809.27**
Surplus	**$57,310,489.27**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$39,371,421.59
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	10,877,865.19
Income	**$50,249,286.78**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$12,982,474.76
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,374,732.37
Annuities	567,905.38
Surrender Values	2,885,442.05
Matured Tontine Values	3,150,224.00
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	3,059,744.86
Paid Policy-holders	**$24,020,523.42**
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	4,558,406.67
All other payments, Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc	4,175,022.14
Disbursements	**$32,753,952.23**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$987,157,134.00**
Assurance applied for in 1898	**$198,362,617.00**
Examined and Declined	**30,318,878.00**
New Assurance Issued	**$168,043,739.00**

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1898, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, J. H. Dunham, T. S. Young, H. J. Fairchild, C. B. Alexander. } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

In the foregoing Statement the rate of interest assumed for the future in computing the reserve on each class of policies corresponds with the rate which was employed in computing the premiums on the same, as stated in the Superintendent's certificate below.

If, in computing the Reserve on all outstanding policies, it should be assumed that only 3% will be realized in the future, the Surplus Assets after deducting all liabilities, would be $34,902,400.

The Society holds a larger amount of Assets in excess of Total Liabilities than any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe on similar computations.

All interest actually realized in excess of the rates assumed will be added to surplus for the benefit of policy-holders.

An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1899 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

J. G. Van Cise, Actuary. R. G. Hann, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, JANUARY 31, 1899.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, and in conformity with the rates assumed in the calculation of premiums on the policies so valued, I have caused the policy obligations of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1898, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest; the American Experience Table of Mortality, at three per cent. interest; and the American Experience Table of Mortality, at three and one-half per cent. interest; and I find the same to be $198,879,737.

Louis F. Payn, *Superintendent of Insurance.*

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AMATEUR SPORT

IF ever a righteous bill went before the people, it is the one now under consideration at Albany which extends the jurisdiction of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries over "game birds and other wild birds useful to man." Only when some sportsman brings the matter to public attention does the average man or woman realize the enormous decrease in bird life throughout the United States. Slaughter of game birds in and out of season, under the guise of sport and for the market, has cleared some sections of them altogether, and made nearly all the species rare in the majority of localities where formerly they abounded. The passing of wild-fowl and of the pigeon, for the same reasons, is patent to even the casual observer.

But the most widespread and ceaseless killing has been of birds suitable for the trimming of women's hats. Literally hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have been killed by the emissaries of milliners, until our entire Atlantic coast is stripped of the terns, the egrets, and the many other species formerly numerous. Now the annihilation is going on along the southern Pacific shore-line and upon the coasts of Central America and Mexico. In the Hawaiian Islands several of the most beautiful of the native birds have become so rare as to be practically extinct.

At the present rate of their disappearance and under existing conditions there can be no doubt that a comparatively brief period will accomplish the practical annihilation of all our birds save those of the smallest species.

HOW considerable and extensive the diminution has already been, any one thirty-five or more years of age who occasionally has sought the country can amply testify. What the future will provide, unless proper legislation prevents, may be gathered from the fate of the bison.

It seems incredible that an animal abundant to so incalculable a degree could, for want of legislative protection, be swept by the million from the face of the earth. And yet consider the plains bison—extinct save for a few small preserved herds. Of the countless millions that thirty years ago roamed the North-American Continent, the only wild ones left are a herd of from about one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty of the variety known as the wood-bison, that range immediately to the southwest of Great Slave Lake, and are now fully protected.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday recently compiled a table which shows the decrease of bird life in thirty States and Territories to average 46 per cent., the maximum of 77 per cent. being in Rhode Island, and the minimum of 10 per cent. in Nebraska. No stronger argument than this recital of figures can be made to illustrate the need of strict protective laws. May they come quickly and throughout the Union!

ALONG with laws for the protection of our birds is needed stricter enforcement of those relating to the sale of game in close season. More needed still is a spirit of sportsmanship, of honesty, indeed, that will insure the sympathetic co-operation of individuals generally, and keep them from ordering game out of season. Dealers, of course, are influenced by the demand. If grouse are requested by regular and profitable customers, the dealer will secure them—from a cold-storage warehouse. But the risk of detection is such that the best dealers decline to run it. Moreover, people are learning that a cold-storage bird is tasteless, and not worth its cost. So the sale of game in close season is growing less and less.

For the instruction of the many to whom "close season" is a meaningless term, and who are unfamiliar with the law thereon and its penalty, I print a notice just issued by the League of American Sportsmen to cold-storage houses, game-dealers, hotels, restaurants, and clubs, directing attention to some pertinent provisions of the amended game laws of New York State:

> The open season for the killing and sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse (partridge) is from September 1 to December 15, inclusive. The open season for quail is from November 1 to December 15, inclusive.
>
> After December 15 it is unlawful to kill, sell, or have in possession any quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), or any member of the grouse family, except that it is lawful to sell or offer for sale or possess such birds from December 15 to December 31, inclusive, if killed in season in this State or out of this State. Please note that all such birds must be disposed of by January 1. Violators of this law are liable to arrest for misdemeanor, and, furthermore, to a penalty of $25 for each bird killed, sold, or possessed. It is unlawful to sell or have in possession venison or moose meat after November 20.

The League of American Sportsmen was organized to aid the good work of protecting our game by employing all its power and activity, individually and collectively, in bringing every offender into court. Its members are devoted to the cause and fearless in their work. Many a restaurant and hotel keeper has entertained unawares a League member with game out of season—and been called into court the day following for violation of the laws. Sportsmen who wish to do practical service for the protection of game are advised to join this League.

SOME excellent and needed amendments to the Maine game laws have been suggested by a committee of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, which will be made into a bill and offered to the next legislature for consideration. The Association committee has been very thorough in its work, revising and condensing all the laws touching fisheries and game, and reporting at considerable length, though in an interesting detail. The important changes refer to deer and moose.

1. No change is made in the law relating to moose, except to leave it discretionary with the court imposing sentence (for violation) whether it shall be a fine or imprisonment or both; and, in case of a fine, it cannot be less than $500. A calf moose is defined to be one not less than a year old and with two prongs to its antlers.

2. The open season on caribou, at present from October 1 to January 1, is recommended for limitation to six weeks —*i. e.*, from October 15 to December 1—to conform with the existing moose season. A most worthy recommendation indeed—many a caribou has been shot down by the alleged moose-seeking gunner. Killing of calf moose and calf caribou is absolutely prohibited.

3. The open season for deer is also reduced by cutting off the last sixteen days in December, making it from October 1 to December 15. A provision is also made permitting during September the "taking of one deer for food purposes only, and to be consumed by the party taking it, in the locality where taken, when accompanied by registered guide, under such rules and regulations as the commissioners shall establish from time to time." The fees for this privilege—to be used for the "benefit of the fish and game"—vary according to whether the applicant is a resident or non-resident.

PROVISION is also made for the transportation of game lawfully killed, without the owner accompanying it, by a system of tags, provided by the commissioners on payment of fees ranging from two dollars for a deer to five dollars for a moose. Sunday close time is abolished in the actual woods. Dealers in hides must keep a record of all hides purchased, from whom bought, to whom sold, and report annually to the commissioners.

4. The sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock is absolutely prohibited, and "only ten of any one kind of game birds may be taken by any one person any one day." These may be sent home or to one's friends through the commissioner's tag system, each tag costing twenty-five cents, and passing one brace of birds.

A good fee is required of such as retail venison, and also of all hunting and fishing camp proprietors. They are in addition required to make an annual written report to the commissioners.

There are several earnest working associations of sportsmen in the country, all doing great service in the protection of fish and game. It seems that an annual general meeting at some central point would result in much good. Where it is possible the game laws of different and especially of adjoining States should be similar in language and in conditions imposed.

CONTROL of racing is a question that has many times convulsed the League of American Wheelmen, with no appreciable result other than decided symptoms, among members, of nerve failure at the crisis of voting. Once again the subject is under discussion, to receive, let us hope, final and rightful adjustment in National Assembly at Providence, Rhode Island, on February 8. It is perhaps necessary to explain to the unlearned in L. A. W. politics



A. E. PILKIE,
Winner 2-mile Handicap.



E. A. THOMAS,
Winner 1500-metre Race.



CHARLES McCLAVE,
Winner 10,000-metre Race.



E. A. GALBRAITH,
Winner 3-mile Handicap.



THE FIFTH LAP IN THE 1500-METRE RACE.



START OF THE 10,000-METRE RACE IN THE DISTANCE-SKATING NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS, JANUARY 28, 1899.



THE LAST LAP OF THE 5000-METRE RACE IN THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SPRING LAKE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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that the agitation is not over continued supervision of amateur, but of professional, racing. That abandonment of the present policy will result is the earnest wish of every amateur in the L. A. W., and of all sportsmen.

The "racing class," so-called, of the L. A. W., has always been its *bête noire*.

Since time out of mind it has harbored the dishonestly inclined among the racers, and carried corruption and politics in its wake. First we had the professional riding a particular make of bicycle under salary, and called an "amateur" by the L. A. W.; then we had the "Class B," or "manufacturers' amateur," enjoying all the privileges of a *bona-fide* amateur, and drawing pay in addition; meantime the professional—called "amateur" because of his own lies, the false statements of his manufacturer-employer, and the grace of the L. A. W.—drew increased salary by keeping out of "Class B." In other words, a premium was put upon lying by the L. A. W. and the manufacturers.

After a time, when the advertising value of "Class B" and other "amateurs" was exhausted, came the avowed professional class. There was no change in the personnel of the racers; they had been dishonest amateurs; the new order made them in name professionals—what they had always been in fact. Only it gave them another opportunity to lead an honest sporting life. The L. A. W. has always been so mindful of the racers—and of the manufacturers.

LESS scandal has assailed us since the L. A. W. tardily decided to call a spade a spade. Among professionals the chances for deception are fewer and the way not so pleasingly marked as in the old days of generous manufacturers and complaisant L. A. W. racing boards. Moreover, the racing craze that swept over the country has subsided to an extent. People are more interested in the decision of local amateur rivalries than in the faster performances of imported professionals, or in the advertised speed qualities of manufacturers' hirelings.

From the view-point of the manufacturers and some of the "prominent" L. A. W. members this is evidence of retrogression; but in very truth it is simply evidence of the wholesome sport spirit which is gradually spreading over the country. You cannot fool all the people all of the time; some are certain to discover fake sportsmanship and rebel. And, too, I have found the general sporting spirit of the country to be fairly healthful; now and again it wanders into the side-shows of the degenerates, but usually it returns with relief into the more wholesome atmosphere of the amateur.

WITH the development of a professional class has come organization of several associations throughout the country for the control of professional racing. None of them has so far been successful, which is rather because the public is not a very liberal supporter of professional cycling, than that the associations are not well equipped for the business of conducting such events.

There is a class of men in the L. A. W. who claim that the interests of amateur racing and of touring will be best served by the L. A. W. retaining control of professional racing. Some profess solicitude for the professionals themselves, on ground such as advanced by Mr. T. J. Keenan, Jr. (president of Pittsburg, and the projected L. A. W. president for '99), that "professional promoters would use the riders just so long as they were able to make money out of them for themselves, and no longer," which is by no means convincing of the resultant good to amateur bicycling.

Others, like, for example, Mr. Howard Raymond, ex-chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, declare that "the League should continue the conduct of both amateur and professional racing, as they possess the proper machinery to work with." A more plausible reason than that advanced by Mr. Keenan, but not a particle more convincing of benefit redounding to L. A. W. amateurs.

SPORTSMEN, of whom there are many among the members of the L. A. W., are not concerned with the ultimate disposition of the professional, nor with the efficacy of the machinery which the L. A. W. may have for his commercial well-being. What does concern us is how the L. A. W. is to be benefited by continuing to control professional racing. Neither the argument of Mr. Keenan nor of Mr. Raymond touches this side of the question, and (disclaiming personal criticism) both arguments are weak and intangible, because they represent the respective self-interests of the individual rather than regard for the sport; the one seeks votes, the other sells bicycles, and both, in the sense of racing control, are L. A. W. expansionists.

The business element in bicycling, from the very first days of racing, has been too strong and too sordid for the health of the sport. The Racing Boards, for a time, practically served the manufacturers' commercial purpose. The voice of the trade was dominant, and reached even to the legislative halls, and to its tools on the Racing Board. Deny it who can.

That was why professionals were called amateurs, why Class B was formed, and why the professional racing-class was taken under the L. A. W. wing. The prevalence and the influence of the business element are also why such strenuous opposition is now being made to the abandonment of L. A. W. control over professional racing.

WHY the League of American Wheelmen should assume itself to be the only body competent to satisfactorily control professional racing remains unexplained. Fact is, the L. A. W. members do not so regard themselves, nor do they wish any connection with professional racing. But the politicians of the L. A. W. are many and active, and the business element powerful and far-reaching, and these attend the Assembly in force, and have hitherto managed to guide legislation as best pleased them. Perhaps this year will mark the supremacy of the sportsman at L. A. W. Assemblies. Abandonment of professional racing will have forceful advocates in Sterling Elliott, Milo M. Belding, Jr., Isaac Potter, P. S. Collins, M. C. Rotier, all prominent L. A. W. members and officials.

That professional bicycling interests can be combined and cared for by a league, just as are those of the professional baseball-players, no intelligent man for a moment doubts. Already there are several such associations, and that more material prosperity has not attended their efforts is due to the meddlesomeness of the L. A. W., which in its obvious anxiety to control all the riders in the country, irrespective of their status, outlaws offending racers with one breath, and reinstates them with the next, in most undignified and inconstant manner.

The Southern Cycling Association, Western Cycling Association, California Associated Cycling Clubs, American Racing Cyclists' Union, and, recently, the National Cycling Association, are the organizations already existing for the control and furtherance of professional racing. Surely enough of them.

THESE associations singly and collectively represent the interests of the men who are engaged in bicycling solely for the money to be made out of it. They are the race-promoters, race-track owners, the racers themselves, track officials, book-makers, and scores of other hangers-on, including the touts. And it is these Messrs. Keenan, Raymond, and men of their persuasion would bring into the L. A. W., which is avowedly devoted to the racing and touring of amateurs.

None will deny that these associations are destined to some future tribulation, and their racing to periods of alternate success and failure. Professional racers will sustain good and bad times, just as do those who embark in any other business. Corruption, on occasion, will no doubt work its way into associations and on to the tracks. But what of it? That is the history of all professional sport. It has been true of horse-racing, baseball, pedestrianism; it will always be true of any sport men enter to make money.

Therefore, how absurd the argument advanced to keep the bicycle professional under the control of an amateur organization! How unfair to fetter the L. A. W. to a department which is certain to cause it daily anxiety, and some day to plunge it into disgrace! Professional bicycling has its place in public esteem, just as professional baseball has. It has its recruiting-fields and its spectators. There will be some confusion among the associations before they settle to normal business conditions, and some of them will go into bankruptcy; but time will bring the same system and businesslike methods, and, I imagine, as much success as attends the National Baseball League.

The L. A. W. should attend strictly to its own business; there is quite enough of it to keep officials busy.

SKATING championships for speed do not attract the entries they should, despite this year's list being better than the average. Perhaps the uncertainty of our winter weather has something to do with it; but I am inclined to think that the casual manner in which the event is annually held, and the repeated choice of the same locality for the race-course, are a great deal more responsible for the apparent apathy. I have always found abundant skating interest throughout the country. There are more skaters in New England alone than in any two other sections. Yet the National Association announces its races in the New York papers, and regularly decides its championships within an hour or two of this city, as though there were no skaters and no suitable race-courses elsewhere.

Either the site of the championship event should be moved from year to year, so all the skating centres are visited, or the Association should provide for the holding of sectional championships, the winners subsequently to meet in the national event, which in such case could be held with entire propriety in the neighborhood of New York. To a less extent the same is true of the figure championships. They should be held at different localities—going so far West as Chicago.

That is the real way to keep alive interest. There are skaters enough; the ponds and the riverways are covered with them wherever the mercury sinks to a respectable winter reading. We New-Yorkers are prone to forget that there are others.

ENTRIES for the 1899 championships, held on Spring Lake, at Poughkeepsie, January 26, 27, 28, included G. Bellefeuille (Rat Portage), pupil of McCullagh, the ex-amateur Canadian champion; James Drury and A. E. Pilkie, of Montreal; Harry Perkins and George Sudheimer, of Hamline, Minnesota; W. H. Merritt, St. John, New Brunswick; and, save Le Roy See, all the local notables.

Generally speaking, the heats were all hotly and closely contested, no individual revealing such emphatic superiority as did the Canadian McCullagh last year. McClave's performances were most brilliant. He showed not only endurance and a rare turn of speed, but consummate generalship—a faculty that perhaps gave him the 5000-metre race. It certainly was a considerable factor in his success in the 10,000 metres. Thomas did much good work, but though he was invincible in the shorter distances, he lacked the staying qualities in the longer events. Hornfeck made a clever win over B. McPartland in the first heat of the 1500 metres, but could not get a place in the final. Some likely youngsters showed in the novice one-mile race—won by Henry McMillan, 3 m. 34⅘ s.

The 5000 metres was a stirring event. Thomas, somewhat the favorite, because of his showing in the 500 and 1500 metre events, skated strongly during the first half of the struggle; later he fell, and lost whatever chance he may have had; he also claimed a foul, which was not allowed. It is hardly likely Thomas could have secured a place even had he kept his feet. McClave, Drury, and Sager all had too much staying quality. Their race to the finish was splendid, scarcely more than a yard separating McClave, who finished first, from Sager, who crossed the line in third place.

GENERALSHIP weighed heavily in the balance of McClave's victory in the 10,000-metre event, for which there were nine starters. The pace was hot from the beginning, Gibbs, Thomas, McClave, and Pilkie alternating in the lead—Sager being close up all the time, though he fell once, and only recovered his position by a tremendous spurt that must have drawn heavily on the steam reserved for the finish. McClave throughout was content to stride with the leader.

On the thirty-sixth lap (with two more to go) McClave, Thomas, and Sudheimer fought for the lead, which McClave secured, and on the homestretch went away, rapidly followed by Sager and Perkins, who lapped him for thirty yards, but then fell back, McClave winning by three yards from Sager, who was as much ahead of Perkins. Thomas was fourth.

The ice was soft and slow the first day; a strong wind and good ice prevailed on the second; on the third the wind subsided, though the ice remained excellent.

Summaries of the National Championship events:

500 metres (546 8-10 yards). First heat won by G. Bellefeuille, Rat Portage, Canada. Time, 1 min., 1 sec. Second heat won by James Drury, Montreal A.A.A.; second, W. H. Merritt, St. John, New Brunswick. Time, 57 sec. Third heat won by B. McPartland, N.Y.A.C. Time, 59 sec. Fourth heat won by E. A. Thomas, Newburg Wheelmen. Time, 59 4-5 sec. Final heat won by Thomas; second, McPartland; third, Merritt. Time, 59 2-5.

1500 metres (1640 49-100 yards). First heat won by Max Hornfeck, Montclair Hockey Club; second, B. McPartland; third, George Sudheimer, Hamline, Minnesota; fourth, F. R. Sager, West Point. Time, 3 min. 7 2-5 sec. Four to qualify. Second heat won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y.A.C.; second, E. A. Thomas; third, Harry Perkins, Hamline, Minnesota; fourth, W. H. Merritt. Time, 3 min. 2 4-5 sec. Final heat won by Thomas; second, Sudheimer; third, Merritt. Time, 3 min. 6 3-5 sec.

5000 metres (5468 1-10 yards). Won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y. A.C.; second, James Drury, Montreal, A.A.A.; third, F. R. Sager, West Point. Time, 10 min. 22 3-5 sec.

10,000 metre (10,936 11-100 yards). Won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y. A.C.; second, F. R. Sager, West Point; third, Harry Perkins, Hamline, Minnesota. Time, 21 min. 36 sec.

McClave's skating career, though short, has been exceedingly brilliant; in '97 he won the twenty-five-mile championship in a snow-storm; in '98 he won the one, two, five, and ten mile contests in a single afternoon. There is not lacking evidence of his staying qualities. The figure-skating championships will be decided at St. Nicholas Rink February 14.

BOXING interest appears to have revived with the 1899 championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. It died ignominiously several years ago, because of professionalism among the boxers and disloyalty (to the A. A. U.) of athletic clubs. Sportsmen are glad to note the return of interest and the healthier spirit.

The class of entries, speaking of the individuals, was the best I have seen at such a meeting, and the average of their skill higher. The improvement in this respect over four or five years ago was most marked. Formerly the slugger type, pure and simple, constituted an overwhelming majority of the entries. This year, although the slugger was still, and ever will be, in evidence, yet he was not in majority or even the average.

By slugger I do not mean the hard hitter, but the windmill, hammer-and-tongs fighter, who throws science to the winds and goes in to "do" his man by main strength and awkwardness. His was a long-familiar type on the New York "amachoor" boxing-stage.

There is still a very general tendency to "swings"—a style of fighting that will always be popular so long as boxing skill does not attain the proficiency of straight in and out work. It takes an infinitely cleverer man to perfect himself in the higher grade of work, and it is correspondingly more effective.

SWINGS, however, are not always what they seem to be. The "hook" blow, introduced to this country by Fitzsimmons, has completely changed the order of swings in the last three to four years, and, I may add, very materially re-enforced that style of fighting. So also, to inexpert eyes, much that seems to be "swing" is in reality not so. The blow which to all appearances starts as a swing may, and nowadays usually does, end as a "hook."

The "hook" is directed from the elbow, and may indeed remain a "swing" until an imperceptible instant before delivery. Its momentous advantages are (1) deception of opponent up to very delivery—a lead for the body may without loss of time or motion or force be directed instantly at the head; (2) getting in over a straight-arm guard. "Hook" blows are always dangerous, but to a poor defence they are more telling than perhaps any other style in vogue.

As a rule, the defence of the average boxer is not so strong as his offence, hence we are so often treated to those "whirlwind" encounters in which each contestant concerns himself more with landing on his opponent than in saving his own mark from punishment. Such contests become questions of endurance; and of these we see perhaps more than of any other variety. The boxer who does not recklessly spend his strength, who keeps his head, and is always on the alert and in position to utilize his skill, is not frequently seen in the amateur ring. But the championships last week developed two such clean and forceful fighters in John Burns (125 lbs.), New West Side Club, and Joseph B. Knipe (heavy weight), Pastime A. C. They won, of course, and their clean straight hitting made the work of the others appear very mediocre.

Generally speaking, the judging was excellent, though there were a couple of surprising decisions, and none more so than that which rewarded the meat-chopper, slapping style of Terry in the 105-lb. class.

QUALITY of the wrestling was excellent, but number of entries did not suggest that decided interest apparent in this magnificent game four years ago.

The A. A. U. officials in charge of the championships are to be congratulated on their efficient management, and the handsome surplus, which will not only relieve all pressing A. A. U. needs, but give an ease not before enjoyed.

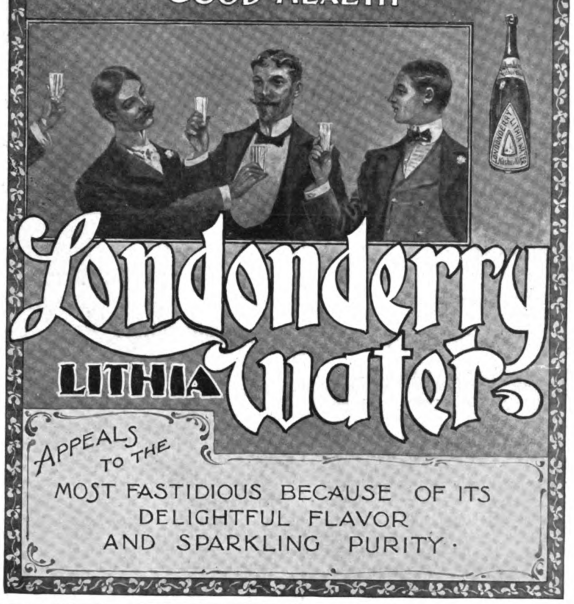
Now that the game is once again started, let the A. A. U. be certain no taint of professionalism is allowed to creep in, else once again interest will die. Fair play and unquestioned status are absolutely vital to the success of amateur boxing.

Boxing is a healthful, vigorous game, an excellent tutor of self-control, and a forceful settler of rowdyism. Besides, it is one of the best all-round developers of wind and muscle, quickness of the eye, and agility of the legs. It deserves encouragement; let us see that it gets it—generously, wholesomely. CASPAR WHITNEY.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—New and Enlarged Edition.—Illustrated.—$1 75

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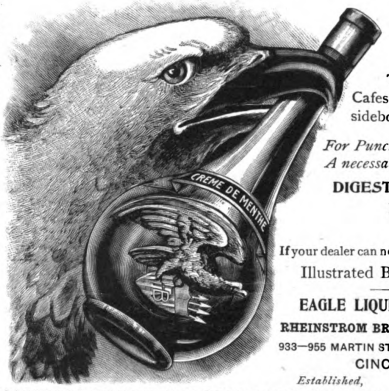


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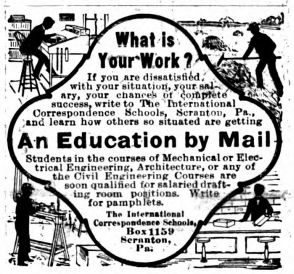
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

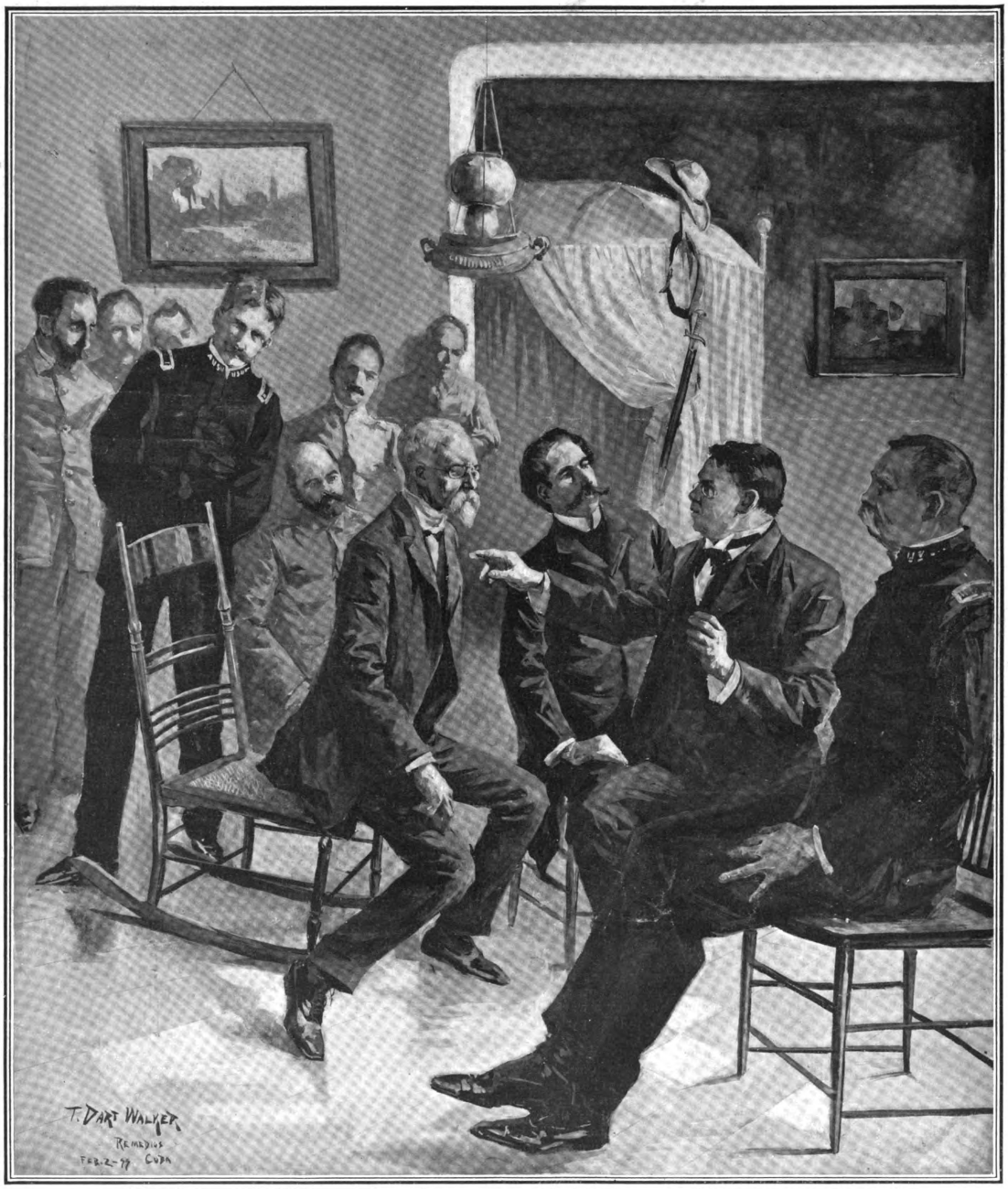
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2200

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

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Lieutenant Hanna. General Carrillo. General Gomez. Senor Gonzalo de Quesada. Mr. Porter. Captain Campbell.

CUBA—SPECIAL-COMMISSIONER ROBERT P. PORTER ARRANGING WITH GENERAL GOMEZ AT REMEDIOS FOR THE DISBANDMENT OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 176.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-SIX PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

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Our Duty in Asia

NOW that the treaty of Paris is ratified, the duty of the government is clear. It must compel order in the archipelago so long as it is unfortunate enough to be responsible for the conduct of the savages who make up the larger part of its population, and of the Filipinos who insist upon the right of governing themselves. The treaty of Paris has already brought us a good deal of trouble, and cost us several score of American lives. What is to come to us in the future besides trouble no one can tell. That we are to have enough of that is clear to all but those who regard it as the right of white men to kill all the savages of the globe in the interest of commerce—in other words, for gain—and who then, hiding behind the disordered genius of Mr. KIPLING, indulge in hypocritical cant about the "white man's burden." General MERRITT, who has been in the Philippines, is said to believe that the fighting is likely to continue. General GREENE, who has been there also, is reported to be somewhat doubtful as to the future.

The savages, some of them naked bowmen, who fought our troops at Manila on the 4th and 5th of this month, are now the subjects of President MCKINLEY. He alone is wholly responsible for their government, and he will remain a virtual dictator until Congress sees fit to establish a regular government for the islands. When that will be is another event concerning which it would be dangerous to prophesy. We have owned Alaska for more than thirty-one years, and Congress has not yet been able to devise for that Territory a system of government. It is to be hoped that the delay in establishing governments for our new possessions will not be so great as this; and yet the present Congress has nearly finished its life, and nothing has been accomplished in the way of providing a government for Hawaii. In this and in other ways we are faced with the startling fact that Congress, with whom rest all the power and all the real responsibility, has not yet taken the first step towards the optimistically predicted time when it is to "rise to its responsibilities." Whatever may happen at Washington, however, and whatever trouble and disaster may come to us by reason of the making and ratification of the treaty, must be faced frankly. For the executive and administrative tasks that lie before the government we must depend upon the President and the army and navy; but Congress has one duty to perform before it adjourns on the 4th of March, and that is to give the President the means to carry on the task which it has assumed, and then to keep its grabbing hands off the military services. The politicians ought to recognize that the country has had already too much of their sons and favorites as commissioned officers, and too many cans of poisonous provisions supplied by their constituents.

While the islands of the archipelago are now parts of the territory of the United States, their people were insurgent against Spain, and we have purchased the insurrection. Before anything else can be settled this insurrection must be put down wherever it is giving trouble, and to that end the President must have troops. If the war goes on at all, it is likely to last for a long time, unless extraordinary measures are taken to end it. The natives, of course, are no match for our soldiers in the open field, but they know a trick worth to them a good deal more than fair fighting. They are familiar with the trick of drawing white troops into the mountains and forests, and there exposing them to the mercies of a nature that kills thousands where bullets would destroy one. Heat and disease are on the side of the natives, as they were on the side of the Madagascans when so many of the soldiers of the French army of invasion died of fevers that the government did not dare to publish the mortality list. If the war with the natives goes on, many American homes, of which our politicians are vociferously fond, will count their dead in the far-away Philippines by the thousands. Therefore the war must be pushed with vigor; and a large army, this time under competent leadership, with the necessary equipment of all arms and of tentage, with sufficient and wholesome food, and with abundance of medical supplies, must be sent to the grewsome task which the government has upon its hands. This time let there be no thought of "pull" commissions, no attempt to deprive the country of the services of any soldier who may win fame which may make him a formidable rival for Presidential honors, and no attempt to make the war profitable for contractors. If we must have war, let us have one entirely free from the smell of the syndicate.

The military power of the country needs re-establishment at once if we are to have a war of the kind outlined. General OTIS has in Manila a force of seventeen or eighteen thousand men, mostly volunteers, and a few regulars are on their way to join him. The volunteers, who are mainly from the West, have apparently been drilled and trained into soldiers, for they seem to have given a most excellent account of themselves at Manila. But many, if not all of them, have been long clamoring for home. It is a fact that several Senators and Congressmen who supported the treaty of Paris, and who favor the retention of the Philippines, have recently begged the President to discharge the volunteers; and, even since the news of the battle of Manila, it has been announced that it continues to be the intention of the War Department to withdraw the volunteers as rapidly as their places can be supplied by regulars. As a matter of fact, the volunteers and the additional regulars who were enlisted under the emergency act will be entitled to their discharge as soon as the treaty is ratified by Spain, which ratification may be assumed as of course. Then the army will be legally reduced to the 25,000 men of the old regular establishment, unless the volunteers and the additional regulars see fit to re-enlist. Even in the event of their willingness to do this, however, there is now no law under which they can re-enlist, or which will warrant the Treasury Department in paying them.

Action by Congress, therefore, is absolutely necessary. It has thrown a great responsibility upon the country and upon the President, and it ought to provide the means by which the burden can be borne. The Senate ought to pass the HULL bill at once, but not unamended. In the first place, in view of the character of the service upon which the army must enter, the number of surgeons should be greatly increased. In the second place, no one should be granted a commission in the army except after passing an adequate mental examination. In the third place, some line-officers should be appointed into the engineer and ordnance corps to change those departments into military organizations. In the fourth place, staff-officers appointed to command troops should be declared to forfeit their staff appointment, and their places should be supplied permanently by line-officers of the regular army, and not by civilians. With these few amendments, notoriously necessary, the HULL bill will be a practical measure, and it is the only measure which is near enough to the stage of final passage to be now considered.

Let Congress bear this in mind: A war is likely to follow the ratification of the treaty. It ought to be carried on with vigor and with a large force. To that end the passage of the army bill is absolutely necessary. If it is not enacted into law, we may have a long wasting war against the savages, but primarily against tropical diseases, and such a war will sweep Mr. MCKINLEY and the Republican party out of power.

THE Church Temperance Society is about to realize its opportunity, we hope, in the establishment of a Squirrel Inn in the Bowery, where there will be the comforts of a club and the refreshment afforded by a restaurant, all without the accompaniment of liquor-selling. We admit that such inns are not likely to reclaim many drunkards. But is there any extraneous power that will reclaim many drunkards? We do believe, however, that Squirrel Inns will prevent drunkenness by keeping youth without inherited appetite away from temptation. We hope, therefore, that the Squirrel Inn will have that immediate success which will encourage Bishop POTTER and his associates, and we think that their experiment will be all the surer of its reward if they see to it that the joys of the inn are not too drab. It is not always a short road up to the intellectual joys of backgammon, and therefore backgammon kind of joy is not a good one for a sole dependence at a new Squirrel Inn.

THE House of Representatives is not likely to have an opportunity to vote on the Senate Nicaragua Canal bill, the HEPBURN bill having been substituted for it in committee. This bill provides for government ownership, which, we think, is unnecessary and therefore impolitic, and is somewhat of a curiosity in other respects. It provides for the purchase by the United States from Costa Rica and Nicaragua of sufficient territory to "excavate, construct, and defend a canal." As Nicaragua, at least, has declared that she will not surrender sovereignty over any part of her territory for the purposes of a canal, it must be assumed that the House committee intends that this country should become subject to Nicaraguan laws, and that, for the purposes of a canal, we are to wield a sort of secondary jurisdiction over our own property, all of our regulations and defences of the canal being subject to the laws and discretion of at least one Central American power.

In the second place, the proposed bill suggests that the government shall join with Nicaragua in extinguishing, without compensation, the rights and properties of its own citizens.

Our treaty with Great Britain, as well as ordinary modern enlightenment, demands that such a canal should be neutral. Apparently the House committee intends that this territory, which is presumably to be subject to the laws of Nicaragua, shall be part of the defensible territory of the United States. Besides the backward character of this proposition, it is practically absurd. Any distant territory is a strategical weakness, and a canal most of all, for the destruction of ten feet of it would destroy the whole. Thus we are, it is suggested, to assume the defence of a property under foreign jurisdiction, approachable through foreign territory, which can be destroyed by one man with a stick of dynamite.

Moreover, the sum appropriated for all purposes is not enough for construction alone.

THE heroes of the republic live long in the memories of their fellow-citizens, but the politicians at Washington forget them readily. Admiral JOHN L. WORDEN, on March 9, 1862, won what ought to have been the undying affection of the country. He had volunteered to command the *Monitor*, he and his fellow-officers believing that the chances were that the iron cheese-box would never reach Hampton Roads. Instead of going to the bottom, however, WORDEN crippled the *Merrimac*, and saved our navy and the Atlantic seaboard from a disaster which, in view of the state of our relations with European powers, might have been overwhelming to the North, bringing a final triumph to the South. WORDEN was painfully wounded in the face and eyes by particles of powder and iron. He was brought to Washington, and was carried to a house on H Street, where a most affecting scene took place. Mr. LINCOLN was there to meet the suffering hero, and an eye-witness has described the tenderness and grief of the good President as he thanked the young officer for himself and in the name of the country for the splendid and important achievement. For thirty-five years WORDEN lived in daily pain, and when Congress at last gave some generous pensions to the widows of officers who had not rendered a tenth part of his service, he said that he was willing to die, now that he believed that Congress would provide generously for his wife, an old lady, with only a few more years to live. WORDEN died October 18, 1897, but his widow is still unprovided for. On June 9, 1898, the Senate passed a bill granting her a pension of $100 a month. The House Committee on Invalid Pensions has reduced this to $50. Mr. RAY, speaking for this committee, and for all who never stop to think of the cost of a general pension bill, says,

> So long as the old, poor, and needy widows of privates draw only $12 per month, your committee are of the opinion that $50 per month in a case like this is all that justice or a sound public policy demands.

Which, being interpreted, means that there are more votes in many small pensions, a large number of which are undeserved, than in one just pension for a great hero's widow. LINCOLN would never have forgotten. RAY does forget. Perhaps, if he persists in his unpatriotic parsimony, the country will remember him and his committee.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

LAST week was a notable week for the New York *Sun*. It scored two beats. On Sunday, February 5, it announced, briefly, the news of the battle of the previous day at Manila. So far as is known, no other newspaper had this news on that day, except such as got it from the *Sun*.

On Tuesday, February 7, it published the names of twenty-nine traitors, members of the Senate, whose names, it said, belonged in the same infamous category with that of Benedict Arnold, and "will be a hissing and a byword among Americans from this time forth." This was a beat also. So far as appears, no other newspaper had this news as early as the *Sun*, or has had it since.

The title of the twenty-nine to rank with Benedict Arnold rests on the fact that they voted against the ratification of the treaty of Paris. Equally deserving of the same distinction are twenty-four American citizens, who petitioned the Senate not to ratify the treaty until it was so amended as to provide against the forcible annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. This list includes the names of Grover Cleveland, Henry C. Potter, Charles W. Eliot, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Van Dyke, John G. Carlisle, and others of corresponding character and note.

Benedict Arnold, during the last sorrowful years of his disastrous life, was not a social favorite even in England, and had to put up with bad company or none. We may hope in all charity that his shade, wherever it loiters, is in a position to find solace in the *Sun's* assurance that the name it once bore has at last found its way back again into good society.

BUFFALO has been to Washington and laid its fair before a committee of Congress. It has been rumored that an appropriation of $500,000 for a government exhibit is all Buffalo expects from Uncle Sam. The fair has been capitalized at $2,500,000, in ten-dollar shares, about half of which have been subscribed for already by the Buffalo folks themselves. At last accounts there were important fiscal reservoirs still untapped, and money continued to come in in a satisfactory stream.

It is not quite clear what put it into Buffalo's head to have a twenty-five-hundred-thousand-dollar fair. It will be a great advertisement for the town, but, after all, the Buffalo people like their city and don't care to sell it. If they had subscribed a million dollars towards a fair to be held in Rochester, one could understand it, because they could go down to Rochester and have fun, and still have Buffalo to fall back on when they got tired. But why should they put up money to have their own home turned upside down, swarmed over, trampled upon, strewed with pop-corn, drenched with beer, slept in, eaten on, and generally maltreated and bedeviled? What has started Buffalo up to go into the show business? Was she lonely? Was she jealous? Was she poor? Why such uneasiness! How tired Buffalo must be of Buffalo, that it should spend so much money to attract new faces!

Well, the pan-American fair is epidemic among cities nowadays, and if Buffalo has a sharp attack and recovers she may be all the better for it in the end. If she has a fair we will all go and sit at her bedside and wish her well out of it. It will be fun for us, anyway. It is a pity, though, that the bacillus of these things can't be spotted and dealt with; prevention is so much cheaper than cure.

TO the habitual reader who writes to inquire whether Bishop Potter's picture has yet become a favorite decoration for New York saloons, it is necessary to reply that it has not. Saloon drinking in New York, as in other American cities, continues to be done chiefly under the auspices of Admiral George Dewey, of Manila, the great diffusion of whose portrait in our grog-shops has raised appreciably the tone of bar-room art. The field of bar-room art certainly needed amelioration, and there is no doubt that it would be still further benefited if Bishop Potter's picture were as frequent in our saloons as Admiral Dewey's. Both bishop and admiral are handsome men, and both take good and decorative pictures, especially the bishop. But the chances that the bishop's picture will hang beside the admiral's in the saloons are remote. It does not appear that the rumsellers share the delusion that has affected so many minds as to the bishop's attitude towards rum-shops. A successful saloon-keeper is bound to have some sense, and folks with just a little sense are usually able to discern that the bishop is not in favor of the liquor-saloons, but opposed to them.

THE Boston papers lately had some huge advertisements of the Lawson pink, which included a long letter in which Mr. Lawson told how he came to buy it. The pathos of the situation touched him. Here was a pink typical of Boston—

> with its tint of pink found nowhere but on the cheeks of the Boston maidens—cheeks which are nipped in the morning by the crispy breezes from off the Berkshire hills; that are petted and caressed during the day by the salty zephyrs from the Cape; that are laid away at early night in that peaceful, imperturbed security of healthy confidence possessed by none but Bostonians—with its prond sturdy stem that reminds one of the lithe Indian who roved the hills and valleys of the Connecticut; with its broad petals and big generous fulness like the white-aproned, full-fronted, Saturday-doughnut-frying mother of the Cape.

Mr. Lawson couldn't bear to think of this modest beanfed flower being dug out and hustled off to New York or Chicago, so he bought it. Now the normal man has reasserted itself, and he insists that as a means of money-making the flower and the advertising that came with it were cheap at the price paid.

THE National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which, as recently stated in the WEEKLY, has interested itself in erecting, in Paris, Mr. French's equestrian statue of Washington, has also undertaken to aid in adorning the French capital with an imposing monument to Lafayette. It is raising funds for this purpose, to be turned over to the Lafayette Memorial Commission, and receives subscriptions through the chairman of its Franco-American Memorial Committee, Mrs. Robert S. Hatcher, of Washington.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue in New York, has declined the professorship of literature in Johns Hopkins University, and, for the present at least, will stick to his church. He has not reached this conclusion without much effort and some assistance. The professorship, with increased leisure for thinking and writing, had such attraction for him that, on January 27, he asked the session and congregation of the Brick Church to join him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relations between them. The "heavy administrative work of a pastor of a large city church" was what pressed hardest on him, and was that from which he especially wished to be released. But the session and congregation had no mind to lose their pastor. They declined respectfully but resolutely to join in his request to the Presbytery, but agreed to do their best to lighten his administrative work. So Dr. Van Dyke acquiesced in their decision, and Johns Hopkins must advertise again for a professor.

It is stated, with some appearance of authority, that only the obvious inadequacy of the supply of Dr. Van Dyke to meet the demand has prevented Yale's Emily Sanford professorship of literature from being offered to him. It has also been rumored that he was needed at Amherst College. Amherst, however, if she feels justified in luring a successful clergyman away from his church to be her president, would have a better claim upon a graduate of her own, such as Dr. Donald, of Trinity Church in Boston.

THE friends of Dreyfus have been despondent of late, but they have some encouragement in the refusal of the Parliamentary Committee, on February 6, by a vote of 9 to 2, to support the government bill to take the case away from the Criminal Section of the Court of Cassation and have it tried before the whole court. It is reported, too, that a vessel has been sent to bring Dreyfus back to France, but reports of that nature require a deal of confirmation. One thing that is said to prejudice Dreyfus's chances of getting justice is the disreputable character of a minority of his adherents, and the distrust inspired by their attacks on institutions that the best class of Frenchmen esteem.

THERE has been so much talk about the missionary interests being favorable to the annexation of the Philippines, and our devout fellow-townsman, Mr. Richard Croker, has made so much of the Christianizing possibilities of annexation, that it seems worth noting what Dr. Barton, the Foreign Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, has to say on that subject. In a letter to the Boston *Herald* he testifies that he does not know of one of the missionaries of the Board with which he is connected who is in favor of an imperialistic policy, but, on the contrary, has constantly heard the officers and missionaries of the Board regret that such a policy seemed likely to prevail. Heretofore, Dr. Barton says, it has been a great advantage to American missionaries that their work has been felt to be wholly disinterested, and not associated with colonization schemes, nor hampered by any suspicion of the heathen that Uncle Sam had ulterior designs on their liberties or their lands.

LIEUTENANT STEELE of the Eighth Cavalry writes from St. Paul to ask the readers of the WEEKLY to send light literature to our soldiers in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. One who has not spent a few weeks in a dull hot camp can hardly conceive, says Lieutenant Steele, how ravenously anything printed is devoured by the soldiers. A paper-back novel, or a magazine, or an illustrated paper, no matter how old, is passed from one to another until it is literally read to pieces. Trash and current literature is better, it seems, for military uses in the tropics than more substantial reading. Any book or paper, addressed to the commanding officer or the adjutant of a regiment with "For the regiment" added on the wrapper, will make the rounds of the camp and be read and enjoyed as long as there is a page or a picture of it left. Thus, Lieutenant Steele says, "a book addressed 'To the Adjutant of the Eighth U. S. Cavalry, Puerto Principe, Cuba; For the Regiment,' will be read by scores of officers and enlisted men of the Eighth Cavalry in their hot and dreary camp; and every man will add a postscript to his prayers for the sender."

THE means in use at present for making American travellers sorry that they ever left home seem to be fairly effectual, though they might perhaps be simplified to the general advantage. The form of punishment lately invented by Assistant-Secretary-of-the-Treasury Howell, at the instigation of the Merchants and Manufacturers Board of Trade, consists of a new and searching inquisition into the returning traveller's effects, which delays him a long time on the dock, causes all the intimate apparel of himself and his family to be exhibited to the public, and sends him off full of wailings and bitterness. Before the traveller reaches the dock, he makes a declaration which must include every article he purchased while abroad. This declaration, under the new ruling, must be verified in detail by the inspector, who must satisfy himself that it is comprehensive, truthful, and exact. If he has misgivings that the value of any article has been incorrectly set down, he must call an appraiser and have it appraised. Passengers who get past the inquisitors without being caught in perjury or smuggling may go. As a measure for increasing the revenue, this way of bothering travellers is of small importance. As a means of punishing Americans for going abroad it works better, though a moderate fine on every home-coming traveller would be less expensive to collect. The persons interested in having travellers subjected to these unnecessary annoyances are the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Board of Trade aforesaid, whereof Mr. Shayne, the furrier, is president. The list of its other officers includes three Fifth Avenue tailors, a haberdasher, a shoe-dealer, a dressmaker, and an auctioneer. If you buy of these dealers and stay at home, you need never have any trouble with the people from the Custom House.

IT has been matter of observation these many years that the ocean could do any amount of work if only a harness could be devised that it would work in. The tides rise and fall, but it is only in rare cases that tide-water turns a wheel. The waves are never at rest, and motion is force, but the motion of the waves is rarely put to harder work than blowing a horn or ringing a bell on a buoy. At this time, when the state of business favors all sorts of new industrial ventures, it is interesting to notice the appearance of two schemes for making the ocean furnish power for use ashore. One is an invention patented on January 31, which aspires to turn the tides to account as a power for driving water-wheels, running electric motors, and making compressed air. It calls for an inlet or pond which the tide shall fill, and in which the water shall be retained by a dam. A big float, with a series of reservoirs on it, supported by a frame-work, is part of its apparatus, and the general idea is to fill the floating reservoirs from the pond at low tide, and get power as long as the tide continues to ebb from the waters thus stored.

The other scheme for the utilization of wave-motion provides for a collection of buoys anchored off shore, which are to compress air which is to be stored in a reservoir and used to run engines. Some large buoys are making now for use in testing this plan, and it is announced that the device is to have an elaborate trial next summer on the south shore of Long Island.

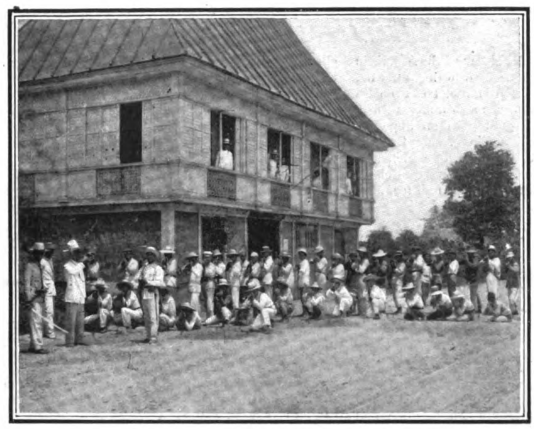
Both of these schemes are said to have enough capital behind them to make a thorough test of their possibilities.

GENERAL EAGAN being found guilty by court martial of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced to be dismissed from the army, the President has commuted his sentence to suspension from rank and duty for six years. During those years he will continue to draw a brigadier-general's pay, less certain allowances made to officers on active duty; but he will have no work, and may not wear a uniform. During this period the work that properly falls to the commissary-general will be done by the officer next in rank, for the place itself not being vacated by suspension cannot be filled, nor may the officer who does the work of it receive the pay that the work deserves. These are among the minor inconveniences of the commutation of General Eagan's sentence. If the sentence as commuted is fully carried out, General Eagan has probably done his last day's work as a soldier. The period of suspension will carry him very close to, or past, the age of compulsory retirement. His punishment will be criticised as being far too light, and it will be held that being obviously unfit to be in the army he should have been put out of it. If, however, General Eagan is as sensitive to censure as the fury of his attack on General Miles would indicate, his punishment, so far as he is concerned, may be ample, for it ends his career in disgrace.

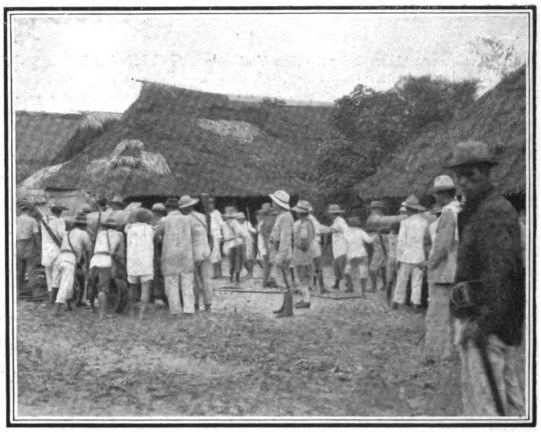
THE State of Massachusetts, which has been devoting large sums annually for several years to the extermination of the gypsy-moth, has come to have very serious doubts whether the moth can be exterminated, except by act of Providence. When bugs of any sort are left to their own devices, and multiply excessively in the land to the detriment of other creatures, relief usually comes in the form of some parasite, which kills off the bugs just as the bugs seem on the point of owning everything. In Massachusetts the gypsy-moths seems to be kept down so that they don't breed parasites, but not so successfully but that they spread, and make the land-owners nervous. How long it will pay to spend several hundred thousand dollars a year in fighting a bug that thrives on suppression is a question that gives the Bay State Legislator good opportunities to pause. There is a commission which has the spending of the gypsy-moth money in Massachusetts, and the irreverent express their conviction that the moth will last as long as the commission does.

Somehow there seems a good deal of miscellaneous analogy between this job of exterminating the gypsy-moth in Massachusetts and the job of exterminating misrule in the Philippines. There is a considerable chance in either case that there will be extermination to do just as long as there continue to be annual appropriations to do it with, and possibly in both cases it will finally be necessary to let Nature take her course, and develop a parasite.

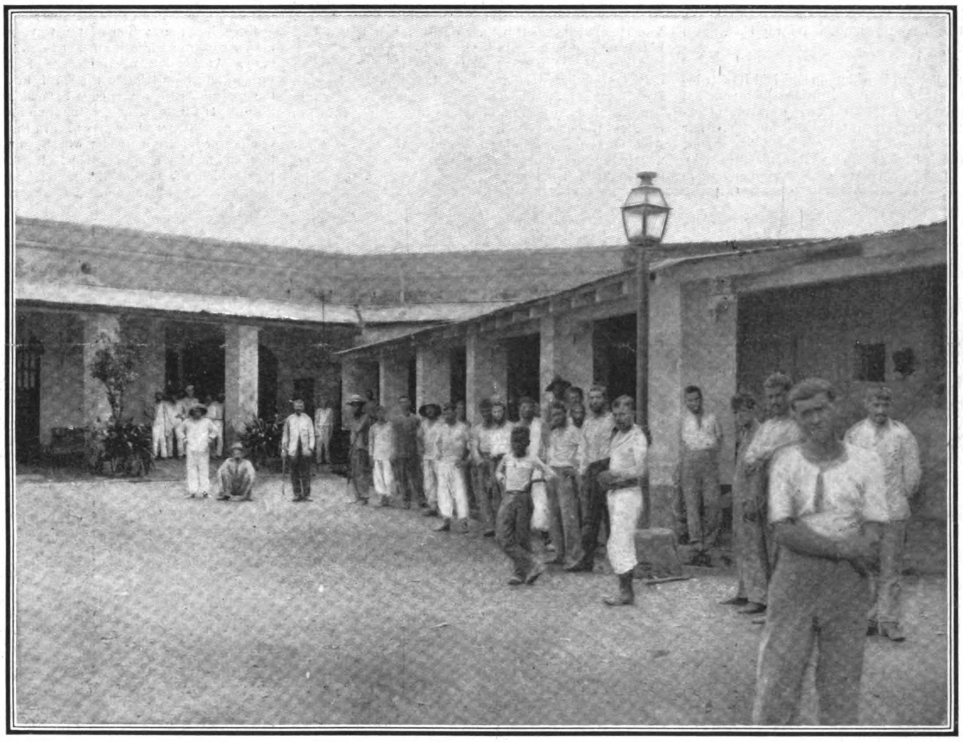
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INSURGENT FORT AT NIEYPAJO.



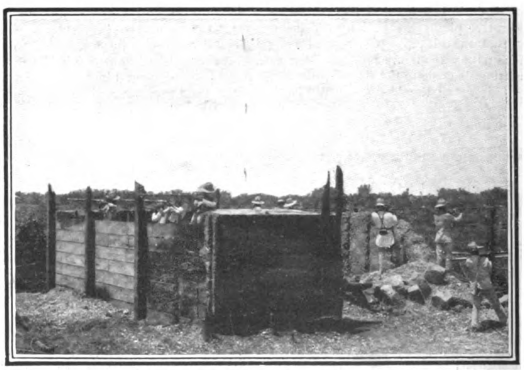
INSURGENTS MOUNTING TWO 10-INCH GUNS NEAR MALATE.



SPANISH PRISONERS OF AGUINALDO AT CAVITÉ.



AN INSURGENT OUTPOST IN NIEYPAJO.

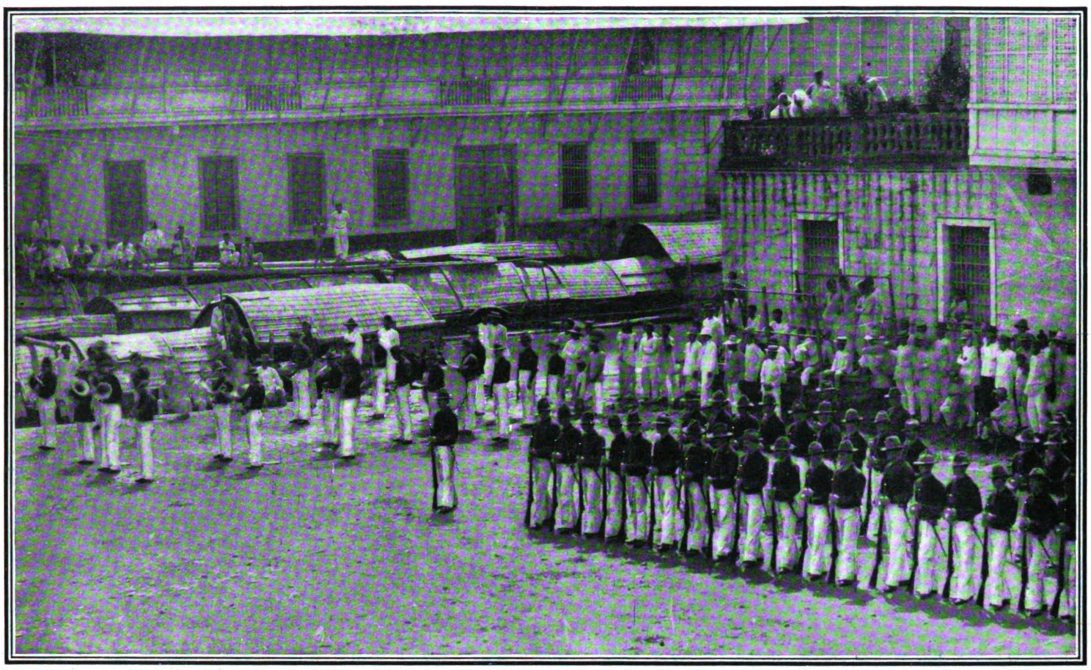


INSURGENT BLOCK-HOUSE CAPTURED FROM THE SPANISH—SAN JUAN DE MALATE.

MANILA—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT REPULSE OF THE FILIPINOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

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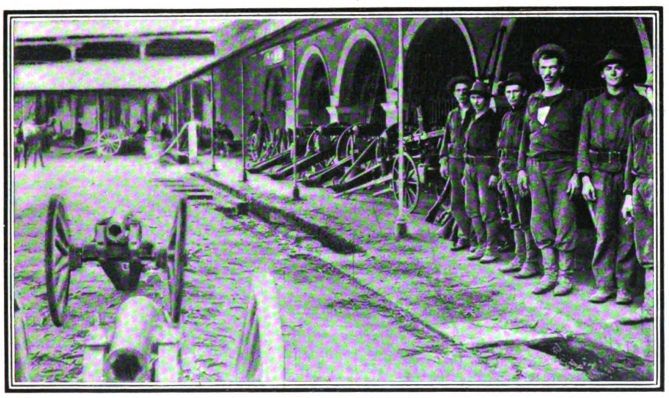
THE 1ST NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS NEAR THEIR QUARTERS IN BINONDO— RETREAT.



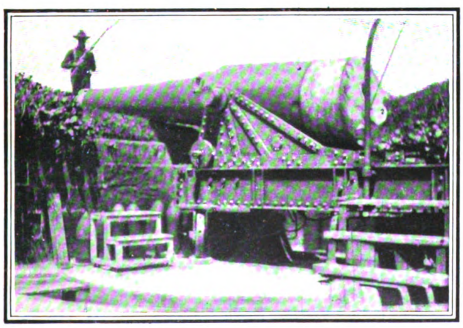
DRILLING AMERICAN TROOPS AT CAMP DEWEY.



MAJOR-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U. S. V.



THE UTAH BATTERY, WHICH DISTINGUISHED ITSELF IN THE FIGHTING.



GUARDING A CAPTURED SPANISH GUN.



COLORADO BOYS IN FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, MALATE.

MANILA—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT REPULSE OF THE FILIPINOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES. —[SEE PAGE 174.]

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MUSIC

WAGNERIAN AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

"I am the Spirit that Denies."—*Goethe's Faust.*

FIVE weeks more—no inconsiderable fraction of the longest season of opera ever official to the Metropolitan—have yet to take their course. The second Cyclus of Wagner's four Nibelungen Ring Dramas, offered consecutively, unabridged and unexpurgated, and for afternoon audiences, began on Tuesday of last week; to be concluded the day before yesterday. Sundry interruptions, caused by illnesses or diplomatic reasons, have disturbed the adjustment of the regular evening performances. But the sacramental Ring (at least up to the time when I write these lines) has outwardly been spared battle, murder, and sudden death—the battles of rival *Brünnhildes*, the murders by anti-Wagnerians wrought up to the fellest pitch of distraction and destruction, and the sudden death of the Nibelungen bacillus. For doubtless there is such a bacillus, exactly as there is one for the influenza, one for the epidemic of running amuck. A fumigation of the Metropolitan may yet be the pious and timely demand of a Board of Musical Health—when Greater New York possesses one. *Ça viendra.* A word as to the obsequious surrender of the Opera House to Wagner, and especially of the Tetralogy's appeal to the vast provincial and suburban audiences who make much of him, even to finding the Nibelungen Ring not only a new thing but their daily



MARIE BREMA, DRAMATIC SOPRANO.
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bread; they have not time for much eating of another sort. I think that Mr. Grau could have improved much on his Nibelungen time-table. For that matter, he could have bettered the scheme of Baireuth itself. The recent arrangement, closely considered, is extremely loose and inconsecutive. The proper manner of giving the Tetralogy is to make an all-day, clean-sweep, absolutely consecutive arrangement of the four dramas. Let "Das Rheingold" begin at four o'clock, sharp, in the morning. What is a warm bed to a warm æsthetic sentiment? The "Rheingold" will end at seven o'clock. An hour for a little breakfast comes, and then be "Die Walküre" sung, from eight till noon. A brisk luncheon will prepare us to enjoy "Siegfried," beginning at twelve-thirty and ending at six. "The Dusk of the Gods" then shall begin to gloom at seven, and end at twelve o'clock midnight. A well-spent day! In fact, let us race our daily Cyclus, for a week or so, riding post through Wagner with relays of artists. Doubtless the Wagneristic will find it better than a thousand years of Gluck, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Wehr, of Verdi, of Boito—of anybody save and except Wagner. If we do things well, let us do them as well as possible.

The Tetralogy has enlisted in its afternoon Cycle the same magnificent artistic personnel collaborating in the evening sequence. Never on any stage—and I write with a long and a wide personal overlook—have higher vocal gifts and a fuller dramatic eloquence expounded the majesty and musical beauty in the four dramas. Never have so many stars of drama in operatic form made us first endure, then pity, then even embrace, many episodes that never can be resolved into musical majesty or dramatic dignity. The least successful representation has been "Die Götterdämmerung." Mr. Jean de Reszke is amazingly unsatisfactory as the mature *Siegfried*, considering the heroic authoritativeness of his *Tristan*, which last is a creation of the same impressive stature as Madame Lehmann's towering *Isolde*. The spectacularity of "Die Götterdämmerung," admirable during the earlier scenes, goes to pieces in a shameful way when the last tableaux occur. That is true, fully allowing for Wagnerian demands that cannot be granted. There are small stages in Europe that would scorn the clumsiness of such a card-board and papier-maché winding up as Mr. Grau sanctions here, with *Siegfried's* body grilling on a structure suggesting a gas-stove or a spring bed from a bargain-store. Of the *Brünnhildes*—there have been three—without making odious comparisons, the assumption of the rôle by Madame Marie Brema has been of a kind to place this superior Wagneriste in the first rank of her associates. Madame Brema is a *Brünnhilde* at once womanly and semi-deific. There is a strange and beautiful fusion of psychologic elements in this rôle. It makes an appeal

The "Ring des Nibelungs."

almost as moving as that which meets us in the instances of *Elsa* and *Elizabeth* and *Kundry*—when dominated by *Klingsor* or kneeling before *Parsifal*. In it, too, is a marvellous fusion of sincere musical expressiveness. Madame Brema conveys to us this double quality—not so much merely as a graduate of Baireuth, as by her own temperament, voice, and intellect.

"How many kinds of Wagnerists are there?" Let us hearken to the voice of the catechist, even to answering it. There are three kinds of Wagnerists. The first class—fortunately, for art's credit, no longer a large class—consists of people merely auditors in music, who can see nothing beautiful or lofty or appealing, in any way, in Wagner's scores; from "Die Feen" to "Parsifal." The musical horizon of this genus is bounded by "Il Trovatore" or "Faust" or "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen." To it the pages of "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal" say nothing so potent. And to this class let us add a sub-species, a few actual composers of mark, such as were Rubinstein and Brahms, who, as a matter of their serious professional convictions and temperaments, stood aloof from Wagner as a musician. Add, too, a certain small group of blind critics. Then comes the second clan of Wagnerists—the Conservatives. These honor Wagner as an amazing genius, practically unique in the history of the lyric drama, as a nature uniting rare æsthetic sensibilities, as a mind that in dramatic and musical inventiveness over and over again was consummately lofty and true, as a musician who, at his best, and even when rather less inspired than that, is one of the grand voices of opera since opera began. But this same sort of Wagnerists believe also that Wagner was by no means altogether noble or great or beautiful either as a musician or a librettist; that he frequently lost all sense of the very elements of æsthetics, of musical purity, and of real dramatic power; that he wrote too much under the afflatus of the Teutonic Muse for a permanent appeal to the world of music at large; that he disregarded certain principles in his art that never should be dismissed; and that he and musical truth together suffer much from his mistakes and from the hydrophobic enthusiasm of his indiscriminating followers. So much for the second kind of Wagner clan. Of it the writer of these lines humbly begs to subscribe himself, here and now, to avoid mistakes and opprobrium undeserved. Last of all come the Wagnerist-radicals, those who believe that no composer as gifted or as expressive in music ever lived; that no operas ever have been written so beautiful and powerful as Wagner's operas and music-dramas; that Wagner never—or "well, hardly ever"—made mistakes in his theories or practice; that where Wagner begins, all art before him ended, and is of no special account; that the great and interesting musicians of all the ages are great and interesting only where they are *quasi* Wagnerian; and, in short, that the world of music were well lost, buried in a general cataclysm, since Richard Wagner has lived and written and can be heard! This last class, by a singular coincidence, includes a large contingent of distinctly unmusical people; and it is convinced that Wagner's music will be the music of the future for ever and ever, amen!

The Three Great Clans of Wagnerists.

In offset to the Cimmerian subleties of the Nibelungen Tetralogy, one can hear three trifles. That is to say, they are trivial, under comparison. At the American Theatre has been brought forward "H. M. S. Pinafore." At the Casino is presented "La Belle Hélène"—what is declared to be an English version. Last, the sixth or seventh new American comic opera of the winter holds the stage of the Broadway Theatre, to wit, "The Three Dragoons," with a text by Mr. Harry B. De Koven and the music by Mr. Reginald Smith—I should say with the text by Mr. Smith and the music by Mr. De Koven. These merry and industrious collaborators are now in such a perfected state of industrial fusion that one mixes them up; a case of "Cæsar and Pompey berry much 'like—'specially Pompey." The "Pinafore" production by the Castle Square Company acquits itself well, rather unexpectedly, in duty toward Mr. Gilbert's characters and text, as well as in singing the Sullivan score. Mr. Frank Moulan as *Sir Joseph Porter* brings hints of the true English Savoy tradition to his part, and only once or twice spoils his effort by Americanisms in his stage business, and by the "gag" that never is gagged at the American. The *Dick Deadeye* of Mr. Norman, the *Bobstay* of Mr. Butler, Mr. Clinton Elder as *Ralph*, Miss Morgan as *Josephine*, and Miss MacNichol's *Little Buttercup* all deserve kind words. Mr. Stewart as *Captain Corcoran* is the "strong weakness" of the performance, inasmuch as Mr. Stewart appears to have no ideas whatsoever of the real humor of his part, in its business or its lines.

"H. M. S. Pinafore"; "La Belle Hélène"(?); "The Three Dragoons."



MME. LILLI LEHMANN AS *ISOLDE*.
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At the Casino performance there is much more the effect of "adaptation" than of the brilliant satire of the Bouffes-Parisiens. The adaptation is of a base alloy to make "La Belle Hélène" not so much Offenbach as offence. "The Three Dragoons," a little farther up the street, is at least an honest, cheerful, and lively piece of humor and music. Its situations, lyrics, and dialogue stand for a libretto of cheaper manufacture than what Mr. Smith turned over to the composer of "The Little Corporal." That is obvious. But folk not expecting to be hanged in the gray dawn should not be proof against laughter at a fusillade of sallies of the comic-almanac kind. There is a capital topical song, "For the King Can Do No Wrong," well sung by Mr. Jerome Sykes. Mr. De Koven has fitted to the book a score that, wisely, is written throughout with a fulness of effect and a warmth of color to make his auditors careless of the fact that the musician's melodies and rhythms here are neither new nor salient. The three acts are neither dull nor ineffective; there are four or five taking lyrical numbers. Altogether "The Three Dragoons" need not blush at all to be fairly extant and remunerative. The piece is thoroughly well sung. Miss Marguerite Lemon, a young Southern singer, as *Donna Inez*, is a valuable member of the cast as to her clever acting, her singing, and her magnetic stage presence.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.



"THE BEST LIGHT-OPERA CHORUS IN THE WORLD."
Sopranos and Contraltos of the Castle Square Opera Company.
Photograph by Hall.

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DRAMA

THE English production of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's "Im Weissen Rössl"—"At the White Horse Tavern"—at Wallack's Theatre has been tricked out with everything that can charm the eye. At the German theatre on Irving Place Herr Direktor Conried's setting fell short in places of the refinement one has become used to on Broadway. To be sure, the Alpine lake shimmered electrically in time with the song on the zither, the steamer tooted courageously, and the sunrise effect in the second act brought the blush to the virgin snows of the Alp on the back drop; but somehow the effects, in spite of a bold and lovable attempt to be fresh and surprising, struck one as antediluvian. The only thing that wasn't antediluvian was the thunder-shower that drenched Herr Giesecke and his respectable family at the end of the first act—that was certainly diluvian. The Frohman lake sparkles only with the pure rays of the sun, the mountains are the very mountains one might have seen last summer in the Salzkammergut, with the line of Swiss stone dwellings fringing the border of the lake at their feet, and the thunder-shower discreetly avoids the English Herr Giesecke and his women folk, and spends its energies in pouring from the gutter spouts on the eaves of the inn. Though the scene was unvaried throughout the play, one left the theatre with a pleasant hunger for more of it.

The Better Horse.

The translation, of course, presents the same wholesome farce we saw at the German theatre, and its virtue of wholesomeness is so great that it seemed to be better for the repetition—or was it because, as some worthy citizen has remarked, these foreign things lose so much in the original? Certainly nothing could be more limpid than its stiller moments, or more radiantly cheerful than the babbling of its shallows. It is quite plain why the young attorney Siedler returned to the White Horse year after year, to the neglect of all other resorts; and though the Berlin manufacturer of lamps worried and grumbled at the Tirolean weather and at Tirolean inns, it seems such a comfort to him to grumble that no doubt he also will come back year after year. Even the Swiss beggar lived on fried chicken Im Weissen Rössl! From curtain to curtain there wasn't a single deceived wife, ridiculous parent-in-law, or wicked old man, and there were many passages that with a little persuasion one could regard as legitimate comedy. The love-affairs of the hostess, slightly as they are sketched, somehow get one by the throat and bring tears to the eyes. To expect a play to bring one back into sympathy with the simple things of life, such as youth and fun and love, is very old-fashioned, not to say stupid. But it is also stupid of the manufacturers of excessively clever farces not to have found out that most of us, in spite of ourselves, are

A Good-natured Farce.

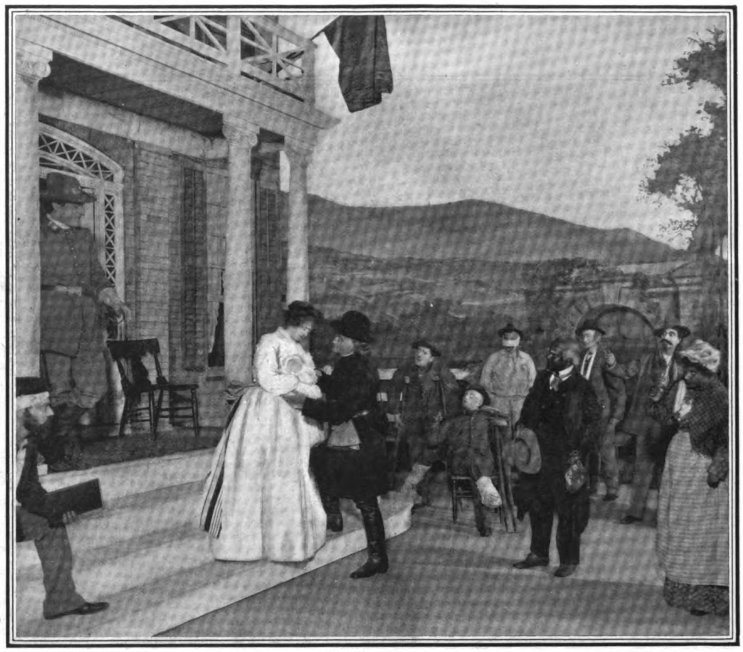


MARGUERITE LEMON, SOPRANO.
Singing in "The Three Dragoons."

stupid; and here's hoping it will also become old-fashioned of them! This radiant German farce is the best play of its kind this season, and it is likely to stay with us long after the wickedest and cleverest French adaptations have folded their scenery and stolen away on the road.

The acting of the play presents very concretely a comparison that has often suggested itself more or less distinctly. From time to time amateurs of the stage who have happened into the Bowery have come back with glowing reports of the foreign actors there. Signor Antonio Majori, the sad story of whose Teatro Italiano was given a year ago in these columns, has shown what genuine quality is to be found even in a popular and provincial Italian production of "Otello"; and his partner, P. Raponi, has given us a taste of the vigorous art of a popular Neapolitan comedian. The Yiddish theatres, that still flourish, have many good actors of all sorts, the best of whom, Herr Adler, is an actor of real breadth and distinction. The German theatre, which has left the Bowery for Irving Place, has succeeded so well that its director, Herr Conried, has received a decoration from the old country, and has become the acknowledged ally of the department of foreign languages at Columbia University. How do the Frohman actors in "The White Horse" compare with the actors that presented it at the Irving Place Theatre? It must be remembered in their favor that they are impersonating people of an alien race. The most enthusiastic champion of foreign acting, I take it, must admit that they have done exceedingly well. As the *Hostess* of the White Horse, Miss Amelia Bingham has great vivacity and charm; as the *Beggar*, Mr. Dore Davidson has his own touch of passive humor; and as the young attorney-at-law, Mr. Joseph Holland gives a performance that could hardly be bettered. Mr. Leo Dietrichstein's very excellent *Sutro* scarcely counts, because Mr. Dietrichstein came into the broader and more lucrative world of Broadway from this very company of Herr Conried's. The other performers are all adequate to a play in which any false touch would be a blemish. But this is not all the praise one could wish. Many of the impersonations, including Mr. Harry Harwood's excellent *Giesecke*, have the appearance of being very carefully studied — as, indeed, it is natural enough they should be—from the performances of the members of Herr Conried's company; and, except in the case of Mr. Holland and perhaps one or two others, they lack in simplicity and breadth of manner what they have gained from the scenic excellence of the production. Mr. Felix Morriss's impersonation of the dear old tutor and ideal traveller, *Hinzelmann*, is all one would expect of him—what more can be said?—but it lacks something of the aged serenity and pathos that Herr Franz Kierschner, by no means a prominent member of the German company, infused into it. That the luxury of our stage does not make genuinely artistic productions is melancholy, but it is true. One may smile at the naïveté of Herr Conried's blushing Alp and at the childlike fun of the deluge that pours from his gas-pipe in the flies, but the simplicity of the acting of his company bespeaks sound art. He comes very honestly by his reputation of heading the most artistic company we have.

German and American Acting.



Sidney Booth. James A. Herne.

DAVENPORT'S RETURN TO HIS VIRGINIA HOME.
From "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," as played by James A. Herne at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

Miss Beatrice Herford, whose monologues have long been familiar to frequenters of drawing-rooms, has—happily, as I take it—come into the sphere of this department, by giving readings at Waldorf-Astoria breakfasts and at the Lyceum Theatre. True artists are such rare birds among us that it would be a pity to cage one even in the inclusive cage of metropolitan society. Miss Herford's monologues represent such subjects as a lady and her maid packing a trunk, a lady at an intelligence office engaging a cook, a seamstress who entertains her mistress with sociable chatter, and a woman with her husband buying a cloak. Perhaps the most familiar of them is that of a saleswoman behind a counter. All of the monologues are studied with a minuteness of discrimination that is truly wonderful; they fairly bristle with wit, and brief as they necessarily are, and limited in scope by the very fact of their being monologues, they have a truly literary deftness and accuracy of effect. The way in which the lady at the intelligence office alternately bulldozes and cringes before the prospective cook presents the sum and substance of the domestic problem. The seamstress sews with such conviction that we fairly see the needle and thread, though there is none; and when, in going, she binds on her supposititious veil, the outward thrust of her chin and the familiar but indescribable gesture of the tip of her nose bring convulsions to her audiences. The shopper and the saleswoman project one into the loathsome reality of a crowded and disordered department store; for the moment one lives in the atmosphere of sordid femininity. Technically, Miss Herford's monologues are as clever as Miss Cissy Loftus's imitations, and being studies from real life, they have the added virtue of being creations.

A Rare Bird Uncaged.

Such great virtues perhaps require to be defined. Varied as are Miss Herford's powers of expression, the quality of her voice and of her affectedly nasal twang is unvaried; and cleverly as the characters are discriminated, they have a striking family resemblance; under slightly varying fortunes the seamstress might have been the lady of the house, and the shop-girl the shopper. Even Miss Herford's cleverness cannot prevent a series of the monologues from being monotonous. What is more important, the quality of the people presented is not sympathetic. If it is possible for a woman to have a foible that is amiable, or in any way gracious, you would not suspect it. Few things could be more depressing than to spend an hour or two in the undivided company of Miss Herford's women folk. That, at least, is the way one man felt. It should be added that Miss Herford's hearers are almost exclusively women, and, after all, the cynics may be right who find that women look for less amiability and grace in their sex than men do. It may be significant, for instance, that the large hats in the audience were not taken off, as they certainly would have been if there had been the usual complement of men, and that nobody seemed surprised. If the hat fits—one very naturally puts it on. JOHN CORBIN.

If the Hat Fits....



BEATRICE HERFORD.
From the Monologue of "The Saleswoman." (To the *Little Girl Shopper*) "Take your first left and your second right, and you'll come to the ribbons."

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MANILA—FILIPINOS IN ACTION—"FIRE AT WILL!"

Drawn by H. C. Christy after a Photograph of Insurgent Troops under Fire in the Trenches at Malate before the Spanish Evacuation.

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

FOR some minutes he was running through the darkness along a winding passage, and then he crossed some wide and open space and passed down a long incline, and came at last down a flight of steps to a level place. Many people were shouting: "They are coming. The guards are coming. They are firing. Get out of the fighting. The guards are firing. It will be safe in Seventh Way. Along here to Seventh Way!" There were women and children in the crowd as well as men. Men called names to him. The crowd converged on an archway, passed through a short throat, and emerged on a wider space again, lit dimly. The black figures about him spread out and ran up what seemed in the twilight to be a gigantic series of steps. He followed. The people dispersed to the right and left. He perceived that he was no longer in a crowd. He stopped near the highest step. Before him, on that level, were groups of seats and a little kiosk. He went up to this, and stopping in the shadow of its eaves, looked about him, panting.

Everything was vague and gray, but he recognized that these great steps were a series of the platforms of the "ways," now motionless again. The platform slanted up on either side, and the tall buildings rose beyond, vast dim ghosts, their inscriptions and advertisements indistinctly seen, and up through the girders and cables was a faint interrupted ribbon of pallid sky. A number of people hurried by. From their shouts and voices, it seemed they were hurrying to join the fighting. Other less noisy figures flitted timidly among the shadows.

From very far away down the street he could hear the sound of a struggle. But it was evident to him that this was not the street into which the theatre opened. That former fight, it seemed, had suddenly dropped out of sound and hearing. And—grotesque thought!—they were fighting for him!

For a space he was like a man who pauses in the reading of a vivid book and suddenly doubts what he has been taking unquestioningly. At that time he had little mind for details; the whole effect was a huge astonishment. Oddly enough, while the flight from the Council prison, the great crowd in the hall, and the attack of the red police upon the swarming people were clearly present in his mind, it cost him an effort to piece in his awakening and to revive the meditative intervals of the Silent Rooms. At first his memory leaped these things and took him back to the cascade at Pentargen quivering in the wind, and all the sombre splendors of the sunlit Cornish coast. And then the gap filled and he began to comprehend his position.

It was no longer absolutely a riddle, as it had been in the Silent Rooms. At least he had the strange, bare outline now. He was in some way the owner of half the world, and great political parties were fighting to possess him. On the one hand was the White Council, with its red police, set resolutely, it seemed, on the usurpation of his property, and perhaps his murder; on the other, the revolution that had liberated him, with this unseen "Ostrog" as its leader. And the whole of this gigantic city was convulsed by their struggle. Strange development of his world!

He had slipped out between them into this liberty of the twilight. What would happen next? What was happening? He figured the red-clad men as busily hunting him, driving the black-badged revolutionists before them.

At any rate, chance had given him a breathing-space. He could lurk, unchallenged by the passers-by, and watch the course of things. His eye followed up the intricate dim immensity of the twilight buildings, and it came to him as a thing infinitely wonderful that on above there—four hundred feet above there—the sun was rising, and the world was lit and glowing with the old familiar light of day. In a little while he had recovered his breath. His clothing had already dried upon him from the snow.

He wandered for miles along these twilight ways, speaking to no one, accosted by no one—a dark figure among dark figures—the inestimable, unintentional owner of half the world, the coveted man out of the past. Wherever there were lights or dense crowds or exceptional excitement he was afraid of recognition, and watched and turned back or went up and down by the middle stairways into some transverse system of ways at a lower or higher level. And though he came on no more fighting, the whole city stirred with battle. Once he had to run to avoid a marching multitude of men that swept the street. Every one abroad seemed involved. For the most part they were men, and they carried what he judged were weapons. It seemed as though the struggle was concentrated mainly in the quarter of the city from which he came. Ever and again a distant roaring, the remote suggestion of that conflict, reached his ears. Then his caution and his curiosity struggled together. But his caution prevailed, and he continued wandering away from the fighting—so far as he could judge. He went unmolested, unsuspected, through the dark. After a time he ceased to hear even a remote echo of the battle; fewer and fewer people passed him, until at last the titanic streets became deserted. The frontage of the buildings grew plain and harsh; he seemed to have come to a deserted district of warehouses. Solitude crept upon him—his pace slackened.

He became aware of a growing fatigue. At times he would turn aside and seat himself upon one of the numerous seats upon the upper ways. But a feverish restlessness, the knowledge of his vital implication in this struggle, would not let him rest in any place for long. Was the struggle on his behalf alone?

And then in a desolate place came the shock of an earthquake—a roaring and thundering—a mighty wind of cold air pouring through the city, the smash of glass, the slip and thud of falling masonry—a series of gigantic concussions. A mass of glass and iron-work fell from the remote roofs into the middle gallery not a hundred yards away from him, and in the distance were shouts and running. He, too, was startled to an aimless activity, and ran first one way and then as aimlessly back.

A man came running towards him. His self-control returned. "What have they blown up?" asked the man, breathlessly. "That was an explosion," and before Graham could speak he had hurried on.

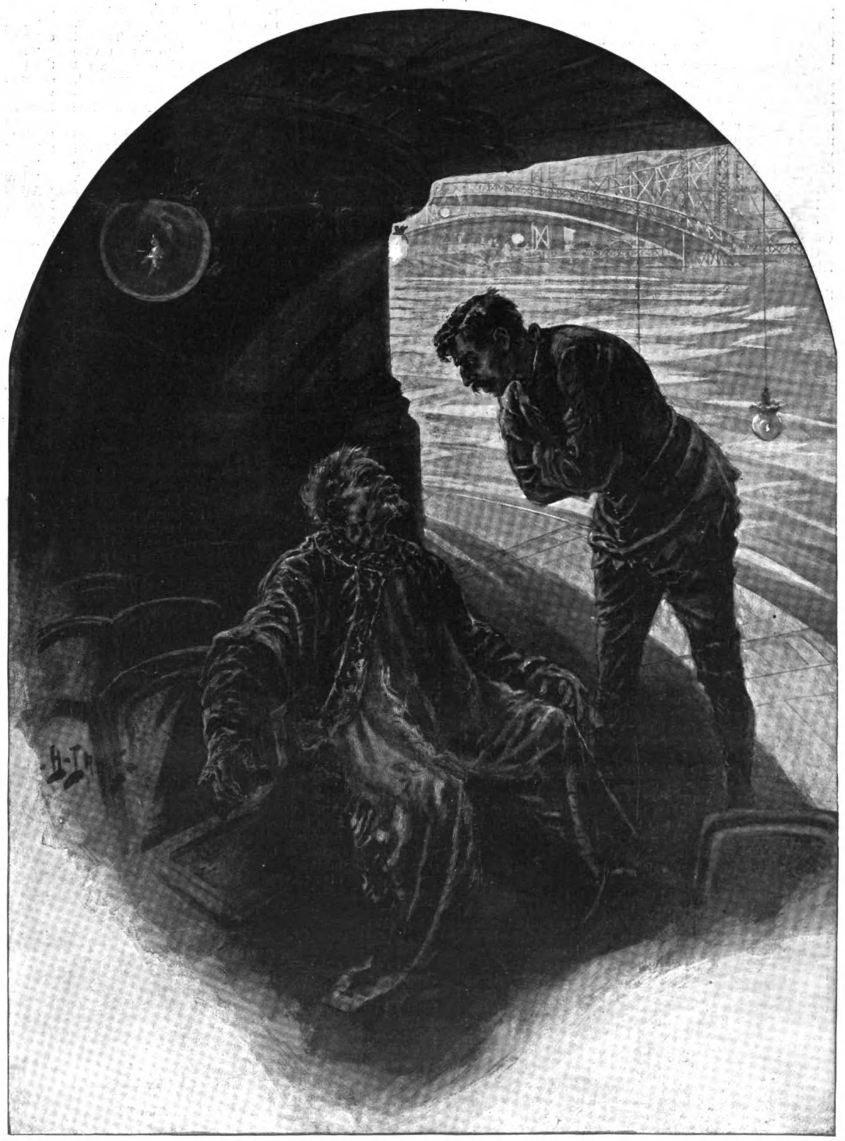
The great buildings rose dimly above Graham everywhere, veiled by a perplexing twilight, albeit the rivulet of sky above was now bright with day. He noted many strange features, understanding none at the time; he even spelled out many of the inscriptions in phonetic lettering. But what profits it to decipher a confusion of odd-looking letters resolving itself, after painful strain of eye and mind, into "Here is Radhamite," or, "Labor Bureau—Little Side"? Grotesque thought, that in all probability some or all of these cliff-like houses were his!

The perversity of his experience came to him vividly. In actual fact he had made such a leap in time as romancers have imagined again and again. And that fact realized, he had been prepared—his mind had, as it were, seated itself for a spectacle. And no spectacle, but a great vague danger, unsympathetic shadows and veils of darkness. Somewhere through the labyrinthine obscurity his death sought him. Would he, after all, be killed before he saw? It might be that even at the next shadowy corner his destruction ambushed. A great desire to see, a great longing to know, arose in him.

He became fearful of corners. It seemed to him that there was safety in concealment. Where could he hide to be inconspicuous when the lights returned? At last he sat down upon a shaded seat in a recess upon one of the higher ways, conceiving he was alone there.

He squeezed his knuckles into his weary eyes. Suppose, when he looked again, he found the dark trough of parallel ways and that intolerable altitude of edifice gone? Suppose he were to discover the whole story of these last few days—the awakening, the shouting multitudes, the darkness and the fighting—a phantasmagoria, a new and more vivid sort of dream? It must be a dream; it was so inconsecutive, so reasonless. Why were the people fighting for him? Why should this saner later world regard him as Owner and Master?

So he thought, sitting blinded; and then he looked again, half hoping, in spite of his ears, to see some familiar aspect of the life of the nineteenth century—to see perhaps the little harbor of Boscastle about him, the cliffs of Pentargen, or the bedroom of his home. But fact takes no heed of human hopes. A squad of dim men with a black banner tramped athwart the nearer shadows, intent on



"HE . . . . . SAW A SMALL, HUNCHED-UP FIGURE SITTING A COUPLE OF YARDS OFF."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No 2194.

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conflict, and beyond rose that giddy wall of frontage, vast and dark, with the dim incomprehensible lettering showing faintly on its face.

"It is no dream," he said, "no dream." And he bowed his face upon his hands.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING.

He was startled by a cough close at hand. He turned sharply, and peering, saw a small, hunched-up figure sitting a couple of yards off in the shadow of the enclosure.

"Have ye any news?" asked the high-pitched wheezy note of a very old man.

Graham hesitated. "None," he said.

"I stay here till the lights come again," said the old man. "These blue scoundrels are everywhere—everywhere."

Graham's answer was inarticulate assent. He tried to see the old man, but the darkness hid his face. He wanted very much to respond, to talk, but he did not know how to begin.

"Dark and damnable," said the old man, suddenly. "Dark and damnable. Turned out of my room among all these dangers."

"That's hard," ventured Graham. "That's hard on you."

"Darkness. An old man lost in the darkness. And all the world gone mad. War and fighting. The police beaten and rogues abroad. No more dark passages for me. I fell over a dead man."

"You're safe out here," said Graham.

"One's safer with company," answered the old man, "if it's company of the right sort," and peered frankly. He rose suddenly and came towards Graham.

Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory. The old man sat down as if relieved to be no longer alone. "Eh!" he said, "but this is a terrible time! War and fighting, and the dead lying there—men, strong men, dying in the dark. Sons! I have three sons. God knows where they are to-night."

The voice ceased. Then repeated, quavering. "God knows where they are to-night."

Graham stood revolving a question that should not betray his ignorance. Again the old man's voice ended the pause.

"This Ostrog will win," he said. "He will win. And what the world will be like under him no one can tell. My sons are under the wind-vanes, all three. One of my daughters-in-law was his mistress for a while. His mistress! We're not common people. Though they've set me to wander to-night and take my chance. . . . I knew what was going on. Before most people. But this darkness! And to fall over a dead body suddenly in the dark!"

His wheezy breathing could be heard.

"Ostrog!" said Graham.

"The greatest Boss the world has ever seen," said the voice.

Graham ransacked his mind. "The Council has few friends among the people," he hazarded.

"Few friends. And poor ones at that. They've had their time. Eh! They should have kept to the clever ones. But twice they held election. And Ostrog— And now it has burst out and nothing can stay it, nothing can stay it. Twice they rejected Ostrog—Ostrog the Boss. I heard of his rages at the time—he was terrible. Heaven save them! For nothing on earth can, now he has raised the Labor Companies upon them. No one else would have dared. All the blue canvas armed and marching! He will go through with it. He will go through."

He was silent for a little while. "This Sleeper—" he said, and stopped.

"Yes," said Graham. "Well?"

The senile voice sank to a confidential whisper; the dim, pale face came close. "The real Sleeper—"

"Yes?" said Graham.

"Died years ago."

"What?" said Graham, sharply.

"Years ago. Died. Years ago."

"You don't say so!" said Graham.

"I do. I do say so. He died. This Sleeper who's woke up—they changed in the night. A poor, drugged, insensible creature. But I mustn't tell all I know. I mustn't tell all I know."

For a little while he muttered inaudibly. His secret was too much for him. "I don't know the ones that put him to sleep—that was before my time—but I know the man who injected the stimulants and woke him again. It was ten to one—wake or kill. Wake or kill. Ostrog's way."

Graham was so astonished at these things that he had to interrupt, to make the old man repeat his words, to re-question vaguely, before he was sure of the meaning and folly of what he heard. And his awakening had not been natural! Was that an old man's senile superstition too, or had it any truth in it? Feeling in the dark corners of his memory, he presently came on something that might conceivably be an impression of some such stimulating effect. It dawned upon him that he had happened upon a lucky encounter, that at last he might learn something of the new age. The old man wheezed awhile and spat, and then the piping, reminiscent voice resumed:

"The first time they rejected him. I've followed it all!"

"Rejected whom?" said Graham. "The Sleeper?"

"Sleeper! *No.* Ostrog. He was terrible—terrible! And he was promised then, promised certainly the next time. Fools they were—not to be more afraid of him. Now all the city's his millstone, and such as we dust ground between 'em. Dust ground between 'em. Until he set to work—the workers cut each other's throats, and murdered a Labor policeman at times, and left the rest of us at peace. Dead bodies! Robbing! Darkness! Such a thing hasn't been this gross of years. Eh—but 'tis ill on small folks when the great fall out! It's ill."

"Did you say—there had not been—what? for a gross of years?"

"Eh?" said the old man.

The old man said something about clipping his words, and made him repeat this a third time. "Fighting and slaying, and weapons in hand, and fools bawling freedom and the like," said the old man. "Not in all my life has there been that. These are like the old days—for sure—when the Paris people broke out—three gross of years ago. That's what I mean hasn't been. But it's the world's way. It had to come back. I know. I know. This five years Ostrog has been working, and there has been trouble and trouble and hunger and threats and high talk and arms. Blue canvas and murmurs! No one safe. Everything sliding and slipping. And now here we are! Revolt and fighting, and the Council come to its end."

"You are rather well informed on these things," said Graham.

"I know what I hear. It isn't all Babble Machine with me."

"No," said Graham, wondering what Babble Machine might be. "And you are certain this Ostrog—you are certain Ostrog organized this rebellion, and arranged for the waking of the Sleeper? Just to assert himself—because he was not elected to the Council?"

"Every one knows that, I should think," said the old man. "Except—just fools. He meant to be master, somehow. In the Council or out. Every one who knows anything knows that. And here we are with dead bodies lying in the dark! Why, where have you been if you haven't heard all about the trouble between Ostrog and the Verneys? And what do you think the troubles are about? The Sleeper? Eh? You think the Sleeper's real, and woke of his own accord—eh?"

"I'm a dull man, older than I look, and forgetful," said Graham. "Lots of things that have happened—especially of late years— If I was the Sleeper, to tell you the truth, I couldn't know less about them."

"Eh?" said the voice. "Old, are you? You don't sound so very old! But it's not every one keeps his memory to my time of life—truly. But these notorious things? But you're not so old as me—not nearly so old as me. Well, I ought not to judge other men by myself, perhaps. I'm young—for so old a man. Maybe you're old for so young."

"That's it," said Graham. "And I've a queer history. I know very little. And history! Practically I know no history. The Sleeper and Julius Cæsar are all the same to me. It's interesting to hear you talk of these things."

"I know a few things," said the old man. "I know a thing or two. But— Hark!"

The two men became silent, listening. There was a heavy thud, a concussion that made their seat shiver. The passers-by stopped, shouted to one another. The old man was full of questions; he shouted to a man who passed near. Graham, emboldened by his example, got up and accosted others. None knew what had happened.

He returned to the seat, and found the old man muttering vague interrogations in an undertone. For a while they said nothing to one another.

The sense of this gigantic struggle, so near and so remote, oppressed Graham's imagination. Was this old man right, was the report of the people right, and were the revolutionaries winning? Or were they all in error, and were the red guards driving all before them? At any time the flood of warfare might pour into this silent quarter of the city and seize upon him again. It behooved him to learn all he could while there was time. He turned suddenly to the old man with a question and left it unsaid. But his motion moved the old man to speak his thoughts again.

"Eh! but how things work together!" said the old man. "This Sleeper that all the fools put their trust in! I've the whole history of it—I was always a good one for histories. When I was a boy—I'm that old—I used to read printed books. You'd hardly think it. Likely you've seen none—they rot and dust so—and the sanitary company burns them to make ashlarite. But they were convenient in their dirty way. One learned a lot. These newfangled Babble Machines—they don't seem newfangled to you, eh?—they're easy to hear, easy to forget. But I've traced all the Sleeper business from the first."

"You will scarcely believe it," said Graham, slowly, "I'm so ignorant—I've been so preoccupied in my own little affairs, my circumstances have been so odd—I know nothing of this Sleeper's history. Who was he?"

"Eh!" said the old man. "I know. I know. He was a poor nobody, and set on a playful woman, poor soul! And he fell into a trance. There's the old things they had, those brown things—photographs—still showing him as he lay, a gross and a half of years ago—a gross and a half of years."

"Set on a playful woman, poor soul," said Graham, softly, to himself; and then aloud, "Yes—well! go on."

"You must know he had a cousin named Warming, a solitary man without children, who made a big fortune speculating in roads—the first Eadhamite roads. But surely you've heard? No? Why? He bought all the patent rights, and made a big company. In those days there were grosses of grosses of separate businesses and business companies. Grosses of grosses! His roads killed the railroads—the old things—in two dozen years; he bought up and Eadhamited the tracks. And because he didn't want to break up his great property, or let in shareholders, he left it all to the Sleeper, and put it under a Board of Trustees that he had picked and trained. He knew then the Sleeper wouldn't wake, that he would go on sleeping, sleeping till he died. He knew that quite well. And plump! A man in the United States, who had lost two sons in a boat accident, followed that up with another great bequest. His trustees found themselves with a dozen myriads of Lions' worth or more of property at the very beginning."

"What was his name?"

"Graham."

"No—I mean—that American's."

"Isbister."

"Isbister!" cried Graham. "Why, I don't even know the name."

"Of course not," said the old man. "Of course not. People don't learn much in the schools nowadays. But I know all about him. He was a rich American who went from England, and he left the Sleeper even more than Warming. How he made it? That I don't know. Something about pictures by machinery. But he made it and left it, and so the Council had its start. It was just a council of trustees at first."

"And how did it grow?"

"Eh!—but you're not up to things. Money attracts money—and twelve brains are better than one. They played it cleverly. They worked politics with money, and kept on adding to the money by working currency and tariffs. They grew—they grew. And for years the twelve trustees hid the growing of the Sleeper's estate, under double names and company titles and all that. The Council spread by title-deed, mortgage—share, every political party, every newspaper, they bought. If you listen to the old stories, you will see the Council growing and growing. Billions and Billions of Lions at least—the Sleeper's estate. And all growing out of a whim—out of this Warming's will and an accident to Isbister's sons.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "The strange thing to me is how the Council worked together so long. As many as twelve. But they worked in cliques from the first. And they've slipped back. In my young days speaking of the Council was like an ignorant man speaking of God. We didn't think they could do wrong. We didn't know of their women and all that! Or else I've got wiser.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "Here are you, young and ignorant, and me—sevendy years old, and I might reasonably be forgetting—explaining it all to you, short and clear.

"Sevendy," he said, "sevendy, and I hear and see—hear better than I see. And reason clearly, and keep myself up to all the happenings of things. Sevendy!

"Life is strange. I was twaindy before Ostrog was a baby. I remember him long before he'd pushed his way to the head of the Wind Vanes Control. I've seen many changes. Eh! I've worn the blue. And at last I've come to see this crush and darkness and tumult, and dead men carried by in heaps on the ways. And all his doing! All his doing!"

His voice died away in scarcely articulate praises of Ostrog.

Graham thought. "Let me see," he said, "if I have it right."

He extended a hand and ticked off points upon his fingers. "The Sleeper has been asleep—"

"Changed," said the old man.

"Perhaps. And meanwhile the Sleeper's property grew in the hands of twelve trustees, until it swallowed up nearly all the great ownership of the world. The twelve trustees, by virtue of this property, have become practically masters of the world. Because they are the paying power—just as the old English Parliament used to be—"

"Eh!" said the old man. "That's so—that's a good comparison. You're not so—"

"And now this Ostrog—has suddenly revolutionized the world by waking the Sleeper—whom no one but the superstitious common people had ever dreamt would wake again—raising the Sleeper to claim his property from the Council, after all these years."

The old man endorsed this statement with a cough. "It's strange," he said, "to meet a man who learns these things for the first time to-night."

"Aye," said Graham, "it's strange."

"Have you been in a Pleasure City?" said the old man. "All my life I've longed—" He laughed. "Even now," he said, "I could enjoy a little fun. Enjoy seeing things, anyhow." He mumbled a sentence Graham did not understand.

"The Sleeper—when did he awake?" said Graham, suddenly.

"Three days ago."

"Where is he?"

"Ostrog has him. He escaped from the Council not four hours ago. My dear sir, where were you at the time? He was in the hall of the markets—where the fighting has been. All the city was screaming about it. All the Babble Machines. Everywhere it was shouted. Even the fools who speak for the Council were admitting it. Every one was rushing off to see him—every one was getting arms. Were you drunk or asleep? And even then! But you're joking! Surely you're pretending. It was to stop the shouting of the Babble Machines and prevent the people gathering that they turned off the electricity and put this damned darkness upon us. Do you mean to say—?"

"I had heard the Sleeper was rescued," said Graham. "But—to come back a minute. Are you sure Ostrog has him?"

"He won't let him go," said the old man.

"And the Sleeper. Are you sure he is not genuine? I have never heard—"

"So all the fools think. So they think. As if there wasn't a thousand things that were never heard. I know Ostrog too well for that. Did I tell you? In a way I'm a sort of relation of Ostrog's. A sort of relation. Through my daughter-in-law."

"I suppose—"

"Well?"

"I suppose there's no chance of this Sleeper asserting himself. I suppose he's certain to be a puppet, in Ostrog's hands or the Council's, as soon as the struggle is over."

"In Ostrog's hands—certainly. Why shouldn't he be a puppet? Look at his position. Everything done for him, every pleasure possible. Why should he want to assert himself?"

"What are these Pleasure Cities?" said Graham, abruptly.

The old man made him repeat the question. When at last he was assured of Graham's words, he nudged him violently. "That's *too* much," said he. "You're poking fun at an old man. I've been suspecting you know more than you pretended."

"Perhaps I do," said Graham. "But no? Why should I go on acting? No, I do not know what a Pleasure City is."

The old man laughed in an intimate way.

"What is more, I do not know how to read your letters; I do not know what money you use; I do not know what foreign countries there are. I do not know where I am. I cannot count. I do not know where to get food, nor drink, nor shelter."

"Come, come," said the old man; "if you had a glass of drink, now, would you put it in your ear or your eye?"

"I want you to tell me all these things."

"He, he! Well, gentlemen who dress in silk must have their fun." A withered hand caressed Graham's arm for a moment. "Silk. Well, well! But, all the same, I wish I was the man who was put up as the Sleeper. He'll have a fine time of it. All the pomp and pleasure. He's a queer-looking face. When they used to let any one go to see him, I've got tickets and been. The image of the real one, as the photographs show him,

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this substitute used to be. Yellow. But he'll get fed up. It's a queer world. Think of the luck of it. The luck of it. I expect he'll be sent to Capri. It's the best fun for a greener."

His cough overtook him again. Then he began mumbling enviously of pleasures and strange delights. "The luck of it, the luck of it! All my life I've been in London, hoping to get my chance."

"But you don't know that the Sleeper died," said Graham, suddenly.

The old man made him repeat his words.

"Men don't live beyond ten dozen. It's not in the order of things," said the old man. "I'm not a fool. Fools may believe it, but not I."

Graham became angry with the old man's assurance. "Whether you are a fool or not," he said, "it happens you are wrong about the Sleeper."

"Eh?"

"You are wrong about the Sleeper. I haven't told you before, but I will tell you now. You are wrong about the Sleeper."

"How do you know? I thought you didn't know anything—not even about Pleasure Cities."

Graham paused.

"You don't know," said the old man. "How are you to know? It's very few men—"

"I *am* the Sleeper."

He had to repeat it.

There was a brief pause. "There's a silly thing to say, sir, if you'll excuse me. It might get you into trouble in a time like this," said the old man.

Graham, slightly dashed, repeated this assertion.

"I was saying I was the Sleeper. That years and years ago I did indeed fall asleep, in a little stone-built village, in the days when there were hedge-rows and villages and inns, and all the country-side cut up into little pieces, little fields. Have you never heard of those days? And it is I—I who speak to you—who awakened again these four days since."

"Four days since!—the Sleeper! But they've *got* the Sleeper. They have him, and they won't let him go. Nonsense! You've been talking sensibly enough up to now. I can see it as though I was there. There will be Lincoln like a keeper just behind him; they won't let him go about alone. Trust them. You're a queer fellow. One of these fun-pokers. I see now why you have been clipping your words so oddly, but—"

He stopped abruptly, and Graham could see his gesture.

"As if Ostrog would let the Sleeper run about alone! No, you're telling that to the wrong man altogether. Eh! as if I should believe! What's your game? And besides, we've been talking of the Sleeper."

Graham stood up. "Listen," he said. "I am the Sleeper."

"You're an odd man," said the old man, "to sit here in the dark, talking clipped, and telling a lie of that sort. But—"

Graham's exasperation fell to laughter. "It is preposterous," he cried. "Preposterous. The dream must end. It gets wilder and wilder. Here am I—in this damned twilight—I never knew a dream in twilight before—trying to persuade an old fool that I am myself, and meanwhile— Ugh!"

He moved in gusty irritation, and went striding. In a moment the old man was pursuing him. "Eh! but don't go!" cried the old man. "I'm an old fool, I know. Don't go. Don't leave me in all this darkness."

Graham hesitated, stopped. Suddenly the folly of telling his secret flashed into his mind.

"I didn't mean to offend you—disbelieving you," said the old man, coming near. "It's no manner of harm. Call yourself the Sleeper, if it pleases you. 'Tis a foolish trick—"

Graham hesitated, turned abruptly, and went on his way.

For a time he heard the old man's hobbling pursuit and his wheezy cries receding. But at last the darkness swallowed him, and Graham saw him no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

SUGAR-CULTURE

A GENERAL impression seems to prevail that sugar-cane raising and the manufacturing of the products from cane—sugar, molasses, and rum—form the chief industry of Puerto Rico. This is an erroneous idea, for, while the products, measured by avoirdupois, do greatly exceed those of all other industries, if gauged by money valuation, they rank second in importance—coffee being first, with a crop worth over three times the sugar output.

The growth of the sugar industry from the beginning of the century is told in the following table, though it should be remarked that twenty years earlier, or in 1783, the annual amount of sugar grown was quite as large, but there was a profound stagnation in island industries between the years 1776 and 1811:

1803	Sugar	263,200 lbs. at 6 c.,	$ 15,792	exported.
1810	Sugar	3,796,900 " 6 c.,	$ 227,814	exported.
"	"	4,000,000 "		home consumption.
		7,796,900 lbs. total raised.		
1828	Sugar	19,788,600 lbs. at 4 c.,	$ 791,544	exported.
"	"	7,000,000 " 6 c.,	420,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	2,245,044 " 2 c.,	44,900	exported.
		29,033,644 lbs.	$1,256,444	
1838	Sugar	69,188,500 lbs. at 4 c.,	$2,765,540	exported.
"	"	8,000,000 " 6 c.,	480,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	19,619,453 "	392,389	exported.
		96,757,953 lbs.	$3,637,929	
1847	Sugar	104,178,200 lbs. at 4 c.,	$4,167,128	exported.
"	Molasses	26,922,126 " 2 c.,	538,442	exported.
		131,100,326 lbs.	$4,705,570	
1853	Sugar	115,666,200 lbs. at 3½c.,	$4,038,317	exported.
"	"	11,000,000 " 6 c.,	660,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	28,510,872 " 2 c.,	570,217	exported.
		155,177,072 lbs.	$5,268,534	
1887	Sugar	180,974,080 lbs. at 2.8c.,	$5,041,444	exported.
"	"	16,000,000 " 5 c.,	900,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	55,210,880 " 1¾c.,	978,163	
		252,184,960 lbs.	$6,919,607	
1896	Sugar	122,946,335 lbs. at 2.9c.,	$3,603,352	exported.
"	"	16,000,000 " 6 c.,	960,000	home consumption
"	Molasses	32,221,619 " 1¾c.,	493,638	
		171,167,954 lbs.	$5,057,490	

It will be noted that from 1803 to 1887 there was a constant increase in the weight of sugar exported, and it may be said that during the next ten years, or up to the present time, a marked decline took place in the sugar industry, the crop of 1896 being about two-thirds that of a decade earlier.

The money value of the crop, however, has not for fifty years kept pace in ratio with the constantly increasing acreage and output of marketable sugar. In 1847 the export sugars, at the then prevailing high price of the commodity, sold for a sum within a million dollars of the high-water crop of 1887, though 77,000,000 more pounds of sugar were exported, or an increase of 77 per cent. in the total crop over the year 1847, with a gain of but 20 per cent. in money value. There are so many confusing factors to be taken into consideration in an attempt to compare the past with the present condition of the sugar industry, and so few statistics in which credence may be placed, that it is an almost hopeless task to attempt to prepare a critical analysis. The principal elements to be taken into consideration are—

1. Fertility of soil, which returned, sixty years ago, nearly double the crop of to-day.

2. Methods of cultivation, cutting, and transporting cane from fields, all of which have made giant strides, in some sections, over the primitive ways of the past.

3. Difference in machinery, modern machinery returning over 30 per cent. more sugar than that in use in 1847.

4. Manufacture of bye-products—rum and alcohol—which are produced very cheaply to-day, and with considerable profit.

5. Scale of wages. Free labor in the forties received twenty-five cents a day and board, while to-day sixty-two cents Puerto-Rican silver, or about forty cents gold, and no board, is paid. Slave labor, of which there was never over 15 per cent., cost as much as free labor, in housing, clothing, etc.

6. Cost of transportation to seaports, which has been materially reduced in sections with contiguous military roads.

7. Cost of fuel, which has more than doubled in price in forty years, but has decreased in quantity required by over one-half, through the introduction of better methods of firing, use of bagasse for fuel, and use of vacuum-pans and tubular boilers.

In 1847 it was possible to raise from 3500 pounds of sugar per acre on the poorest lands, to as much as 8000 to 9000 pounds on the best; this was accomplished with little resting of the soil; and further, the ratoons sprang up from the cropped cane for six or seven years in succession. To-day little land on the island proper ever gives more than 4000 pounds of sugar, and the average is near the ton mark. The canes grow from the ratoons but four or five years, and then lands must be rested for several years before replanting. The island of Vieques may be noted as an exception to this rule, and its productive lands yet return immense fields of cane, the fields not requiring replanting under six or seven years; but excessive and prolonged drouths occur now and then.

The modern methods of cultivation are greatly advanced over the earlier ones through the almost total disappearance of the primitive single-stick plough and one yoke of oxen, which have given place to modern heavy breaking-ploughs (not gang-ploughs), with three to four yoke of oxen to each. The fields are carefully prepared for planting, though fertilizing is not indulged in, as it is said—with mistaken ideas of economy—that it would not be profitable.

The cane is still cut by hand, as no machine can do it, but the picturesque ox-cart, which sinks deep into the soft earth of the fields, has given way to steel tramways and cars on the great estates as a means of transporting cane to the mill, while on one estate at least whole trains are drawn by small steam-engines. This has much reduced the cost of labor, and insures expeditious movement of cut cane to the crushers.

The machinery used before the forties consisted principally of wooden single and double roll crushers driven by bullock power, open kettles for boiling, wooden vats for crystallizing out the second sugar, and dripping-rooms, in which hogsheads of crude sugar, set on huge beams, were drained of their surplus molasses. Steam-engines for motive power and iron crushing-rolls were introduced in the forties, but the open kettle and pan boiling gave way very slowly to the modern process of vacuum-pans, "triple effects," and centrifugals, and yet even to this day the industry is seriously handicapped by the continued use of antiquated machinery. Most mills boast of a vacuum-pan and centrifugals, but in the majority the juice-boiling is still done in the open air, which necessitates a wasteful use of fuel and a finished sugar little above the old muscavado in quality.

There are but two central factories in all Puerto Rico which have really modern machinery, consisting of tubular boilers, heated with bagasse, fed automatically from carriers; double crushers with triple rolls; clarifiers and eliminators; triple effects; vacuum-pans; mixers; centrifugals; sugar-carriers; bagging-bins; and all the auxiliary vats and transferrers for making third and fourth sugars from the molasses. It may be said that most mills are a heterogeneous combination of old and new machinery in a most incongruous fashion, and that in consequence the mechanical equilibrium of the process is usually so upset that often one portion of the mill must close down to wait upon some slow, weak link. The result of these unscientific methods has been to close down permanently mill after mill in the last ten years, since the price of sugar has been low, as it cannot be manufactured with profit without the most skilled handling.

The bye-products—rum and alcohol—are manufactured at every big central factory, and furnish no inconsiderable return in the sugar-making business. It is almost impossible to estimate the annual production of rum on the island, for, as there are no internal-revenue taxes on the quantity manufactured, it is never returned as a portion of governmental statistics. The consumption of this fiery liquor is almost entirely confined to the native population, though some thousands of gallons are exported each year to Spain. Newly made rum sells as low as twenty-five cents a gallon. The profitable side of molasses distillation will be found to lie in the manufacture of alcohol.

In regard to wages, the writer feels it may safely be said that labor is cheaper to-day in Puerto Rico than fifty years ago, when free men received twenty-five cents a day and board, for, with the depreciated value of the island silver, the best laborers do not get over thirty to forty cents a day gold, and must board themselves, while the sugar-planter receives an equivalent in gold at the seaboard for his crop. A fact which prospective investors in Puerto-Rican sugar-estates must not lose sight of is that financial legislation by our government for the island will place the silver used in the future on a gold basis, but it is not at all likely that the wage of the laborer will be any less as measured in cents per day, this wage being now fifty to sixty-two cents of the present depreciated silver. If this be true—and all history of national financial fluctuations bears out the assertion—the wages for labor will be materially appreciated, as computed by the employer and charged against his profits. This promises to be one of the most serious obstacles in the way of profitable sugar-culture in Puerto Rico, if not in all of our new possessions, unless the price of sugar shall advance.

All contracts for sugar from foreign buyers contemplate a delivery at the water-front of one of the great seaport towns, in bags or hogsheads, and the transportation of the sugar from the factory to the wharf is no small item of expense, amounting in one instance known to the writer—from Carolina to San Juan, sixteen miles by ox-carts—to twenty-five cents Puerto-Rican silver per bag of two hundred and fifty pounds. Where railroads may be used, the transportation charges are materially reduced, but the tariff is exceedingly high compared with American freight rates, and the carrier binds himself in no way for the safe delivery of the freight. The factor of transportation is one to be carefully considered by capitalists intending to invest in agricultural enterprises.

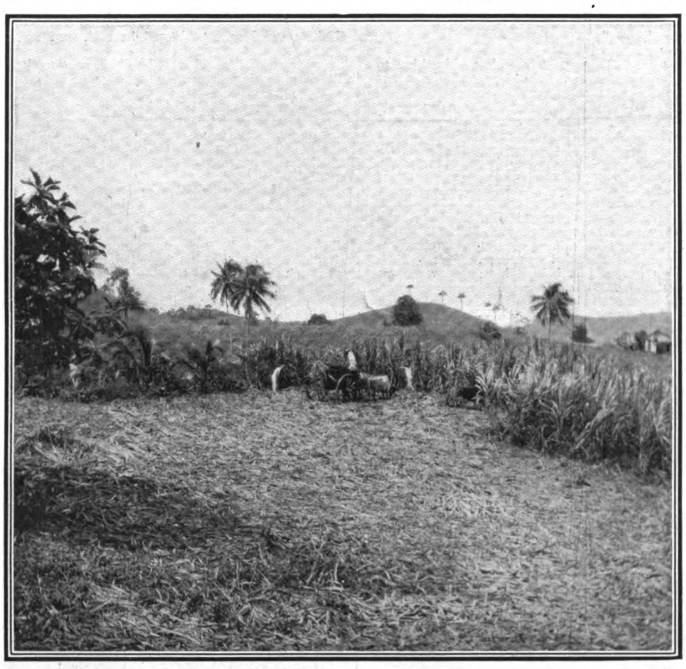
The scarcity of fuel has become a bugbear of monstrous proportions to sugar-makers, as the island has been almost denuded of wood; no mineral fuel has yet been discovered, and foreign coal is very costly. A small ox-cart load of very poor fuel wood, certainly not half a cord, costs in most sections a dollar and fifty cents a load. Bagasse (the refuse cane) is used everywhere as a part of the fuel, but, where muscavado sugar-making still prevails, the proportion of wood consumed is at least seventy per cent. of the total amount of fuel, and it is only in the most modern establishments, where bagasse is employed under forced draught for heating tubular boilers, that the ruinous wood bill is materially reduced.

Sugar-making on a gigantic scale is one of the deeply interesting industries of the world, and in Puerto Rico it is particularly fascinating to the observer, in that he can, while travelling over the island, follow the evolution of the industry objectively. The old wooden crusher, with its two upright creaking rolls—driven round and round by slowly plodding oxen, who snatch now and again a mouthful of the sweet cane—may be seen in operation in some of the out-of-the-way places. The juice is boiled, perhaps, in a single kettle, frailly housed from the weather by palm thatch, and the bubbling liquid seems almost to dance to the rhythmic strumming of the primitive guitar in the hands of the native watcher. The little nude, round-bellied pickaninnies sit in circles and stare with wide-eyed approbation and contentment at the operations, while they munch huge mouthfuls of cane and lather their faces with the sweet juice, or cement more firmly the kinky hair to their pates. Sugar for home consumption only is made at these extremely primitive mills, and it is doubtful whether the return in sugar is at all commensurate with the labor involved.

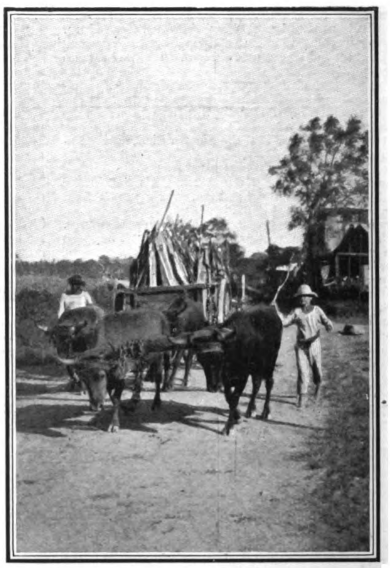
The next visible stepping-stone in the industry is shown in the scores of small mills, built fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago, which dot the valleys of the sugar districts. Many of them have been abandoned, and the majority are slowly passing away in dry-rot, as the poverty-stricken owners cannot afford to operate them, and have either let their fields grow up in a wild luxuriance of weeds, as in portions of the Mayaguez district, or are cultivators of cane alone, for which they are paid in a certain proportion of sugar by the great central factories with their better machinery.

A few of the little mills are still operated, and turn out the lowest grades of muscavado sugar. The crushers are double rolls, driven by ancient condensing-engines of marine type, or by undershot water-wheels. The juice is boiled in batteries of circular, round-bottomed, cast-iron kettles, cemented and bricked in, in a single row, over a fireplace. The juice is slowly heated in the first one

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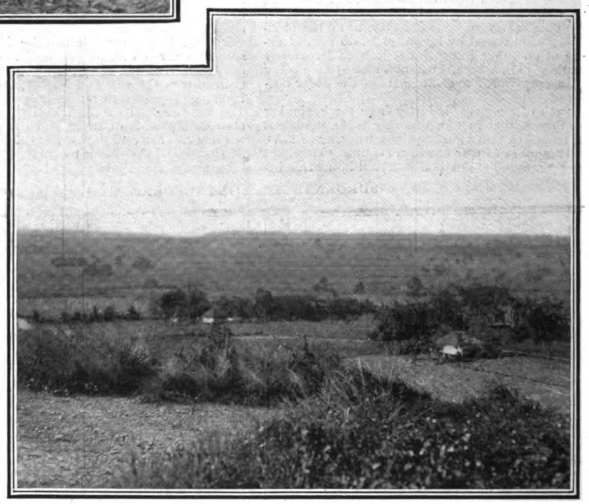
CUTTING THE CANE.



"A DOLLAR AND A HALF'S WORTH OF WOOD"—HALF A CORD.



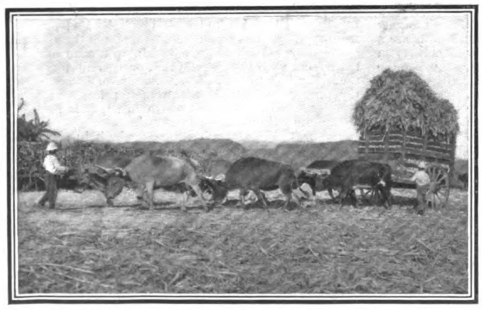
OLD SINGLE-STICK PLOUGH.



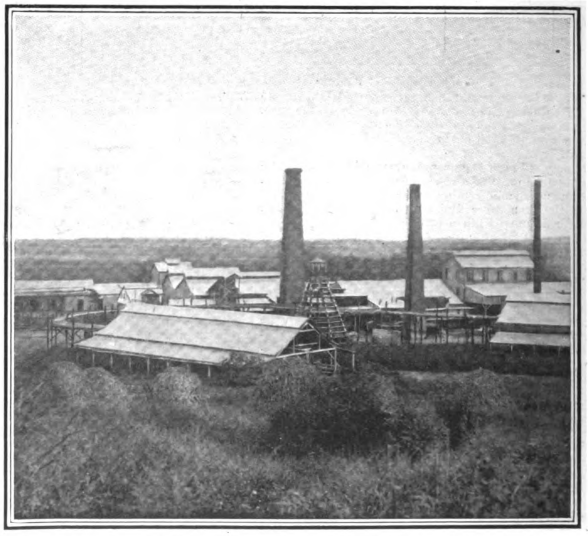
SUGAR-LANDS OF NORTHERN PUERTO RICO.



METHOD OF PLANTING CANE.



PRIMITIVE METHOD OF REMOVING THE "BAGASSE."

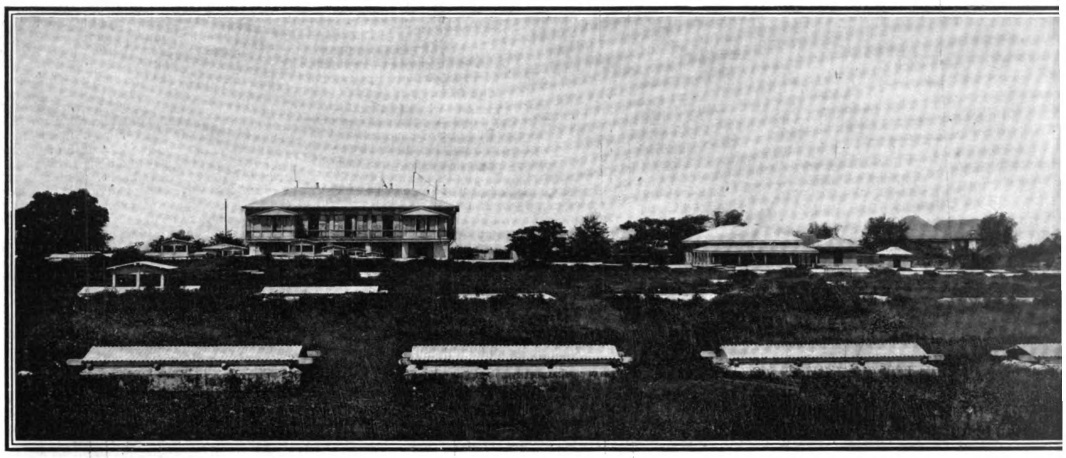


TYPICAL SUGAR-MILL NEAR PONCE—ANTIQUATED AND MODERN MACHINERY COMBINED.

PUERTO RICO—METHODS OF SUGAR-CULTURE IN USE IN THE ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 167.]

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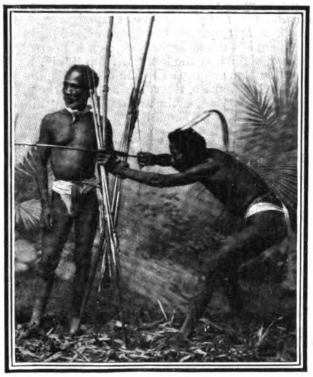
WATER-WORKS NEAR SAN JUAN DEL MONTE, CAPTURED FROM THE INSURGENTS.



GUN MOUNTED BY INSURGENTS TO CONTROL RAILROAD NEAR CALOOCAN.



INSURGENT OBSERVATION-TOWER.



IGORROTE WARRIORS OF LUZON.



BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR MALATE.



SANTA MESA, NEAR MANILA, WHERE THE FIGHTING BEGAN.

MANILA—SCENES ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 174]

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farthest from the heat, and crystallized into sugar in the last, directly over the hottest fire, where the thickening syrup rages like a tempest-tossed sea in foaming, sputtering ebullition. The molasses is drained from the semi-crystalline mass in wooden bins, and the remaining sugar, of very poor quality, packed in hogsheads or burlap bags.

At a conservative estimate not more than seven per cent. of the lowest quality of sugar is returned from the canes, even when the first molasses is painstakingly converted into a second sugar. It is to-day utterly impossible to operate such a plant without constant loss to its owners, and one wonders at the almost asinine persistence with which some of the Spanish estate-holders continue the practice of making crude sugars by cruder methods, which each year involves them deeper in debt. The only explanation ever offered the writer was that the government had put an almost prohibitory tariff on modern machinery, and it is true that American machinery was discriminated against in such a way that its introduction into Puerto Rico by an unfortunate estate-owner meant the doubling or tripling of its original price by a subtle system of shuffling classification, which would lead the owner to believe that, unawares, he had imported a gold-mine instead of simply a gold brick. Incidentally let me say that most of these unfortunate agriculturists hail with delight a bonding of the island's interests with those of the United States, in the firm belief that it means for them financial salvation.

During the last thirty years what is known as the "central factory" system has arisen, the buildings being owned by capitalists, who may or may not own the cane-lands. The outlying land-owners send their cane to these mills to be converted into sugar, and receive for it four and five per cent. of the weight of the cane in sugar. It is not usual for them, however, to receive the actual sugar, but rather the value of such proportion as the ruling market price. The writer will later give fairly accurate figures of the cost of raising cane per acre and placing it at the mill. It has been difficult, even under this system, which places the burden of expense upon the mill-owners, for the agriculturist to even up, and it has been a common practice for mill men to advance money to the farmer for the necessary cultivating machinery and expense of cropping, charging him twelve per cent. interest, and taking as security a mortgage on his property. The result is most likely the same the world over—the mill men each year add to their landed domain, and then sublet such properties on shares, perhaps to the scion of a once-powerful family.

Up to within ten years, or before the pressure and competition of beet sugar was severely felt, it was possible for central factories making as low as eight per cent. of sugar to secure a fair rate of interest on the capital invested; but since that time, with sugar falling several times as low as $2 20 per hundred-weight, only factories which possess the facilities and machinery for producing ten or eleven per cent. of sugar, and which have contributory cane-lands to furnish them with at least fifty million pounds of cane annually, can be run profitably.

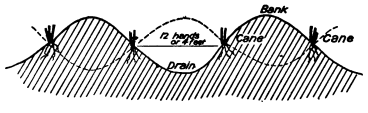
One of the best equipped central factories in Puerto Rico, which produced, in 1897, 6,500,000 of first, second, and third sugars, made a net profit for the year of $19,500 on a capital investment of $800,000, or a little less than three per cent. This factory is capable of making 13,000,000 pounds of sugar a year, but has contributory to it but 2000 acres of cane-lands, which can supply only about half the required amount, and hence it is forced to shut down from time to time during the grinding season. It costs the mill almost an even eighteen dollars per ton, or nine mills a pound, to make the sugar which sold in 1897 on an average at a little below two and four-tenths cents a pound. The cane-raiser's five-per-cent. commission gives him half the sugar made, leaving as a profit to the mill man three mills per pound. If this mill could be run up to its full capacity, the expense of operating would be so lessened as to easily afford four mills profit per pound of sugar, and an easy return of seven per cent. on the total capitalization.

This particular illustration has been drawn with a view of pointing out that, while the sugar industry of the whole Island is in an apparently precarious condition, in point of fact a thoroughly equipped establishment, with sufficient cane territory and the whole properly managed, will give to the investor of large capital an adequate return. But the factors which are to-day ruining the sugar-mill owners, of Puerto Rico at least, are antiquated mills and insufficient cane to keep them in operation. The promise of a successful future lies in more profound centralization of the industry, and there are now a number of sections on the island where single valleys of twenty to thirty thousand acres might easily be made contributory to a single factory—sections which, if necessary, might be readily irrigated from the constant and fast-flowing waters which course the centre of the valleys.

Approximate cost of cultivating an acre of cane-land:

Ploughing, first	$2 50	
Ploughing, second	2 50	
Ploughing, third	1 50	
	$6 00	
Planting cane-tops	8 00	
Draining and ditching	4 00	
		$18 00
Weeding, first	$6 00	
Weeding, second	4 00	
Weeding, third	2 50	
Weeding, fourth	1 50	
		14 00
Thieving (pulling leaves from cane and laying in the rows to keep grass from springing up)		2 00
Cutting cane and loading on cars		6 00
Total cost per acre		$40 00

These figures are only approximate, based on wages at sixty-two and seventy-five cents per diem, and on contract jobs let to field bosses.



CROSS-SECTION OF BANKS AND DRAINS.
Dotted lines indicate method of breaking bank.

The expenses of the succeeding years, when the ratoons are springing up from the roots, are much less, not usually exceeding $20; but it should be remembered that the annual crop is becoming lighter, until a time arrives—three or four years on poor lands, and four to six on rich bottoms—when the land must be rested or reset.

In years following the first one, it is usual to "line up" the "trash," or leaves, in the drainage-ditches, and "break bank" by ploughing—that is, to plough down the ridge between the rows, which covers the trash with earth and creates a new drain, or reverses the topography of the field.

The diagram will give an understanding of the operation. Only one ploughing is required, and the weeding does not exceed $10 in cost.

The ploughing, weeding, and cane-cutting may be let out by contract to native Puerto-Ricans who make a business of handling cane for estate-owners. The price per acre for ploughing, weeding, etc., has been given, but it may be said that the cutting and loading are usually paid for at the rate of two cents a hundred pounds of cane, so the amount varies, depending upon the size of the crop.

The expense to the cane-grower of moving his crop to the sugar-mill falls heavy or light upon him, depending upon long or short hauls. Whether it is necessary for him to transport the crop in ox-carts to the mills, or only a short distance to steam-tramways owned by the central factory, it is an expense of sufficient importance in short years materially to reduce his revenue.

There are many small valleys yet in Puerto Rico where the rivers annually overflow, leaving behind, at the recession of the waters, a rich fertilizing silt where 40,000 pounds of cane may be raised per acre, and there are handsome stories of nearly double that amount in places. Good rich land will average 30,000 pounds of cane, or 3000 pounds of sugar, per acre. Assuming this to be a big average, the cane-raiser, to receive one-half the value of this amount as his share, at the ruling price of two and four-tenths cents, his gross receipts would be $36 per acre, as against liabilities of $40 an acre in planting his crop, a loss of $4 per acre. During the next four years his ratoon crops would run down from 3000 to 2000 pounds per acre, making his crop average 2500 pounds to the acre, or his share in cost $30 per acre. Losing $4 an acre the first year, and netting $10 per acre the succeeding four years, leaves him an average annual profit of a little over $7 per acre.

Cane-lands range from $50 to $100 an acre in price, the latter figure representing rich lands.

This summing up appears on the face to be a fairly pleasing exposition of how the land-owner may net seven per cent. or more on his investment, but it is very doubtful if the figures for crops herein given will year after year reach the estimate. One estate raising over five million pounds of sugar is said to have averaged 3600 pounds per acre; but many of the cane-lands of the island have been utterly worn out by generations of contract cultivators, and, in the writer's opinion, 2000 pounds of sugar per acre would represent a nearer figure to the truth than a larger.

It should be pointed out very forcibly, however, to sugar-cane growers in the United States, that even to-day, after decades of cane-growing in Puerto Rico, on lands which have never known the taste of fertilizers, and whose readily accessible streams have never been diverted to irrigate a soil which blossoms under a drop of water, that they do average per acre double the crop of the United States, and that the cane throws up its ratoons for at least four years instead of being annually planted.

There must be a remunerative future in Puerto Rico to just such men as have struggled for a hundred years in Louisiana to rear sugar-cane in an artificial environment. The climate is no more difficult to live in, and with the same northern methods of cultivation pursued in this island, and with Puerto Rico recognized as a portion of our country, and duties removed, the promises of making fortunes are exceedingly flattering.

It has been suggested that Puerto Rico's chances as a factor in the sugar market would be small if she competed against Cuba and the Philippines. The only argument which can be legitimately advanced to confirm this statement is one of a difference in price of labor, for, under similar methods of cultivation, the islands differ little in average crop.

The Gridiron Club and its Dinners

THE Gridiron Club of Washington, D. C., is the product of a long process of development. Fourteen years ago a group of the leading newspaper correspondents, meeting one evening socially, agreed that it would be a good thing to establish a club which should cultivate a friendly relation between the members of their craft and help maintain a high standard of professional responsibility, without yielding to the influences which have wrecked so many of the so-called press clubs in Washington and other cities. Its convivial activities were to be confined to a dinner once a month during the busy season, and occasional excursions in the spring and summer. The membership was to be limited to forty. At a later stage the forty full members attached to their organization ten limited members, residents of Washington not connected with the press, but selected for their accomplishments in various lines tributary to the general qualification of good-fellowship.

Under the presidency of the late Ben: Perley Poore, the fame of the good cheer at the club dinners spread through the official circle in Washington, and high officers of the government accepted invitations to be present as guests. The fact, however, that these dinners were attended only by men, and that there was a freedom of discussion of public affairs on their personal side which did not obtain at such gatherings generally, led to one or two embarrassing incidents early in the career of the club, and brought about the adoption of a rule—of which each group of diners since then has been reminded, on taking seats at the table—that "at Gridiron dinners reporters are never present, but ladies always are." This ingenious device for assuring guests that nothing they may say will be paraded in the newspapers, but that nevertheless in word and action they must observe a strict regard for the proprieties, makes the club perhaps unique among dining organizations.

At the outset the great feature of each feast was, of course, the speeches made by members and guests; and the only thing which distinguished them from other such affairs was the fire of ridiculous interruptions, questions, and comments which each speaker drew upon himself; for his attempts at retort, and the labyrinth of parentheses in which he would presently find himself involved, afforded his persecutors great merriment. This was called "broiling," in reference to the figurative title of the club. Little by little, especially as attendance at the dinners swelled to such dimensions as to become unmanageable if the mania for interruptions were unchecked, the club outgrew this form of fun. Meanwhile there had been creeping in a practice of satirizing public events in other ways, the members of the club alone conducting that branch of the entertainment. To avoid massing too many of the intellectual incidents of a dinner at the stage of coffee and cigars, the club adopted the practice of bringing in its music, speeches, and satirical vaudeville in the intervals between the courses of the dinner itself. From impromptu performances it soon passed to carefully rehearsed programmes—a part of their charm, however, consisting in their appearance of never having been rehearsed at all. No subject under discussion in Congress or among the people has been sacred from the satirists, and their comical surprises have now reached a point where they have driven the public speakers utterly into the background. There is still time, usually, in the course of an evening, for a half-dozen speeches if they are short, but it is obvious that what the guests enjoy most is the fun-making of the club itself.

The dinner illustrated by our artist had several of these features. The election of Chauncey M. Depew as Senator from New York was a subject of especial interest to the club, since Mr. Depew had been present at least once every year at a dinner. He had enjoyed so heartily the fun poked at other victims that the club thought this a good opportunity for letting him see how it felt. So it went through the form of administering the oath of office to a huge "property" volume of *Depew's Jokes*, on the pretext that Depew's jokes were really all there was to Depew. Then they called upon Mr. Depew for a few remarks; but, before he could respond, a huge phonograph, which had been concealed in one corner of the room, began to shoot forth some of his most familiar anecdotes, to which he was permitted to supply only the gestures. When Mr. Depew was finally allowed, at a late hour, to speak in his own person, he made one of his cleverest addresses, and assured his permanent retention on the club's invitation list.

Another amusing feature was a mock ratification of the treaty of Paris. The club resolved itself into the Senate in executive session—its president, General H. V. Boynton, impersonating the Vice-President of the United States, and other members representing Senators prominently identified with the expansion and anti-expansion sides of the treaty controversy. An emissary of the Filipinos, who was discovered in the gallery, having on his person a card of admission signed by the Senator from Spain, was ignominiously hustled out by a captain of the Capitol police. Then, after some debate, the vote was taken, the presiding officer announcing that, as the roll was called, "all patriots in favor of the treaty" should respond "Aye," and "all enemies of their country who disapprove of the treaty" should respond "Aye" also. By this ingenious means a unanimous vote for ratification was obtained. On announcing the result, the Chair took occasion to remind the Senators afresh of their solemn oath, so often violated, that the proceedings of an executive session should be kept absolutely secret. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth the doors at either end of the dining-hall flew open and newsboys rushed in, crying "extras" containing the full account of the executive session, including the vote. The extras were the real article, special editions of the Washington *Star* and *Post* having been printed expressly for the occasion.

Still another satire furnished a fabric for the initiation of a new member into the club. He appeared as an applicant for admission under the name of the recently elected polygamist Representative from Utah, and leading behind him, at the ends of long ribbons, four wives. Since the cultivation of the moral virtues and good citizenship are among the aims of the club, it was decided that he should not be admitted till he had purged himself of the offence of plural marriage. To this end the services of a Chicago lawyer were called in, who advertised to "procure divorces while you wait," and who relieved the novitiate of his wives by a process peculiarly his own. Then, as the forlorn women wept so bitterly at being left alone in the world, it was decided to console them by marrying them off again, but to separate husbands, one apiece. The ex-wives drew lots for their new lords, and were duly handed over, one to a famous Senator, another to a great political campaigner, a third to a leading diplomatist, and a fourth to a member of the cabinet. Each of the new husbands was at table, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with peculiar zest.

Interspersed with this nonsense were orchestral music, vocal solos and quartets, and "coon songs" with banjo accompaniments, the whole company joining in the chorus.

The list of guests whom the Gridiron Club has entertained in its career of fourteen years includes pretty nearly every man of special prominence in political, diplomatic, literary, or social life who has visited Washington during that period. No two men have enjoyed the dinners more keenly than Presidents Harrison and McKinley, both of whom have the happiest gift for short and humorous speech-making, and who have found in their share of the club's fun a wholesome relaxation from the strain of official cares. One evening will be especially memorable in the annals of the club, when a certain President of the United States, who was present with most of his cabinet, fell to bandying stories with his Secretary of the Treasury, and good-naturedly revealing some of the secrets of the cabinet-room. In spite of the prevailing notion that an Englishman is deficient in his sense of humor, the share taken in the Gridiron merrymaking by two British members of the Anglo-American High Commission has convinced the club that there are exceptions to all rules; and the present Chinese Minister, Wu Ting-Fang, has

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made himself a name as a speech-maker at the club's dinners which the wittiest American orator might envy.

Now and then the club takes on a more serious air, as when Monsignor Satolli visited Washington for the first time, bearing the Pope's message to the American people. It did not comport with his plan to explain his mission through a formal publication, but he chose a Gridiron dinner as his medium of communication with the nation at large, under the impression that the speeches delivered at the club were sent broadcast over the country. When his error was discovered, the club's executive committee held a hasty meeting at midnight and voted to dissolve the usual injunction of secrecy for this one occasion, with the result that copies of Monsignor Satolli's speech were given to the two great press associations, and the wires bore it north, south, east, and west without delay. The club has also a beautiful illustrated and musical ritual for honoring, each January, the memory of the members who have died during the year just closed. This service is all the more impressive for its introduction in the midst of an evening's gayety.

The dinners which attract especial attention in the course of the season are the annual gathering at which the new president of the club takes his seat, and those called forth by special exigencies in public affairs. There was, for example, a dinner of welcome to the new President and cabinet in March, 1897. In the spring of last year, when it was obvious that nothing could avert an outbreak with Spain, there was a war dinner; and the first festivity after the cessation of hostilities was made a peace dinner, with most of the heroes of the war for guests. On each of these occasions the vaudeville entertainment rang the changes on the special topic which public events had brought into the foreground. Another memorable dinner, in 1893, was attended by the envoys from the new provisional government set up in Honolulu, one of whom described himself as standing, like the familiar statue of the French saint, with his own head under his arm. The actors in the vaudeville that night of course took pains to instruct the members of the provisional government as to the proper methods of administering Hawaiian affairs.

At the great dinners, which are now attended by from 150 to 200 persons, the table is set in the form of a gridiron, the guests lining its ribs, while behind the chair of the president is always suspended a huge gridiron made up of incandescent electric lights. And for the entire day preceding the dinner there floats from the flag-staff of the Arlington Hotel the black flag of the club with a white gridiron embroidered on it, the club thus taking its recognized place alongside of the royal personages, foreign envoys, and dignitaries of our own and other military establishments, as worthy of having its temporary abode under the hotel roof signalled to the world.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Doolittle, Deserter

AN ARMY-POST INCIDENT

CONNECTICUT is a thrifty State. I have no fault to find with Connecticut on the score of thrift. I was once stationed at Fort Trumbull, near New London, in Connecticut, where I was a warrior, and unused to war's alarms. I did not with my sword quarter the world, but I used to wave it in the air and cut circles (at drill), and still in my dreams I can see the brave troops executing the right and left moulinet, to the terror of the enemy.

While I was stationed at the fort a young man named Doolittle deserted. Men desert and escape from places in Africa or Siberia or New South Wales, and go forth to fall victims to the wild beasts or the cold or the natives; and this is perhaps agreeable to prudence; but that a young man should deliberately leave Fort Trumbull and go out with a price upon his head into the State of Connecticut I can account for only on the theory that he did not appreciate the thrift of Connecticut as highly as I do; for, as I say, I have no fault to find with Connecticut on the score of thrift, and there is a statute providing a reward of $30 to be paid to any one returning a deserter.

It was in the early spring that the young man deserted the post and plunged into the fastnesses about us. He left no trace, and through the long summer we heard nothing of him. We continued to practise the moulinet, and to prepare ourselves to look grim-visaged war square in the eye.

One morning in the autumn, when the envious light was severing the laced clouds in the east, the sound of reveille went through the garrison grounds. The high notes of the bugle reverberated with double clamor through the sally-port of the stone fort wherein I had my casemate quarters.

Much displeased, for I was officer of the day, I arose, and girding on my sword, went out to inspect the guard. The cool tired winds of the morning were moving slowly through the land of slumber, and in the same way I moved towards the guard-house, intending, however, to move back more quickly to my bunk when the inspection was over.

The sergeant fell in the guard, and when the last note of reveille had sounded he reported, "All present, sir," and I thought the work was done; but immediately after making his report the sergeant added, "Doolittle is fetched back, sir." He nodded his head towards the deserter, whom I then noticed standing, a humble captive, between the files of the guard. "And there," continued the sergeant, "is the man that fetched him." And there, at one side, was a thrifty old man in a decent suit of black.

I never liked to transact any business at reveille, for it has a tendency to wake a man up.

"Very well, sergeant," said I, briskly, as if that completed the matter; "dismiss the guard," and I walked away. But the sergeant, carrying his musket, followed me, bringing Doolittle and Doolittle's captor.

"This man wants to talk to you," said the sergeant.

I thought to myself, "Well, if the man simply wants to talk, I don't know that there will be any harm in that." The man came alongside. He had the gray face and sharp features which we are accustomed to associate with statesmen.

"I have brought Mr. Doolittle back. I knew it was my duty. I understood that this was the place he deserted from, and so I have brought him back here. I have had to come quite a trip. I live up by Willimantic."

We came to my door, and stopped.

"It was my duty to bring him back. I suppose he will have to be punished, but I shall not regret it if it proves a lesson to him."

As he did not seem to come to any point, I thought I might as well wake up first as last.

"How did you happen to bring him back here?" I asked. "Where did you bring him from?"

"Well, he came along last spring. I live up by Willimantic, and he has been working for me since then. It was better for him to be employed—"

"When did you find out that he was a deserter?"

"He told me that—about the first. He wanted to kind of rely on some one. I brought him back as soon as the work was finished and I could get away."

The deserter looked hopeless, and as if he thought there was no use in making any plea of defence—as, indeed, there was not. I was sorry when I came to look at Doolittle. The night dew seemed to lie upon his dishevelled yellow hair, and his smooth face was downcast.

"I think," he managed to say, "that he might pay me for working all summer, anyway. He was going to give me $60 a year. He—he can't say but what I worked all right."

"No," said the thrifty man in black; "Charlie is a good worker. But it wouldn't do to give a deserter money to help him escape. Besides, he is breaking off, you might say, in the middle of the year."

"Well, you have brought him back," I said. "Sergeant, you can take Doolittle to the guard-house."

Doolittle turned away.

"Good-by, Charlie," said the man. The prisoner marched off, the sergeant following him with his musket. "Be a good boy, Charlie," said the man.

I put my hand to the door of my quarters and was going in.

"Of course he will have to be punished," said the man, "but I shall not regret it if it proves a lesson to him. I believe that I get a reward of thirty dollars for bringing him back."

"Is that it? You can see the commanding officer about that."

"When can I see him?"

"At guard-mounting, at nine o'clock."

"Not till then? Is this your house? I will go right in and sit with you, then, till nine."

"Not by a d——d sight."

The punishment for desertion was from two to four years in the military prison. Later in the fall, one morning after we had executed the right and left moulinet at drill, a court martial was held at the post, and, as zealous judge-advocate and prosecutor, I represented the government by relating to the court all that happened on the morning when I had been awakened at reveille. A grizzled old captain, who had been all through the civil war, who had fought the Indians, and had been shot and left for dead on the Lava Beds, and who was very strict in his ideas of discipline, said:

"So he worked him all summer, and kept him till the last crop was in, never paid him a cent, and then brought him back here and sold him out for thirty pieces? Humph!"

And immediately after that the court gave Doolittle the minimum sentence of two years, and on top of that signed a recommendation that this sentence be cut down to six months. And it was cut down.

But I have often wondered why the court did not give me a year or two myself for not thumping the old wretch for villany so wretched that it woke me up at reveille.

WILLISTON FISH.

The Arts and Crafts Movement of To-day

I.—ITS AIM, AND SOME REASONS FOR ITS ENCOURAGEMENT

A LITTLE cloud has appeared on the horizon. People interested in art are beginning to talk significantly to one another of the "Arts and Crafts Movement," and an Arts and Crafts Association has been formed in Boston, Chicago, and Minneapolis. At present the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. But what does it portend? Will it bring abundance of rain? It is the object of this little series of papers to try to answer these questions, to arouse an interest in the matter, and to help to give point and pith to the movement.

In the National Museum at Naples, where the recovered treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum are stored, there is one room in which many visitors linger with particular interest. It contains the remains of furniture, household utensils, toilet accessories, and implements of various crafts and professions. An exceeding fascination of these things is that they bring the buried past so vividly before us; the men and women of that day are found to have been so strangely like those of our own. But one notices another thing—that the articles of most ordinary use exhibit the elegance and refinement of a cultivated taste. They are things of beauty as well as of use. We should be glad to place them in our parlors just for the pleasure of looking at them; and yet in their day they were made primarily for domestic use. Instinctively we exclaim, "Why cannot the objects of utility be as beautiful to-day?" The question brings us at once in touch with the purposes of the Arts and Crafts Movement. Its promoters say, in effect, "If this was possible in Pompeii at the commencement of the Christian era, possible also in every country at certain periods, why should it not be possible in America to-day?" Greek vases, Roman lamps, Egyptian jewelry, Etruscan mirrors, Indian wood and metal work, Chinese porcelain, Japanese wood-work, German iron-work, Italian glass and gold and silver ware, French, English, and our own Colonial furniture—these are only a few of the handicrafts in which some of the nations at certain periods have distinguished themselves. Why, in the case of the European nations and ourselves, has there been a distinct decadence of taste in the manufactured articles? And can nothing be done to recover it? Is taste dead? The Arts and Crafts promoters say: "No. If you apply the principles of art to the various crafts and industries the old taste will return, the power of creating beautiful things revive."

Now it must be stated at the outset, and most emphatically, that this is not a merely sentimental matter. If it were, one might despair of getting a hearing for it. It is eminently a practical one. It aims to improve the chances of the American manufacturer in the markets, to give the purchaser better value for his money, to increase the dignity and remuneration of labor, and to give a number of men and women, whose present mode of life is precarious, an opportunity of lucrative employment. This is so comprehensive and practical a programme that it surely deserves consideration of business men.

Perhaps the best way to quicken the reader's interest, and to set him thinking on the subject for himself, will be to cite a few suggestive cases which are not fancies, but *facts*. French silks are superior in design to those of American manufacture, and consequently fetch a higher price in the market. This is how a certain American manufacturer says he gets his designs: Every year a parcel of designs is sent over to him from France. (Note, in passing, that he pays money to a foreigner instead of to a home designer. The reason will be discussed later. Meanwhile there is so much money diverted from American pockets.) He cannot afford to reproduce these designs as they are, for his silks do not command so high a price. (The matter works round, you see, in a circle.) So he eliminates this or that feature—butchers the design, emasculates it. Fact No. 2: A certain gentleman has built a handsome house, and desires to have it suitably fitted and furnished. He puts the matter into the hands of a house-decorator. The latter shows his client a set of skilfully executed water-color drawings of interiors. They were procured from Paris for a mere song, and are signed not by the painter, but by the local house-decorator. The client chooses one—for example, *à la* Louis Quinze. The original of the drawing is some room in Paris upon which skilled artists were employed. The local decorator employs ordinary fresco-painters, and passes off on his client something only distantly resembling a Louis Quinze room. When it comes to the furniture, he selects from his foreign album copies of the chairs of the period, and if the commission is not lucrative steps over to the East Side. He has there a jobbing cabinet-maker who is dependent upon him for employment. The amount he offers per chair appalls the jobber, but the dealer is obdurate, and he has to submit. He, in his turn, sallies forth and finds some poor creature more dependent than himself, and screws the work out of him at little more than the price of food and drink. It is a case of the master kicking the valet and the valet retaliating on the buttons. Fact No. 3: In the majority of the factories the chief designers are foreigners and the designs imported. Every year thousands of students are graduated from our art schools, who try to get a living by painting pictures or supplying illustrations to the magazines and press. In both directions they find the market glutted.

Yet it must not be supposed for a moment that it is the intention of these articles to lay the blame for our decadence in taste exclusively upon the manufacturer. On the contrary, the latter is at the mercy of his conditions. His first consideration must be to make his business pay. That is his individual side of the question. He will accomplish this only when he gives the public what they want. It is a very safe axiom that in the long-run the public gets the best it deserves. If it does not get the best that it might, it is either because it desires no better than it gets or fails to make its wants felt. We have encouraged the application of science to the industries so heartily that we are surrounded by conveniences, big and little. We were quick to appreciate the advantages of science, and these applications of it have been brought within the reach of the poorest. If we had been as eager to encourage the application of art to the industries, the objects of the Arts and Crafts Movement would have been long since realized. Depend upon it, it is we, the public, who are primarily responsible for the decadence of taste. Very few of us cultivate our taste. We think we like a thing; we have a way of saying, "I know what I like." But do we really know? Something about the object has attracted us; but are we prepared to stand by its shape, proportion, color, workmanship, texture, and suitability? We need to cultivate our taste. We do not expect to understand French until we have studied it, and it is not by intuition only that we can appreciate the language of beauty.

Meanwhile we, the public, have another thing to answer for. We are eager, above all things, to buy cheaply. The Arts and Crafts Movement is not in the interests of the rich alone, but there is a limit to cheapness; a fair price for everything, and any reduction from that is at the sacrifice of some quality—its durability or artistic excellence. One of the greatest curses of modern life—certainly the greatest obstacle to artistic progress in the handicrafts—is this craving for bargains. "No, it may not be very pretty, and perhaps it won't last long, but it is so cheap!" Accordingly we add to our household something that very likely we could do without, and which has been produced by the degradation of the craftsman, because—it is cheap. This crime against humanity, taste, and commonsense has its root in a most vulgar failing—the love of display. One who has two thousand dollars a year wants to make as big a splash in the world as he who has three thousand; and so on through all the gradations of income. Before the days of machinery people submitted gracefully to the distinctions produced by wealth. What they could not afford they did without. Now machinery supplies a cheap imitation, and everybody must have it. Every year the number of these ambitious people increases and their wants multiply, so that the cheapness of even machine-made goods has to be further cheapened, at the expense of the lives of the artisans, the quality and durability of the work, and the disuse of skilled designers. Shall we blame the designers who are debarred from a livelihood, or the manufacturers who will fall out of the race, if they do not meet the demand? The fault, primarily, is with the great, well-to-do, thoughtless public who has fostered the production of cheap and tasteless goods. As we have sown, so have we reaped!

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

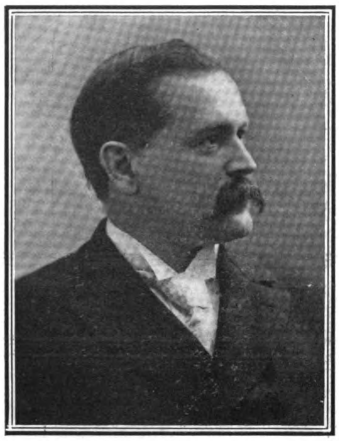
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THE DINNER OF THE GRIDIRON CLUB AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, WASHINGTON—SCENE AS THE MOCK-VOTE ON THE TREATY WAS ANNOUNCED.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 170]

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REV. JAMES MONROE TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.,
Recently elected President of Brown University.



BRIG.-GEN. IRVING HALE, U. S. V.,
Whose Brigade captured the Manila Water-works.



HON. PORTER J. McCUMBER,
The newly elected Senator from North Dakota.

Brown's New President

BROWN UNIVERSITY followed a well-established precedent on Wednesday, February 8, in electing a clergyman to its presidency.

Rev. James Monroe Taylor, D.D., LL.D., president of Vassar College and president-elect of Brown, was born fifty years ago last August, and graduated at the University of Rochester in 1868, and from the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1871. He studied and travelled a year in Europe before settling as pastor of a Baptist church at South Norwalk, Connecticut. From South Norwalk he went to the Fourth Baptist Church at Providence, and it was while occupying the pulpit there that he was elected to the Vassar presidency. He has now been at Vassar twelve years, and in that time the college has wonderfully prospered in numbers, influence, and resources.

Dr. Taylor is a deep historical student, and is described as a cultured gentleman of great good sense and administrative ability. He has an attractive presence and the desirable gift of tact. It is believed that his administration at Brown will be marked by an expansion of the usefulness and influence of the university, and that his unanimous election by the corporation, forecasting the harmonious rallying of Brown men about him, will have a favorable effect on the collection, now in progress, of a two-million-dollar endowment fund. Brown, like most New England colleges, has sorely suffered in the past for lack of money.

President Taylor will find in Brown a university of one hundred and thirty-five years' honorable standing, a student body numbering nearly one thousand, and a congenial and cultured surrounding community. While, as the nominating committee of the corporation pointed out in its report of recommendation, the same qualities of leadership and administration that have made him successful in the presidency of a college for young women should adapt him to the headship of a university for young men, he may be expected to take a particular interest in the Women's College at Brown, which, in the half-dozen years of its existence, has grown to be an institution with 165 students, and has built for itself, with the help of the loyal women of Rhode Island, a handsome home, to which the name of Pembroke Hall has been given, in honor of Pembroke College, Cambridge, from which Roger Williams graduated.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

Senator McCumber

AT the conclusion of a factional contest for the office of United States Senator from North Dakota, a compromise candidate, Porter J. McCumber, of Wahpeton, was elected to succeed William Nathaniel Roach by the Republican vote on January 20.

Mr. McCumber attained his position as a leader through his own unaided efforts. He is now only forty-three years old. His parents, who came from Scotland, were living in Chicago when he was born, but a little later they removed to Rochester, Minnesota. The boy's training began at the public schools and was completed in the law department of the University of Michigan. At the age of twenty-four he went to North Dakota, settling first at Lisbon, and in the course of the next year moving to Wahpeton, where he made a reputation as a thorough lawyer, a brilliant orator, and an able politician. He was a member of the Territorial House and Council in 1885–6, and, as County Attorney, distinguished himself by his efforts to enforce the prohibition law.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT PRESENTING A SWORD OF HONOR TO COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP, U. S. N., AT THE RESIDENCE OF MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL F. BUTTERFIELD, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. LUIS MORA.

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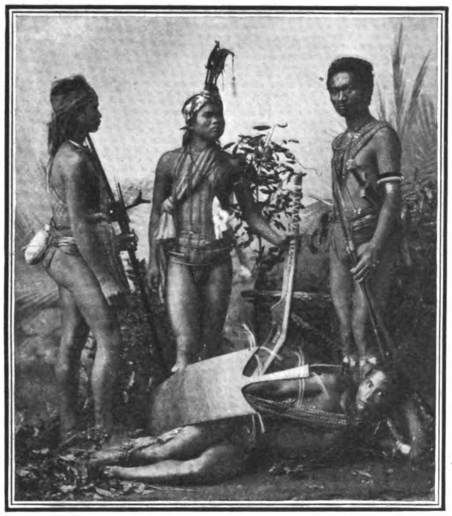
Third Battle of Manila

MAY 1, 1898, August 13, 1898, February 4 and 5, 1899—these are the dates of the three battles of Manila. The first victory was unattended with loss to our side; the second cost about fifty men, killed or wounded; in the third, the list of our casualties was five times as great as in the second. The losses suffered by Spaniards and natives on these three occasions (and the Filipinos must strictly be regarded as subjects of Spain until Spain has ratified the treaty of peace) will never be quite accurately stated; they were probably about eleven or twelve times as severe as ours.

The affair of August 13 and the affair of last week have one point of resemblance which may be misleading: both occurred after the protocol had been signed. But the participants in the former were not aware of the agreement to suspend hostilities, and the fall of Manila was therefore an event pertaining to the conclusion of the war with Spain, while the recent attack of the Filipinos was the beginning of a new matter, a riot on a grand scale, in which more men fell fighting than in any battle of the war of 1898. The number may well be compared, taking both sides together, with the sum of all the casualties in the entire Santiago campaign.

Firing began at a quarter before nine o'clock on Saturday evening, February 4.

Two native soldiers refused to obey the order of a sentry who challenged them, as they advanced toward the outpost of the First Nebraska Regiment, stationed between Manila and Santa Mesa. The necessity of maintaining the integrity of our lines, especially at night, had been impressed upon all by the conduct of certain Filipinos who had slipped through a week earlier and attempted to assassinate American soldiers. The Nebraska sentry again called upon the two natives to halt, and, as they paid no attention to his order, levelled his rifle and fired upon them. The sequel shows that they had been sent for precisely this purpose, to draw the sentry's fire, as part of a preconcerted plan to place the responsibility for beginning the action upon our troops, and to make America appear the aggressor.



IGORROTE WARRIORS FROM NORTH LUZON.

Twenty thousand Filipinos in their trenches, block-houses, and little villages dotting the plain evidently thought themselves ready to drive the American lines in upon the city. They possessed several quick-firing and Krupp field-guns; many of them were armed with Mausers of the latest pattern, and a number of Spanish soldiers had joined their ranks. On the other hand, some of them were mere savages who had never seen modern artillery, and had only bows and arrows to oppose to Gatling guns; such were the half-naked Igorrotes, who were given "the post of honor" in front of an American battery.

To this mob, and to the people of the islands generally, Aguinaldo had issued a proclamation earlier in the day, ordering his followers to regard Americans as invaders, and to treat them as enemies.

About thirteen thousand of our troops were holding the positions formerly occupied by the Spaniards, midway between Manila and the bands of Filipinos north, east, and south of the city. A semicircular fighting-line, seventeen miles in length, was formed of the following regiments, beginning with those stationed on Manila Bay north of the capital: the Twentieth Kansas, First Montana, Tenth Pennsylvania, and Third Artillery, under Brigadier-General Harrison G. Otis; the First South Dakota, First Colorado, and First Nebraska, commanded by General Hale, supported by Batteries A and B of the Utah Light Artillery, under General McArthur, northeast to east of the city, the First California, First Idaho, First Wyoming, and First Washington, under General King, east and southeast, near the Pasig River; the Fourth Cavalry, Fourteenth Infantry, First North Dakota Infantry, and Sixth Artillery Division, commanded by General Anderson, near the shore south of the city.

Like an echo of the sentry's shot a gun was fired from Block-house No. 7, and the signal for attacking our troops had been given. The Nebraska regiment was made the first target; presently, however, the firing spread on both sides along the confronting lines. On the north the Filipinos were concentrating at Caloocan and at Gagalangin, where they had mounted two siege-guns; on the east, at Santa Mesa, the attack was hot; southward, near Paco, there was evidence of an intention to advance against Anderson's command. A lull in the firing from midnight until about four o'clock in the morning was succeeded by a new outburst all along the Filipino line.

And so matters stood while the darkness lasted, the American rifles and light artillery replying to Mausers, and it was all inconclusive. But when day broke the *Charleston*, the *Concord*, and the captured gunboat *Callao* opened fire on the enemy's troops north of the city, the monitor *Monadnock* shelling those on the south; and a little later the captured light-draught gunboat *Laguna de Bay* went up the Pasig, and plied her Gatling guns with terrible accuracy at Santa Ana. And our land forces, advancing over rice-fields and through dense undergrowth and bamboo thickets, in which the enemy had constructed intrenchments, pressed the natives back and captured the villages of San Juan del Monte, Santa Ana, San Pedro Macati, and Santa Mesa. General King's brigade charged a force of Filipinos, far superior in numbers, and drove them in confusion toward the Pasig River, in which many were drowned. The Nebraskans captured a howitzer and carried a good position near the water-works, about five miles east of the city. On the southeast the Filipinos made a stand in the Paco church, until the building was shelled by Captain Dyer's battery, Sixth Artillery, and set on fire by California volunteers; then, of those who had not been killed in the church, some were shot as they ran out and others were captured.



THE PRINCIPAL WATER-MAIN AND VIADUCT—SAN JUAN DEL MONTE.

At noon on Sunday the firing of the Filipinos slackened. "Our casualties," Major-General Otis says in his report, "probably aggregate 250." The Filipino loss is estimated at 4000. Wounded Filipinos found in the trenches were taken to the American field hospitals and cared for, while a great number of captives were placed in the military prison at Manila.

During the fight there was intense excitement in the city, where order was maintained by Minnesota volunteers, serving as police. The bombardment made a Manilan holiday for thousands, who flocked to view it as a curious spectacle from the water-front; other citizens, hugging their security at home, hung out white flags, or neutral flags, as an additional precaution, until the city looked as though it had made ready for some dilatory procession, but from the windows of these very houses the American patrols were fired upon. Women of the foreign colony were sent to the transports for safety, while, as though to replace these, hundreds of women refugees began to arrive from the destroyed villages, seven or eight of which, plainly visible from the Manila Observatory, were burnt and battered down, lest they should serve again to shelter the treacherous enemy.



IGORROTE SPEAKMEN.

On Monday morning, February 6, there was light firing at long range. Late in the afternoon General Hale's brigade won a position the control of which had become indispensable: it took possession of the water-works at Singalon, four companies of the Nebraskans and a part of the Utah battery encountering a force of Filipinos on the hill and dispersing them, though with a loss of two Nebraskans killed and three wounded. Sergeant Young of the Utah battery was wounded, captured, murdered, and mutilated.

On Tuesday, February 7, our forces had advanced far enough towards the north to discover that Caloocan, six miles from the city, was held with savage determination. A reconnoitring party, attacked by a body of Filipinos, was in great danger, when a charge by Kansas troops, led by Colonel Funston, drove the enemy behind their intrenchments with heavy loss. In this encounter Lieutenant Alford was killed and six Kansans wounded.

In addition to his proclamation of February 4, Aguinaldo issued another on the 5th, calling on all to resist foreign invasion. But he fights and fawns at the same time. General Otis was able to report to the War Department on Wednesday, February 8, that the dictator's "influence throughout this section is destroyed; he now applies for a cessation of hostilities and a conference; I have declined to answer." In the same despatch we read that the Philippine army is disintegrated, and the natives are returning to their villages, displaying white flags. But such armies always scatter after a fight; and in Cuba it was the policy of Gomez and Maceo never to keep a large force of insurgents in one place.

MARRION WILCOX.

LONDON

January 28, 1899.

THE settlement of the Upper Nile Valley is impeded by a break-down of the military and administrative arrangements in the East-African protectorate. Government are reticent as to the facts. Enough, however, is known to me from private correspondence to raise serious apprehensions as to the conduct of affairs in the Uganda protectorate. The question of an inquiry will be raised in both Houses of Parliament. Mutiny among the black troops appears to be chronic, and, so far as can be judged from the published evidence, the mutineers have serious grievances to complain of. Encouraged perhaps by Lord Kitchener's economical but successful management of the Egyptian campaign, the Foreign Office, which is responsible for the management of the Uganda protectorate, but includes no Cromers or Kitcheners on its staff, has attempted to govern this immense territory with economy, but without success. An effort is made, of course, to condemn off-hand the British officers on the spot. Mr. Berkeley, the administrator, however, has hinted pretty broadly in his last report that the fear of an increase in the estimates was a governing factor in the situation. In other words, he has been asked to make bricks without straw. The public is shocked with the annals of mutiny and murder recorded ever since the protectorate was formally announced, in August, 1894. The Uganda Railway, already opened for two hundred miles, which is being built at a cost of $15,000,000, has not yet reached the point at which it would be serviceable for the transport of troops and stores, while the whole credit is alleged to be exhausted. The line is to be 670 miles in length, and 470 miles of heavy marching under an equatorial sun still divide the rail head from the seat of government. Imperial expansion of this type is costly. Its advantages are invisible.

IN 1895 a government caravan party, consisting of 1200 men with Mr. Andrew Dick, were killed on the Uganda road. Black troops who behave admirably under English officers in Nubia, and win battle after battle in the Sudan, have been in a chronic state of mutiny, owing to arrears of pay, unduly hard work, and other preventable causes. Many British officers have been killed, including Major Thurston, Lieutenant Fielding, Lieutenant MacDonald, and the loss of other valuable lives is also recorded. The Rev. G. L. Pilkington, a missionary, remarkable for self-sacrifice and nobility of life, was also among the slain. The contrast between the settlement of the Sudan by Kitchener or of Ashanti by the Colonial Office and the failure of the Foreign Office in Uganda is too sharply de-

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fined to escape public opinion. Failure to command the allegiance of British mercenaries carries the mind back to the scandals of imperialism in the last century. Privileged ignorance in 1776, as was wittily said by Sheridan, lost thirteen colonies and eight islands during the term of office of a single ministry. Privileged ignorance in the Foreign Office to-day has given a set-back to legitimate expansion.

THE danger of giving too little power to the Executive is being vividly illustrated in America's Philippine problem. The evils of giving too much are exemplified in Foreign Office mismanagement in Uganda. In addition to the $15,000,000 spent on the railway, a very large sum of money will now have to be provided for the purpose of restoring law and order, and when peace reigns once more in Central Africa, plain men will ask themselves what benefit is derived from the extension of the empire in equatorial Africa at a distance from the sea or from the valleys of the great navigable rivers which form the suitable sphere of influence of the Anglo-Saxon people. Commodities that are so valuable as to be profitable after a land transport in the tropics of more than five hundred miles are few, and they have not been found in central Africa. Agricultural products—even coffee and spices—are not among them, and unless the precious minerals or diamonds are discovered in payable quantities it is difficult to perceive any other issue to the spread of the empire in inaccessible and savage regions, uninhabitable by white laborers, than a fiasco that must be either ridiculous or tragical.

THE opening of Parliament on February 7 will be remarkable by the entry into public notice of the head of one of our greatest and most historical families of hereditary statesmen. The Duke of Bedford is to move the Address in reply to the speech from the throne. Each session of Parliament, I may explain, begins with a speech from the Queen. Until her Majesty's retirement this speech was delivered in person, but for many years the duty has been confided to commissioners, much to the disadvantage of English monarchy. Both Houses of Parliament move an Address to the throne in reply to the speech. The motion is confided to a mover and seconder chosen from the ranks of the supporters of the ministry of the day. To be thus chosen is a distinction eagerly sought after by ambitious young politicians, and sometimes by politicians who are neither young nor ambitious. The peers and members of Parliament who have moved the Address during the last forty years, as a rule, have subsequently taken a conspicuous part in public life. The choice of the young Duke of Bedford and his acceptance of the task of moving the Address in the House of Lords is a significant fact. The strawberry leaves in the coronet of the Russell family rarely descend from father to son. Some mysterious fate seems to dog the footsteps of the eldest sons of the dukes of Bedford. The present Duke was a younger son. He entered the army, and as aide-de-camp to the Earl of Northbrook saw men and things at the Viceregal Court in India. While in India he became attached to a very charming girl, the daughter of a clergyman, without special means or connections. Shortly after the marriage took place the then Duke of Bedford, still a young man, died suddenly without issue, and the present Duke and his beautiful Duchess returned to England to take up their great inheritance.

THE number of people employed or resident on the Bedford estates amounts to nearly 20,000. It is said that the Duke, who has thoroughly mastered the administration of his vast properties, knows every laborer on the estate by name and by sight. Although retiring and even shy, the Duke of Bedford is a fine speaker. As an author he has made a reputation among statesmen and thinkers by a remarkable work on the *Organization and Management of a Great Estate*, wherein he proved incontrovertibly the advantage to England and the empire when great land-owners, as is generally the case, are possessed with the sense of responsibility. In proof of this statement, his Grace took the unusual course of publishing the income and expenditure of the Bedford rural estates from 1815 to the present day. He showed that out of a total income of $29,489,905 no less than $21,152,695 had been put back into the estates, most of which was due to the voluntary recognition of the principle that profit was not a primary consideration with the dukes of Bedford, but that good housing, education, and sanitation for the tenantry and laborers were of greater importance.

THE Duke of Bedford lives at Woburn Abbey, every room and corridor of which is redolent of English history. In most country houses one admires one's host's pictures—generally other people's ancestors. At Woburn the freedom which has been won for England by the Whigs is recorded in the portraits of four centuries of patriot Russells. When the present ministry was formed the Duke of Bedford was offered and refused the position of Master of the Horse. His intellect and his powers are scarcely known outside a small circle, but the fact that the Duke moves the Address in the House of Lords is construed as a sign that at no distant date the head of the house of Russell will follow the traditions of his ancestors and enter public life. The number of men, even in English-speaking countries, who are raised by birth and fortune above the temptations of place and pay, is all too few, and hence the great benefit to the country of young men of stainless reputation and great position entering the hurly-burly of practical politics.

THE confusion in the ranks of the once famous Liberal party is indescribable. Lord Rosebery has resigned; Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley have followed his example. Mr. Gladstone is dead. The party is hopelessly divided, both on home and foreign affairs, a portion, the majority, agreeing with the government in its imperialism, while the minority cling to the more timid counsels fashionable in the early Victorian era, when the colonies were looked on as burdens, and extension of the empire was an idea anathema maranatha. Two out of three of the Liberal whips are imperialist in opinion — Mr. W. A. MacArthur and Mr. Munro Ferguson. I learn that Sir William Harcourt is very sore at the conduct of the whips, and believes them to be guilty of disloyalty. This charge is warmly repudiated, and I have reason to know that one at least of the Liberal whips was actually arranging for the surrender of his own safe seat to Sir William Harcourt on his defeat at Derby in 1895, when the news arrived that a Welsh constituency had given him shelter. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, who is to be the new Liberal leader, is already known as "C. B." In Mr. Gladstone's time the House of Commons only knew the Grand Old Man as "Mr. G." An abbreviation of this sort is regarded not only as a distinction, but as a sign of popularity.

WHEN Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman faces Mr. Balfour, Scotchmen will represent both the government and the opposition in the House of Commons. It is always the unexpected that happens, but the government are too strong to be healthy. There is no longer any real difference of opinion about essentials in political life. Other subjects, however, may soon come within the arena of practical politics which will create a new cleavage in national opinion. Sir William Harcourt is astute enough to perceive that the traditional antipathy of Englishmen to sacerdotal aggression is one of these topics. ARNOLD WHITE.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

THE market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically prepared cow's milk is the best when the natural supply fails. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.—[*Adv.*]

SEASON GOSSIP.

IT is a struggle of elegance which will last all winter, a most courteous struggle, where the arms employed are satins, silks, and laces, under the brilliant standard of fashion. Until now, victory is on the side of the lovely mondaines, queens of the season, who have adopted as a rally signal the VIOLETTES RUSSES which ORIZA-LEGRAND has created for them.—[*Adv.*]

"GOOD health waits on good digestion." Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, waits on both. Abbott's. —[*Adv.*]

DANGER of impure water is avoided by 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK
RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT
STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31, 1898
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums	$42,318,748 51
From all other Sources	12,687,880 92
	$55,006,629 43

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$13,265,908 00
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	11,485,751 35
For all other accounts	10,493,379 53
	$35,245,038 88

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$100,956,141 33
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	68,503,580 90
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	9,396,619 00
Real Estate appraised by Insurance Superintendents at $23,534,826.88: Book Value	20,604,649 61
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,621,377 36
Accrued interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,434,957 16
	$277,517,325 36

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	$233,058,640 68
Contingent Guarantee Fund	42,238,684 68
Divisible Surplus	2,220,000 00
	$277,517,325 36
Insurance and Annuities in force	$971,711,997 79

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
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From the Divisible Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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THE BIG FIRE AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9—LOOKING NORTH ON FRONT STREET FROM THE SOUTH FERRY.

HAVANA

January 30, 1899.

THE Cuban question may be said to have three points of view—that of the Cuban, that of the American, and that of the Spaniard. The Cuban considers and comments upon the happening of to-day or to-morrow from his standpoint of ultimate freedom and independence for his country. The Spaniard is largely credited with being a strong annexationist, therefore any argument which points out the tendency of our country to retain possession of this island finds favor in his eyes. The point of view of the American in Cuba is varied; the army is very busy with the vast amount of detail incident to a policy of autocratic government still in a more or less chaotic and experimental stage, and the American promoter—the man with capital at home waiting his call, and his pocket full of the best options in the island—is swayed by his personal interest, and emphatically declares the Cubans can never learn properly to govern themselves.

From the standpoint of the Cuban the most important political question of the last week has been the payment of the Cuban Army of Liberation. There are some thirty or forty thousand armed Cuban soldiers—their exact number does not seem to be generally known—who are still living on the country in its impoverished condition, waiting to be paid a money gratification for their great work of liberating the land from the yoke of Spain. The Cuban army has a high opinion of itself. The crowds shout when they pass; they are, in the public eye, the only tangible thing upon which the exultant islanders can shower their pent-up feelings of happiness at the recent change in their condition, and the natty blue uniform of a Cuban officer, with its golden stars and its golden lace, is a pleasing thing to wear about the city.

The Cuban leaders are holding the army together until it is paid. They led their men to victory in the field; they will stand faithfully by their commands until each soldier is paid for his three years' service to his country. The Cuban reasons why this should be done are logical. In the first place, it is due the men. The money thus given out would be the greatest factor in the country's reconstruction; it would permit each soldier to lay down his rifle and take to hoes, ploughs, planting, or the mechanical trade for which he is fitted. Cuba lays her right to demand the payment of her army upon the following grounds: The custom receipts of the island belong to the Cubans, and while it is true the United States collect and hold them, this is done only in trust, and the custom moneys should rightfully be expended upon Cuba itself. Now if Cuba were free and independent, its first step would be to fulfil its sacred duty to the army of liberators by giving them their due. Therefore Cuba requests a loan, estimated at from forty to sixty million dollars, from the United States for this purpose, giving as security these custom receipts. If Cuba were free to-day—if the United States were not a factor in the question—such a loan as is requested from our government could be readily placed with some foreign power, and the matter could thus be easily adjusted. This is their position and these their contentions, and the matter is daily growing in importance. From all over the island patriotic leagues, city councils, private individuals, and officers of the army are sending to the Havana papers their views upon the subject, and none of these expressions of opinion differs materially from the review of the situation herein set down. Cubans feel that the importance of the payment of their army is not realized in Washington, and rumors of what the forty thousand armed men in the country will do if they are not soon paid have not been wanting. It is improbable that the discontented army would ever take to the bush in large numbers against the Americans; they would have few, if any, resources with which to maintain warfare, and such action would be discountenanced by the great majority of the Cubans. But it is conceivable that some fire-eating Cuban officer, declaring loudly that the insults of the American authority are more humiliating to the Cubans than were ever those of Spain, will persuade some band of over-patriotic Cuban soldiers to follow him back to the bush life of last year. For some days past correspondents in Havana have been on the lookout for news of such an uprising, and its possibility has been foreseen by the American military authorities. The three regiments of American cavalry in Cuba have been so distributed through the provinces that they are to-day prepared to stamp out any such movement.

It is not known in Havana what action the government of the United States will take with regard to this burning question of payments. Mr. Robert P. Porter and Señor Quesada arrived in Havana last night from New York, and this morning they proceeded eastward to talk with Maximo Gomez at San Juan de los Remedios, in the province of Santa Clara. The arrival of these gentlemen was followed by much local excitement and interest, for it was soon rumored that Mr. Porter was authorized to arrange for the payment of the Cuban army with $3,000,000 advanced by our government, and that if General Gomez would not accept this comparatively small amount, then Mr. Porter was to learn from the Santo Dominican general what sum he would take in exchange for the disbanding and the disarming of the Cuban army. It is understood that General Gomez wants three years' pay for twenty major-generals, two hundred brigadiers, thousands of minor officers, and thirty thousand of the rank and file.

It will take at least $30,000,000 to do this, and there is no intimation that the United States will advance this large amount to be a burden of debt upon Cuba for years to come. Just what Cuba and General Gomez will say and do when this situation develops is hard to foretell.* Both Señor Quesada and Señor Lanuza, recently arrived from Washington, strongly advise the people to accept this three million, and later, by means of public petitions, to ask from the United States a further loan for the same purpose. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of these two Cuban gentlemen will be followed, and that the near future will see the disarming and disbanding of the Cuban army.

It has so often been said that the Cubans are like children, and should be treated as such, that the comparison has become trite and tiresome. Yet there is much truth in the remark. The United States are embarking upon a policy of consideration and liberality towards the Cubans which in the future may bring to us the same troubles that come to the parent who gets for a crying child everything the wilful child desires. Eventually the child bawls for the moon; then the situation becomes unbearable and the child must be corrected. If from the beginning a better policy had been pursued, the parent in the one case and the government of the United States in the other would not be forced to unpleasant and corrective measures. The Cubans think highly of themselves. They consider they have gained their freedom from the yoke of Spain because of their strenuous efforts, and that in this their hour of victory they stand in a privileged position.

It was announced not long ago that the Spanish Bank in Cuba would collect the taxes due the United States since January 1, 1899, and also that the delinquent taxes of 1898 would have to be paid. A storm of protest, directed to Washington, as well as to General Brooke at Havana, followed this announcement. Petitioners were persistent, and the whole island lifted its voice against the abuse. When it was later announced that the Spanish Bank would not collect, and that delinquent taxes would be remitted, the people of Cuba saw the result of their protesting action, and their feelings of importance and independence were flattered. They did not realize that General Brooke had passed upon the matter, and in their favor, long before it had come to their active attention, and that his letter of recommendations to Washington had more to do with the remission of their taxes and the death-blow to the Bank of Spain than did all their protesting; they only saw obedience to the voice of the people. In the same way the Cubans have been calling upon us to pay their army, and to-day the President's emissary is discussing with General Gomez the best method to accomplish this end. Thus are they shown by another practical example the value of concerted protest against anything they do not like. And the habit of protest will grow with them. Señor Lanuza, in an interview published in *La Discusion*, calls attention to the success of the country's public protest against the collection of taxes by the Spanish Bank, and advocates the same method to obtain a loan from the United States, over and above the three millions already promised, for the further payment of the army.

Since December of last year the United States have distributed, through their army in Cuba, some three million rations to the poor, and this work is going on as actively as ever. Since the 1st of January we have installed numberless Cubans in civil positions and given work to thousands of laborers. Everything the Cubans have wanted has been given them, and the idea that the government, the army, and the resources of the United States are at the disposition of the people of this island is growing. We have been too lenient and generous, and when the time comes to correct the child whom we have spoiled, the criticisms of Cuba upon our harsh and tyrannical conduct will be unreasonable and hot-headed, to say the least.

HAROLD MARTIN.

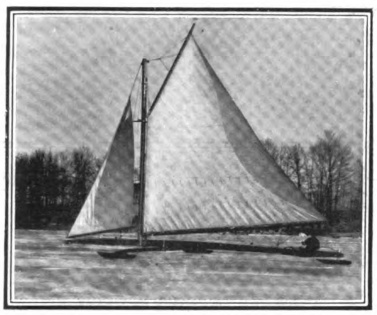
* A cable despatch from Havana, dated February 2, announced that General Gomez had agreed to the disbandment of the Cuban army in consideration of the sum of $3,000,000, which "shall not be regarded as part payment of salary or wages due for services rendered, but to facilitate the disbandment of the army, as a relief for suffering, and as an aid in getting the people to work."

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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLFERS are hoping that the forth-coming meeting of the U. S. G. A. will result in some needed and intelligent adjustment of indefinite definitions.

It is strange that there should be any possible doubt as to the meaning of the word amateur. The rule-makers have collaborated, but there is no wisdom in the mere multiplication of definitions; the more complicated we make the ethical test, the easier



COMMODORE HIGGINSON'S *WINDWARD*,
Winner of the Kidd Pennant.

it is to drive a coach and four through it. The hair-splittings, the evasions, the underhand breaches of the spirit of the law—these things are not the result of ignorance, nor of any general confusion as to essential principles. Every intelligent man knows the difference between professionalism and honest amateur sport.

The amateur pursues hunting or football or golf, or whatever it may be, for the pure love of the sport, and for no other possible reason. The instant any sort of material consideration is suffered to get the upper hand, in that selfsame moment the man forfeits his amateur status: he is no longer the sportsman.

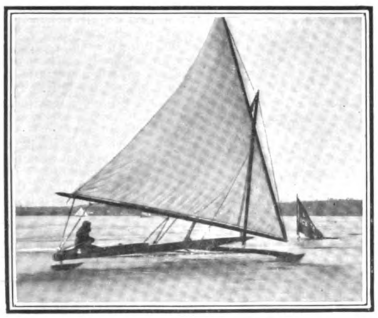
What we want are clear rules, so that club committees may be able to draw the line between the man who pursues sport for its own sake, and the man who goes in for it because it pays him.

LINES have always been drawn with strictness in golf, and the eligibility tests adopted by the U. S. G. A. are even more severe than the foreign requirements. There are some ten categories under which a player may be debarred from amateur privileges, and the general principle is that he may not derive any material profit from his skill or interest in the game. This is quite as it should be, but the association has gone a step further, and has declared, in Section 10 of the by-laws:

> No person shall be eligible to compete for the amateur championship, nor in any golfing contest between club members of this Association, who, after January 1, 1897, has received compensation for services performed in any athletic organization or in any capacity connected with the game of golf.

Of course the intent of this ruling is right enough, but there is a looseness in the wording that clouds its meaning, and calls for revision.

What is meant by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf"? To cite a case in illustration, Mr. Cox, the manager of the golf department in a well-known house of athletic outfitters, having carefully read over Section 10, wrote to the Executive Committee of the Association and asked for a ruling on his status as an



THE LATEEN-RIGGED *GRAZIELLA* ROUNDING STAKE FOR HIGGINSON CUP.

amateur. He was informed that he was debarred, and the ruling has since been upheld on several occasions in his case. But on what grounds? Certainly a business firm that deals in sporting goods is in no sense of the word an "athletic organization." Such a decision would be arrant bosh. Apparently Mr. Cox is disqualified on the supposition that he receives "compensation for services performed . . . . in any capacity connected with the game of golf."

Now it is evident that if Mr. Cox was accustomed to do business on the links; if his salary depended upon commissions secured through the sale of clubs; if he was in the habit of using his golfing connections for the purpose of drumming up trade—why, then he was properly debarred and deserved to lose his amateur standing. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cox is a member in good standing of two or three well-known clubs; he plays the game solely for the love of it, and he has never attempted to use golf for the purpose of business. If he is rightfully debarred, then there are half a dozen other men connected with golf-goods manufacturing who are equally ineligible.

BE it understood that I am not undertaking a crusade in behalf of Mr. Cox; but there is an apparent anomaly in his position which the officers of the U. S. G. A. should explain. In golf, as in every other sport, there are plenty of men who maintain their amateur standing in the letter of the law, which they continually break in the spirit. The "rounder" who appears at all the open meetings, in order that he may pick up a few stray dollars in book-making, is a much more objectionable person than any honest "pro." If, then, the committee, in debarring Cox, believe that they are acting up to the spirit of the rules, why do they not call to an accounting some of the other offenders, and pillory the gentlemen book-makers and the pot-hunters, and those who confess to supporting themselves through their golfing and other sporting attainments?

Or is it necessary that the player should make a formal request for judgment in order that it may be passed upon him? There is obvious inconsistency in the theory and the practice of this ruling, and no association, however powerful, can afford to do an act of injustice. The matter ought to be cleared up, and neither party to the controversy should shirk the investigation.

AT the annual meeting of the Golf Association the question of limiting the entry list in the Amateur Championships will more than likely come up again. The subject has been pretty thoroughly discussed from every possible point of view, and the general opinion seems to be that no restriction can constitutionally be placed upon the number of entries.

UNDER present conditions every member of every club in the organization has the right to have his entry received, and no qualifying test can be imposed upon him. At Chicago in 1897 the field was of small size, but at Morristown last October it was only by good luck and the use of artificial light that the last pair was enabled to hand in its medal scores for the double round. It was not a question of getting started early enough in the morning, for the first pair left the tee shortly after seven o'clock. The real trouble was that the course could not accommodate more than a certain number of players, and delay at the eighteenth tee may be as fatal to one's chances as failure to get off at the first.

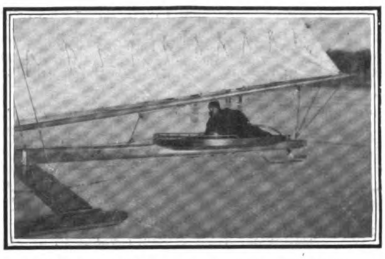
It has been suggested that the date of the meeting might be changed to June or July, when the days are longer. This would give partial relief, but if the field were still too large, either the medal round would have to be cut down to eighteen holes or the thirty-six would have to be spread out over two days' play, or one round for each day. Fortunately the entry list last year did not increase in proportion to the spread of the game, or the Executive Committee would have been completely swamped. The cutting off of the long-driving contests, handicap cups, and other side-shows was a wise step, and assisted in reducing the number of entries. As the standard of skill increases, it seems probable that the matter will adjust itself in the survival of the fittest. Failing that, the only other solution is the establishment of State championship meetings, so that a player would have to take a respectable rank in his home organization in order to be eligible to enter the national event. This, indeed, seems to me the ultimate and wisest step.

HOCKEY on ice is the best game of the winter calendar, but unless something is done quickly to check the obvious tendency to rough play, it will fall into disrepute. The trouble seems not to be with the rules, which, with perhaps trifling revision here and there, will suffice, but with the referees. I have been amazed at the incompetence of these officials; it would be better the game had none than the indifferent ones so frequently in evidence at the rinks.

The rules especially prohibit tripping, striking, and charging from behind; yet I have seen all three broken during the winter, and flagrantly and repeatedly so in the match between the teams of the New York Athletic Club and the Hockey Club of New York. In fact, the play of these two teams was full of foul tactics; when a player could not stop his opponent he charged him, and when he could not get the puck from him, he tripped him. Meanwhile the referee was a silent spectator!

Hockey very sorely needs referees who will intelligently interpret the rules and fearlessly enforce them. His power is unlimited; it is discretionary with him to disqualify a player on the first sign of unfair work. The referee of this winter, as of last winter, contents himself with simply warning; sometimes he scarcely troubles to do that much. In fact, the players and the referees seem thoroughly to understand one another.

It will be too bad if something is not done to check the present tendency, but I fear little evidence of sportsmanly concern may be expected from the American Hockey

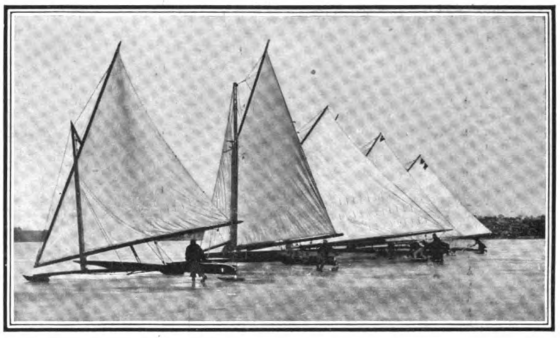


HOW THE ICE-YACHTS ARE STEERED.

League. Its officials seem always to have been too intent on the decision of the annual championship. Perhaps the colleges will come to the rescue.

INTER-COLLEGIATE hockey has not hitherto been regularly organized, but an early winter meeting of representatives of Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Brown made the first step towards such association, and arranged for a series of match games. Harvard has a team, but her rule requiring play on college grounds operates against joining the others. Rinks, of course, are not on college grounds, and the weather is usually too uncertain to trust to ponds. It would seem sensible for Harvard to make an exception to her college-ground rule in favor of hockey, since the game at Cambridge cannot flourish otherwise. And it is too good a game to neglect.

Her only match of importance was against Brown, which resulted in a 2-goals-to-1 victory for the latter. In point of skilful play, it was of the least consequence in the inter-collegiate series; there was poor and rough work by both sides. Brown showed considerably the better form—much better than the difference in score suggests.

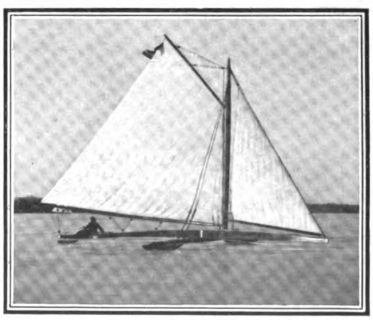


START FOR THE HIGGINSON CUP, ORANGE LAKE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

YALE, among the colleges, is quite entitled to first honors, which in reality were won on the 3d by the defeat of Brown, 4 goals to 3. Take it all through, from first to last of the short inter-collegiate season, Yale's play has been unquestionably the most advanced and the fastest. It has also been the cleanest. On this especially Captain Sanford Stoddard is to be congratulated, as well as on his team's success. Yale began her season well by defeating the Pennsylvania 'varsity, and a team composed of Pennsylvanians, past and present. She has been beaten by the Quaker City Hockey Club, whose ex-Canadian members made it so formidable in Philadelphia last year, and by Brooklyn.

Pennsylvania's play has been excellent, and shows the first-class drilling her men had from the Canadian players who first started the game in Philadelphia.

Brown took up the game more recently, polo having been the favored winter in-door sport at Providence, but made a strong showing last year, and has performed similarly this season. Her form against Yale, especially in the final game, was the best she has shown this year, and but very little inferior to Yale's. The match was close and brilliant in the second half, and the winning score made just as the referee was placing the whistle at



COMMODORE KIDD'S *SNOWDRIFT*,
Three-time Winner of the Higginson Cup.

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his lips to announce the end of the game. In the first half, Yale had things all her own way (2 goals to 0), chiefly through the clever work of her forwards, Stoddard and Barnett. So also, in the beginning of the second half, Yale's advantage continued, until a third goal had been scored.

STIFF defensive and brilliant offensive work marked Brown's play from that time forth, and in fifteen minutes Cooke, Revear, and Paine had each scored, and tied the game at 3 goals all. Sharp play and the best hockey of the night marked the remaining three minutes, and Yale snatched the victory at the last instant by a masterful shot of Palmer's, which went squarely between the goal-posts.

The teams lined up as follows:

Yale—Goal, Smith; point, Seeley; cover-point, Brock; forwards, Campbell, Palmer, Barnett, Stoddard.

Brown—Goal, Chase; point, Steere; cover-point, McKinney; forwards, Paine, Hunt, Cooke, Revear.

Referee—William Callender, St. Nicholas S. C.

Summary of inter-collegiate series:

	Yale.	Penn.	Brown.	Columbia.
Yale		January 28, 4-1.	February 3, 4-3.	January 25, 2-0.
Pennsylvania....			January 20, 3-6.	February 3, 3-2.
Brown				
Columbia				

Brown and Columbia will meet next Saturday (February 18) to decide third place. It remains to be seen what Columbia will accomplish; she was rather slow against Yale—who beat her 2 goals to 0, and could undoubtedly have made the score larger—but played better against Pennsylvania. Brown, however, has shown much the stronger form, and would naturally seem to be the winner.

It is pleasing to add that the college games have been entirely free of the foul tactics which have characterized the work of several of the club teams. An inter-collegiate association is advisable, I should say, since assurance is lacking of either sportsmanship or life by the League.

ST. NICHOLAS appears thus far unable to win from any team this winter. Undoubtedly it misses some of its first-class men of '98; but, too, it suffers by comparison with most of the other clubs in the matter of team practice, of which it does not get such an amount as almost any other member of the League. Up to date (February 10) it has been defeated by Montclair, Brooklyn, N.Y.A.C., and the Hockey Club of New York.

Early in the season the supremacy seemed to rest between the N.Y.A.C. ('98 champions) and the Hockey Club of New York, but Brooklyn has revealed considerable, and to some extent unexpected, strength. Its victory over N. Y. A. C., February 8—3 goals to 2—was fairly earned, and entirely the result of superior work. As the one game between N. Y. A. C. and Hockey Club was a tie, and so close as to make the next uncertain, it looks as though Brooklyn had a very good chance for winning the championship of the League. N. Y. A. C. has also defeated Montclair. These five clubs comprise the American Hockey League.

Some games are promised for the future with the Quaker City Amateur League, which also includes five clubs, but none that has as yet shown form equal to the leaders in the American League.

Hockey has been played in this country only since the season of '93-4, when some undergraduates of Brown and Yale introduced it, and in Philadelphia only two seasons; but interest is developing, and the game is rapidly becoming the most important of winter sports. It is only a question of time when all the colleges within reach of ice will take it up. Last year Princeton, with no rink to practise in, nevertheless sent out a very good team.

The chief concern now is that the game, through indifferent League officials and incompetent referees and the rough and foul play of League teams, does not suffer in public esteem.

JUDGED by the success of the Milwaukee A. C. meet, in-door athletics in the Middle West appear not to have been disturbed by the retirement of the Chicago A. A. from the game. The Milwaukee A. C. is the oldest organization but one—the Milwaukee Club—in the State. Its affairs are in flourishing condition, its membership of over four hundred largely composed of representative business men.

This club is undoubtedly doing as much as any other in the West to advance the interests of legitimate sport. Its policy is not, and has never been, in line with that of some of the larger clubs, which practically make professionals of their athletes by allowing them items of expense, equivalent to salaries, as an inducement to compete under their colors. The Milwaukee athletes, I am pleased to learn, work solely and entirely from patriotic motives—the prestige of their club.

The meeting was held before about 6000 spectators, at Exposition Hall, one of the largest and most appropriate buildings for such work in the West. Most of the events were sharply contested and exceedingly interesting, and included entries from University of Chicago; First Regiment A. C.; Notre Dame University; Central Y.M.C.A.; West Side Y.M.C.A., Chicago; Hyde Park, Chicago, High School relay team; and Milwaukee A. C.

SURPRISES were somewhat the order of the meeting, and none created more consternation in Chicago than the victory of First Regiment, which earned 27 points, while University of Chicago secured 24½. Milwaukee A.C. secured 12; Notre Dame, 8½; West Side Y.M.C.A., 8.

Among those deserving special mention for their very good work were J. F. Powers and W. O'Brien, of Notre Dame; Phil Fox (whose win of the 75 yards was perhaps the feature of the evening) and F. C. Franz, of Milwaukee; and the Hyde Park team, which won the relay race for high-schools. Herschberger hurdled cleanly, but lost to Klunder on the sprint to the tape.

Powers worked like a harvest hand in all of his events, and wherever beaten made it extremely interesting for the victor. He is an excellent all-round athlete. He won the high jump (5 ft. 10¼ in.), was second in the 16-lb. shot. Franz is another of the same kind, and a hard and conscientious worker. He was third in the high jump, and won the pole vault at 10 ft. 8 in. Fox of Milwaukee is an exceedingly strong and graceful runner, who is reported to have several links to spare before reaching the limit. Martin, who holds the Western in-door pole-vault record (10 ft. 9 in.), was not up to form. Pedgrif's superiority in the quarter-mile was pronounced. He led a field of ten starters from the tape.

Altogether the meet was well managed and a brilliant success. No records were made, but the performances were all very fair.

ICE-YACHTING is a glorious sport, and has had a long and continuous inning this winter, and yet somehow the number of entries to the various races do not materially increase from year to year. But there is nothing surprising in that. The sport is less for busy men or for men of modest income than others more nearly at hand. Not that the yacht costs such a deal, but weather and conditions are so fickle, and the sport such a consumer of time, that only those may thoroughly enjoy it who are prepared to give to it at least half a day at a time. Still, there is a great deal of ice-yachting done annually on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, on Orange Lake at Newburg, and at Madison and other points of Wisconsin.

In the East there appear to be two coteries of ice-yachtsmen, each of which holds annual races and bestows a championship pennant upon the winner, and neither enters in the other's events. Thus we lose much good sport that might ensue were there some harmonious combination in at least one annual contest. The Poughkeepsie yachtsmen are entitled to precedence, since they have held their races for years and were organized before any others in the East even existed. Besides which the Hudson River yachts seem always to have been the fleetest.

CHAMPIONSHIP races are invariable on the Hudson, and Mr. John A. Roosevelt's *Icicle* has been a many-times winner. This season the event was a beautiful struggle between Archibald Rogers's *Jack Frost*, the '98 winner, and *Icicle*, over a twenty-mile course before a brisk wind. It was close and exciting throughout, with very little separating the two leaders at any time, and *Jack Frost* not far behind at the finish. *Ranger* (Merritt Brothers) was third, and *Hames* (Alexander June) fourth. Winner's time, 1 h. 9 m. 27 sec.

The interest in ice-boating around Poughkeepsie may be judged by the fact that there are, all told, about forty-three yachts owned in that vicinity, nine of which belong to the first class.

Orange Lake has witnessed a plenty of racing too. Though the number of yachts is less, the interest in the sport is quite up to that shown on the Hudson. Handicaps appear to be popular on Orange Lake and always in order, with *Windward* (H. C. Higginson), *Snowdrift* (W. A. Kidd), *Cold Ware* (James O'Brien), *Ice King* (C. M. Stebbins), *Troubler* (Robert Kernahan), *Flying Jib* (Gerard Wood), *Zodus*, (G. E. Trimble), *Graziella* (H. J. Jood), and *Arctic* (E. Walsh) the more frequent competitors. *Arctic* has one race this season from *Snowdrift* to her credit, but usually the contest rests between *Snowdrift* and *Windward*, which seem to be the fastest of the lot.

Windward has won the Kidd trophy from *Troubler*, *Arctic*, and *Graziella*; and *Snowdrift* captured the Higginson Cup for the third time, the other entries including *Windward*, *Cold Ware*, *Arctic*, *Troubler*, though *Windward* did not start in the second and final trial.

There apparently is little doubt of *Snowdrift* being the fastest of the Orange Lake fleet.

DOUBT having been expressed as to the precise meaning of some Middle-Western college rules, referred to here recently, perhaps it would be more generally convincing to print them intact:

MIDDLE-WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE RULES GOVERNING ATHLETICS.

As adopted November 25, 1898.

Adopted by the Faculty, University of Wisconsin, January 9, 1899.

1. Only *bona fide* students, doing full work in a regular or special course, as defined in the curriculum of their college, are eligible to participate in an inter-collegiate athletic contest.

2. The following persons are ineligible to compete in inter-collegiate athletic contests:

a. Any one who receives regular compensation from his college or university for services as instructor (or as holder of a fellowship: added 1898).

b. Preparatory students of the colleges represented in this conference.

c. Any student who has used, or is using, his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain, or who receives any gift, remuneration, or pay for his services on a college team.

d. Any student who has taken part in an athletic contest under an assumed name.

e. Any person who shall hereafter compete in an athletic contest announced as amateur, but for which a purse or money prize is publicly advertised or announced.

This has reference to alleged "amateur" Caledonian games, county fairs, etc.

3. The following persons are ineligible to a particular sport:

a. Any person who shall have participated in that particular sport as a member of any college, or colleges, for four years in the aggregate.

The following persons shall be held to have "participated" in a sport:

a. Any member of one of the colleges which agree to these rules who has played in a football or baseball game between his college and one of the other colleges agreeing to these rules.

b. Any member of any other college who has taken part in any inter-collegiate baseball or football game.

4. The following persons are ineligible for a longer or shorter time, as specified below:

a. Any student who is admitted to college without regular preparation, and mainly on the basis of age or maturity, is ineligible until he has completed one full year of residence, and passed examinations on a full year's work. Added 1898.

b. Any student who is delinquent in his studies, according to the rules of the college to which he belongs.

c. Any person having been a member of any college athletic team during any year, and having been in attendance less than one college half-year, is ineligible to play in any inter-collegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance six consecutive college months; but it is understood that a student otherwise eligible who enters at the opening of the college year, and remains in continuous attendance, is eligible to all contests of the year, and that students who are absent by reason of sickness are not rendered ineligible by such absence.

d. Any person who has participated as a college student in any inter-collegiate game as a member of any college team is ineligible to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such college for a period of one year.

To this regulation there are the following exceptions, and the following classes of students are eligible at once to membership on an athletic team:

a. A student who obtains an academic degree before leaving his college.

b. A student who has been absent from college one continuous college year, or more.

c. A student who has completed in the college which he leaves an amount of study not more than equivalent to the entrance requirements in some one of the academic or engineering courses of the university which he enters.

If, however, the student has attempted and failed in the higher work of the college which he leaves, the provisions of Rule 4 apply.

5. The committee in charge of athletics in each university shall require every person who desires to represent that university in inter-collegiate athletic contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the above rules.

6. All inter-collegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned by or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all inter-collegiate games shall be played under student management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual.

7. The election of managers, assistant managers, and captains of teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of the committee on athletics.

8. College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

9. Ten days before every inter-collegiate contest the respective chairmen of the athletic committees of the institutions concerned shall mail to each other a certified list of players, eligible under the rules adopted, to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest save those so certified.

BEARING in mind the comment made some weeks ago, quotations from a letter received from a member of a Western faculty will be interesting:

....No modification was made by the Thanksgiving Conference in regard to the four-year rule, rule 3. All that was done regarding the four-year rule was to insert the divisions A and B, which were, in part, in the minutes of previous meetings, making them more strict by substituting "played in a football game" instead of "played *one-half* of a football game." The modification is in the third exception to rule 4 D, requiring a college student transferring to another college to wait a year before he is eligible ...The claim of the student has nothing to do with his playing. If the student has not gone beyond a preparatory course in the college which he leaves, he is entitled to play at once in the college which he enters.

The question of the amount of work done by such a student is to be determined not by the Athletic Council of the college which the student enters, but by the regular officer, or committee, having charge of entrances in that college.

I do not consider this rule at all ideal, but it seemed to be the best manner of meeting a difficult situation.

There is sound reasoning in this.

The conference held last year adopted a regulation by which the colleges of the West were divided into two groups. Students entering one group from a higher rank would have to wait for a year before engaging in athletics, while students entering from the other group might be allowed to play at once. The Wisconsin Council strongly disapproved of this form of exception, and the present form is the result of that disapproval. It may be an improvement on the other, and I am inclined to think it is, but it is not ideal. It seems uncommonly cumbersome and elaborate, while exception *a* sounds strange to Eastern ears. There is too much, indeed, of rule-making.

Chicago seems to have understood the new rules to prolong the four-year period, and, acting on that supposition, has re-elected Kennedy captain. I can get no such interpretation from them.

THE protestations of Professor J. Scott Clark to the Chicago newspapers anent the scandal in the football management of Northwestern University have a familiar ring. It seems as though in a similar cause and at another and an earlier occasion I have heard the same sentiments and denials.

Something will be accomplished toward convincing the public of Northwestern's repudiation of professionalism if the offending football-manager is expelled and the coach discharged. Light will also be thrown upon the scope given managers if a statement is made telling from what sources the manager expected to get the money which he promised the quarter-back. The truth may hurt, but it will be good for the game, and, in the end, good for Northwestern and for all the Western institutions.

ONE of the excellent things that have been done in the West in the last three to four years, for encouraging healthful, vigorous sport, is the establishment of scholastic leagues. Nothing has been so gratifying, on my various trips throughout the country, as to find these leagues, and their members, thriving healthfully, oftentimes amidst unwholesome surroundings. For instance, although club athletics and football in San Francisco and environs, and in Chicago, have been semi-professional, the scholastic leagues at both places flourish wholesomely. Considering that the school athletes of to-day will be the college athletes of to-morrow, there is much cause for rejoicing in the healthful development of inter-scholastic association. The last convert to the good work is Nebraska, whose State association of teachers has just given the high-schools of the State an inter-scholastic league.

CORNELL'S exposé of her internal football captain and coach troubles is distressing to sportsmen. Will our colleges never acquire the good taste to wash their soiled linen in silence and in privacy?

Caspar Whitney.

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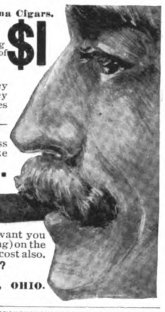
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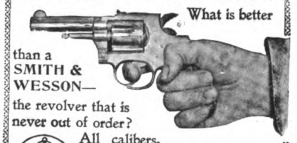
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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.37
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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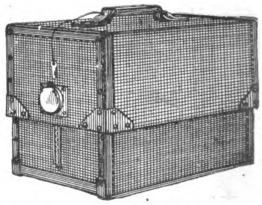


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RECONSTRUCTING CUBA—*Creating Havana's Police*

By Franklin Matthews, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

HAVANA, *February 5.*

JOHN McCULLAGH, former chief of police of New York city, strolled down the Prado one day last week, and cast a critical eye over eight hundred men drawn up in double rank in companies and battalions. The men were in citizens' dress, and they stood at attention. They were the men who had been selected from 2400 applicants for membership in Havana's new and first real police force. They ranged from 5 feet 6¼ inches to 6 feet 4¼ inches in height. Every eye was toward the front and every man was alert. They were nervous, but keenly intelligent; nearly one-half were well dressed. The rest had made an effort to hide deficiencies in personal appearance. Nine-tenths were in excellent physical condition. Here and there thin and drawn features told a story of the hardships of campaigning or of illness. Most of them had been advocates of Cuba's freedom, and probably one-half of them had served in jungles in the starved so-called Cuban army. It was plain, as McCullagh went down the ranks, that there was an *esprit de corps*. Pride in the work and an eagerness to show efficiency were stamped on every face. Except for their ages, they looked like West Point "plebes" after being lined up for the fourth or fifth time.

Several Cuban army officers, detailed to give instruction in drilling, were within call as McCullagh sauntered to the right of the line.

He called an interpreter, who summoned the battalion's chiefs and captains.

"I want the men to move by fours right," he said, "and then form company front and march up the Prado."

The interpreter told the assembled officers what the order was; the army officers gave a word of explanation, and then a great jabbering and gesticulation began. The officers all talked at once. They shrieked at one another; they threw their hands this way and that; they took measured steps here and there; then they cooled down into an animated jabbering, and finally one after another ceased talking and assumed an air of calm. In a flash the storm broke again. McCullagh had been standing, half-amused, but with cold exterior, off at one side. His brow now became wrinkled, he bit his lower lip, opened his mouth to speak, checked himself, clinched his hands, and then blurted out in a sharp order,

"Interpreter, tell those men to quit talking, and go and *do it!*"

The officers gave a searching glance at the former New York chief of police. He smiled, and they started off with animation. Shrill commands in Spanish rang down the lines. At last "Forward march" was given, and the entire body of men moved off at a quick pace. Then they formed company front, and at last John McCullagh was happy.

"Good! good!" he shouted. "Very good! *Bueno!*"

It had all been done in ten days. It was a show well worth seeing, and it was a worthy source of pride. Only ten days before had the first man in the parade passed his physical and mental examination. If John McCullagh has had one superior quality of excellence as a policeman, it has been as a disciplinarian, a drill-master, and he has always showed it in controlling a large body of men. Raw and crude as was his material in this case, from a military standpoint, his skill—one might almost say his genius—showed itself as those men marched up Havana's great show street. The drill lasted half an hour. The men were dismissed, and ordered to appear again for the usual morning and afternoon drills. The officers were told to come to police headquarters in the evening for instruction.

Twice a day McCullagh is now going through the work of drilling his policemen, of putting spirit and pride into them, of instructing their officers in what real police duty means. That alone is a tremendous task, but it is a mere trifle of the work McCullagh had to do here in an advisory capacity for the creation and equipment of the Havana police force.

It was on December 14, 1898, that McCullagh arrived here. General Greene, the first military governor of the city under the United States, had asked President McKinley to send him. Colonel Moulton of the Second Illinois Volunteers had been appointed Chief of Police. Colonel Moulton and Mr. McCullagh at once plunged into work. For three days they drove about the city. They studied the police system in force. It was a farce. About 1800 men were on duty. Of these 300 were municipal police, appointed by the City Council to enforce the city ordinances; 300 were government police appointed by authorities of the province; 1200 belonged to the *orden publico*. The 1200 were really soldiers. They and the city police, in cases of arrest for felony, had to turn prisoners over to the government police. There were no station-houses. All the prisoners were taken to the *virac*, or city jail. A record was made of the arrest, and that was as far as all police records went. There was no record of criminals kept, and after a man was sent to jail, all sight of him was lost so far as the police were concerned.

The policeman, after an arrest, took his prisoner to his captain, whose office was in his residence. The captain committed him to jail and sent the case to a magistrate. There were twelve magistrates, six of whom were "judges of the first instance." The salary of these was $5000 each, and they adjudicated felonies. The other six judges received no salaries, and they sat in misdemeanor cases. They simply lived on blackmail and robbery. Those prisoners who had money never went to jail to stay. Only a Tammany official in the old days could thoroughly "size up" such a situation. It would probably appal him at the start as a "magnificent graft." After from one to three days the prisoners' cases were heard, and then came jail or a fine. The police knew no more about the cases, except as an unusually intelligent policeman kept a record for himself. The man who went to jail got out afterward as best he could, either from expiration of sentence or through corruption. The system was thoroughly Spanish in its operation, and corruption was its corner-stone.

Four days later McCullagh reported to General Greene, and laid before him a full and complete reorganization plan. He divided the city into six inspection districts and twelve precincts. He recommended that 360 night posts and 180 day posts be established. He divided the force which was necessary in his judgment as follows: 1 chief, 1 deputy-chief, 8 inspectors, 12 captains, 48 lieutenants, 884 patrolmen, 10 detective sergeants, 14 detectives, 12 precinct detectives, and 12 doormen. Of the patrolmen, 100 were to be mounted for duty in the suburbs. The force was to consist of about 1000 men.

The same day that this report was made applications for membership on the force began. The word was simply passed around. General Greene approved the report, and then McCullagh went to work on equipments. He sent orders to New York for shields, belts, day and night sticks, tassels, wreaths, numbers, and other paraphernalia. The United States government agreed to furnish pistols. General Greene co-operated instantly with McCullagh. A design for a uniform and buttons was agreed upon. There was not sufficient cloth in Havana to make the blue uniforms. The contractor had to sail for New York to get it. For the buttons and shields special dies had to be cast. They had to bear the coat of arms of Havana. This occupied a month.

McCullagh then started to get up his printing. These were desk blotters, arrest-books, force-books, oath-books, returns of various kinds, complaint-books against the force, transfer-books, and other kinds of stationery. He drew up a set of 180 rules and regulations, and instructions in the school of the soldier and of the company—all to be printed in English and Spanish. Bids were asked, and a contract given. A printers' strike delayed matters in the work for an entire week.

General Greene went home on December 24, and General Ludlow took his place as governor of the city. Naturally General Ludlow went all over the ground again with McCullagh. Everything was explained, and General Ludlow approved the plans. There was some delay about the selection of station-houses and their fittings. There also developed some friction in the actual control of the police. Finally Colonel Moulton was deposed as chief and sent back to his regiment, and General Menocal, formerly of the insurgent army, was appointed chief. Practically nothing had been accomplished from December 16 to January 12. McCullagh grew impatient and wanted to go home. He told General Ludlow so, and it is no secret that General Ludlow refused to let him go. McCullagh asked if anybody was to stand between him and the general in creating the force, and the general said there was not. McCullagh went to work again with renewed vigor, and on January 16 the first applicants were examined. Two surgeons were employed. The men had to be at least 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and to be in good physical condition, or able to be put in that condition soon. They had to read and write. No distinction was made as to religion or past political sympathies. Quite a number of Spaniards were accepted. Those who stood the test were presented to McCullagh. He took the best and placed them to one side as finally accepted. The others were placed on a reserve list. He did not reject them, because he feared he might run short of men. Day after day the examination went on, until 2700 men had been passed upon, and 800 accepted. Drills began at once; measurements of every man were taken for uniforms, and officers were appointed. Everything was done systematically.

Many of the officers were former Cuban officers. One inspector is General Menocal's brother. A captain is a nephew of Henry Clews; another captain is Roosevelt's bugler, the famous Cassi, who has seen service in Dahomey, in Tonquin, in the Chinese navy, and in the American army. The deputy-chief is General Cardenas of the Cuban army. Most of the patrolmen are members of the best Cuban families. Some of them have been wealthy, some look like former prosperous business men. Even in citizen's dress, some of them half-ragged, they presented an unusually intelligent appearance.

McCullagh's hard work was in full swing. He found that there was no accurate map of distances in Havana. A civil engineer who was recommended to him from New York as competent—a man who once had surveyed part of Havana—was appointed a lieutenant of police, and ordered to measure every street in the city. Several days were occupied in this, and finally the posts were laid out for the entire city by feet. It was a tremendous undertaking, but now Havana distances are known to the exact foot.

It was decided to fix their salaries—chief of police, $4000; deputy-chief, $2000; inspectors, $1800; captains, $115 a month; lieutenants (sergeants in New York), $90 a month; sergeants (roundsmen in New York), $65 a month; patrolmen and doormen, $50 a month. Each man has to pay for his equipment in deductions from his salary.

I went with McCullagh to one of his drills. It all had to be done through interpreters. Commands were given in English and Spanish, so as to accustom the men to the Americanizing of affairs. There were many mistakes. McCullagh frequently dashed into the lines and set some officer or man in the right path. He was patient, but severe and stern, and a wave of discipline seemed to run through the ranks at his first approach. Nevertheless, he was kindly at all times, and discouraged no man. It was a terrific trial. He muttered criticisms in confidence to me as the men passed before him, pointed out this and that man as especially adapted to police duty, tried in vain to repress the jabberings and gesticulations of his officers, and in an undertone once said, regarding the display of a piece of annoying stupidity,

"Now wouldn't that drive a New York police official crazy?"

Marked progress was made, however, and finally, after a hard attempt to make the men break ranks in proper form, he jumped into a carriage half exhausted, but really proud.

"It's hard work," he exclaimed, "but I'll have those men in as fine shape as any police force in the world before I finish."

Then he dashed to his printers. It was the old mañana story again. Certain blanks would surely be ready tomorrow.

"What time?" asked the outwardly imperturbable McCullagh.

"Two o'clock."

McCullagh sent a look into his contractor's eyes that would have made a man in New York sink into a chair in fright. He paused a long time.

"I'll give you until four o'clock," he said, "and if you don't deliver them you'll not get paid for them."

Then he jumped into his carriage again. He said he expected to go through with the same thing every day for a week with his printers. Off he raced to the clothing contractor. Some of the patrolmen were trying on their uniforms. Here was apparent progress, but it was only apparent. The force was nearly a week behind time. I have never seen a more excited and gesticulating crowd of men than in that tailoring establishment. From the proprietor down to porters all were crying mañana, and McCullagh finally fled. If he doesn't have nervous prostration for a year after he gets back to New York, it will be a marvel.

Thus McCullagh has done and is doing his work. What he has accomplished seems marvellous to a layman. I could not resist praising him to his face, and I cannot resist praising him here. I doubt if any other man could have accomplished it. In about ten days he hopes to assemble his men some night, send them out on post, and take possession of the city. Then the soldier lads who have been doing police duty with loaded guns will be returned to strict military duty, and they will rejoice, for they say their work has been irksome and most trying. They will not be one bit happier than John McCullagh.

Cuba's Change of Flag

FROM A SPANISH POINT OF VIEW

BY THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA, SECRETARY OF THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSION.

SPANISH sovereignty in Cuba came to an end in 1898, and the stars and stripes took the place of the red and yellow flag on the 1st of January, 1899. The old régime disappeared—the régime of four centuries—and a new one is to be established. The typical uniform of the Spanish soldiers is no longer seen in the Pearl of the Antilles, but in its place on all sides the blue of Yankee troops interspersed with the nondescript garb of Cubans.

One hundred and thirty thousand soldiers who occupied the island when hostilities ended returned to their Spanish homes, pleased with the fact of return, though deploring the occasion of it. The repatriation, which was begun after the signing of the protocol at Washington on the 12th of last August, continued without interruption, but without haste, until the date, January 1, was agreed upon for its termination; from that time forward it was characterized by great rapidity. Nevertheless, when the 1st of January arrived, forty-five thousand Spanish soldiers still remained on the island of Cuba, eighteen thousand concentrated at Matanzas, and twenty-seven thousand at Cienfuegos, the port from which, in February, the last of the troops and the general-in-chief took their departure for Spain. The return of so many thousands of soldiers to Spain, like their arrival in Cuba, was successfully accomplished in good order, and with extraordinary despatch. The Spanish troops embarked, battalion after battalion, observing the same discipline which marked their arrival here, and by no person or thing was their departure embittered. The change of the flag has not, as was feared, given rise to conflicts or to ill feeling. The Spanish army was guilty of no misconduct in abandoning the country where it had fought so long and hard; the American troops were far from abusing their position as conquerors; no violation of the laws is to be ascribed to the Cuban populace, which was so impatient to see its old foes march away. Only a few disagreeable incidents occurred when, towards the end of December, a part of Havana which had been cleared of troops constituted itself "Free Cuba," and abandoned itself to disorder, displaying American and Cuban flags wherever it wished—a turbulent populace surging in the streets and discharging fire-arms of all sorts.

Until the present time good sense has prevailed. The Spaniards, who form a rich, numerous, and industrious colony, support the change with dignity and calmness, and the Cubans have surrendered themselves neither to the intoxication of triumph nor to the suggestions of hatred. All are aware that the Cubans are not the conquerors and that the Spaniards are not the only conquered people; for Cuba has indeed ceased to be Spanish. But what has it become? It has changed its flag, but when the Spanish flag was lowered, not the Cuban, but the American flag was raised in its place. And now the questions are Will the American flag be lowered, or will it remain? Will the task be easy or difficult, and will there be much delay or but little before it is hauled down?

Cuba has been almost a century behind the other Spanish-American colonies in separating itself from its mother-country. In view of the Spanish temperament, which is inclined to sectionalism, disintegration, independence (whether due to the arrogance of the governed or to the incapacity of the government); in view of the seductive example of the emancipated colonies, organized as free

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republics; in view of the mighty influence of the United States, urging and aiding separation—Cuba has continued to form a part of the Spanish nation much longer than might have been expected. During four hundred years it has been growing, developing, educating itself; and yet one must ask, Has Cuba yet attained a condition in which it is fit to establish itself as an independent nation? And if it has, is such independence desirable?

The island of Cuba, for all its rich soil, beautiful sky, good climate, and enviable geographical position—most lavishly-dowered, as it is, by nature—is decreasing in population, and its population is heterogeneous. Three races are represented—the white, the black, and the yellow, with mixtures, shades, and degrees of degeneracy—differing in origin and in education, in beliefs, ideas, customs, and languages. The result is a lack of cohesion, a discrepancy of ideals. Their interests are incompatible, and it is therefore difficult for them to reach a common understanding, to work in harmony, and to govern themselves. The inhabitants of the island of Cuba possess intelligence and culture, but are lacking in industry, sobriety, political sincerity, and respect for law.

In spite of the "hateful Spanish tyranny," Cuba is the most democratic country in the world, and that in which the highest degree of liberty in essential matters is enjoyed. In Cuba every one lives as he likes and does what is pleasing to himself, and the thing that is apt to please him least is to obey the laws. It used to be a rich country, where much money was made by little work—a country of white millionaires and black slaves. Thus inevitably laziness and dissipation, the creole blood, Spanish imagination, and tropical idleness have produced a society eager for pleasure, immoderate in passions, tolerant in customs, facile, slothful, gracious, incapable of large enterprises or of taking thought for the distant future. Formerly the negro lived on what his master gave him, and the white man lived on what his negroes produced. But since slavery has been abolished and wealth destroyed, the negro will rather beg than earn money, and the white man subsists on what remains of the past—its ruins and its memories. Neither the one nor the other will work, with rare exceptions.

Furthermore, the Cubans have been kept out of the public offices of the administration and government because these were monopolized by Spaniards, while the natives were not especially ambitious in this direction, really preferring to take their chances in the army and navy and courts of justice, and thus to substitute salaries for their old incomes. Neither did they take much interest in the use of their privileges as voters, which, by-the-way, were exercised in connection with a corrupt system.

A population whose conditions may be thus described has not yet reached the period in its development when it is fit to take the rank of a sovereign state. With autonomy, with a protectorate, it would have been able to test its qualifications; its duty would have been to prepare for self government. But to pass from being a colony governed by Spain and Spanish officials into the condition of a self-constituted nation, relying solely upon its own strength, is too violent a transition—one which might be fatal, and in the sequence of convulsions, disasters, miseries, and horrors, produce a complete downfall. For this reason the United States keeps an army in Cuba, and provides for both military and civil government, in spite of the fact that its armed intervention was based upon the capacity and the right of the Cubans to govern themselves. What Cuba did not accept from Spain she suffers from the United States.

But as in the case of a child it is necessary to leave him alone so that he may learn to walk and to know that he is able to walk, so in the case of a nascent people it is right to allow it to govern itself alone, that it may learn to govern itself and to know that it has the capacity for self-government; for the protecting nation, like the nurse, is of no use except to instruct the beginner, and the apprenticeship is necessarily incomplete. And it is the right of the United States to judge of the aptitude of Cuba for self-government, and to determine the date of independence. When will it decree such independence?

With the power of absorption which the United States possesses, by means of which it so quickly Americanizes the foreigners who live within the territory of the Union, its influence in Cuba will be very rapid and profound, especially in view of the all-powerful military occupation; and little by little while this lasts the drift towards annexation will greatly increase, through considerations of utility, and the aspirations for independence which are nourished with sentiment will correspondingly decrease. For if the Cuban heart longs for independence, the Cuban head (and that of almost all the Spaniards living in the island) understands that it is better to make Cuba an American State, with wealth and tranquillity, though without independence, than a republic controlling its own destiny, but poor and turbulent, and with the prospect of a race war and of ultimate victory for the negro, who, though morally inferior, is physically stronger than the white man—a war which will convert Cuba into a second republic of Santo Domingo. And utility often smothers sentiment. If Cuba is slow in waking up to the meaning of Yankee occupation, she will awaken to find herself made a State of the American Union.

The United States is certainly in no hurry to have Cuba wake up. For a long time it has been coveting the island, cherishing the idea that the single star will shine as one more in the starry sky of American power; and it has proceeded too far with its intervention, which unbound Cuba from Spain—it holds the unattached island too near itself and too much at its mercy—to resist the strong temptation to appropriate it. The United States does not desire the independence of Cuba, although it proclaimed the contrary before undertaking the war. When undertaking the war it could not proclaim anything else; could not announce the intention of conquest or annexation, because neither Cuba nor perhaps Europe would have consented. It had to cloak its known designs officially, and to hoist the convenient and noble banner of "humanity," though no one will believe that a nation fights in favor of a foreign population, moved thereto merely by such elevated and disinterested sentiments.

It is, therefore, not rash to assert that the United States will, in taking Cuba, join a new and prosperous State to the Union. This will be done by means of dexterity and cajolery, and by covering the plan with legal forms—such as a prearranged plebiscite—if the submission of the Cubans (which is indispensable for the restoration of order) gives time and opportunity; and if the Cubans rebel, Cuba will be annexed by force, the employment of which will be justified by the disorders and the incapacity of the Cubans. That is to say, the island will be forcibly annexed unless the rebel opposition gets such an impetus that the cost of annexation to the United States will be greater than the profits; for in that event the Yankees will probably abandon the business as ruinous. And it is possible for anything to happen in case the Cubans are not satisfied with the hatred of Spain alone, and the United States continues to be niggardly in dealing with the "army of liberation."

A Day in Manila

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

"WHAT is that? The Colorado regiment turned out and trouble at hand?"

It was the work of a moment to buckle on revolver and camera and rush out to stop the first "keelis"—that hard-seated, hard-springed little herdic which bounces about the streets of Manila drawn by emaciated ponies. Around the corner where a great American flag hangs listlessly from the window of Colorado headquarters, once the home of the Spanish General Monet, the Colorado boys stood lining the streets—fine-looking fellows, who have the making of the best troops in the world. Their rifles were stacked by fours in a line down the road.

"Do you think we'll get a whack at them?" asked a tall fellow. No one seemed excited, but all had heard of the impudence of the insurgents, and wanted to give them a lesson, especially as this lying about Manila in barracks under strict discipline is wearing upon the American spirit of energy. Further down the road we passed the sentries and came to the big round building which, before the war, had served as a theatre, where the Tenth Pennsylvania were quartered. It was at their fore-posts that the trouble had arisen, and we stopped a moment to inquire of the officer of the day what had happened.

"Our posts have advanced beyond the insurgents' lines, and the Filipinos do not like it," answered the officer.

We galloped our little horse down the road, along which detachments of the Tenth Pennsylvania were stationed, awaiting orders. Half a mile further the road was blocked with the crowd gathered about the carriage where General MacArthur and General Hale were conferring with the insurgent leaders.

At first the insurgents gave us twenty minutes to withdraw our men, but after some strong language on the part of our generals they became very profuse in their assurances of friendship. Aguinaldo was perfectly willing that we should move our outposts forward, only we should have notified him beforehand, so that he might have directed his men to fall back. This friendly relation between the insurgents and American troops has its comical side. It is like two men shaking hands, but each holding a loaded revolver behind his back. We hold Manila, while the insurgents around the town are holding us in friendly siege. In the mean time we may at any moment come into armed conflict with our Filipino friends. Our ships remain cleared for action, and our gunners continue to sleep by their pieces.

To return to my story: One hundred yards beyond the spot where our generals and the Filipino chiefs were holding consultation a company of Filipino warriors barred the way. They were ragged, barefooted, black little fellows, but they lined up about their flag in a heroic but vain endeavor to imitate the martial appearance of our troops.

Still further along, where the houses were more scattered and the thatched roofs of the native huts were just visible among the waving clusters of tall bamboos, two companies of the Tenth Pennsylvania were stationed. General MacArthur and General Hale came up to examine the position, and General MacArthur declared that our outposts had been moved forward in order to give more open ground, where they could do their work more easily than among the crowded houses further in town.

Rather disappointed that there had been no fighting, we turned back and jogged slowly homeward. To the right rose the high walls of the great lepers hospital. At the gate stood a leper himself, already showing signs of the development of the disease. Curiosity prompted us to visit this place. Not without misgivings did we pass the gate and walk down between an arched colonnade to the front of the fine building. Even here signs of the war were apparent. In the windows upstairs stones were piled for barricades, behind which Spanish soldiers had evidently defended themselves. The great building seemed deserted — priests, doctors, nurses, whoever had done the heroic work in this living grave, had left; and our guide, after a few efforts to converse with us in hoarse whispers, relapsed into silence. As we passed through the great court-yard in the centre of the building the grim silence of the place took possession of us, and we would willingly have retreated had our pride allowed us. To one side was a handsome chapel, in the disorder of troubled times. The pictures of the two men who founded the hospital still remained on the otherwise bare walls.

Our guide led on through a dark corridor and up a little stairway at the back of the building, and we entered a long room—the woman's ward. Here, on their beds in various stages of the hideous disease, lay thirty-seven women—among them young girls with no visible marks of leprosy; others so hideous in their dreadful deformity that we involuntarily turned away from them, unable to hide our loathing even from them. We urged our guide to take us out of the grewsome place, but he insisted on dragging us into the men's ward. All the inmates, sixty-one in number, stood up in piteous salute as we entered.

Deserted by their priest and nurses, the guardian endeavored to explain to me that these poor wrecks of humanity needed food and help, and we left what little money we had to help them. With eager steps we hurried back through the long deserted corridors into the sunlight and fresh air.

"Say!" earnestly asked "Jimmy Green," who accompanied me, "this sort of thing ain't catching, is it?"

We still had time before tiffin to visit the prison near by. Here, within high walls, a series of buildings, united at a centre, form a half-star. The less dangerous prisoners are allowed to walk around the grounds free, while others are confined under lock and key in the buildings. One of the American guards of the prison remarked to us in confidence that if the inmates of the penitentiary in his State were put in there for breakfast they would dine in various portions of the island of Luzon. This seemed true enough, as there seemed to be no particular difficulty in climbing the walls of the prison. After a survey of the grounds and a visit to the restaurant, we walked into the main office, where Captain Moffet of North Dakota volunteers passes in review the sentences of the Spanish courts.

"If you have a moment to spare I will show you a sight worth seeing. To-day I am about to liberate ninety prisoners, who have been in here from six weeks to six years, and against whom the gravest accusation is suspicion of being a member of the revolutionary society called the Catipunin," said the captain.

Ninety prisoners were marched into the room, and the captain picked out certain ones to show me deep scars on their arms, where one might put one's finger into the groove which the rope binding their arms back had cut deep into the flesh. These cords were sometimes left on for fifteen days; and from time to time, to increase the torture, these victims were hung up by the rope. Before letting them out the captain delivered a short speech to the prisoners, who were lined up around the room.

"The government of the United States," he said, "loves liberty and justice, and therefore it has examined into your cases and decided to set you free. In return for this act of justice we expect you to give your respect and friendship to our government." A hearty "We will!" answered this appeal, and with joy in their faces these Filipinos were set free. Once outside the gates they halted in a body and gave three roaring cheers for the United States and Captain Moffet.

We were next shown the garroting-machine. The executioner kindly showed us how it worked by turning a crank which slowly tightened the thong about the prisoner's neck. This hard-faced old sinner seemed to take great pride in showing off his infernal machine, with which for many years he had strangled hundreds of Filipinos. Captain Moffet then turned over the record of his investigations to us. After the first day of examination the captain had released seventeen out of the twenty-seven women in the prison. The first three had been in prison eight, nine, and ten years respectively—the first without sentence; the last two without trial. The charge against them was suspicion of belonging to the Catipunin, or revolutionary society. The next woman had been tried, but not sentenced, for being suspected of encouraging soldiers to desert. Many of the other women had been charged with stealing the chalice in various churches. This charge seems to have been set up when no other convenient one could be found to put on the records. The women who were tried were all tried by court martial. Once in prison, whether tried or untried, they were as much forgotten as prisoners in the dungeons of the Middle Ages. One woman had been in prison some time under the charge of having thirty-two cartridges in her possession. These she picked up in the street, and was caught in the act of so doing by one of the "guardia civil."

The favorite charge against the men had been "resisting the armed forces of Spain." A trial seldom followed this accusation, but none the less the man was left to rot in prison. A good example of the nature of these cases is the instance of two old men, brothers, one seventy, the other seventy-five years old. The first was arrested in 1891, and had been in prison ever since then. He had been under contract to furnish grass to a certain lieutenant in the Spanish service. One day he went away, leaving word with his son to carry the grass to the lieutenant's stable. The boy neglected to do this, and the old man was arrested under the charge of resisting the armed forces of Spain. In 1893 the brother of this man refused to give up his only cow to the same lieutenant, and was imprisoned on the same charge. Trials but no sentence, and still the old man remained in prison. On the 14th of June six men from two companies of volunteers deserted. The rest of the two companies were immediately arrested and imprisoned under suspicion of wanting to desert—an accusation which, I have no doubt, was well grounded.

Why repeat the innumerable cases of injustice and persecution which the courts of Spain have been used to satisfy personal ends? Suffice it to say that Captain Moffet, after careful investigation, has released about eight hundred prisoners, who had either not had trial or sentence, or had been condemned on insufficient or trumped-up evidence. Does any one blame the Filipinos for hating the Spaniard? Does any one favor a continuance of Spanish rule in these islands?

We were back in time for tiffin, and "Jimmy Green" still feels uncertain whether he has caught the leprosy or not. The foreign population, in spite of every denial, still believe that on this day a severe engagement took place between insurgent and American forces, and that the story was hushed up for political purposes. JOHN F. BASS.

The Black Man's Burden

LIFT off the black man's burden—
The load of down trod years:
The memories of suffering,
The weight of unshed tears.
Send forth your sons to help him:
They need not wander far;
Nor cross the distant ocean,
Nor seek the western star.

Lift off the black man's burden—
Your backs had need be strong:
The negro's load of ignorance;
The Indian's weight of wrong.
Your sons will want their patience:
No need to stint their pains—
To lift the burdens lying
At other doors than Spain's.

Lift off the black man's burden.
See that your hearts are bold.
Look that your burden-bearers
Seek other things than gold.
Lift loads that lie beside you—
Try first your strength on these.
Then seek the greater burdens
Beyond the western seas.

OWEN HALL.

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SAMOA—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF RECENT RISING

HARPER'S WEEKLY

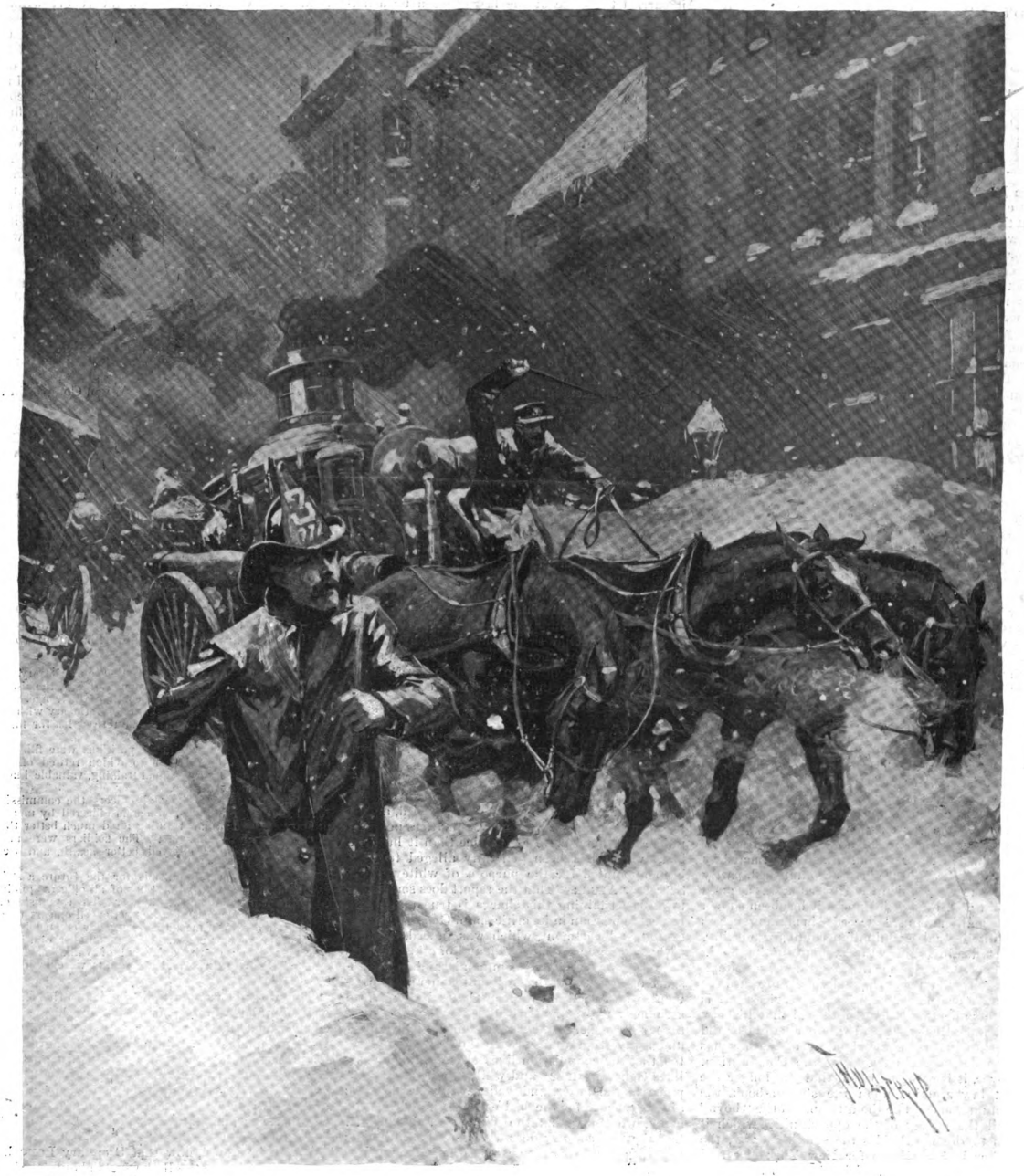
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THE BLIZZARD OF 1899—HARD WORK OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN RESPONDING TO THE FREQUENT ALARMS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 196.]

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The Civil Service Situation

THE civil service bill before the Legislature of this State is really a bill to make the statutes conform to the Constitution. Possibly the existing law, which is generally known as the "BLACK starchless civil service law," satisfies the letter of the Constitution, but every one believes that it was intended to defeat the constitutional provision which, when adopted, was supposed to settle forever the status of the reform so far as New York was concerned. That the effort of the spoilsmen has been at least partly successful is almost a matter of course. There has rarely been enacted a corrupt-practices law, either in this country or in England, which the "boys" have not succeeded in beating for a time. The politicians at Washington have tried to starve the civil service commission by cutting off the appropriation. They postponed the reform for many years by this means in GRANT'S time, but, while they have made motions towards repeating the tactics since the present law was enacted, they have learned their lesson and dare not carry out their threats. They are at least doubtful of the people, and some of them know that on the plain issue of civil service reform the spoilsmen would be swept out of place and power. Not that they have given up hope entirely. They still think there is one more chance before the reform finally triumphs for another, at least a temporary, grab at the spoils, and they are therefore urging the President to except from the classified service some two thousand places and to throw them open to piracy. They do not dare to take the responsibility themselves. They do not want to face their constituents with the record against them—the record of ripping up the civil service law—so they are trying to throw the responsibility on the President, hoping that he will be foolish enough to take up the burden which they are afraid to assume.

The attack on the State service by Governor BLACK was bolder than the attitude of the Washington spoilsmen, probably because the Governor was not so well informed as they are, and as he probably is now, of the danger of meddling with a reform which has been deliberately adopted by the people. He pretended, however, to try to make a better law. He was charged with trying to open the service to patronage-mongers and beggars. The law which he drew, and which was enacted by an obedient Legislature, has accomplished, partly at least, the ends which the Governor was accused of seeking. In many instances it has been shown that the politicians have succeeded in making success in an intellectual examination count for nothing, and in selecting, under the pretence of inquiring into the moral and other fitness of the competitors, the persons whom they have desired to reward for their own or their friends' party services. It is fair to assume that BLACK intended that his law should work this way; and whether he did or did not so intend, the practical effect of the law has been to defeat the purpose of the Constitution. Moreover, it is to be expected that the longer the BLACK law remains upon the statute-book, the more numerous will be the attempts of the "boys" to avail themselves of the opportunities which it affords to them. Besides the starchless law, the State has had a statute for New York city and another for its other municipalities. In the city of New York the local statute has been taken advantage of by Tammany Hall to overturn entirely the civil service system which the people have commanded in their Constitution.

While there has been some doubt felt as to the attitude of President MCKINLEY towards the law, or rather towards the politicians who are seeking to overturn the law—a doubt in which we shall not share until we are compelled to do so by Mr. MCKINLEY himself—no doubt whatever is felt by any one as to the position of Governor ROOSEVELT. His career and his character speak for him, and his election as Governor having been accomplished, his recommendation of the repeal of the BLACK law was inevitable. The Legislature has now the opportunity to follow the example and to carry out the wishes of the Governor. A bill is before it which embodies the true principles of the reform, satisfies fully, in letter and in spirit, the provision of the Constitution, and establishes one law for the whole State, regulating the appointment of minor administrative officers. If this law is not passed, the failure to act will greatly discredit the Republican party in New York; and its position is not too firmly intrenched, for, with Governor ROOSEVELT as its leader and Tammany Hall as its opponent, it carried the State at the last election by a majority of only 18,000. It was the virtue of its leader which gave it the victory, and if it desires to retain its power in the State it will adopt for itself the reform of which the Governor has been so diligent and able a promoter. Running on its own sins, and on those of its boss, it cannot carry this State. It could not have carried it last year with any other candidate than the one which the people forced upon it. It will find it difficult to carry it again if it does not follow the Governor, and support him in his effort to replace the fraudulent BLACK law with an honest civil service statute, which will eventually give the State an efficient administrative service, and help to drive out of public life the kind of man who makes the Legislature a market-place, the laws subjects of bargain and sale, the public offices rewards for corrupt services, and the boss and his gains possible.

The politics of the United States have fallen very low through the contrivance and ascendency of base men. Reform of these conditions is of greater and more pressing moment than the addition of colonies, the expansion which tickles the imaginations of those who prefer to hope idly than to look stern facts in the face and to think industriously. But, even assuming that we are to have a colonial career, shall we enter it to the furtherance of the spoilsman, or shall we take steps to prepare for efficient colonial government? The first step towards a better state of politics at home and abroad must be taken here, and ought to be taken at once. There is no more promising field for reform than the State of New York overshadowed by PLATT, and the city of New York groaning under the despotism of CROKER; for here, by reason of temporary fortuitous conditions, the people have shown the kind of man they prefer by compelling the nomination of ROOSEVELT, and electing him despite his backing. The pending civil service bill simply gives to his party the opportunity to extend their hold on the people by following the Governor. The civil service situation in the country gives to the politicians a chance to show that sometimes good may come out of imperialism.

THE report of the War Commission contains a number of very valuable suggestions. Whether its attack upon General MILES is justified or not is to be determined by a court of inquiry, which will have the power to call and swear witnesses, which the War Commission lacked, and in that court—rightly or wrongly, it matters not—the public will have more confidence than it has in a body which has been generally alleged to have been appointed for the purpose of whitewashing Secretary ALGER. That the report does something towards sustaining this charge is true, and in no respect more than in its criticism of General BRECKINRIDGE'S department, which was, indeed, weakened by the absence of its chief, and of other inspecting officers who secured commands, and in the absence of criticism of the Adjutant-General's department, which, without fault of General CORBIN, we assume, was also greatly crippled by the absence of a very large percentage of its officers in the field and away from their proper duties. It is clear, too, that the commission likes Mr. ALGER and dislikes General MILES; and while we are not champions of the latter, and believe that he deserves severe censure for the bad example he has set the army, we think that the War Commission will find that the country does not share its sentiments towards the two men, nor is it going to be led to believe that there was no "embalmed beef" because the commissioners have not found any.

Notwithstanding all this, however, and perhaps because of the animus accredited to the commission, some features of the report are valuable, and, we hope, will be influential. In the first place, so far as the campaign in Cuba is concerned, it is clear from the report that war was begun not only without adequate preparation, but in criminal disregard of existing conditions. No one reading the report can doubt that Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S charges, written from Tampa, and published in HARPER'S WEEKLY before General SHAFTER'S expedition started, were understatements of the terrible confusion prevailing there—of the lack of executive ability displayed by the quartermaster's department, and of the cruel treatment of the troops, although nothing seems to be said of the bad character of the clothing and food furnished to men about to engage in a tropical campaign. The commissioners report that not only was the water transportation from Tampa to Cuba recklessly insufficient, but that the officers responsible for it had "largely overrated" the carrying capacity of the vessels, which were all loaded without system, and many of which were poorly equipped as to sleeping accommodations, and were in vile sanitary condition. Nor can any one read the report without coming to the conclusion that those who are entitled to the great credit for the success of the Santiago campaign are the officers and men of the line of the regular army. If the commanding officer and his superiors had devised and provided for a campaign such as that which SHAFTER commanded, or seemed to command, against a first-rate power, the force that reached the fighting-point could not have sustained itself—probably it would have been destroyed on or before landing. The campaign resulted as it did because it was against worn-out and third-rate Spain, and there is no reason to believe that the men who controlled the army last spring could devise or prepare for any other kind of a campaign, even if the enemy were England or France or Germany.

As to the permanent and lasting evils of the army, there are some which have long been the subject of discussion, and some which are evident enough to clear eyes which have not yet, however, been observed by Senators and Representatives who have undertaken the task of legislating on army matters. First and foremost, the commission has recognized the responsibility of Congress for our military inefficiency. When Congress also sees this we may hope for some substantial reforms. The commission also recognizes the fact that the staff departments, except the Engineer and Ordnance Corps, are unintelligent; that the number of surgeons is too small; that the conditions at headquarters are destructive both of discipline and efficiency; that there ought to be a chief of staff at the head of the army; and that the present condition of conflict between the commanding general on one side and the Adjutant-General and Secretary of War on the other is hostile to the interests of the country. Another fact which is borne in upon one as of great importance, especially in view of the supposed connection between the commissioners and the man who has filled the army with civilians, is the following, and this ought to be commended to Congress:

> It does not appear reasonable that an arbitrary law should prevent, during the existence of war, the use of experienced men merely on account of their age. We think it would be wise to make it discretionary with the President to use the officers on the retired list for filling positions during war.
>
> During the recent war many positions were filled by the appointment of civilians to which retired officers could have brought professional training, valuable knowledge, and large experience.
>
> In the matter of regimental officers the commission found that all volunteer commands officered by men of military experience and training fared much better than those officered by amateurs. The soldiers were more effectively cared for, enjoyed better health, and were better fed and clothed.
>
> The commission recommends for the future a strict examination into the qualifications of all officers appointed to the army, regular or volunteer. The establishment of schools of instruction for inexperienced officers taken from civilian life to meet the emergency created by the war is highly commended. Quite a number of regular officers assigned to the command of volunteer troops adopted this expedient, and the results were eminently satisfactory.

This was not written to do justice to the officers of the regular army, but is recited as a hard lesson learned by actual experience in the war, and for a warning against the future. Has Congress patriotism enough to heed it, and to insist on training and mental capacity in addition to the "pull" as conditions precedent to appointment to the army? On the whole, the report, though discredited in advance, may do good.

IT is to be hoped, now that Secretary LONG has sent to the Senate all the facts about Admirals SAMPSON and SCHLEY at Santiago, and that the latter's friends have heard them for the second or third time, that Admiral SAMPSON may have the honors he has won—not only his promotion, but the thanks of Congress, and a sword from the nation.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE was real winter in New York last week—winter of fur caps and mittens, snow-drifts, gales, frozen gas-pipes, and all the phenomena that folks remember who at some period of their lives have known real winters. If New York winters could only be held up to the standard of this recent sample, Mr. C. C. Shayne, the furrier, would have no need to resort to the devices for stimulating business which have lately attracted so much attention to him and his fellow-officers of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade. Six successive days of severe cold, such as New York felt between February 9 and February 15, with a blizzard thrown in for good measure, were enough to give one some conception of what there might be in the fur business if winter only took hold like that before Christmas and held on till the middle of March. Now that we know what winter in New York might be, we can see what really ails the fur business on Forty-second Street, and are in a position to assure Mr. Shayne that his project of inspecting the tooth-brushes of returning travellers and upsetting trunks and tempers can never have the full effect that he desires. It is Boreas that Mr. Shayne should appeal to. Give us enough zero weather, and the demand for furs will be so brisk that Mr. Shayne will be able to withdraw all his spies from the docks and keep them busy selling muffs.

So as to Mr. Walters the auctioneer, and Messrs. Heckman, Lent, and Nelson, the tailors, and Mr. Hauptner the shirt-maker, and Mr. O'Neil the Broadway shoe-man, and Mr. Goodwin who sells dressmakers' supplies. A meteorological reform which would give New York real winter weather in the winter months would help them all. Low temperatures are hostile to economics in clothing. When the cold bites, folks have to go fully clad, whatever the cost is.

THERE would be more sympathy with the efforts of Mr. Shayne and his accomplices to amend the habits of returning travellers if they were actuated by a moral purpose. It is known that many persons who return from Europe are not as conscientious as they should be about paying duties on all their dutiable belongings, and instances have even been heard of where travellers have communicated five-dollar bills and other instruments of placation to inspectors with intent to facilitate the examination of their baggage. There are those, too, who say that all women are natural smugglers, church members not necessarily excepted, though loose allegations of that sort must be taken with salt. If the purpose of the Shayne cohort were to protect travellers from temptation, and custom-house officers from the risk of corruption, that purpose would be respected, even though its practical results were inconvenient. Sad to say, however, there is no reason to believe that Mr. Shayne or any of his coadjutors has given the moral side of the matter any thought. They are not even solicitous that Uncle Sam should get his dues. What they want is to compel Americans to buy goods in New York instead of in London or in Paris. Two correspondents of the *Evening Post* report Mr. Shayne as declaring in his shop that "he was going to put a stop to foreign shopping." That is the spirit which is back of the action of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade, and it is because the new and vexatious regulations are the expression of that sentiment that they excite such general wrath. That incoming travellers should pay fully and honestly the duties which the government exacts is right, and the government should make sure, so far as is reasonably possible, that they do pay them. But that the government should co-operate with a squad of New York merchants in a scheme for the punishment of travellers who have bought goods abroad is preposterous. It is better that a moderate amount of smuggling and dishonesty in travellers should go undetected than that honorable persons should be subjected to unmerited annoyance.

Meanwhile let us not waste any sympathy on folks who want to smuggle, and are vexed because their aspirations may be balked. Folks who are willing to pay duties on their dutiable importations have a right to complain of delays and needless annoyance. But folks who want to cheat the law should hold their tongues now, for they share with Mr. Shayne and the others the responsibility for all this mess.

A CASUAL paragraph in a daily newspaper reads:

> In a recent treatise on alcoholism by Trull it is stated that in England 75 per cent. of all cases of pauperism are due to drink, and in Germany 90 per cent. In Germany drink leads to 1600 cases of suicide a year, and supplies the lunatic asylums with 3000 victims.

Is drink really the cause of all this pauperism and all these suicides, or is it merely a concomitant of most of them? Pauperism may follow drink, suicide may follow drink, and yet drink may not be the true cause of either. In the final wind-up of a broken-down man or woman, whose life is wrecked from whatever reason, there is apt to be an alcoholic complication. In such cases drunkenness is not a cause, but an incident; but all cases of wreck in which drink figures seem to be charged up against rum. Doubtless statisticians ought to take account of this fact, but the statistician, as a rule, is a better shot with a blunderbuss than with a rifle.

SECRETARY LONG, after careful consideration, has issued an order prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquors to sailors or marines while attached to ships stationed at navy-yards, or while employed on receiving-vessels or at naval stations. What the Secretary does after careful consideration ought to be wise, and it may be that this is a wise order. But the assertion that it is due to repeated protests of temperance societies that are opposed to any sale or sanction of liquor by the government, and that the system which it discontinues is commended by naval officers as a means of diminishing drunkenness, leaves room in the observer's mind for doubt whether in this case the Secretary has done well. The traffic in beer, which is now prohibited, was undertaken with the idea that if sailors could get a moderate amount of beer with their meals or at other suitable times they would be less apt to get tipsy when they had shore leave. So far as appears the scheme has worked well, for the officers of the navy who have the best chance to judge of its effects want it continued.

The case is practically the same as that of the army canteen. The Hull reorganization bill, as passed by the House, abolishes the canteen. A correspondent of the *Sun*, who signs himself "an officer of the regular army," makes a very strong protest against this feature of the bill. The canteens at army posts, he says, have never sold anything but beer, and have had an admirable effect in diminishing drunkenness in the army. They are opposed, he says, by the prohibitionists and the saloon-keepers—by the former because "it is their nature to," by the latter because at army posts where the canteen flourishes the saloon can't do business. And what is the canteen in a well-regulated post? As this officer describes it, it is part of the post exchange, a soldiers' club, having comfortable rooms, a library with newspapers and periodicals on file, a billiard-room with a piano in it, and a lunch-room. The canteen itself sells beer, tobacco, and cigars, and the profits of these sales go to help maintain all the other features of the exchange. The exchange sells groceries and various trifles that soldiers want, but there is little or no profit on anything but beer. Drunkenness is not permitted in post exchanges, and the non-commissioned officers in charge see that it does not occur.

The alternative to the post exchange is a fringe of saloons about the outskirts of the post, where some soldiers fill themselves with bad whiskey, overstay their leaves, pawn parts of their uniforms, and get into various scrapes and difficulties, and make life burdensome to the officers who have to punish them.

It is possible that this description of the advantages of canteens and post exchanges is a little overdrawn, but it bears all the marks of substantial truth. Moreover, any one who knows aught about prohibitionists and radical temperance advocates is aware that with them the mere fact that a canteen where beer was sold in a post exchange was the most efficient means available to diminish drunkenness and make soldiers lead decent lives would not weigh a pin's weight against the abolition of that canteen if it could be compassed. The greater the usefulness of the toleration of restricted beer-selling in army posts or navy-yards, the greater in the eyes of the prohibitionists is the scandal. Better the whole drunken world be damned, cries the prohibitionist, than that any part of it should be rescued by legalized beer-selling!

MR. KIPLING'S eminence as a poet is attested by the immense number of sarcastic imitations that have been called out by his verses about the "White Man's Burden." He has written better verses than these, good as these are, but few that have made so much stir. Both in England and here they have had a red-rag effect on the opponents of expansion. It is worth noting that the sentiment of "The Recessional" is contrary to that of this later deliverance in that "The Recessional" said "go slow," while "The White Man's Burden" says "go ahead." "The Recessional" was the most popular poem Mr. Kipling ever wrote, but "The White Man's Burden" is chiefly quoted by persons who find fault with its sentiments. Yet in themselves they are sentiments of the highest nobility, and preach more of Christianity than of conquest. If there were a more general belief that imperialism means actually what it seems to mean to Mr. Kipling, both the thing itself and the poem that extols it would be more popular.

AT the age of seventy-six, Dr. Henry M. Field has determined to give himself a holiday from task-work and taste the luxury of doing what he likes. He has sold his interest in the *Evangelist*, of which he has been the editor for more than forty years, and though he does not sever his connection with it entirely, its control has passed into other hands. He will still write for it when his mind needs relief, but his chief concern for some time to come will be, apparently, to have some fun. He has gone to Washington to visit his brother Stephen, and from there he plans to go to Florida and Cuba, and wherever the climate invites and there are things to see.

What a luxury it must be to reach a time of life when one may without compunction quit task-work, and, as Dr. Field says, "have nothing to do except a lot of things which I have long wished to have leisure to do." Evidently Dr. Field is going to Carcassonne at last, and evidently he has the legs for the journey, and eyes still for all he will see when he gets there.

IT is narrated that a set of Kipling's works which was lately sent by its author to Captain Robley Evans was enriched by these dedicatory verses:

> Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
> And I do things with a pen,
> But you sit up in a conning-tower
> Bossing eight hundred men.
>
> Zogbaum takes care of his business,
> And I take care of mine;
> And you take care of ten thousand tons
> Sky-hooting through the brine.
>
> Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
> And I can handle my style;
> But you can handle a ten-inch gun
> To carry seven mile.

All readers of the WEEKLY know Mr. Zogbaum's work, and know that Mr. Kipling's assertions about him are strictly true. Eleven water-colors of his and thirty-one black-and-white drawings, many of which have been reproduced in the WEEKLY, are on exhibition at Avery's gallery, 368 Fifth Avenue. They are all concerned with sailors or soldiers, and many of them illustrate scenes in our late war with Spain. These war-drawings are the work of an eye-witness, for Mr. Zogbaum personally stood over the war and saw the scenes he drew.

IT is generally conceded that the President did his best to get a first-rate man to be the successor of Mr. Young as librarian of the Congressional Library. He first offered the place to Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, who declined it, partly, it seems, on the reasonable ground that the salary is only $5000, whereas in Boston he gets $6000. Dr. McKinley's second choice was Samuel J. Barrows, Congressman from Massachusetts, who accepted the appointment.

Though not a trained librarian, Mr. Barrows is a man of uncommonly varied education who loves learning and is used to books. Though he hails now from Boston, he had the advantage of being born in 1841 in New York, and of passing his early years in the erudite atmosphere of Manhattan. When he was four years old his father died, leaving the family poor; and we are told that Samuel soon after hired out as office-boy to his cousin, Mr. Hoe, the inventor of the Hoe press. Mr. Hoe, it seems, noticed that he was a clever boy, and sent him to school when he was twelve years old, without docking his wages. From sixteen to twenty Samuel went to classes in the Cooper Institute. Discovering that he had ability as a speaker, he determined to be a minister; meanwhile he became a reporter, and worked for various New York papers. The civil war coming on then, he became a Washington correspondent, and afterward, in 1867, became stenographic secretary to Secretary-of-State Seward. He staid four years in the State Department.

All these experiences did not break him of the disposition to be a minister, and in 1871, being thirty years old, he entered the Harvard Divinity School. In due time he was graduated, but he varied his theological studies as he went along by newspaper-work, which took him, in 1873, to the Yellowstone, and in 1874 to the Black Hills, where he had a good experience of Indian-fighting. Then he spent a year in studying political economy at Leipsic, Germany, but still kept on expecting to be a minister until, in 1876, he really did become pastor of the First Parish Church, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, a charge which he cleaved to for five years, and resigned, in 1881, to become editor of the *Christian Register*, which he conducted for sixteen years.

Somehow no ordinary experience seems to unfit a man to be a Unitarian minister, nor does being a Unitarian minister unfit a man for subsequent usefulness in other fields. While Mr. Barrows was editor of the *Register* he spent a year in Europe studying archæology and visiting European prisons. Twice in later years he returned to Europe—once, in 1895, as secretary of the United States delegation to the Prison Congress in Paris, and again, the following year, as our representative on the International Prison Commission. He was elected to Congress in 1896, and his term will expire next month.

BOSTON gave a great dinner to Admiral Sampson on February 6. The board was spread at a place called The Tuileries (perhaps the imperialists chose the place), and Richard Olney sat at the head of it. The occasion seemed to the Boston men to call for a minstrel, and accordingly Judge Grant brought out the harp that he erstwhile touched for The Little Tin Gods on Wheels, and tuned it up to the heroic pitch. It stood the strain admirably. Congress may not vote Admiral Sampson the sword it ought to give him, and may not reward him as fully as he deserves in matter of increased rank, but sword or no sword, he will have Judge Grant's poem to fall back on, and it is no mean prop. The last verse of it runs:

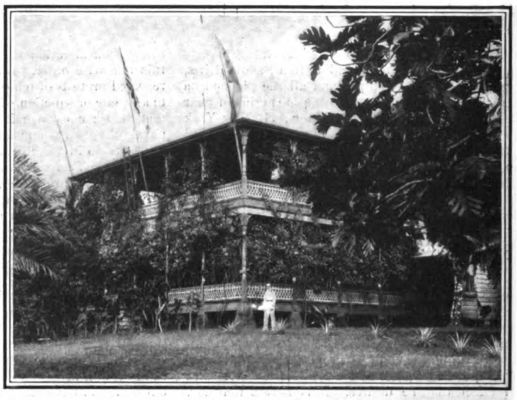
> Great Captain of the battle-ships
> Which crushed the ancient pride of Spain,
> Whose praise is rife on all men's lips,
> Whose record stands without a stain,
> The laurel wreath of fame is yours
> Among the heroes of the sea;
> Long as our native land endures
> Illustrious your name will be.

SIX weeks ago 100,000 copies of Bismarck's Memoirs had already been sold in Germany, but if report is to be credited, that is but the beginning of the book's circulation. On December 5 the Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* wrote that 318,000 copies had then been ordered, but as only 100,000 copies had been printed, it would be months before all orders could be filled. It seems the German publishers estimated that the book should sell at least as well as General Grant's Memoirs, and regulated the size of their first edition on that expectation.

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BRITISH SAILORS AT THE ENGLISH MISSION-HOUSE



HOUSE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS, UNDER AMERICAN AND BRITISH FLAGS.—THE GERMAN FLAG, FOR THIRD POLE, WAS RECALLED.



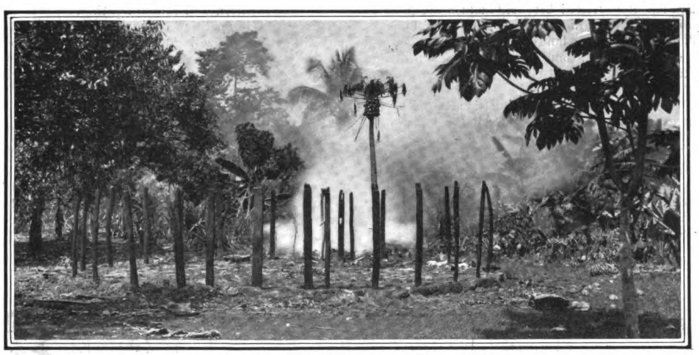
E. G. B. MOXSE,
British Consul.



NATIVE OUTPOST ON THE ROAD NEAR THE RESIDENCE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS.



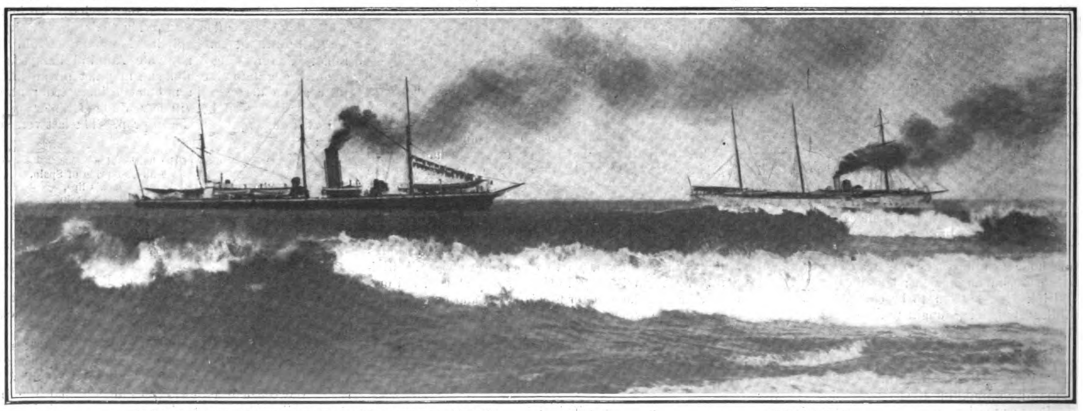
LIEUT. GUY R. GAUNT R. N.,
Who commanded Landing-Party.*



REMAINS OF NATIVE HOUSE IN VILLAGE LOOTED AND BURNED BY FOLLOWERS OF MATAAFA.



COMMANDER F. C. D. STURDEE, R. N.,
H. B. M. S. *Porpoise*.



H. B. M. S. *Porpoise*, with two forward guns trained on German war-ship *Falke*. H. I. M. S. *Falke*.

THE BRITISH AND GERMAN WAR-VESSELS AT APIA.

SAMOA—THE TROUBLES OVER THE DISPUTED KINGSHIP.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RISING TO REACH THIS COUNTRY—FORWARDED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF CHIEF-JUSTICE WILLIAM L. CHAMBERS.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

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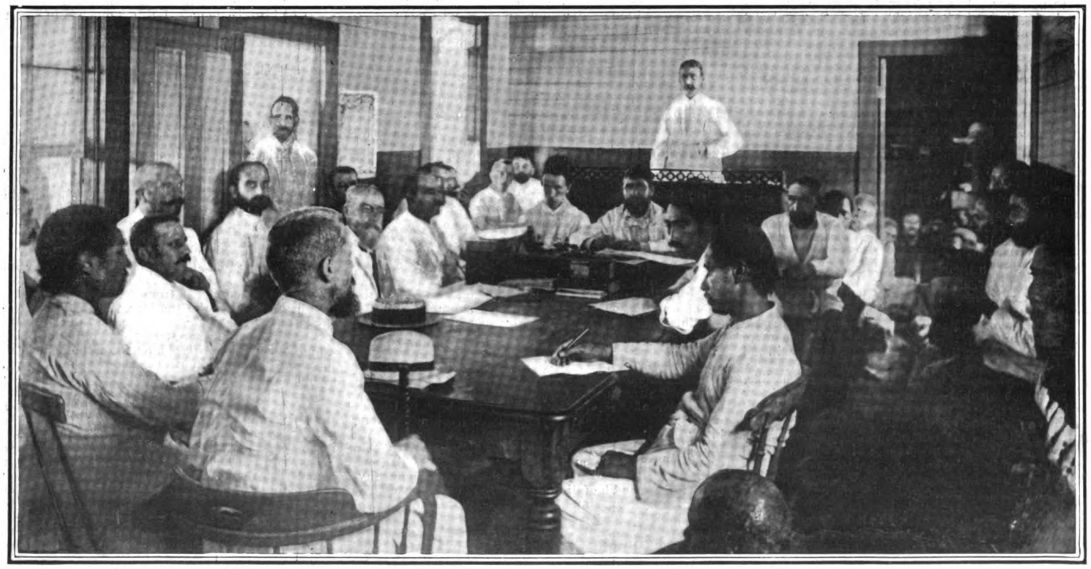
KING MALIETOA TANU AND GUARDS.
Photograph taken immediately after Chief-Justice Chambers's Decision. The Guard on the extreme Left killed two Men with his first Shot when the Rush was made against the King.



CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS AND FAMILY ON BOARD BRITISH WAR-SHIP *PORPOISE*.



LLOYD W. OSBORN,
United States Consul-General.



CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS DELIVERING HIS DECISION IN THE SUPREME COURT IN FAVOR OF MALIETOA TANU, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

SAMOA—THE TROUBLES OVER THE DISPUTED KINGSHIP.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RISING TO REACH THIS COUNTRY—FORWARDED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF CHIEF-JUSTICE WILLIAM L. CHAMBERS. [SEE PAGE 189.]

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The Climate of Manila

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

At first you do not notice much about the weather in Manila, there are so many other things of greater interest. Then the reaction sets in, and everybody praises the weather because it has been so quiet and well-behaved. It has rained and the sun has shone; the thermometer has not jumped up and down; there have been no earthquakes, no destructive hurricanes, no supernatural showers of fire—nothing, indeed, but commonplace wet weather. Your loquacious friend, meeting you on the street, remarks: "Why, this weather is not bad. According to all accounts, the heat out here was to kill us; but I've seen it hotter than this right in New York city. I never felt better in my life," and he hurries off to see the great Church of San Sebastien, in the construction of which the architects stole five hundred thousand dollars out of the million it cost. The next time you see your friend he is walking more slowly and looks thin. He comes up to you and, with an irritated voice, says: "Look here; you ought to expose this humbug about the malignant effect of the climate here. I never before saw a more even climate. No, I'm not feeling very well. I don't know just what is the matter with me. I feel weak; my stomach is out of order. I wake up in the morning with my eyes stuck together, and my mouth feeling too large, and my feet and hands seem swollen. Fact is, I have lost twenty pounds. Well, good day; don't forget to straighten out that fraud about the weather in the Philippines."

When I first arrived in Cavité the temperature was in the eighties, and there it sticks night and day, except towards dawn, when the thermometer drops a little. At no time does the heat impress one as being very great, but the continuous persistency of it is overpowering. In fact, the climate is a good deal like the native—small, insignificant, and inscrutable. You cannot quite make either of them out. By-and-by you find out how many natives there are, and with what persistence they keep at you, getting a penny for this and for that, bleeding you at every turn, until your well-filled pocket-book shrivels up, and then becomes mildewed by the climate. About the same time you discover the same persistence in the weather. It gives you no rest, day or night. You perspire all day, and you wake up drenched in the morning. Gradually your portly form shrinks, and you wonder whether you are not getting to look like the little thin brown people who slide along on the shady side of the street.

There are three cool places in Manila—one the Luneta, towards evening, when the rays of the descending sun sifting through the banks of vapor on the horizon spread over the sky colors whose tropical richness kindles the imagination. There a soft wind blows from the sea, and one may drive up and down, passing carriages filled with Spanish women without hats, their black hair massed on the top of their head, their hostile eyes looking disdain at all Americanos.

In the bath-tub the water is just a little cooler than the air, and a prolonged sojourn there will for the time being refresh one. The coolest place, however, is the cool-room in the brewery, where the thermometer stands at 30° Fahrenheit. In other places and at other times in Manila you come to a slow boil and gradually melt away.

Diseases which in our country seize the patient with violence, and kill him quickly or pass away and allow him to get well, seem to have absorbed by long residence the insidious and persistent character of the climate. There have been among our men many cases of typhoid fever. The doctors tell me that, without a great rise of temperature or any of the other vigorous symptoms usual in typhoid, their patients waste away and finally go out like a dying candle. Our hospital is not over-crowded, but a large number of the men fell under the weather. Company officers report an unusually large number of quarrels and fights among new arrivals, which shows that a certain adjustment to environments is going on. Our men and our officers have to learn that they cannot go about and work with the same rush that they are accustomed to at home. Many who will not learn are paying dearly for their obstinacy. The fact that malarial fever is not more prevalent among the troops is astonishing. For weeks the soldiers lay in the swamps outside the town, drenched to the skin whenever they were on duty in the trenches, and often flooded out of their tents when they remained in camp. I have lain in my tent at night listening to the interminable monotonous croak of thousands of frogs and the heavy fall of the never-ending rain, to get up in the morning and find that my shoes, which I had inadvertently left on the ground, had floated out of the tent. If by chance in future days you meet a man who was on the Philippine expedition, never say "frogs" to him. Jimmy Green invariably tells you that he is glad to be in Manila to get away from the noise of "them frogs." Camp Dewey was one great frog-pond. These frogs seemed to be in league with the Spaniards; for while the latter spent the night shooting at our men in the trenches, the frogs kept those remaining in camp awake with their intolerable croaking. Where there are frogs and rice-swamps there is likely to be malaria. However, it may be that malaria is, like other things in this climate, slow but sure.

Perhaps the most difficult hygienic question to settle here is what to drink, for a more thirsty climate there never was. The oldest living foreign inhabitants will tell you,

"Drink as little water, boiled or unboiled, as possible, and never touch alcohol—what will you have, whiskey and soda or beer?"

The natives drink only water, the Spaniards drink wine with their meals, and the rest of the foreign population drink alcoholic stimulants to excess. Men who followed the directions of the government, and drank as much boiled water as they felt inclined to, suffered the penalty. Unless you boil your water yourself you can never be sure of getting it done; and, besides, when you are thirsty there never happens to be any boiled water about. Rain-water from old tanks, off dirty roofs, is especially dangerous. The best formula seems to be to drink as little as possible while you are adjusting your weight to the climate, and after you have lost twenty pounds still drink as little as possible. I shall never forget the parting instructions of an old stager when I started for the Sudan in by-gone days: "There is one thing that kills all good men in tropical countries, and that is water. My boy, never touch water in any form."

Having abused the climate of Manila, it would be unfair not to state the other side of the case. An untrained force of 14,000 men came from a cold into a tropical country. They have been here now some months under the most trying conditions, and yet the health of the army is generally excellent; indeed, much better than it was in camp at San Francisco.

The Blessing of the Snow

HAPPILY the snow-birds
Twitter on the drifts of white;
Happily the snow-birds
Cheep with joy aglow.
They are merry and they're prankful,
And in spirit blithely thankful
For the music of the north wind and the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the rose root
Sleeps beneath the drifts of white;
Happily the rose root
Dreams in peace below,
In the mould so warm and cozy,
Of the summer ripe and rosy,
For its vision of the summer is the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the hunter
Tramps across the drifts of white;
Happily the hunter
Scurries to and fro,
For his traps with game are teeming,
And he travels lodgeward, beaming.
While he thanks the God of Plenty for the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the gaunt wolf
Lopes across the drifts of white;
Happily the gaunt wolf
Faces blast and blow,
Hauling through the midnight starry
For her whelps the human quarry,
And she snarls in surly homage of the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the workman
Shovels off the drifts of white;
Happily the workman
Loses care and woe
While he sings a grateful song for
All the work he's prayed so long for
That has come to him from heaven in the Blessing of the Snow.

R. K. M.

DRAMA

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S departure into the field of Drury Lane melodrama recalls an incident that is typical, no doubt, of many that happened after his departure into the field of the Gaiety musical play. A worthy couple from up the State, who had been accustomed for years to celebrate their occasional visits to the metropolis by an evening at the Home of our Classical Comedy, happened upon "The Geisha." "I don't remember *him*," the wife said, on the lifting of the curtain, "nor *him*, nor *him*." "And who is *she*?" said the husband, "and *she*, and *she*?" Their remarks attracted the attention of their neighbors. The wife was for going at once, but the husband temporized, "Wait for Ada Rehan; she is worth seeing in anything." The wife acquiesced, in the hope that John Drew would come in. But the worthy people grew more and more restless as the play grew more and more Japanese, and finally they agreed to betake themselves to a theatre the husband had noticed next door. They went out, presumably to Weber & Fields's. If they had happened in at Mr. Daly's theatre during the present month of grace they would have been satisfied, perhaps, for the members of his famous company, or what are left of them, are all to be seen in the splendid scenes of "The Great Ruby, or the Kiss of Blood."

Musical Comedy and Melodrama at Daly's.

The first act, in which we see the notable robbery of the Great Ruby, takes place in the shop of a Bond Street silversmith, one *John Garnett*, who is so rich and prosperous a tradesman that he has been knighted; and, behold! under the shopkeeperly guise of cockney *Sir John* lie buried the ribbons and lace, the air of old-world gentility, we have so long associated with Mr. Herbert Gresham. Other scenes occur at Oatlands Park Hotel, in the prosperous manager of which we recognize *William Gobbo* and *Sir Toby Orcu*, or some such matter as that. It is very confusing. One of the most realistic scenes is a village street before the Packhorse Inn, where bicyclers pass and repass, and a four-in-hand drives up with real "Sporting Life" horses, from the rearmost seat of which descends—not Mrs. Gilbert, but decade upon decade of the dearest and best memories of our stage. In the great and much-advertised balloon scene, that glass of matinée fashion and mould of schoolgirl form Charles Orlando Bassanio Richman fights the leader of the diamond gang in mid-air, and after wrenching the Great Ruby from him, hurls him headlong into the valley of the shadow of the circus net beneath the stage. But let us cheer up, for the worst is yet to come. The foolish and ridiculous detective chief, one *Brett* of Scotland Yard, is none other than Sidney Shylock Herbert, and he falls in love with the cockney cashier at Oatlands Park Hotel. This, however, is by way of a social lift for *Shylock*, for this cockney girl is none other than Miss Paula Edwardes, who came out so brilliantly last fall in the 'igh society, 'igh society, of "The Runaway Girl." It is alone worth the price of admission to see the late *Shylock* embrace his social opportunities.

Daly Lane.

Miss Rehan plays the amusingly vulgar and pretentious *Lady Garnett*, wife of the cockney silversmith from whom the Great Ruby was stolen. To say that she plays her part, such as it is, with distinction is superfluous; but the most charming bit in her acting, at least the night I saw her, was a passage in which, weary perhaps with the banality of her lines, she made one of those amusing syllabic transpositions to which the best of actors are liable. It was as if, instead of saying *lamb dyer*, she had said *dambtyer*. Miss Rehan saw the joke before the rest of us, burst out into a *Peggy Rosalind* fit of mirth, and hung her head behind the sofa upon which she was sitting until she and the whole houseful of us had had our laugh out. At the end of the scene she was roundly applauded, and at least one of her auditors was more grateful for that little touch of her comradeship with her audience than for the thirteen scenes of four-in-hands, balloons, and all that.

Miss Rehan as a Tragic Actress.

I am indebted to one of the spectacular passages in "The Great Ruby" for a suggestion. It is the serio-comic scene in which *Lady Garnett*, worried by the theft of the ruby, walks in her sleep *à la Lady Macbeth*, and does several things that are amusing and help the plot along. Throughout the scene Miss Rehan seemed to be laughing at herself—her sense of humor is worth a million—and we all laughed with her. But the episode had a very serious side. If, as is whispered on the Rialto, Miss Rehan consented to play *Lady Garnett* only after long persuasion, surely Mr. Daly owes it to her—it would be ungrateful to say he owes it to us—to let her play the real lady of the night-gown and the candle. Mr. Sidney Herbert could perhaps be lured away from the attractions of 'igh society to play *Macbeth*. The intelligence he evidenced in *Shylock* eminently qualifies him for the part, and his lack of temperamental force, which was his chief handicap in impersonating the malignant Jew, might prove a positive qualification in acting the weak-kneed usurper. Miss Rehan is better fitted by experience and training to play difficult parts than any other American actress. She is now at the prime of her powers, has rare nobility of presence, and is the most masterly reader of blank verse we have. Unless I am mistaken in my estimate of her rendering of the more serious side of the character of *Portia*, she would make an adequate and perhaps a truly notable *Lady Macbeth*.

As a play "The Great Ruby" lacks the popular and sympathetic quality of "The Ragged Earl" and melodramas like that. The audiences at Drury Lane are too sophisticated to relish true feeling in the crude; and they are not cultivated enough to recognize it when it is duly refined in expression. They belong to the dear good class of philistines which one learns to marvel at and to admire more and more. What they want is life as they know it—rapid, exciting, with all its material glamour. Give them a gorgeous silversmith's shop in Old Bond Street, with a clever and successful robbery taking place in it, a veritable balloon ascension with a fight in the balloon. That is the real thing. And the people portrayed are as real as the scenes they move in. The originals of "The Diamond Gang" are known to the British Policee. The Indian Prince, who has been educated in cricket and other English accomplishments at Cambridge, is the counterpart of one Prince Ranjasinji, who is still famous, or was very lately, as the best batsman in the county he plays for. I have no doubt an Englishman could name you the originals of *Sir John* and *Lady Garnett*. The play is a glorification of a detective story. The people who frequent Drury Lane have the literary appreciation of a boy at the dime-novel stage, with the knowledge of the world of grown men. I do not say this in dispraise of them, or of the plays they spend their good moneys for. "The Great Ruby" is the work of two very clever men—Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton (the latter of whom has lately distinguished himself by making the version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which Mr. Sothern and his company are presenting). It is clever in plot, brisk in action, and sometimes really witty. It is staged with the utmost perfection of carpentry. As presented at Daly's, it has the added advantage of actors who, to say the least, are fully adequate to it. The critics of New York, with at most a single exception, report that they had a good time at the play; and, to be honest, I think one has to admit that, whatever its standing as a work of art, it is altogether a very creditable monument of human ingenuity.

The Glorification of a Dime Novel.

"Lord and Lady Algy," an "original light comedy," by R. C. Carton, which is being produced by the stock company at the Empire Theatre, is, if possible, more a success with its audiences than "The Great Ruby," and is equally successful with its critics. I find myself in the minority—perhaps I *am* the minority; I am certainly strong enough in my objections to be. The "Great Ruby," though a dime novel, is a corking good one. "The Lord and Lady Algy" is light enough, but that it is in any true sense a comedy, or in any true sense original, I deny. The situations are mainly false, and the wit is mainly false. For example, we are to suppose that the *Lord* and the *Lady* live apart because they smoke different cigarettes and back different horses; but they are presented throughout as the most reasonable and generous of people. The jests have the air of being diligently compiled from *Punch* and *The Pink Un*. As for the "original" situations, they have served on the stage from "The School for Scandal" to the present moment; it is really rather steep to give us the main situation of "The Liars" so soon again on the stage of the Empire—the situation in which the friends of a runaway couple dissuade them by artifice. The vogue of the play—it is apparently launched on a long and prosperous career—is to be explained on other than artistic grounds. The play is certainly light, which is nine points with most of us. It is varied and glittering, and is adequately acted. If it must be said that Miss Jessie Millward and Mr. William Faversham are a bit stagy in their methods, it is to be added that their methods fit the play. Above all, false as are the wit and the situations, they are in the main false to one's sense of truth, not to any natural instinct; the ending of the play is, in its way, very sweet and sympathetic. After all, we are most of us like *Diggory* with the tale of the Ould Grouse in the Gun-Room. We can't help laughing at that for the souls of us. We have laughed at that these twenty years.

The Case of *Diggory*.

JOHN CORBIN.

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SAMOA

THE year 1898 witnessed many strange meetings of white-skinned men with brown and yellow and black—of English and Russians with Chinese; of Americans and Germans with Filipinos; of Anglo-Egyptians with Sudanese (mostly slain); of Rough Riders with Cuban insurgents. But the most picturesque meeting in all the year was reserved until its last day.

On December 31, Chief-Justice William Lee Chambers, a native of Georgia, held court in Apia, Samoa, and told the stalwart natives and the German and English and American residents why they should all regard Malietoa Tanu as King, instead of recognizing the rival claimant, Mataafa. The trial had lasted eleven days; Samoan genealogies, customs, titles, and practices had been examined and discussed; and finally the Chief Justice decided that Tanu, who was the son of the late King Malietoa, and who, by the gift of the people, had been endowed with the name of Malietoa, was the duly elected King. But the people chiefly affected by this decision—the Samoans themselves—look upon an election as an empty form, and it has always been their custom to settle the question of succession to the kingship by war. The adherents of Mataafa, numbering perhaps 3500 men, fairly well armed and supplied with ammunition, had been making preparations to enforce their views for some time; the loyal party could muster only about 2000 men under arms. Both factions sought foreign assistance and leadership.

Now it was quite well understood that the German, English, and American residents were bound alike by the provisions of the treaty of 1889, and that the signatory governments had agreed to accept and abide by the decision of the Chief Justice whenever such a dispute should arise; the German element, however, had become infected with the tradition of the natives, and shared their preference for the gage of battle. Englishman and American, standing shoulder to shoulder in a decidedly memorable fashion, insisted that there was a difference between right and wrong even in the South Sea Islands; and in all history is there a more entertaining situation than the German created when he drilled those naked islanders and gave them cartridges—led three or four thousand brown Fauns against Malietoa Tanu; against the Jackies of the war-ship *Porpoise;* against the decision of a judge from the State of Georgia? Such a political storm followed as the South Sea Islands generate.

The man who signalled the storm in Apia was born forty-seven years ago, practised law as a partner of Judge Clopton and Secretary Herbert, and was given his first political appointment by President Cleveland in connection with Samoan matters. A dispute had arisen in regard to land claims in Samoa, the contestants being principally Germans, and the titles derived from native chiefs. Each of the three powers sent its representative to adjust these claims four years ago—Mr. Chambers, as the American commissioner, spending two winters in Samoa, and then returning to this country, with no thought of further trans-oceanic duties. But at that time Chief-Justice Ide resigned, and as the appointment of a successor devolved upon our government, Mr. Cleveland nominated Mr. Chambers, at the request of both the German and English residents, who took that opportunity to express the favorable opinion they entertained of the commissioner's ability and character.

From the Chief Justice's account it appears that the consequences of his decision were foreseen. The partisans of the old rebel chief and of Tanu went to the court on December 31 "prepared for trouble," and he himself had "close at hand an instrument with which he was determined to do his part of the work if any trouble occurred." The United States Consul-General, Judge Osborn, and the British Consul, Mr. Moxse, accepted the decision; the German Consul-General, on the other hand, declined to accede. An hour later a meeting was held of the consuls and the captains of the English and German war-ships—our navy not being represented at Apia—when the German consul and the captain of the German man-of-war refused to recognize the new King. Two hours later the German lawyer who had appeared for Mataafa on the trial led armed troops of the Mataafa faction into the streets of the town, and the rebels were encouraged by the support of the other German officials. As an offset, Commander Sturdee, of H. M. S. *Porpoise*, sent a guard of twenty-four men, under Lieutenant Gaunt, to the residence of Mr. Chambers at five o'clock in the afternoon, and two hundred Malietoans were also detailed for his protection; but the enemy did not make an attack that night. On New-Year's morning Mr. Chambers went to the Tivoli Hotel, adjoining the English Missionary Society station, which was made a place of refuge for all British and American subjects. The fighting began at four o'clock—after the Mataafa troops, under German leadership, had secured advantageous positions and practically surrounded the Malietoans. The young King was brought to the Tivoli Hotel by a few of his chiefs.

In Samoa women carry messages in time of war; and the message brought to the Malietoa camps by Mataafa's female emissaries was of a most deceitful nature, for it was to the effect that peace had been arranged. The loyalists were thrown off their guard by this device and by a flag of truce; and about three hundred men, including one of the high chiefs, who went to a conference, were made prisoners. The justice, the King, and others were standing on the upper veranda of the hotel, watching the proceedings, and congratulating themselves that things were to be settled without fighting, when, to their amazement, the German Consul-General was seen riding up the road at the head of several hundred rebels. This was the signal for a general attack.

By the advice of the British Consul, Mr. Chambers went to the mission enclosure, which the guard from the ship was defending. The house was surrounded, but the rebels were repulsed, two having their heads cut off by the loyalists. The mission-house, where five or six hundred women and children had taken refuge, was repeatedly attacked during the night, "but no one was hurt." The guard from the ship was doubled, and these forty-eight men kept back the rebels without firing a shot.

When their ammunition was exhausted, the Malietoa chiefs notified the American and English consuls that they required protection. The chiefs were thereupon kept at the mission-house, while 1200 fighting-men escaped in their boats to the *Porpoise*.

The fighting appears to have been somewhat amateurish, but the looting which followed was masterly. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday native houses were burned and banana and taro plantations destroyed.

The rebels organized a provisional government, with President Raffel, a German, at its head, and Mr. Chambers had some difficulty in preventing this ambitious person from establishing himself in the office of Chief Justice. Mr. Chambers called on the consuls of the three governments for protection in reopening the court. The German consul refused; the United States and British consuls laid the matter before Captain Sturdee, who tendered all the force required. "I issued a notice," Mr. Chambers writes, "that the court would be opened at twelve o'clock the next day. The British consul gave notice to all American and British subjects to come on board the man-of-war before eleven o'clock, and the captain gave notice to the captain of the German ship, advising German subjects to go to places of safety, as he was determined to open fire at any time after half past eleven o'clock if my purpose of reopening the court should be resisted."

The party setting out from the war-ship to reopen the court formed a little procession. First came a boat flying the stars and stripes, next a boat flying the union-jack, and then the Chief Justice in an armed cutter commanded by Lieutenant Parker, and with twenty-eight bluejackets, each carrying a Lee-Metford rifle and forty rounds of ammunition. In the bow of the cutter was a quick-firing gun. German officials and subjects were gathered about the court-house, and President Raffel refused to deliver the keys of the building. American and British bystanders forced the doors open. The flag was raised by an Englishman, and, as it went up, the sailors saluted.

There were speeches made by the British and American consuls, and pledges were uttered and cheers were given. But presently the wealthiest and most prominent German merchant, Mr. E. A. Grevesmuhl, was caught misbehaving in a fashion that brings us back upon our suggestion that Germans in Samoa contract the native views and manners. This gentleman, for example, "went to the Supreme Court building and smashed all of its windows." Mr. Chambers fined him $100 and sentenced him to one hundred days' imprisonment; but "the same afternoon von Bulow, the German lawyer who had represented the Mataafa people in the trial, gathered a crowd of natives and made an assault on the jail, brandishing an axe and threatening to break into the jail. Clerk Denvers appeared on the scene and disarmed him. That night, at half past ten o'clock, President Raffel went to the jail and released Grevesmuhl and took him to the German consul."

Mr. Chambers seems to despair of good results under the present system of divided responsibility. "The farce cannot be continued much longer," he writes. "Either America or England must annex these islands," and he intimates that England would be willing to withdraw in our favor, so far as the responsibility goes.

From our point of view there might even be a courteous rivalry in the matter of yielding the privilege to a great and good friend. M. W.

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BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

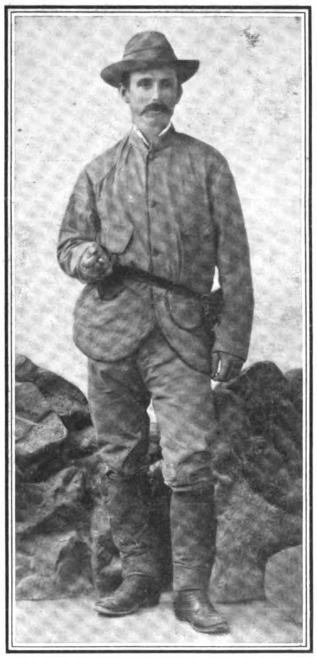
December 29, 1898.

ON Tuesday, December 27, the American expedition bound for Ilo Ilo, consisting of the *Newport* with the Sixth Artillery, the *Arizona* with the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, and the *Pennsylvania* with the Iowa Volunteers, all under command of Brigadier-General Miller, sailed out of the Bay of Manila. The *Baltimore* of the United States navy acted as convoy. Admiral Dewey opposed the expedition on the ground that in order to make the movement a success it would be necessary to make more or less of a demonstration against the insurgents, and that as orders from Washington strictly enjoined any action which would antagonize the insurgents, the expedition was bound to be a failure. Wild rumors had come from Ilo Ilo through the natives, and also through Colonel Potter of the Engineer Corps, who was sent down to Ilo Ilo by the regular mail-steamer to report on the actual condition of the city. The expedition did not await his return, however, but on Wednesday the expeditionary fleet met the mail-steamer returning to Manila with Colonel Potter. There was a consultation at sea, and the colonel reported to General Miller that the Spaniards had left Ilo Ilo, and the insurgents were then in possession of the town. In spite of this news the expedition continued on its way, and towards evening the *Arizona* and the *Pennsylvania* were ordered to drop anchor six miles from Ilo Ilo, while the *Newport* and the *Baltimore* continued up to Ilo Ilo, where several of General Miller's staff went on shore to confer with the insurgent authorities, and returned without any satisfactory information. General Miller is handicapped by orders from Washington to do nothing to antagonize the insurgents. Consequently, if the insurgents declare that they will offer armed resistance to our landing troops, the general will have to take the expedition back to Manila, thereby losing prestige with the insurgents, who already think we are afraid of them. At the time of writing, a commission of the insurgents is about to visit General Miller and give him a definite answer as to whether the insurgents will receive the Americans in Ilo Ilo. I understand that they will positively refuse to allow our forces to land, unless we give assurances that the people will receive the rights of local self-government. Of course General Miller cannot give any such assurance, so that the chances are that the expedition will return to Manila again.

To manage a military occupation of these islands from Washington by cable is the height of ridiculousness. What can people in Washington know of the exigencies of the situation in the Philippines? It is not fair on the men in charge out here. Experience of all nations at all times has been to give the individual free scope in colonial matters. As it is to-day, the insurgents are gaining confidence and following, while the prestige of the United States is slowly on the decline. Either we should make no pretension at having a right to take possession of Ilo Ilo, or we should enforce our rights with unvarying decision.

On landing in Ilo Ilo, I found the town quiet. All of the foreign inhabitants, however much they may be opposed to "nigger" rule, as they call it, are agreed in praising the insurgents for the peaceful fashion in which the latter took possession of the town. On Saturday, December 24, the Spanish troops left Ilo Ilo for Mindanao. General Rios said that it was not right that the Spanish soldiers should be killed in nightly encounters with the insurgents when the territory they were fighting for was really American. He therefore entered into agreement with the insurgents to capitulate, with the understanding that he would carry away all the government property he could. On Monday, December 26, the insurgents marched into Ilo Ilo three thousand strong, and were received in the square before the government building. Contrary to all expectation, they did not loot any portion of the town; they shut out the rabble and held strict military discipline. Two insurgent soldiers are said to have been court-martialled and shot for attempting to stab a Spaniard. The German man-of-war in the harbor took over the protection of all foreigners in the town. No troops could have behaved better than the insurgents.

The insurgent leaders have certainly the right to demand some assurance of recognition by the United States. Indeed, owing to the fact that our commanders are tied hand and foot by instructions from Washington, the United States government makes a very unsatisfactory showing in the Philippines; for no one out here can inform the insurgents what our purpose was in coming here, or what we intend to do. The fact is that no one dares to take any definite stand, for fear of the reprimand from Washington. If we had arrived three days sooner in Ilo Ilo, there would have been no difficulty. Everything we do, owing to our government's methods of meting out specific orders for every little emergency, appears to be badly done. At the moment of writing, General Miller is in conference with the insurgent chiefs. After which he will probably send for orders to Manila, and from there they will telegraph to Washington—and so red-tape and inefficiency will follow our footsteps as long as we persist in our present methods.



John F. Bass

THE correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY in the Philippines, Mr. John F. Bass, who was wounded in the attack on Caloocan, has acquired his reputation for energy and ability by work of uncommon merit.

Mr. Bass, a native of Chicago, prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and was graduated at Harvard University with the class of 1891. He went to the Greco-Turkish war as the correspondent of an English newspaper, and during that conflict distinguished himself in the manner of the genuine war-correspondents, who come into their own when difficulties thicken, and who can fight as well as write. On one occasion he was successful in leading a body of panic-stricken Greeks out of a desperate situation. On May 17, 1898, he started for Manila at the request of HARPER'S WEEKLY, going out on the first transport. His articles written on board and from the seat of war attracted most favorable notice. General Hale, in his report of the operations before Manila last August, referred to him as the only correspondent on the firing-line when our troops captured the city. It may be added that he was the first correspondent to visit Ilo Ilo; his letter written at that important port, describing the situation and predicting the present outbreak of the Filipinos, showed remarkably thorough knowledge of the influences at work and good judgment in regard to the probable course of events.

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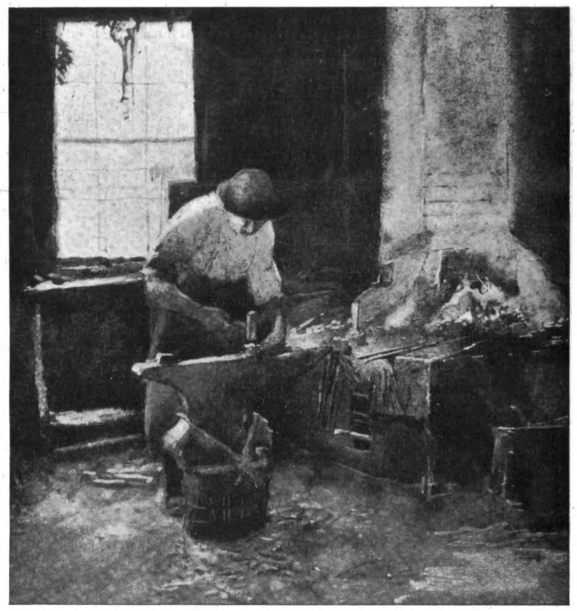
"THE GIFT OF ROSES."—ALBERT HERTER.
Awarded the Evans Prize.



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."—ALBERT E. STERNER.



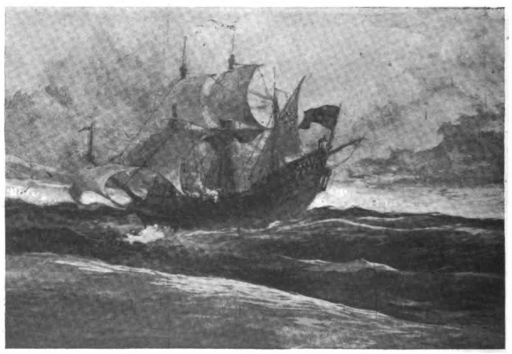
"THE ODYSSEY."—HARVEY ELLIS.



"THE SMITHY."—W. H. DRAKE.



"THE DANCE."—F. S. CHURCH.



"THE FALCON."—ROSS TURNER.

FROM THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

[SEE PAGE 201.]

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

OSTROG.

BUT now Graham could take a clearer view of his position. For a long time yet he wandered before he could determine to seek this Ostrog, this leader and organizer of his awakening; but after the talk of the old man, his return was clear in his mind as the final inevitable decision. One thing became clear to him—those who were at the headquarters of the revolt had succeeded very admirably in suppressing the news of his disappearance. But every moment he expected to hear the news of his death or recapture by the Council.

Presently a man stopped before him. "Have you heard?" he said.

"No," said Graham, starting.

"Near a dozand," said the man; "a dozand men!" and hurried on.

A number of men and a girl passed in the darkness, gesticulating excitedly, and shouting: "Capitulated! Given up!" "A dozand of men!" "Two dozand of men!" "Goodle Ostrog!" "Goodle Ostrog!" These cries receded, became indistinct. "Goodle!" said Graham, and recognized a familiar vulgarism of his own time.

Other shouting men followed. For a time his attention was absorbed in the attempt to understand the fragments of speech he heard. He had a doubt whether all were speaking English. He dared accost no one with questions. The impression the people gave him jarred altogether with his preconceptions of the struggle, and confirmed the old man's faith in Ostrog. It was only slowly he could bring himself to believe that all these people were rejoicing at the defeat of the Council, that the Council which had pursued him with such power and vigor was, after all, the weaker of the two sides in conflict. And if that was so, how did it affect him? Several times he hesitated on the verge of fundamental questions. Once he turned and walked for a long way after a little man of rotund, inviting outline, but he was unable to master enough confidence to address him.

It was only slowly that it came to him that he might ask for the "wind-vane offices," whatever the "wind-vane offices" might be. His first inquiry simply resulted in a direction to go on towards Westminster. His second led to the discovery of a short-cut, in which he was speedily lost. He was told to leave the ways to which he had hitherto confined himself—knowing no other means of transit—and to plunge down one of the middle staircases into the blackness of a cross-way. Thereupon came some trivial adventures; chief of these an ambiguous encounter with a gruff-voiced invisible creature, speaking in a strange dialect that at first seemed a strange tongue, a thick flow of speech with the drifting corpses of English words therein, the dialect of the latter-day vile. Then another voice, a girl's voice calling, drew near. She spoke English touched with something of the same quality. She professed to have lost her sister; she blundered needlessly into him, he thought, caught hold of him, and laughed. But a word of vague remonstrance sent her into the unseen again.

Then abruptly the sound of voices increased. Other unseen stumbling people passed them, speaking excitedly: "They have surrendered!" "The Council! Surely not the Council!" "They are saying so on the ways." The passage seemed wider. Suddenly the wall fell away. They were in a great space, and people were stirring remotely. He inquired his way. "Strike straight across," said a woman's voice. He left his guiding wall, and in a moment was stumbling over a little table, on which were utensils of glass. Graham's eyes, now attuned to darkness, made out a long vista of pallid tables. He went down this. At one or two of the tables he heard a clang of glass and a sound of eating. There were people cool enough to dine, or daring enough to steal a meal, in spite of social convulsion and darkness. Far off and high up he presently saw a pallid light of a semicircular shape. As

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

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he approached this, a black edge came up and hid it. He stumbled at steps, and found himself in a gallery. He heard a sobbing, and found two scared little girls crouching by a railing. These children became silent at the near sound of feet. He tried to console them, but they were very still until he left them.

Presently he found himself at the foot of a staircase and near a wide opening. He saw a dim twilight above this, and ascended out of the blackness into a street again. He found a disorderly swarm of people marching and shouting. He perceived they were singing snatches of the song of the revolt, most of them out of tune. Here and there torches flared, creating brief hysterical shadows. He asked his way, and was twice puzzled by that same thick dialect. His third attempt won an answer he could understand. He was two miles from the wind-vane offices in Westminster, but the way was easy to follow.

When at last he did approach the district of the wind-vane offices it seemed to him, from the cheering procession that came marching along the ways, from the tumult of rejoicing, and finally from the restoration of the lighting of the city, that the overthrow of the Council must already be accomplished. And still no news of his absence came to his ears.

The reillumination of the city came with startling suddenness. Suddenly he stood blinking, and all about him men halted dazzled, and the world was incandescent. The light found him already upon the outskirts of the excited crowds that choked the ways near the wind-vane offices, and the sense of visibility and exposure that came with the light turned his colorless intention of joining Ostrog to a keen anxiety.

For a time he was jostled, obstructed, and endangered by men hoarse with cheering his name, weary, and some of them bandaged and bloody in his cause. The frontage of the wind-vane offices was illuminated by some moving picture, but what it was he could not see, because, in spite of his strenuous attempts, the density of the crowd prevented his approaching it. From the fragments of speech he caught, he judged it conveyed news of the fighting about the Council House. Ignorance and indecision made him slow and ineffective in his movements. For a time he could not conceive how he was to get within the unbroken façade of this place, and drove helplessly with the currents of this mass of people, until he realized that the descending staircase of the central way led to the interior of the buildings. It was long before he could reach one. And even then he encountered intricate obstruction, and had an hour of vivid argument, first with this guard and then with that, before he could get a note taken to the one man of all men who was most eager to see him. His story was laughed to scorn at one place, and, wiser for that, when at last he reached a second stairway he professed simply to have news of extraordinary importance for Ostrog. What it was he would not say. They sent his note reluctantly. For a long time he waited in a little room at the foot of the lift-shaft, and thither at last came Lincoln, eager, apologetic, astonished. He stopped in the doorway, scrutinizing Graham, then rushed forward effusively.

"Yes," he cried. "It is you. And you are not dead!"

Graham made a brief explanation.

"My brother is waiting," explained Lincoln. "He is alone in the wind-vane offices. He doubted—and things are very urgent still, in spite of what we are telling them *there*—or he would have come to you."

They ascended a lift, passed along a narrow passage, crossed a great hall, empty save for two hurrying messengers, and entered a comparatively little room, whose only furniture was a sort of long settee, and a large oval disk of cloudy shifting gray hung by cables from the wall. There Lincoln left Graham for a space, and he remained alone, watching without understanding the shifty smoky shapes that drove slowly across this disk.

His attention was arrested by a sound that began abruptly. It was cheering—the frantic cheering of a vast but very remote crowd, a roaring exultation. This ended as sharply as it had begun, like a sound heard between the opening and shutting of a door. In the outer room was a noise of hurrying steps, and a clinking like a chain running over the teeth of a wheel.

Then he heard the voice of a woman, the rustle of unseen garments. "It is Ostrog!" he heard her say. A little bell rang fitfully, and then everything was still again.

Presently came voices, footsteps, and movement without. The footsteps of some one person detached themselves from the other sounds and drew near—firm, evenly measured footsteps.

The curtain lifted, and a tall white-haired man, clad in garments of cream-colored silk, stood regarding Graham.

For a moment the white form remained holding the curtain, then dropped it and stood before it. Graham's first impression was of a very broad forehead, very pale blue eyes deep sunken under white brows, an aquiline nose, and a heavily lined resolute mouth. The folds of flesh over the eyes, the drooping of the corners of the mouth, contradicted the upright bearing and said the man was old. Graham knew that this was Ostrog. He rose to his feet instinctively, and for a moment the two men stood in silence, steadfastly regarding each other.

"You are Ostrog?" said Graham.

"I am Ostrog."

"The Boss?"

"So I am called."

Graham felt the inconvenience of the silence. "I have to thank you chiefly, I understand, for my safety," he said, presently.

"We were afraid you were killed," said Ostrog, "or sent to sleep again—forever. We have been doing everything to keep our secret—the secret of your disappearance. Where have you been? How did you get here?"

Graham told him briefly.

Ostrog listened in silence.

He smiled faintly. "Do you know what I was doing when they came to tell me you had come?"

"How can I guess?"

"We were preparing your double."

"My double?"

"A man as much like you as we could find. We were going to hypnotize him, to save him the difficulty of acting. It was imperative. The whole of this revolt depends on the idea that you are awake, alive, and with us. Even now a great multitude of people is clamoring to see you. You know, of course—something of your position."

"Very little," said Graham.

"It is like this." Ostrog walked a pace or two into the room and turned. Graham watched him. "Practically," said Ostrog, "you are absolute owner of more than half of this new world into which your sleep has brought you. As a result of that you are practically King. Your powers are limited in many intricate ways, but you are the figure-head, the popular symbol of government. This White Council, the Council of Trustees, as it is called—"

"I have heard the vague outline of these things."

"I wondered."

"I came upon a garrulous old man."

"I see. Our masses—the word comes from your days—you know, of course, that we still have masses—regard you as our actual ruler. Just as a great number of people in your days regarded the Crown as the ruler. They are discontented—the masses all over the earth—with the rule of your trustees. For the most part it is the old discontent, the old quarrel of the common man with his commonness—the misery of work and discipline and unfitness. But your trustees have ruled ill. In certain matters, in the administration of the Labor Companies, for example, they have been unwise. They have given endless opportunities. Already we of the popular party were agitating for reforms—when your waking came. Came! If it had been contrived it could not have come more opportunely." He smiled. "The public mind, making no allowance for your years of quiescence, had already hit on the thought of waking you and appealing to you, and—flash!"

He indicated the outbreak by a gesture, and Graham moved his head to show that he understood.

"The Council muddled—quarrelled. They always do. They could not decide what to do with you. You know how they imprisoned you?"

"I see. I see. And now—we win?"

"We win. Indeed we win. To-night, in five swift hours. Suddenly we struck everywhere. The wind-vane people, the Labor Company and its millions, burst the bonds. We got the pull of the aëropiles."

He paused. "Yes," said Graham, guessing that aëropile meant flying-machine.

"This was, of course, essential. Or they could have got away. All the city rose; every third man, almost, was in it! All the blue, all the public services, save only just a few aeronauts and about half the red police. You were rescued, and their own police of the ways—not half of them could be massed at the Council House—have been broken up, disarmed, or killed. All London is ours—practically now. Only the Council House remains.

"Half of those who remain to them of the red police were lost in that foolish attempt to recapture you. They flung all they had at the theatre. We cut them off there. Truly to-night has been a night of victory. Everywhere your star has blazed. A day ago—the White Council ruled as it has ruled for a gross of years, for a century and a half of years, and then with only a little whispering, a covert arming here and there, suddenly—so!"

"I am very ignorant," said Graham. "I suppose—I do not clearly understand the conditions of this fighting. If you could explain. Where is the Council? Where is the fight?"

Ostrog stepped across the room; something clicked, and suddenly they were in darkness, save for an oval glow. For a moment Graham was puzzled.

Then he saw that the cloudy gray disk had taken depth and color; had assumed the appearance of an oval window looking out upon a strange, unfamiliar scene.

At the first glance he was unable to guess what this scene might be. It was a daylight scene; the daylight of a wintry day, gray and clear. Across the picture, and half-way, as it seemed, between him and the remoter view, a stout cable of twisted white wire stretched vertically. Then he perceived that the rows of great wind-wheels he saw, the wide intervals, the occasional gulfs of darkness, were akin to those through which he had fled from the Council House. He distinguished an orderly file of red figures marching across an open space between files of men in black, and realized before Ostrog spoke that he was looking down, as it were, on the upper surface of latter-day London. The overnight snows had gone. He judged that this mirror was some modern replacement of the camera-obscura; but that matter was not explained to him. He saw that though the file of red figures was trotting from left to right, yet it was passing out of the picture to the left. He wondered momentarily, and then saw that the picture was passing slowly, panorama fashion, across the oval.

"In a moment you will see the fighting," said Ostrog at his elbow. "Those fellows in red you notice are prisoners. This is the roof space of London—all the houses are practically continuous now. The streets and public spaces are covered in. The gaps and chasms of your time have disappeared."

Something out of focus obliterated half the picture. Its form suggested a man. There was a gleam of metal, a flash, something that swept across the oval as the eyelid of a bird sweeps across its eye, and the picture was clear again. And now Graham beheld men running down among the wind-wheels, pointing weapons, from which jetted out little smoky flashes. They swarmed thicker and thicker to the right, gesticulating—it might be they were shouting, but of that the picture told nothing. They and the wind-wheels passed slowly and steadily across the field of the mirror.

"Now," said Ostrog, "comes the Council House," and slowly a black edge crept into view and gathered Graham's attention. Soon it was no longer an edge, but a cavity, a huge blackened space amidst the clustering edifices, and from it thin spires of smoke rose into the pallid winter sky. Gaunt ruinous masses of building, mighty truncated piers and girders, rose dismally out of this cavernous darkness. And over these vestiges of some splendid place countless minute men were clambering, leaping, swarming.

"This is the Council House," said Ostrog. "Their last stronghold. And the fools wasted enough ammunition to hold out for a month in blowing up the buildings all about them—to stop our attack. You heard the smash? It shattered half the brittle glass in the city."

And while he spoke, Graham saw that beyond this area of ruins, overhanging it and rising to a great height, was a ragged mass of white building. Apparently this mass had been isolated by the ruthless destruction of its surroundings. Black gaps marked the passages the disaster had torn apart; big halls had been slashed open, and the decoration of their interiors showed dismally in the wintry dawn, and down the jagged walls hung festoons of divided cables and twisted ends of lines and metallic rods. And amidst all the vast details moved little red specks, the red-clothed defenders of the Council. Every now and then faint flashes illuminated the bleak shadows. At the first sight it seemed to Graham that an attack upon this isolated white building was in progress, but then he perceived that the party of the revolt was not advancing, but apparently sheltering amidst the colossal wreckage that encircled this last rugged stronghold of the red-garbed men.

And not ten hours ago he had stood beneath the ventilating-fans in a little chamber within that remote building wondering what was happening in the world!

Looking more attentively as this warlike episode moved silently across the centre of the mirror, Graham saw that the white building was surrounded on every side by ruins, and Ostrog proceeded to describe in concise phrases how its defenders had sought by such destruction to isolate themselves from a storm. He spoke of the loss of men that huge downfall had entailed in an indifferent tone. He indicated an improvised mortuary among the wreckage, showed ambulances swarming like cheese-mites along a ruinous groove that had once been a street of moving ways. He was more interested in pointing out the parts of the Council House, the distribution of the besiegers. In a little while the civil contest that had convulsed London was no longer a mystery to Graham. It was no tumultuous revolt that occurred that night, no equal warfare, but a splendidly organized *coup d'état*. Ostrog's grasp of details was astonishing; he seemed to know the business of even the smallest knot of black and red specks that crawled amidst these places.

He stretched a huge black arm across the luminous picture, and showed the room whence Graham had escaped, and across the chasm of ruins the course of his flight. Graham recognized the gulf across which the gutter ran, and the wind-wheels where he had crouched from the flying-machine. The rest of his path had succumbed to the explosion. He looked again at the Council House, and it was already half hidden, and on the right a hill-side with a cluster of domes and pinnacles amidst the ubiquitous wind-wheels—hazy, dim, and distant—was gliding into view.

"And the Council is really overthrown?" he said.

"Overthrown," said Ostrog.

"And I— Is it indeed true that I—?"

"You are Master of the World."

"But that white flag—"

"That is the flag of the Council—the flag of the Rule of the World. It will fall. The fight is over. Their attack on the theatre was their last frantic struggle. They have only a thousand men or so, and some of these men will be disloyal. They have little ammunition. And we are reviving the ancient arts. We are casting guns."

"But—help. Is this city the world?"

"Practically this is all they have left to them of their empire. Abroad, the cities have either revolted with us or wait the issue. Your awakening has perplexed them, paralyzed them."

"But haven't the Council flying-machines? Why is there no fighting with those?"

"They had; but the greater part of the aeronauts were in it with us. They wouldn't take the risk of fighting with us, but they would not stir against us. We had to get a pull with the aeronauts. Quite half were with us, and the others knew it. As soon as they knew you had got away, those that were out looking for you dropped. We hung the man who shot at you an hour ago. And we occupied the flying-stages at the outset in every city we could, and so stopped and captured the aeroplanes; and as for the little flying machines that turned out—for some did—we kept up too straight and steady a fire for them to get near the Council House. If they dropped they couldn't rise again, because there's no clear space about there for them to get up. Several we have smashed; several others have dropped and surrendered; the rest have gone off to the Continent to find a friendly city, if they can, before their fuel runs out. Most of these men were only too glad to be taken prisoner and kept out of harm's way. Upsetting in a flying-machine isn't a very attractive prospect. There's no chance for the Council that way. Its days are done."

He laughed, and turned to the oval reflection again to show Graham what he meant by flying-stages. Even the four nearer ones were remote, and obscured by a thin morning haze. But Graham could perceive they were very vast structures, judged even by the standard of the things about him.

And then, as these dim shapes passed to the left, there came again the sight of the expanse across which the disarmed men in red had been marching. And then the black ruins, and then again the beleaguered white fastness of the Council. It appeared no longer a ghostly pile, but glowing amber in the sunlight, for a cloud shadow had passed. About it the pygmy struggle still hung in suspense, but now the red defenders were no longer firing.

So, in the dusky stillness, the man from the nineteenth century saw the closing scene of the great revolt, the forcible establishment of his rule. With a quality of startling discovery it came to him that this was his world, and not that other he had left behind; that this was no spectacle to culminate and cease; that in this world lay whatever life was still before him, lay all his duties and dangers and responsibilities. He turned with fresh questions. Ostrog began to answer them, and then broke off abruptly. "But these things I must explain more fully later. At present there are things to do. The people are coming by the moving ways towards this ward from every part of the city—the markets and theatres are densely crowded. You are just in time for them. They are clamoring to see you. And abroad they want to see you. Paris, New York, Chicago, Denver, Capri—thousands of cities are up and in a tumult, undecided, and clamoring to see you."

"But surely—I can't go."

Ostrog answered from the other side of the room, and the picture on the oval disk paled and vanished as the light jerked back again. "There are kineto-tele-photographs," he said. "As you bow to the people here, all

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over the world myriads of myriads of people, packed and still in darkened halls, will see you also. In black and white, of course—not like this. And you will hear their shouts re-enforcing the shouting in the hall.

"There is an optical contrivance," said Ostrog, "used by some of the posturers and women dancers. It may be novel to you. You stand in a very bright light, and they see not you, but a magnified real image of you thrown on a screen—so that even the furtherest man in the remotest gallery can count your eyelashes."

Graham clutched desperately at one of the questions in his mind. "What is the population of London?" he said.

"Eight and twaindy myriads."

"Eight and what?"

"More than thirty-three millions."

These figures went beyond Graham's imagination.

"You will be expected to say something," said Ostrog. "Not what you used to call a Speech, but what our people call a Word—just one sentence, six or seven words. Something formal. If I might suggest—'I have awakened and my heart is with you.' That is what they want."

"What was that?" asked Graham.

"'I am awakened, and my heart is with you.' And bow—bow royally. But first we must get you black robes—for black is your color. Do you mind? And then they will disperse to their homes."

Graham hesitated. "I am in your hands," he said.

Ostrog was clearly of that opinion. He thought for a moment, turned to the curtain, and called brief directions to some unseen attendants. Almost immediately a black robe, the very fellow of the black robe Graham had worn in the theatre, was brought. And as he threw it about his shoulders there came, from the room without, the shrilling of a high-pitched bell. Ostrog turned in interrogation to the attendant, then suddenly seemed to change his mind, pulled the curtain aside, and disappeared.

For a moment Graham stood with the deferential attendant listening to his retreating steps. There was a sound of quick question and answer, and footsteps running. The curtain was snatched back, and Ostrog reappeared, his massive face glowing with excitement. He crossed the room in a stride, clicked the room into darkness, and came and gripped Graham's arm.

"Even as we turned away," he said.

Graham saw his index finger, black and colossal, pointing to the Council House that was gliding slowly into the field of view once more. For a moment he did not understand. And then he perceived that the flag-staff that had carried the white banner was bare.

"Do you mean—?" he began.

"The Council has surrendered. Its rule is at an end for evermore."

"Its rule is at an end for evermore."

"Look!" said Ostrog, and pointed to a coil of black that crept in little jerks up the vacant flag-staff, unfolding as it rose.

The oval picture paled as Lincoln pulled the curtain aside and entered.

"They are clamorous," he said.

Ostrog kept his grip of Graham's arm.

"We have raised the people," he said. "We have given them arms. For to-day at least their wishes must be law."

Lincoln held the curtain open for Graham and Ostrog to pass through.

On his way to the markets Graham had a transitory glance of a long narrow white-walled room, in which men in the universal blue canvas were carrying covered things like biers, and about which men in medical purple hurried to and fro. From this room came groans and wailing. He had an impression of an empty blood-stained couch, of men on other couches, bandaged and blood-stained. It was just a glimpse from a railed footway, and then a buttress hid the place, and they were going on towards the markets.

The roar of the multitude was near now: it leaped to thunder. And, arresting his attention, a fluttering of black banners, the waving of blue canvas and brown rags, and the swarming vastness of the theatre near the public markets came into view down a long passage. The picture opened out. He perceived they were entering the great theatre of his first appearance, and which he had last seen a chequer-work of glare and blackness when he had fled from the red police. This time he entered it along a gallery at a level high above the stage. The place was now brightly lit again. He sought the gangway up which he had fled, but he could not tell it from among its dozens of fellows; nor could he see anything of the smashed seats, deflated cushions, and such-like traces of the fight, because of the density of the people. Except the stage, the whole place was closely packed; and looking down, the effect was a vast area of stippled pink, each dot a still, upturned face regarding him. At his appearance with Ostrog the cheering died away, the singing died away—a common interest stilled and unified the disorder. It seemed as though every individual of those myriads was watching his progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

TOBACCO-CULTURE

MORE tobacco was exported from Puerto Rico in 1828, by nearly two hundred thousand pounds, than in 1896, and in 1846 there were shipped abroad 6,693,900 pounds, or over three times the amount exported in 1896.

For seventy years the amount of tobacco exported has been surprisingly uniform, usually between the two and three million pound mark, with now and then a year like 1846, which blossomed into promise of a future for tobacco, when the crop has doubled or trebled that of preceding years. These increases have been sporadic and far apart, being accounted for usually by shortage of Cuban crops.

It is exceedingly difficult to find a solution for the non-progressiveness of this commodity, which is grown so well and so easily on the island. The explanation lies possibly in several directions: First, the rapid increase of tobacco-culture in Cuba, and the world-wide attention called to a particularly fine leaf, grown, however, only in a very restricted area, which soon made Havana tobacco famous. It was not until the forties that Cuba rapidly strode ahead of Puerto Rico in her annual exportations, and since then the latter has been completely eclipsed, if not almost forgotten, in tobacco-raising. Second, in the early days, as well as to-day, the peasant almost exclusively raised the entire crop on the island in meagre patches of from a quarter of an acre to several acres, mortgaging his crop beforehand to the shopkeepers and petty dealers. The landed proprietors and capitalists, with curious conservatism, preferred to risk their all in sugar and coffee, preferably buying their manufactured tobacco from the expert cigar-makers of Cuba and the Peninsula, rather than fostering and promoting the poor home industry. Hence, in all time, excepting possibly the last few years, the manufactured products of tobacco in Puerto Rico have been execrable, the work unskilled and slovenly, while the leaf itself has been raised by careless hands, eaten by insects, badly cured, and improperly packed.

The increasing demand for Havana tobacco has excluded Puerto Rico from the foreign tobacco marts, and the premium set on Cuban-grown tobacco has been so great that not only have her entire crops sold at high figures, but to meet the growing commercial preferment she has for decades imported the bulk of the Puerto-Rican raising, branding it with that magic word Havana. Spain has been the second great buyer, the heaviest in quantity, but not in quality; and, in fact, between them they absorb the tobacco crop, leaving a few hundred thousand pounds in some years for Germany, and a few thousands for Italy and France.

The United States smokes its Puerto-Rican tobacco through Havana. It is more expensive, but the label increases the flavor some fifty per cent. Only in exceptional years, during Cuba's struggle for liberty, and the concomitant restriction and destruction of her tobacco, have we imported any from Puerto Rico, and then only to the amount of a few thousand pounds. We have returned to the island in manufactured tobacco many times the valuation of her exports to us.

Cuban tobacco-growers would probably insist that the suggestions advanced are not vital in retarding the tobacco industry, and that the real explanation lies in the poorer quality of the tobacco grown in Puerto Rico. However, with a leaf as fine to-day as Havana's, Puerto Rico could not compete until her reputation had been much advanced and solidly built up.

They do not grow as good tobacco on the little island as on the greater. That they *can* grow it, there can be no doubt. The soil and the climate both favor this assertion, but until such time as careful methods of cultivation, handling, curing, and manufacturing shall prevail, and the growing be done on large estates in a scientific manner, the quality of the tobacco will be lower, and the surplus product necessarily be controlled and sold at a low price set by the consumers.

The change of island ownership will perforce cause the current of the crop—both raw and manufactured—to set towards America's shores, and if our government legislates for open markets a sharp impetus will be given to the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, and smoking-tobacco on the island, which will redound to the financial benefit of its people. As an argument in favor of such a course, it may be said that it is generally conceded that finer cigars may be manufactured in the humid atmosphere of the tropics than in more northern, drier regions, where much of the pristine flavor and aroma is lost.

The following table may be of interest, showing the exportation of tobacco from 1828 to 1896, giving some maximum and minimum years:

	Amount.	Total Value.	Price per Pound.
	Pounds.		
1828	2,396,500		
1842	6,693,900		
1847	2,570,600		
1852	5,807,000		
1853	2,099,500		
1887	6,924,000	$1,126,770	16.7c.
1894	3,369,616	619,474	18c.
1896	2,219,907	405,110	18c.

EXPORTED TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	1894.		1895.	
	Pounds.	Value.	Pounds.	Value.
Spain	2,378,573	$437,280	1,375,751	$252,920
Cuba	580,256	106,675	2,160,347	397,161
Other countries	410,787	75,519	128,953	23,706
Total	3,369,616	$619,474	3,665,051	$673,787

Spain has, in the aggregate, been much the heaviest purchaser of Puerto-Rican tobacco, but in years that the Cuban crop has been small Cuba has purchased everything in sight, and the Spanish sales have fallen off as illustrated in the last table.

The apparent rise and fall in the size of the island tobacco crop, as illustrated in the preceding tables, does not, in the writer's estimation, indicate any great excess or decrease in the acreage planted; neither does it point to a failure in certain years of the crop, as the average exportation for many consecutive years is rather uniformly low. The answer is found in the fact that in years when there is exceptional demand for the tobacco almost the entire crop is sold abroad, and in the years of small demand the surplus is largely consumed at home.

There are no statistics by which one may arrive at any conclusion as to the annual quantity of tobacco raised, but island tobacco-dealers estimate the crop at from eight to twelve million pounds, and a few somewhat higher. As the use of tobacco is almost universal, the local consumption of the five to eight million pounds gross weight which would remain after deducting the average export, by a population of a million, is not excessively high.

On the crowning round-knobbed crests of the lesser hills, and surrounded by the guava-trees or bananas which screen them from the wind, little patches of close-growing tobacco, sprouted from the seed, may be seen almost anywhere on the island during the months from July to November. It is here in these primitive hot-beds, which catch the first and last rays of a summer sun, that the life of the coming tobacco-plant first germinates.

Early in November the great green hills, which reach far up toward the sky, overrun by creeping vines and the general luxuriance of plant life run wild, slowly bare themselves to sombre brown under the laborious attacks of groups of ragged white-clad peasants, armed with broad-edged hoes. It is a pretty sight for the traveller who may pass across the land over the great military highway, this agricultural panorama, stretched out perhaps so far from him that the landscape becomes a map with manikins in white, mere specks moving on the earth. 'Way over there, across a rare deep valley, is a charging army in a thin and straggling line; behind them, down the steep slope, is clean bare soil, sprinkled with little rubbish bonfires, whose white smoke curls upward in the lazy air, while in front of them is the barricade of green, eaten away foot after foot by the heavy hoe and gleaming machete. The sharp-edged height is their objective point.

On the opposite side of the hill another army of workers creep up to the same objective, and when they meet on the mañana possibly there will be a war of cigarettes, for the cleaning of the field is done, and it is ready for the planting of the baby tobacco.

The great tobacco-field is of rare occurrence, and found nowhere except in the Cayey district, on the military road, which holds the prestige for high-grade leaf of fine color, softness, fragrance, and combustibility. The greater part of the tobacco is still grown by the peasants in little patches. At Cayey, however, in the last few years, a number of energetic men have gone in for tobacco-culture on a large scale, and the prompt return in richer tobacco, handled yet too primitively, pays a tribute to the possibilities of the soil, and promises an immense future for the backers.

The land before planting is made soft and mellow, and drawn into high ridges with gutters or drains between. Each young plant is set two feet away from its neighbor, and the youngsters which die under the galling sun are replaced by vigorous ones, until the entire field is alive with growing plants.

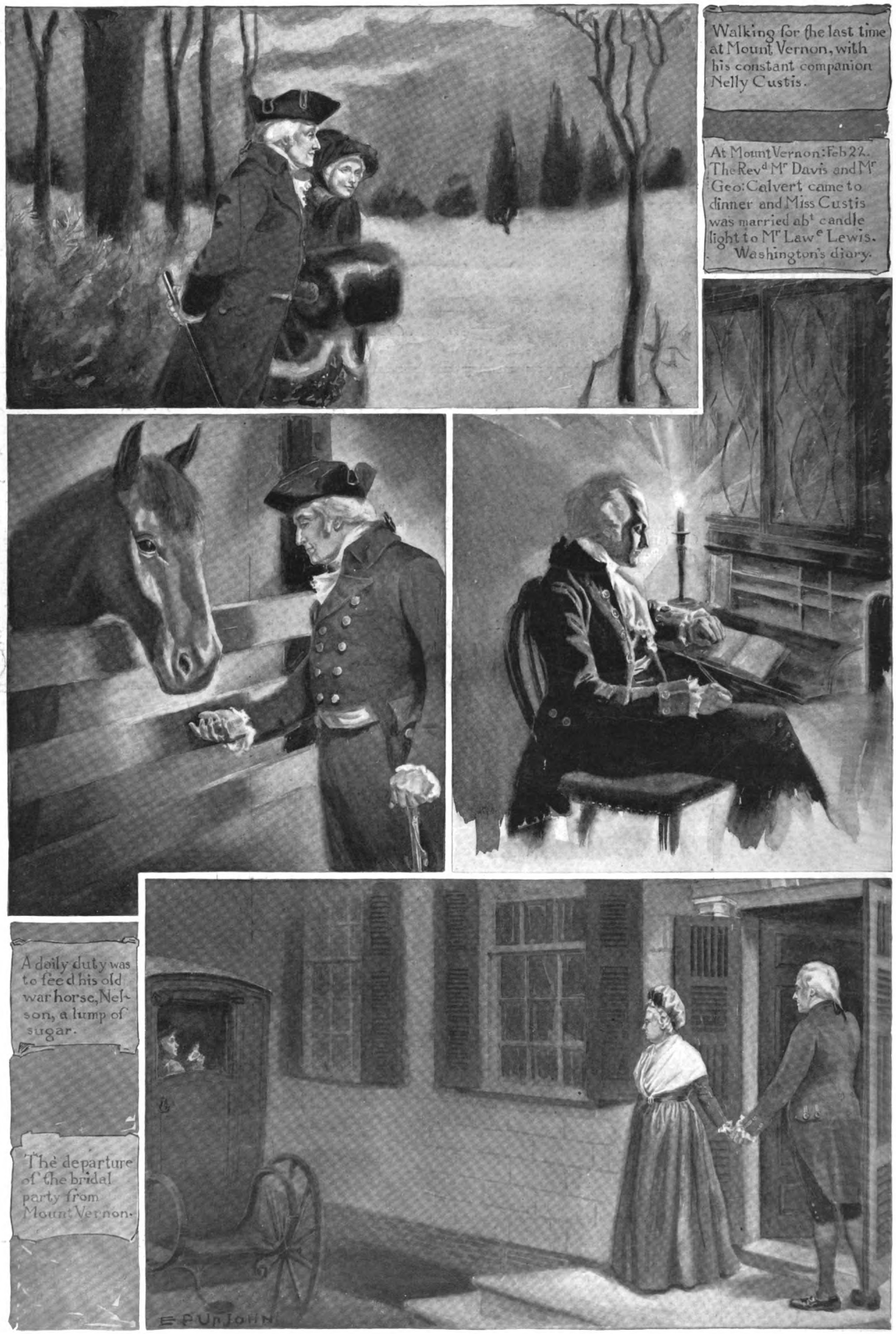
The best lands are considered by some to be those of the low-lying foot-hills, near the narrow valley levels, and beneath and protected by the more rugged mountain ranges; but there is a very limited amount of such land made by the disintegration of the massive limestones and fertilized by the decaying vegetable matter of the upper slopes; consequently the higher ridges are resorted to and cultivated to their very tops. Where the growing tobacco is fairly protected from constant winds and secures plenty of warm sunshine, the matured plant returns a beautiful leaf, and the differences which exist between the top and bottom of ridges are marked in the varying quality of the tobacco, that at the top being a rougher, darker leaf, while that at the base is thin, and good for wrapper.

By March, or the middle of that month, the tobacco is ready for its first cutting. Before this time arrives there has been much work done on a tobacco-field. Weeds must never be allowed to spring up; the leaves of the growing plants must be examined for the eggs of cut-worms, and the pests themselves, which must be killed promptly; the budding flower-stalks must be cut off so that the leaves will grow larger, and the small defective leaves are often taken away for the benefit of the plant. It is for the lack of this constant care that so much black, spotted, thick-leaved tobacco appears in the markets of Puerto Rico. The lower leaves of the ripening plant are first taken when they begin to get their yellow color; following this are two other pickings, and sometimes a third, until the plant is stripped bare. The first leaves are usually the finest, thinnest, and of the best color, being used for cigar-wrappers principally, while the last are small, thick, and rough, and serve only for filler or cigarettes.

The weakest side of tobacco-culture on the island manifests itself in the methods pursued in drying. Long, low, open sheds on the hill-sides and in the fields themselves serve for this purpose, being built lengthwise down the hill, in many instances, that the air may draw through them like a chimney. These buildings are a very inadequate shelter from the weather, and much tobacco, which might otherwise be good, is allowed to deteriorate by a drying process through prolonged periods of time, dependent upon the sequences of dry periods in a climate of prevailing moisture. Artificial heat will probably be found in the future to be the only safe and perfect method by which fine leaf may be dried in this constantly humid atmosphere.

Forty days is considered the proper length of time to cure the tobacco, and as many planters follow this rule, without regard to what the weather may have been during the interim, there is a marked difference from year to year in the quality of the tobacco grown by the same man. At the end of this time it is placed in huge piles

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE LAST BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1799.

Drawn by E. P. Upjohn.

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The Old Tree's Story.

Recently the old historic tree that overlooked the Morris Turnpike on the Bishop Hobart estate at Summit, New Jersey, was cut down.—*Note in morning paper.*

I N the storm
I waved and bent,
Till my form
Was almost rent,
Long before old Bishop Hobart
Sat beneath my leafy tent.

Oh, I flourished by the way-side full two centuries ago,
But the axe has come at last and laid my mossy branches low.

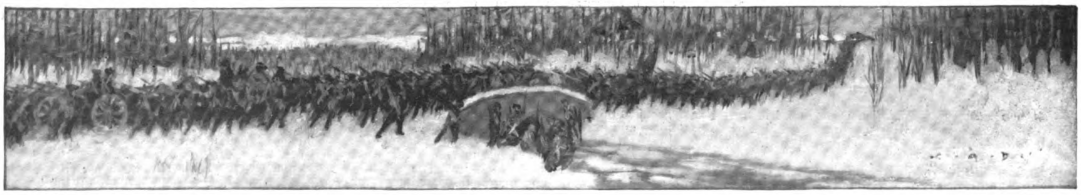
Once I waved my arms on high
When I saw the banner fly
As his highness General Washington
Went riding proudly by
At the head of all his troopers, who were trudging through the snow,
Badly battered,
Sadly tattered,
But their faces all aglow
With a set determination to annihilate the Crown,
As they marched beneath my branches on the way to Morristown.

Oh, I feel the music still
All my spirit madly thrill
When I think of all those troopers
Trudging slowly up the hill.
And the General before them, sitting proudly on his horse,
Thinking of the fight at Springfield, smiled triumphantly, of course.

And I fondly bowed to him,
Full of joy in every limb.
As I watched his army fading
In the distance blue and dim,
All my branches sang a song:
I would like to go along
With those fighters,
Who'll be righters
Of a black and shameful wrong.
Oh, I glimmered
And I shimmered
With a patriotic thought,
For I loved the gallant leader
And the cause for which he fought;
And I wanted to become
Sticks to play upon the drum,
And the poles to hold the colors
In the battle's heat and hum—
I'd be sticks to call the rolls,
And I'd be the happy poles
High to wave the dear old banner
When it's torn with bullet-holes;
But the soldiers went without me, and I watched them out of sight,
With the drums a-loudly rolling and the muskets shining bright.
But I felt I wore the crown
Of perennial renown
When they marched beneath my branches
On the way to Morristown.

Oft and oft I've told the story to the hosts of little trees
That have popped up all around me—happy children at my knees;
I have sung it in the storm-wind, and when all was calm and still,
Till it's gone 'way down to Springfield and 'way up to Bottle Hill.
I have sung it till the birds
In my branches knew the words,
And they sung them to the flowers
As they sung them to the herds.
But my greatness has departed, and where once I waved and smiled
They have cut me into cord-wood, and in rows I'm rudely piled;
But my spirit haunts the region, and when all my mossy logs
Gayly sputter
With a flutter
On the shining iron dogs,
In the embers I will glisten by a meadow wide and still,
And a road beneath my branches will go winding up a hill,
And I'll murmur and I'll hum
To the tattoo of a drum,
And I'll tingle as I tingled
When I saw the soldiers come
On a happy bygone day
In their regimentals gay—
And, upon his white horse, Washington
Will proudly lead the way
In a light and jaunty manner to the drummer's rat tat tat,
With a sword upon his shoulder and a feather in his hat,
While, joy-thrilled from root to crown,
I'll on him look fondly down
As I cheer him and his troopers
On the way to Morristown.

R. K. Munkittrick.



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and allowed to "sweat," which process gives the leaf its final color and makes it soft and pliant.

The growers of tobacco all carelessly bale their product in burlaps, and one never sees the careful handling of fine tobacco so prevalent in the western province of Cuba.

The price of good tobacco land ranges from fifty to one hundred dollars Spanish, though the contemplative purchaser, unless he be exceedingly diplomatic, will be asked a much higher price at the first conference.

Field laborers can be had in numbers for fifty centavos a day. Some of the large growers are in the habit of giving their field hands, during the clearing and planting season, besides this amount of money, two very frugal meals a day.

There are representative tobacco buyers and exporters in all the large coast towns, the more prominent being in San Juan, Ponce, and Mayaguez, in the order named.

Only a small percentage of the tobacco exported is manufactured, as pointed out. Havana and Spain in the past have been the principal purchasers, and in both these countries the leaf is made into cigars and cigarettes at home, the Cuban importation finding its way ultimately to the United States as Havana cigars, which are sold at a lower price than locally grown Havana leaf, while in Spain it is known as Puerto-Rican tobacco, and used as such, though even there the prejudice in favor of Havana tobacco causes many manufacturers to disguise it with the mystic name.

Rich Puerto-Ricans in the past largely imported their fine cigars and cigarettes from Cuba, but within recent years, since the introduction of more skilful cigar-makers and cigarette machines, this practice has been almost discontinued, and to-day the native tobacco connoisseur is not only satisfied with his home product, but will assure you that quite as fine tobacco can be raised and just as perfect cigars made on the island as in Cuba.

This will not voice the sentiment of the casual visitor to the island, for the vast bulk of the cigars which are sold to and consumed by the native population are vile in the extreme. However, they are correspondingly low in price. The cheapest, green, badly hand-rolled, and wrapped with heavy coarse black tobacco, sell as low as fifty cents, American, a hundred, and range from this upward to the ordinary cigar used by the average clerk and shopkeeper, which brings a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a hundred. Really good cigars, though too green and strong for the American taste, sell for three to five dollars a hundred, American money. These last-named cigars, when given time to age and dry, would sell readily in the United States for two for a quarter and five for a dollar. They are well made, burn perfectly with a clear white ash, and are pleasing in color and fragrance.

There is a very limited output of yet finer cigars selling as high as twelve dollars a hundred at the manufactory. These are made with the utmost care, from the rare fine leaf, and wrapped singly in tin-foil. It is doubtful if any Havana-grown tobacco can greatly exceed this particular brand.

The centralization of employees in tobacco factories is practically unknown. There are perhaps, all told, half a dozen houses which might be dignified by the title of tobacco factories, but the major portion of the manufacturing is done in the homes of the laborers, who carry the leaf to their shanties, do the work, and return the finished product to the owner. This system is open to serious condemnation, as the homes of the laborers are usually in an extremely unsanitary condition. It is no uncommon sight to see a man seated at a bench, in a house of a single room, rolling cigars from a stock which lies on the dirty floor beside him, while his houseful of children tumble over each other in youthful abandon, or idly stir the green scums of stagnant pools before the door, and then, in all innocence, trample a few million bacteria into the tobacco with their pattering bare feet.

Another universal habit which tends to make a man swear off is the final licking given to the drawing end of the cigar between the moist lips of the workman. It is a detestable — nay, an almost vicious — operation, when one stops to consider that among these people lurks a loathsome hereditary disease, which may be readily transmitted to the smoker by the use of this infected cigar. This practice should be stopped by stringent legislation, as it was in some of our own States years ago.

At Cayey, where the best cigars are made, are clustered a number of establishments, but none of them employs more than a dozen men, and the largest output from a single place is about three thousand cigars a day. Every cigar is hand-made; the mould is unknown in the island. Each man selects his filler and binder, cuts his wrapper, and makes a complete cigar. There are very few really skilful cigar-makers, though in one factory in Cayey a few clever men make a great variety of shapes, and those of the most approved form.

The classifying and assorting of cigars by color is very defective, and a source of irritation to the buyer, as a box marked "claro" may have all shades packed within, from the lightest to the "oscuro." It has also militated against securing a permanent and high-priced market. During the past few years more attention has been paid to this side of the business, and a few men are turning out a fairly uniform cigar.

Wages are very low. The "head selecters" and shop bosses receive from $1 25 to $1 75 per day; good cigar-makers, $1; strippers, who are usually girls, about $1 per hundred-weight; and learners receive their clothes and board, and poor board at that.

San Juan has a cigarette factory which turns out a hundred and twenty-five thousand cigarettes a day, eighty thousand being the output from the most approved of American machinery, and the remainder from old-fashioned machines, which roll from single papers and crimp in the ends, instead of the modern method of a continuous paper-band feed and chopper. They make three varieties of cigarettes—two of white paper (one ready for smoking and the other requiring to be rerolled), and the third with a licorice-stained paper covering, which is very sweet and pleasant. The tobaccos used are usually the cheapest, smallest leaf, called "boliche," which is also used in the first class of fillers. There are some higher grades of cigarettes, which contain a better leaf mixed with the poor grade.

It may be said in favor of Puerto-Rican cigarettes that an unflavored pure tobacco is used, which, while it does not satisfy the average American cigarette-user, pleases a cigar-smoker. Their worst faults lie in the use of too heavy a paper, which imparts its fumes in burning, and in loose rolling. With a thin paper and less draught cigarettes made from these tropical tobaccos would find a ready sale and win reputation in the United States.

Home-made molasses-soaked plug tobacco, in ropes a hundred feet long, is one of the primitive wonders of the island. On any market-day one may see the tobacco-man with his little table piled up with bad cigars black as your hat, so green that you may wring water from them, and so cheap that a silver dollar will buy out his stock in trade; but the thing which catches the eye is the cylinders, eighteen inches high by six in breadth, made up, you would swear, from bights of hawsers soaked in tar, but in reality chewing-tobacco. Try it once and quit. A tobacco-chewing Jacky from Georgia, with a day ashore at Ponce, volunteered the information: "Yes, suh, that's the most pow'ful stuff I ever stowed in my wisdom teeth. Yes, suh, that's right." I agreed with him.

Smoking is almost universal in Puerto Rico, the cigar and the cigarette being alternated by most natives without any apparent preference. The better classes of the women seem never to use tobacco in any form, and to one accustomed to seeing the dainty fingers of Mexican señoritas hold lighted cigarettes after the black coffee is served somehow something is lacking in the familiar *ensemble* of tropical home life.

The peasant woman dearly loves her black cigar, and a sight which arouses risibility is the common one of a huge black aunty rolling down the centre of a street, burdened with head-balanced load heavy enough for a horse, placidly smoking an inky cigar of able proportions, whose clouds of smoke enshroud her head and waft into her contented half-closed eyes. Envy her. She has only half enough to eat, but is rich in the soothing of nectar nicotine.

It may interest the tobacco-man to know that the island tobacco is graded at present into the following classes (valuations are in Puerto-Rican silver):

1st class, wrapper superior, worth $100 per 100 pounds.
2d " wrapper inferior, $80 to $95.
3d " wrapper and filler superior (this distinction is made because one-half the leaf is good for wrapper, while the other half is used for filler), $70 to $80.
4th " wrapper and filler inferior, $50 to $70.
5th " filler superior, $40 to $50.
6th " filler inferior, $20 to $40.
7th " filler, $12 to $20.
8th " boliche (worst filler), $5 to $12 (and used largely for cigarettes).

This careful grading is never done by the grower, however, who simply gets a lump sum for his crop, but by the exporter; and it may be said further that this is not done as skilfully as in Cuba. The high-grade wrappers are beautiful in color, soft in texture, and as thin as paper; and they are, in the opinion of the island experts, quite as fine as any raised in the far-famed Vuelta-Abajo district of Cuba.

There is, apparently, a very bright future in Puerto Rico for tobacco raising and manufacturing, but it will be restricted by the impossibility of great expansion in any direction in an island already so densely populated, and by the possibility that only certain sections will prove suitable for tobacco-culture.

The Recent Storm

So wide an extent of territory was affected by the intense cold, and by the heavy fall of snow which occurred while gales of wind were prevailing, that last week's storm may well be regarded as the most destructive ever experienced in the United States. It is true that during the blizzard of 1888 more snow fell. In the neighborhood of New York, for instance, 20.9 inches are recorded for March 12–14, 1888, while between 9:10 P.M. on Saturday, February 11, and 1 A.M. February 14, 1899, the fall was 15.6 inches. In the matter of low temperature, however, the recent storm was less merciful, for, beginning with February 9, when the minimum temperature was 3° below zero, a cold wave prevailed until early Tuesday morning. Thus on Saturday the minimum temperature was 6° below zero; on Sunday, 2° above; on Monday, 4° above; and if we compare with these figures the record for the three most boisterous days in 1888, we find, on March 12, minimum, 10.7° above; March 13, minimum, 4.8° above; and March 14, minimum, 12.9° above. The velocity of the wind also was greater on the last day of the recent storm than at any period during the blizzard of 1888, reaching sixty miles an hour before it began to abate.

Along the sea-coast of the Eastern and Middle States this onslaught was accepted as a repetition of an experience not wholly unfamiliar; from Washington to New Orleans, however, the weather conditions were unprecedented. The official Weather Bureau records show that the snowfall in the capital was almost twice as great as that of any previous storm, while all through the South new records for cold weather were established. In New Orleans, which had never before known the bitterness of the first fifteen degrees, thermometers registered 6° above zero, and in Jacksonville, Florida, 10° above, or four degrees lower than ever before. At Montgomery, Alabama, the minimum was 4° below zero; at Chattanooga, 8° below; at Knoxville, 10° below; at Memphis, 6° below; Little Rock, 2° below. Such an unprecedented invasion of winter had its natural result in causing a temporary suspension of business and not a little suffering; and fears are expressed that great loss will be sustained in the ruin of the fruit crop.

Like the more serious forms of disease in the human system, this storm was produced not by a single cause, but by a concurrence of influences—the cold wave from the Northwest, which had been first to arrive, and a rainstorm from the Gulf States, which promptly adapted itself to the conditions it found so firmly established. From Florida northward it advanced up the Atlantic coast as a cyclone, which spent its force on sea and land. So long as it prevailed no ships could enter or leave the port of New York, and in the harbor itself there was little activity. On Monday more than thirty ocean-going steamships were either due or overdue, but not one was reported by marine observers. Ferry-boats on the East and North rivers were impeded and sometimes damaged by floating ice, and transportation between Staten Island and the city, maintained with difficulty through the day, was entirely suspended after six o'clock in the evening.

In the Borough of Manhattan the Elevated trains did good service on Monday, and the cable lines succeeded in keeping their cars running all day long. The underground-trolley lines proved to be unable to cope with the snow; their employés, sent out in great numbers to clear the tracks, were discouraged by the difficulty of the task, and after five o'clock on Monday afternoon no cars were running on their Second, Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth Avenue lines. In the Borough of the Bronx surface cars were stalled and abandoned early in the morning. Electric cabs met the same fate in Broadway and on the Boulevard.

Several thousand men in the employ of the city were busily engaged in shovelling snow in the streets, but the work of carting it off was abandoned before the day was half finished, the force for this purpose being entirely inadequate. Some of the hotels of the city, in the effort to accommodate families of New-Yorkers, were crowded to their utmost capacity. Water-pipes and gas-pipes were frozen, and the discovery that the heating apparatus of many houses in the fashionable quarter was insufficient had driven people from their homes. Suburban residents were unwilling to take the risk of leaving town. In some instances employers insisted that their employees should be quartered at the hotels, so that they would be on hand when office hours began again.

Two of the principal theatres were closed, as a concession to superior force; at some of the others the spectators were so few that the performances seemed like rehearsals. There was an advance in the prices of dairy products, fruits, and vegetables at the shops. During a part of the day, at least, milk was not to be obtained at any price. A scarcity of coal and kindling-wood was severely felt, especially in the tenement districts, where fuel is purchased in small quantities from the grocer as it is required. The things done or left undone because supplies of coal gave out would make a curious chapter. A murder trial in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court was stopped because the court-room grew intolerably cold, and this in spite of the fact that the janitor's assistants used desks, chairs, and other articles of furniture as fuel.

A most earnest appeal to the charitable was made on behalf of poor people in the great city who were in need of food and warm clothing and fuel. A statement to the effect that fifteen thousand families, or about sixty thousand persons, were destitute of the absolutely necessary supplies was widely published, and contributions for their relief were promptly offered. It seemed almost impossible to obtain knowledge of the full extent of the field for charitable endeavor, because in some cases—and these perhaps the most deserving—the storm's victims were people who had never learned how to apply for relief, while others were too ill to venture out in such bitter weather. The police force received special orders to bring to light such cases, and a list of 97 families, including 350 persons, was sent to the secretary of the Charity Organization Society, Edward J. Devine. Instead of investigating the cases, according to its usual practice, as a preliminary to extending relief, the society took measures to supply the immediate wants of all the 97 families.

A general order, issued to the police captains by Chief Devery on Monday, instructed them to give shelter at the station-houses to "deserving persons" found within their respective precincts. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society were both supported in their work by generous contributions. The colonels of the regiments were notified by Governor Roosevelt to open their armories for the reception of homeless men, and the police were instructed to send to the armories all men not otherwise provided for.

By Tuesday, February 14, the Broadway and Lexington Avenue cable lines were running on practically schedule time, but the electric and horse car lines were still of little service. Trains on the elevated roads were run very slowly, and fears were expressed that the intense cold had injured the structures. The work of the Street-cleaning Department was hampered by a lack of carts and teamsters to haul the snow. About 2400 vehicles of several varieties, all more or less adapted to the purpose, were available, but this number was not proportionate to the army of laborers seeking employment, nor yet to the task in hand. From estimates made by those in authority in this important department of the city government, it appeared that a fortnight, or perhaps even a month, must pass before all of the snow could be cleared away; and a disposition was shown to abandon the use of melting-machines, which have been found to be useful chiefly in moderate weather.

On Tuesday also the great liners began to enter the harbor, the captains reporting rough passages, and some of them adding their observations upon the cyclone or blizzard, which had wrought its will upon the sea as upon the land, and had coated vessels with ice and snow. In the East River some of the ferry-boats were running. Though the rivers on both sides of Manhattan Island, and the harbor below it, were covered with blocks of ice, "the snow had made the ice much softer and easier to plough through," it was said. Still, some of the Brooklyn and New York ferries had given up the attempt to cross through such an arctic floe, and their boats were lying quietly at the slips.

Reports of the damage done to winter wheat in the South, Southwest, and West, and of losses of stock in the West and Northwest, were read with close attention; it seemed probable, however, that the early estimates of such injury and loss would tend to exaggeration.

During the night between February 13 and 14, trains which had left New York in the afternoon were caught in snow drifts that made the roads impassable to the North and East and South and West; egress from the city was barred equally in all directions. On Tuesday the most energetic attempts were made to clear a way, with the aid of armies of snow-shovellers, and to plough a way with trains to which two engines were attached. Before evening some of the roads were tolerably clear, while over others only a single train had arrived or been despatched, and not even this degree of success had rewarded the efforts put forth on some of the branch lines. The mails were very seriously delayed by the blockade of the railway mail system throughout the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, the normal conditions not being restored until towards the end of the week.

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General Emilio Aguinaldo—*A Character Sketch*

By Edwin Wildman, United States Vice-Consul-General at Hong-kong

FOR a dozen years the world of newspaper-readers has heard more or less frequently of the rebellion of a far-off nation of South Sea natives against the oppression and misrule of a European power. The accounts have been inadequate, and not of vital interest to Americans, but often so startling in their violence that even the callous news gourmet paused to utter an exclamation of indignation as he got out the family atlas and located the Philippine Islands on the map.

When that slumbering revolt took form, over a quarter of a century ago, there was toddling around the nipa hut of a native of Luzon a small dark Tagalo boy who was destined one day to break the shackles of the relentless power of the conquerors of his people and make a name of pure Tagalo origin recognized at the council table of the greatest nations of the world.

A Tagalo boy has no childhood. He springs from an infant into a man, and, to the foreigner, his age may be yet sixteen or past thirty. His boyhood is void of incident or change to mark the advancing mile-posts. From the time he can walk until he marries, his days are filled with the petty duties and sports of his home and native village. He cares for the chickens, or rides the caribou through the rice-paddies as his father guides the rude wooden plough, half submerged in water. He watches the babies, or carries them listlessly around strapped to his back, as he shoots stray coppers with his playmates, or fights his favorite cock at the street corner with the rival bird of a neighbor. He goes to and fro with a bamboo water-bucket suspended from a shoulder-yoke, assisting in the simple household duties. At night he throws himself down upon a blanketless bamboo bed resembling and about as comfortable as an old-time corduroy-road, and he eats his rice and the fish which he and his mother have caught with net or hook, from the nearest mud-hole or small stream, content with the knife and fork nature has provided on each hand, and in outward resemblance and habits is a savage, until he grows old enough to wear an embroidered white shirt of piña cloth, a pair of white cotton trousers, and a hat of cocoa fibre his mother has made, and then he is a man.

That was the childhood of Aguinaldo; but besides being an average Tagalo boy, he developed a desire beyond the thought of sleeping half the day and all the night, and farming a little plot of rice-paddy or sugar-cane on shares for the friars, who claim all the soil, and the key to heaven as well. When he became a man, and wore a white shirt over his trousers, he set off to the Mecca of the Filipinos—Manila. He saw many sights that inspired great hopes and ambitions. He heard of men of his own race who lived in fine houses with frescoed walls and marble stairs, and who owned large stores and ships that went to far-off islands. Then he went back among the cocoanut-palms and sugar plantations and mango forests, rich and productive, and wondered why his people never raised themselves above their half-savage conditions; why they never reaped the rewards of their industry—for they were and are an industrious race; and when he had thought—for God had given him a mind—he realized that his people were little better than slaves. They tilled the soil; they raised sugar, tobacco, and rice; they gathered the cocoanuts and prepared them for market; they cut the hemp and stripped it ready for the manufacturer; they even made it into rope, rude clothes, and household articles; and they built great monasteries, convents, and churches, hemmed in by formidable walls intended to shut out the very makers of them; but all this work was done for Spanish masters, who played upon their superstition and profited by their ignorance. They did not even own the land of their fathers, and out of their unequal shares they realized hardly enough to buy the cheap cotton prints that covered their bodies when they assembled to kneel before the Virgin in the gilded edifices they had builded.

Such thoughts impressed the young Tagalo and filled his mind with indignation, and his heart ached for his people. So the spirit of rebellion grew within him, and he vowed war and revenge against the oppressors of his race, against the sycophant priests who masked their corruption under the guise of religion.

In the nineteenth century there has not been a more unique figure among the native races of the earth than this Tagalo patriot—or rebel; call him what you will. Philosophers call silent men wise; superficial people call them ignorant. Aguinaldo is wise among his people, ignorant among Europeans. A man must be judged by his environments, his compatriots, his race. Aguinaldo is not a Napoleon nor a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting Bull. He is Aguinaldo, and his name stands for no metaphor. He has the astuteness of his race, the fearless bravery of the savage warrior, the sphinxlike imperturbability of the Indian, the straightforwardness of childhood, and the innate sense of justice that characterizes all aboriginal races. It may be premature to sum up a man's character while his career is at the zenith. Some trick of circumstance or expediency may shift the kaleidoscope, for no man can stand under the microscope of the historian until the last page of evidence has been turned in; but Aguinaldo, as he is to-day, commands the consideration and respect of all who have taken the trouble to study his character and watch the trend of events of which he is the central figure.

That he loves pomp and opera-bouffe, ludicrous though it seems to the European, cannot condemn him to the showy nobility of the kingdom that taught his people to reverence gold braid and plumed cockades, nor to the gaudy monarchies of the Old World, nor to our own bemedalled, brass-buttoned, and gold-chevroned army and navy. Aguinaldo is but a feeble imitator of a civilization a thousand years his senior. The cost of all the insignias of his three hundred officers would not equal the expenditure for the full-dress regalia I have seen worn by the English colonial governor at Hong-kong. His much-advertised gold collar pales into insignificance in comparison with the ones worn by the British dignitary.

Aguinaldo takes himself seriously. It is a primitive old-fashioned idea, and never fails to arouse the amused smile of a foreigner. If we set that same representative of a higher civilization down in the presence of the Tagalo chieftain at Malolos headquarters, the smile will vanish from his face, and he will begin to ask himself why he feels ashamed at his thoughts. I confess I had to exercise my will-power to withhold an expression of my amusement when I first gazed upon the Filipino soldiery.

The native is an undersized man. As he stands before you in an ill-fitting calico uniform of checkered blue, a Manila hat cocked up on one side, set well down to his ears, a Mauser rifle longer than he is tall measuring his height, a big sword hammered out of a fish-plate pilfered from the Manila Dogapan railroad (the handle of caribou horn, and a bit of looking-glass set into the leather sheaf at the top), I am bound to admit he looks more the "super" in a provincial theatre doing mimic duty as a soldier in a one-night-stand comic-opera company than the real article who aims to kill and who means business when he draws his knife. But I learned to respect the bronze face under the hat, and the serious eyes that flashed at an insult or twinkled with delight at a well-meant sally. And so, after I met and talked with the acknowledged chieftain of all the Filipinos, I spoke less carelessly of him, and of the republic his ambition had crystallized out of the tax-ridden and misguided aborigines.

Aguinaldo holds his councils of state, directs his army of 20,000 or more natives, and lives at Malolos—a quaint little town made up of nipa huts, a dozen whitewashed brick structures, including a great church and convent, thirty miles eastward of Manila in Luzon. He has appropriated to his use the convent of Malolos; and a half-dozen soldiers, and two natives with Mindanao spears, all doing guard under a Filipino flag at the convent's entrance, inform you of the fact.

When I made my visit to Aguinaldo I was accompanied by a native Filipino of Manila who stood high among his people, and when he made known my desire to meet the general we were ushered through the lines of the well-worn storied stairs of the old convent into the council-room of the Filipino government. It struck me as incongruous that there, in the heart of a palm-enhanced village of bare-placed, scantily furnished native huts, I should find myself suddenly in a great well-furnished reception-room, laid with a handsome French carpet, gorgeously frescoed and decorated, and hung with oil paintings, though of native masters, creditably done; yet I could not help admiring the attempts to ape European grandeur. At one end of the council-chamber hangs a life-size portrait of Aguinaldo, painted, I suspect, by a Chinaman. The portrait looks younger than the general, and does not give a correct idea of his face, but it serves to remind the writer that he is in the hot-bed of insurrection—in the very home of the little rebel who has focussed the attention of the world. Along the sides of the room are a number of skilfully carved miniature images illustrating various methods of torture and abuse to which the Filipinos were subjected by the Spanish friars in order to extract the secrets of the Masonry which was the preliminary organization that united the natives of the islands for the purpose of subverting the Spanish rule.

When my card reached the general, his aide-de-camp, a dapper little lieutenant, came forward from an adjoining room and greeted me cordially in good English, begging me to be seated a moment, when the general would receive me. Then from across the room came a man, short and rugged of stature, a big well-shaped head upon his shoulders, and walking up to where I sat, extended his hand. The aide introduced him, and we chatted a few moments in English, shook hands and parted, I promising to accept his pressing invitation to visit him at his house in Manila. I had met Sandico, Aguinaldo's chief adviser, and the man whose name, next to the chief's own, stands unrivalled for daring and strategy among Tagalo soldiers. Sandico reflects the polish of the Spaniard and the swarthy dignity of his own race. The aide had left me, but he returned in a moment, announcing that the general would see me.

A pair of red curtains separates the inner sanctum of the commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces from the council-room. They were deftly held back by the aide-de-camp as I passed into the presence of the famous Aguinaldo. The little warrior stood at the side of his big table, and if I had requested him to pose for a photograph, the attitude could not have been improved upon. The spacious room is adorned with Japanese hangings and vases, and decorated with ancient arms and emblems on either side and above a great mirror of French plate. Against the wall back of his desk is the big Spanish flag that once hung over the palace in the old walled city. The flag was captured in a skirmish with the Spanish by the insurgent forces. "Thousands have been offered as a bribe for that flag," said Aguinaldo, "but I wouldn't take twenty-five thousand pesos." Nothing in the chieftain's dress suggested his rank, but a glance at his serious bronzed countenance stamped him, in my estimation, as a leader. His head is large, but sets well upon his rather slight body. His hair is the rich shiny black of the Tagalo, and is combed Pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. He was neatly dressed in a suit of fine piña cloth of native manufacture, and as he stood there, straight and dignified, one hand resting on his desk, despite his under-size and mock-heroic surroundings, he impressed me as a man capable of all he had undertaken, and the possessor of a will and determination equal to the task set before him, and I made up my mind then and there that he was genuine; that his dignity was natural; that his aim was lofty, and his character trustful and worthy of being trusted. True worth shines through the eyes, will shows itself in the mouth, ability in the curve of the nose. There is a look in the faces of men who lead, men who command, that no student of character can fail to note. There is a something in the make-up of this little Tagalo that inspires more than respect—something that commands without words. I do not think that I am overestimating Aguinaldo when I say that he possesses the attributes that go to make up greatness as it is understood among men. There is something out of the ordinary in a man, born in the wilds of an outlying island, uneducated, uncultured, untravelled, who possesses the power to inspire men to heroism and self-sacrifice; who can muster an army out of men who never fought but with the knife or the bow and arrow; who can hold in check the violent passions for revenge, plunder, and destruction in a race which has never known anything but cruelty and oppression from the white man, and which does not forget that the soil must be tilled and the crops harvested, and that there is a God in heaven who will listen to the petition of a Tagalo curé and will reject the mock prayers of a Franciscan Pharisee.

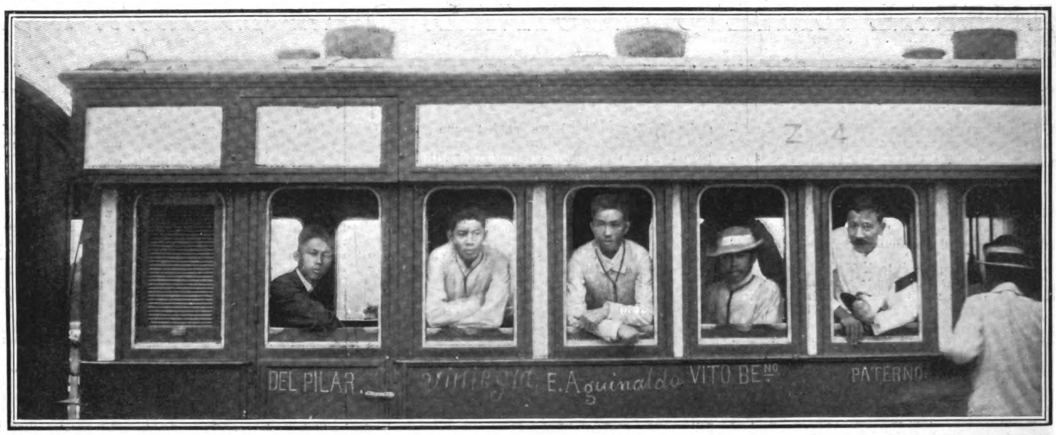
Aguinaldo's generalship shows itself in his resolute chin and overshot jaw. If he were a bull-dog a faucier would call him a thoroughbred. In Malolos the natives told me that Aguinaldo never slept. While the Filipino takes his siesta from 12 o'clock until 3.30, the priest from 12 until 5, Aguinaldo grapples with the problems of war and peace. Over a thousand miles of telegraph wires (captured from the Spanish) terminate at his desk. All parts of Luzon, and even beyond, are within his ready reach, and every regiment receives its orders daily. He is an enigma to his people, and to the foreigner who would probe his thoughts. Among the natives he is held as a demi-god who leads a charmed life—even far back among the hills the yet untamed Negrito tribes fear his name. He knows every inch of Filipino soil, and can hold the outlying districts loyal, for his purpose is never questioned, and the ethics of right and wrong are not discussed. His flag flies over every group of huts, every petty pueblo, and every junk and barge that plies the rivers and bays of Luzon, and it is not a stranger among the southern islands. His people, in the general acceptance of the word, are Indians; but they must not be confused with the North-American product. They are advanced in the arts of civilization far beyond the native races of our own continent. They are industrious; they make the soil productive; they understand the method of developing to their best maturity the native fruits, the cocoanut, the betel-nut, the banana, the mango, and even raising potatoes and apples of an inferior quality. They build substantial houses; they make and mix paints; they carve in wood; they work in iron; they make skilful machinists, good mill-hands, barbers, servants and day-laborers, and they worship God. They respect morality; they love their homes and their children. They make successful merchants, scholars, divines, and in music their talent is universal. As manufacturers and weavers their skill is wonderful. They utilize the palm, the bamboo, the abaca-plant, the cocoanut fibre, for food, clothing, and household utensils innumerable. All this I assert from observation and investigation, and not from hearsay. As soldiers they have shown themselves capable of splendid achievement, daring, and heroism for a hundred years and more.

Aguinaldo is a native among natives. He belongs to the common people, superior only in the one gift that makes him the chosen leader of them all, and the question naturally arises, what has he done for his people?

Primarily the Philippines should not be judged by the standards that form our estimate of Cuba and the Cubans. America views Cuba at short range, and a study of her insurgents and their so-called leaders during our invasion of the island has not elevated them in the estimation of the public. They have, rightfully or wrongfully, suffered in reputation by being placed under the search-light of our great newspapers, and will go down to history as mere insurgents, not revolutionists fighting for the enjoyments of a government of peace and freedom. No comparison can be drawn between the Philippine insurgents and their Cuban prototypes. One is a Malay, the other a mixed race. They are races that have little in common save a common oppressor. Aguinaldo has been viewed with eyes that are filled with the distorted image of a Cuban chief. He has not been given the credit of being a distinct species and a unique individuality. Whatever the outcome of our policy in the Philippines will be, the islands will ever owe a debt of deep gratitude to Aguinaldo. He has made life and property safe, preserved order, and encouraged a continuation of agricultural and industrial pursuits. He has made brigandage and loot impossible, respected private property, forbidden excess, either in revenge or in the name of the state, and made a woman's honor safer in Luzon than it has been for 300 years. Had not Aguinaldo gone to Luzon as our guest, he would have gone anyway sooner or later, but not bound by the solemn promises of friendship—promises not broken at this writing, and, if I judge the man rightly, promises that will not be broken lightly. Had he not gone at all, a hundred "Aguinaldos" of inferior character would have sprung up all over the islands, and brigandage would have been rampant. Fire, pillage, and murder would have laid desolate the fertile valleys and villages, no one would have been responsible for a devastation that would have taken a decade to remedy, and a race of gentle people would have relapsed into the savages that resisted the occupation of the white man for a century. Even in the three weeks that elapsed between the 1st of May and the arrival of Aguinaldo this state of affairs was beginning, and property was looted and life sacrificed at a fearful rate, as any one who will listen to the stories of the Spanish or American officers can testify. Aguinaldo accepted the grave responsibility of being the sponsor of peace, order, and good name of his people. Why he has been assailed and maligned so often in public print it was beyond my ability to explain to him. There are some things in our body-politic that are beyond the ken of his comprehension, and mine—the wholesale manufacture of public sentiment is one of them. What I said to Aguinaldo that day at Malolos and what he said to me is immaterial. It served to assist me to a judgment of his character.

I have taken Aguinaldo as he takes himself—seriously; and it is the highest compliment I can pay him, and the only way I know of to do justice to a man whose achievements stand pre-eminent in aboriginal warfare in the world's history.

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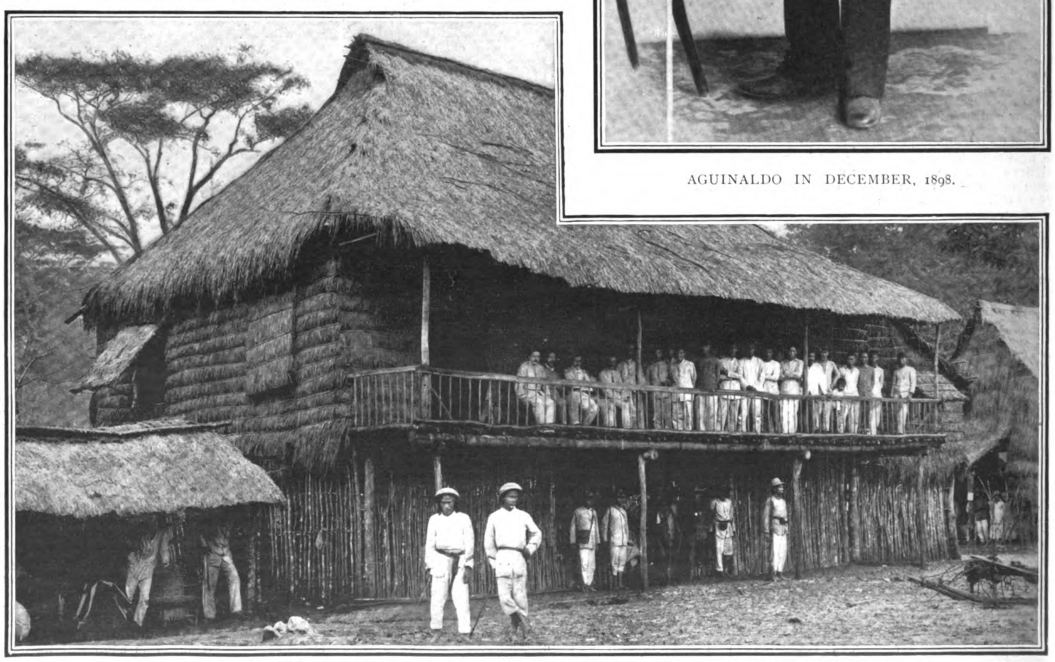
THE FILIPINO LEADERS ON THEIR WAY TO MALOLOS.



AGUINALDO IN 1895 AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE OLD REBELLION.



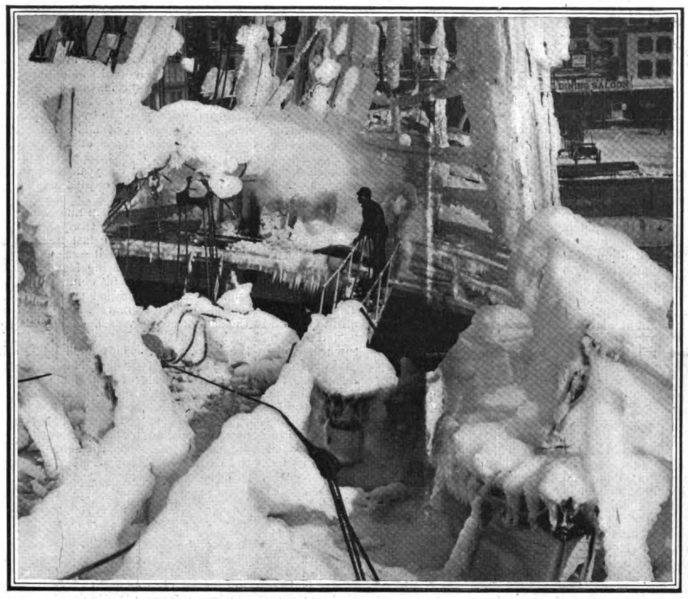
AGUINALDO IN DECEMBER, 1898.



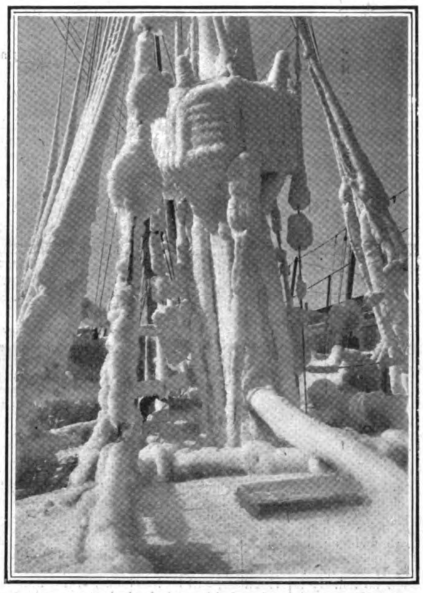
THE LEADERS OF THE INSURRECTION GATHERED AT AGUINALDO'S HOUSE.

GENERAL EMILIO AGUINALDO—HIS LIFE AND SURROUNDINGS.—[SEE PAGE 197.]

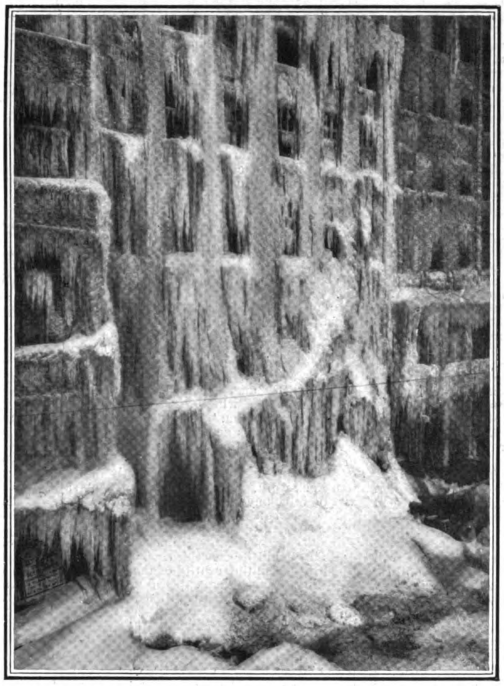
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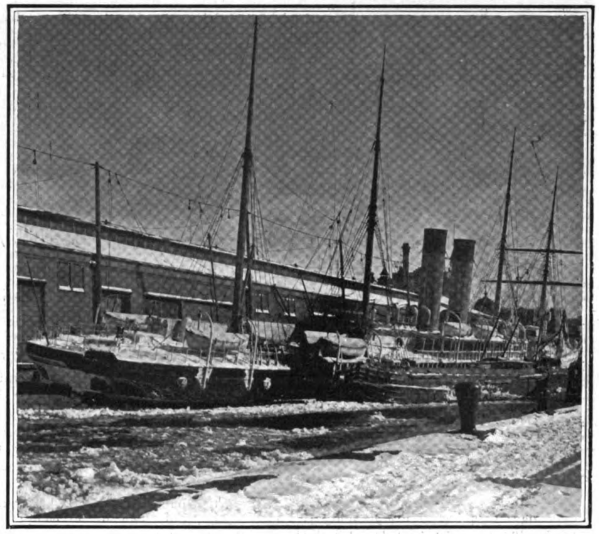
LOOKING FORWARD ON STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC* ON HER ARRIVAL.



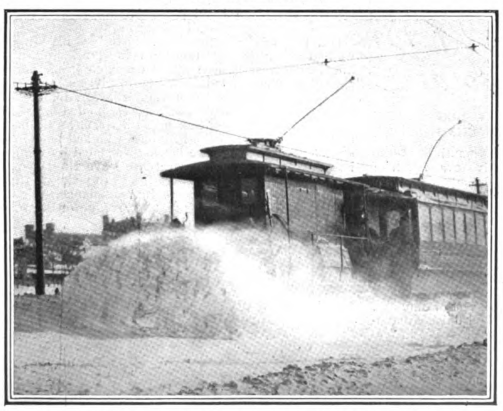
LOOKING AFT ON STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC*.



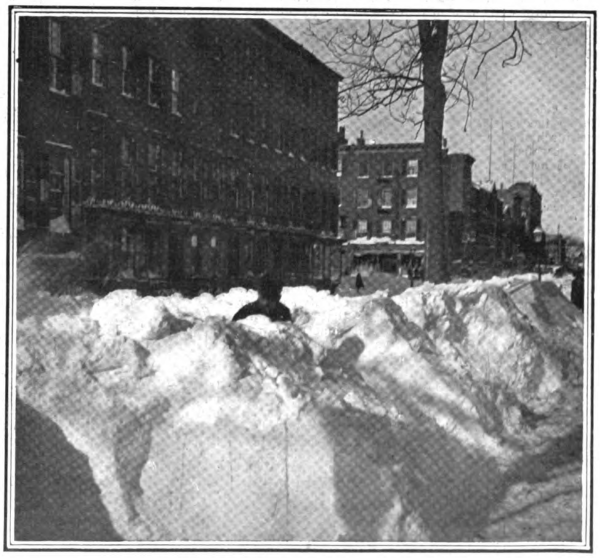
AFTER THE FIRE AT THE BATTERY—ICE IN SHEETS ON THE WALLS.



THE STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC*, CAREENED BY A SQUALL AND SUNK AT HER DOCK.



TROLLEY-CARS RUNNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



SNOW-DRIFTS IN A SIDE STREET.

NEW YORK CITY—THE EFFECTS OF THE BLIZZARD OF 1899.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 196.]

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LONDON

February 4, 1899.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, as I predicted a few weeks ago, has successfully raised a question of greater interest to the country than even Old Age Pensions or One Man One Vote. Controversies raging in the Church of England have now reached the public. The Albert Hall was filled to its utmost capacity this week, when a vast meeting was held to uphold and maintain the Protestantism of the nation, and to demand the suppression of the mass and the confessional in the Established Church. The *Times* devotes much of its space to leading articles and correspondence on ecclesiastical questions. Penny and half-penny papers copy its example. The Queen has been appealed to direct, and has been asked to instruct the Prime Minister to take the necessary steps to suppress Romish practices, and compel the bishops to enforce obedience to the decisions of the Privy Council. Mr. Balfour, in addressing his constituents at Manchester, has been hissed by the Protestant party and his meetings disturbed. Evidence is thus forth-coming that both in London and the provinces the antipathy to priestcraft, which is recorded on every page of English history, has been aroused anew by Sir William Harcourt's attack on the confessional and the celebration of the mass. Although the country is not yet ripe for sweeping changes, the controversy now raging is important, because it has quickened the movement for disestablishment. Sweeping change may yet result from the struggle between laity and clergy. Opponents of the union between church and state are taking advantage of the campaign against the confessional and the mass. The ferment in England is great—is increasing—and if Sir William Harcourt's latest proposal is carried out, a lay vigilance committee will be established in every parish to keep watch and ward over the officiating clergymen. If this plan is accomplished, disestablishment, though no remedy for ritualism, will be inevitable. Sir William Harcourt has played his ecclesiastical trump with great skill. He has divided his opponents. Strong differences of opinion have already been raised in the Unionist party, while a new cry has been provided for the enemies of the government.

AN Albert Hall meeting is a good test of public opinion. The hall is in the extreme west end of London, is not very accessible, and, unless there is a genuine national feeling, is difficult to fill. Five thousand people were turned away, and ten thousand from all parts of the country were present on a cold January evening to protest against the Catholic revival. This meeting was the response of the laity to Sir William Harcourt's exposure of illegal practices in the Church of England. Domestic affairs in other directions are calm and dull enough. Now that the theological plague has again broken out, there is no knowing where it will stop. Disestablishment is a question of enormous importance to the social structure as well as to the religious life of England. Probably nine out of ten of English laymen regard the claim of special authority and the spiritual ambitions of the ritualist priesthood as impudent and unfounded, and the cynical indifference with which disestablishment is regarded by many may produce results no man can foretell. For centuries a clergyman has lived in thousands of English villages where the inhabitants are too poor to pay for spiritual guidance. It will be a momentous day when political change obliterates these centres of refinement and religion. They have grown into the fabric of our national life. Innumerable learned and holy men have gained in the Establishment the opportunity of presenting to their humblier neighbors examples of simple piety and of scholarly research. The union of culture and simplicity spreads the contagion of refinement. The family life of our parsonages is one of the features of the Church of England least easily spared and the most unlikely to be replaced.

IN these days of universal reading and free libraries, however, the average elector is too well acquainted with the origin of the Church of England to look upon her with superstitious awe. He knows that she is the result of a compromise "huddled up," as Macaulay says, "between the eager zeal of reformers and the selfishness of greedy, ambitious, and time-serving politicians." This compromise between irreconcilable dogmas gives signs of collapse. There are two intelligible and consistent courses which may be followed with respect to the exercise of private judgment—that of the Romanist, who interdicts it because of its inevitable inconveniences, and that of the Protestant, who permits it in spite of its inevitable inconveniences. The political compromise of the Church of England is breaking down, and if it should fall the waters are indeed let loose. Questions of the land, of hereditary legislators, and of the monarchy itself, are indirectly but distinctly involved, and the centre of gravity of our social structure will be altered by the upheaval.

IT is said that when Sir Robert Peel read Gladstone's book on church and state, he remarked that the young man would ruin a fine career if he took to writing books like that. Peel himself habitually avoided public expression of opinion on questions not ripe for legislation. Mr. Balfour takes a different view of his duty as leader of the House of Commons. He believes that the Catholic subjects of the Queen should enjoy the same rights and privileges as her Protestant subjects, and proposes, therefore, to give greater facilities for higher education in Ireland to both Catholics and Protestants. The non-conformists are already in arms. They are believers in Protestant ascendency; they are not believers, though many of them think that they are, in religious equality. The president of the Wesleyan Conference has sounded the first alarm of danger to Protestantism. Mr. Balfour proposes to found a Catholic university in Dublin and a Protestant university in Belfast. Those who accept the one and reject the other write themselves down as intolerant—men who call themselves Protestants, and yet who do not believe in religious freedom and equality. Mr. Gladstone's home-rule bill would have given to the Irish Catholics all and more than all that Mr. Balfour would give, while Mr. Gladstone would have given nothing to the Protestants of Ulster. The non-conformists supported Mr. Gladstone; they oppose Mr. Balfour. The government and the Unionist party are not yet committed to the position Mr. Balfour has taken up. If he were at variance with them he would, of course, acquiesce or retire. Mr. Balfour has the courage of his opinions; he has struck out a line of his own, and the great majority of sensible people are of opinion that the vexed question of Catholic education in Ireland will sooner or later be settled on some such lines as those which Mr. Balfour has laid down. In the mean time it is interesting to note that the agitation for disestablishment in England, caused by the aggression of Romish sympathizers in the Church of England, introduces party feeling and religious rancor into the question of higher education in Ireland. Mr. Balfour's well-meant attempts to settle the vexed question of the higher education of Catholics in Ireland have been effectively "scotched" by Sir William Harcourt's "No Popery" campaign.

WHILE the commotion in the Church has relaxed the long strain of attention to foreign affairs, the Irish Land Question is forcing its way once more to the front. The Irish Local Government Act is being utilized for other purposes than local government. The more fiery of the Nationalists are again in evidence, and are giving disagreeable effect to their irritation and distaste for the British connection. For more than a year America has conferred an immeasurable boon upon the United Kingdom. Irish influence in America has dwindled, owing to the preoccupation of the American people in their foreign affairs. That this preoccupation should have reduced American subscriptions and Irish capacity for mischief on both sides of the water is especially noteworthy at the anniversary of the Irish Rebellion. The reputation of Mr. Choate as a shrewd and faithful critic of the American-Irish has preceded him, and predisposes the long-suffering Englishry strongly in his favor. There is no longer any vital sign of a Union of Hearts. Dissensions on religious questions and the antagonism between the more militant of the non-conformists and the more fervid of the Nationalists have removed any tendency on the part of the Irish leaders towards moderation and good-will. The Irish landlord having been thrown to the wolves, the Irish laborer is asking himself why the Irish tenant of grazing-lands should retire in his favor. Mr. William O'Brien is doing his utmost to revive boycotting and the social war. When changes are about to take place of great and enduring moment a kind of prologue on a small scale sometimes anticipates the true opening of the drama. Like the first drops which give notice of the coming storm, the present condition of affairs in Ireland indicates developments that may become dramatic in the near future. The Coercion Act is still in existence, and can be revived by a stroke of the pen. But Mr. Gerald Balfour is not endowed with the strength or credited with the charm of his brother, and his rule in Ireland can scarcely be counted a success. I have watched Mr. Gerald Balfour's progress with personal interest, as it was at a meeting of mine that he made his first speech in public. Intellectually, no doubt, he is well equipped for political life, but there is something wanting from his armory which Mr. Arthur Balfour possesses. If Mr. William O'Brien succeeds in setting the inhabitants of the congested districts against the grazing interests, Mr. Gerald Balfour will be obliged to act. Whatever he does, or refrains from doing, there will be trouble. If he proclaims a district or a county, the cry of coercion will be raised anew. Nearly half England is Liberal: the government is in its fifth session, and next year, or the year after, in the natural order of things, it will appeal to the country. It is unlikely that either side will obtain so overwhelming a majority as to enable it to dispense with the support of the Irish. The troubles of 1886 will then begin all over again, unless English and Scotch politicians unite over the Irish question, as they united over foreign affairs.

THE appointment of Hallam Lord Tennyson as Governor of South Australia is a touch of happy imagination on the part of the government. The presence in imperial public life of names indelibly associated with English history is excellent precedent. Until his father's death the present Lord Tennyson acted as his private secretary, his factotum, and almost his daughter, as well as being a faithful and loving son. How far those duties, which necessarily involved considerable restraint and confinement, have prepared him for a proconsulship in one of the self-governing dependencies of the Crown remains to be seen. The present Lord Tennyson is amiable, scholarly, and industrious. The contrast between the serenity of the life at Farringford and the rough-and-tumble of a second-rate colonial governorship will be an interesting experience. The present Lord Tennyson was a friend of Gordon, and is a firm believer in Mr. Chamberlain's imperial policy.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Repatriation of the Last Spanish Soldiers

BY THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA, SECRETARY OF THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSION.

ON the fifth day of the present month of February the actual and effective evacuation of the island of Cuba by the Spanish army terminated, for on that day, in the bay of Cienfuegos, the steamship *Cataluña* weighed anchor, having on board the last Spanish troops—the battalions of Bens and Llerena—and the general-in-chief, Don Adolfo Jimenez Castellanos, and his general staff. These same troops had been honored with a public banquet in Cienfuegos on their arrival from Spain.

General Castellanos left Havana on the 1st of January, embarking in the *Rabat* as soon as he had finished handing over the island, and he arrived that evening at Manzanas, where he remained on board, directing the embarkation of the seventeen thousand soldiers whom he had there. This operation was completed on the 11th of January, and he went, still on the *Rabat*, to Cienfuegos, where he superintended the embarkation of the twenty-three thousand troops there, remaining on the *Rabat* until the 29th of January, when he transferred himself to the *Cataluña* in order to go in her to Spain, where he will disembark at the port of Santander. General Castellanos, who is a soldier in every fibre, honorable, brave, energetic, and just, adores his soldiers, and cares for them as for his sons. He has acquired great prestige by the fortunate, honorable, and intelligent manner in which he has brought to a conclusion the repatriation of the Spanish army, and in Spain he is called to occupy a prominent position, in view of the fact that, besides being the youngest lieutenant-general—his age is fifty-three—he enjoys great popularity among the troops.

On Sunday, the 5th of February, when mass was celebrated aboard the *Cataluña* (some of the troops had heard it on shore beforehand, and it was the last mass which the Spanish army should hear in Cuba), it was an affecting spectacle to see General Castellanos giving fervent thanks to God for the happy termination of his commission, surrounded by his general staff and his last two battalions. The strains of the Spanish royal march, played by the military band in the saloon of the vessel, which was converted into a chapel, when the priest raised the chalice towards God in the mass, were accompanied by thanksgivings from all those congregated there, and by the last farewells of Spain to that ungrateful island Cuba.

In Cuba were buried one hundred thousand soldiers during the last war—sad witnesses of the immense and futile sacrifices Spain had made to preserve Spanish Cuba—and in her remain, although as strangers, two hundred thousand living Spaniards, who represent the industry and increase the wealth of the island.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, February 8.—The First Tennessee Regiment was despatched from Manila on the transport *St. Paul* to re-enforce General Miller at Ilo Ilo. The cruiser *Boston* had been sent on a similar errand two days earlier. Besides these, the American force at Ilo Ilo consisted of the Eighteenth Infantry, Battery G of the Sixth Artillery, a signal detachment, the cruiser *Baltimore*, and the gunboat *Petrel*.

Thursday, February 9.—Filipinos were concentrating and entrenching themselves near Caloocan; large numbers of them were also beyond Caloocan, towards Malabon.

The total number of casualties in our ranks, resulting from all engagements between February 4 and this date, was 268.

Friday, February 10.—During the five days immediately following the outbreak the American troops were advanced southward and eastward from Manila, capturing positions which were essential to the security of the city; but on the north, at Caloocan, serious resistance had to be overcome. Caloocan was regarded as "the strongest rebel position on the island of Luzon"; it lay in the path of advance towards Malolos, the capital of the so-called Philippine Republic. The only railway in the Philippines runs from Manila north to Caloocan, Malabon, Malolos, etc. The seat of Aguinaldo's government is about twenty-eight miles from Manila, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants.

In or near Caloocan, then, the Filipino forces numbered perhaps 10,000.

The American plans were carried out with precision. The town, which lies near the bay, was first shelled by the *Monadnock* and the *Charleston* and by General MacArthur's artillery. At 4 P.M. the American ships ceased firing, and Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis's brigade "made a partial wheel to the right, resting left of the brigade on Caloocan." The quotation is from the commanding general's despatch, and this phrase gives a correct impression of a feature of the engagement which may be regarded with satisfaction. The plan of a thorough soldier was executed in soldierly fashion. "It was like clock-work," one of the correspondents says. "There was no hitch anywhere."

The wheel was made in part through groves of bananas-trees and bamboo hedges, and in part over the open fields. Filipino sharp-shooters were posted in huts and wherever else they could be concealed. Their presence detracted somewhat from the security of the groves; and our men, when in the open, were exposed to fire from the trenches. A steady advance was continued without firing, and a final rush drove the enemy from the trenches at the point of the bayonet. A company of the First Montana Infantry, led by Major Bell, turned defeat into rout by executing a détour and arriving at this juncture on the enemy's flank. Then the natives, throwing away their weapons and setting fire to their thatched huts, ran out of the town in a panic, leaving many dead and wounded.

The fires were extinguished by our men. At half past five o'clock the American flag was raised. Brigadier-General Otis established his headquarters at Caloocan. The enemy retired towards Malabon.

Our losses were at first reported to be 3 killed and 32 wounded; a little later the numbers were increased to 4 killed and 47 wounded; and a despatch from the commanding general dated February 12 gives a list of additional casualties—2 killed, 9 wounded. Mr. John F. Bass, correspondent of the WEEKLY, was wounded in the arm.

At Ilo Ilo, Brigadier-General Miller sent an ultimatum to the commander of the Filipinos, who had been in possession of the town since it was evacuated by the Spaniards. Foreigners were warned to leave Ilo Ilo within twenty-four hours; the native troops to make no further preparations for resistance. In compliance with these instructions, non-combatants took refuge on board foreign ships lying in the harbor.

Saturday, February 11.—The *Petrel*, signalling to the *Boston* that the Filipinos at Ilo Ilo were working in their trenches, was ordered to fire warning shots; but when the order had been obeyed, the warning was apparently construed as a challenge to fight. Our two war-vessels accordingly shelled the enemy's position; forty-eight sailors, under the command of Lieutenant Niblack of the *Boston*, were landed; the Filipinos set fire to many buildings before abandoning the town; Lieutenant Niblack took possession, lowering the Filipino flag and raising the stars and stripes over the governor's palace; and the Tennesseeans, the Eighteenth Infantry, and

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the battery of artillery disembarked from the transports. Flames had already destroyed a great portion of the chief city of the central Philippines, second city of the archipelago in commercial importance, but the capture had been effected without the loss of a man.

Returning to the neighborhood of Manila, we note that on the same day the *Charleston* and the *Monadnock* shelled Malabon, and a few shots were exchanged between the Filipinos and our soldiers at Caloocan.

Twelve miles south of Manila a squad of the Fourteenth Infantry was attacked by a superior force while reconnoitring, and was driven in to the main line. Then the Filipinos were repulsed in their turn by men from the Fourteenth Infantry and Fourth Cavalry, and two of them with arms were captured. Several Americans were wounded.

Sunday, February 12.—Finding it impossible to make a successful stand at Malabon, the Filipinos gathered in force twelve miles north of that town, on the railway between Malabon and Malolos. The American commanding general said, in an official despatch of this date, that they were "evidently perplexed"; and added, "If regular troops *en route* were here, could probably end war, or all determined active opposition, in twenty days." The transport *Grant*, conveying troops from New York to Manila, had just sailed from Suez.

An interesting portion of General Otis's despatch related to the outbreak of February 4, in explanation of which he said: "It is reported that the insurgent representative at Washington telegraphed Aguinaldo to drive out the Americans before the arrival of re-enforcements. The despatch was received at Hong-kong, and mailed to the Malolos government, which decided on attack to be made about the 7th inst. The eagerness of the insurgent troops to engage precipitated the battle."

After the capture of Ilo Ilo, about one thousand Filipinos took up a strong position at the neighboring village of Jaro. On Sunday afternoon a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry and a detachment of the Sixth Artillery, with two Hotchkiss guns and a Gatling gun, captured Jaro, after the position had been well defended for about one hour. The enemy retired, taking their dead and wounded with them. Lieutenant Frank Bolles, of the Eighteenth, and four privates, were killed.

Tuesday, February 14.—A sharp engagement occurred at Pateros, about ten miles southeast of Manila, near the Pasig River and Laguna de Bay. The place had been surrendered a week before, and flags of truce were flying; but Filipinos who had gathered there opened fire on the American outposts. Three companies of the California volunteers thereupon took the place, driving the enemy out. A stand was made beyond Pateros in the jungle; the Californians were re-enforced by companies of the Idaho and Washington regiments and a battery of artillery, the gunboat *Laguna de Bay* co-operating from the river. The Filipinos fought desperately until nightfall. M. W.

The American Water-Color Society

THE spacious galleries of the National Academy tempt the American Water-Color Society to be too indiscriminate in their courtesies. Many of the exhibits might have been refused with advantage to the exhibition. However, there is a plenty of charming pieces, which illustrate the various possibilities of this fascinating medium. For really marvellous skill in the literal interpretation of objects the veteran J. G. Brown still commands one's admiration, even if he does not stir one's pulse. But in what he sets out to do he is a master. Though, too, one's sympathies have been a little overworked with scenes from Brittany, it is impossible not to acknowledge the vigor and charm of Will S. Robinson's subjects. But there are many pictures in the enjoyment of which there is no thought behind. Such a one is Henry B. Snell's "Twilight at Sea," enchanting in its representation of luminous vapor; and Ben Foster's "A Summer Night," tender and tranquil and pervaded with dreamy light. Charles Warren Eaton shows several pictures characterized by deep poetic feeling, notably "The Rising Moon"; and C. Harry Eaton two which are splendid in their suggestion of keen fresh air and vigorous vitality. Admirable in its strength, both of conception and treatment, is Horatio Walker's "Spring," which should be compared with the "imprisoned sunshine" of his "Hay-making."

The witchery of silver moonlight and dark plumelike foliage is well rendered in Edward Potthast's "Fairyland"; moonlight again, skipping over the waves, in F. K. M. Rehn's "A July Evening"; while "Wintry Shimmer" is a particularly pleasing example of the snow scenes in which Walter L. Palmer delights. Other pictures which repay attention are "On the Conocacheague," by A. T. Van Laer; "Winter Morning," by S. P. Triscott; and several crayon drawings by Jules Guérin, full of rugged intensity. Amongst the figure pictures is the Evans prize-winner, "The Gift of Roses," by Albert Herter, gracious in line and color, exquisite in its treatment of detail, but still more fascinating for the enigmatic elusive sentiment that pervades it. Clara McChesney sends a strong and serious rendering of a mother and baby, entitled "Sleep"; and Rosina Emmet Sherwood makes a remarkable showing, especially with her clever and charming drawing of two "Children Playing."

Very skilful in its interpretation of various textures, quietly dignified in tone, but rather inert in sentiment, is Albert Sterner's "Portrait of a Lady." Next to it is a subject called "Light," by Margaret Longstreth. A woman stands before a window, in the glass of which her figure is reflected, forming a sort of mirage upon the scene beyond. It is, in its present form, rather a study than an achieved result. The woman's form is slightly amorphous, evidently with excellent intention, but in the attempt to keep it quite material in contrast to the spirituality of the reflection, the coloring has become coarse, and the several parts of the picture scarcely key together. The idea is so fascinating that it is worth further development. William F. Kline's "The Woodland Mirror," a girl viewing her reflection in a pool, though not very careful in the drawing of the hands and feet, is a charming fragment of decoration. Another small picture which is instinct with decorative feeling is the flatly drawn "Wise Virgins" of Harvey Ellis. The virgins are as hard-featured as— But let that pass. The interest of the picture is that Mr. Ellis has relied upon the abstract language of line and form and spaces, as well as upon the sensuous effect of an extremely expressive arrangement of color. Herein are the elements of true decoration, and one wishes that he may have the opportunity of developing them in more important work. This brief notice of a very enjoyable exhibition must close with a cordial congratulation to Arthur I. Keller, a young artist, who has here lifted himself into the front rank. His two exhibits testify to the versatility of his method. "The Best of Friends must Part" is a *genre* picture, exquisite in detail and harmonious in *ensemble*, with vivacity and elegance in some of the figures, and a most winsome treatment of two tiny children. The other, "Lead, Kindly Light," is an earnest rendering of a subject that might easily have been sentimental, drawn in a broad, determined manner, and yet with a tender feeling for the respective qualities of old age and blossoming childhood. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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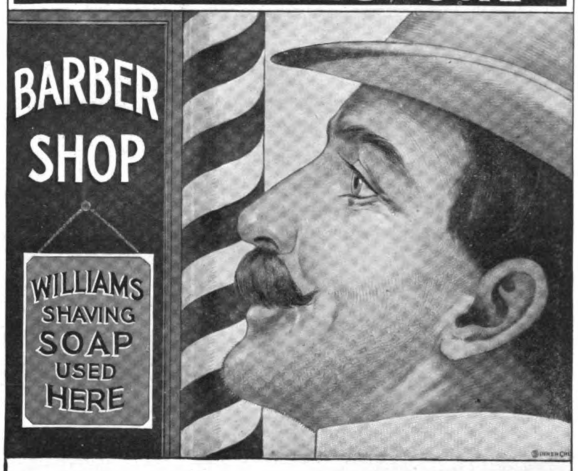
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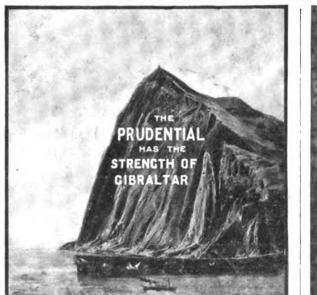


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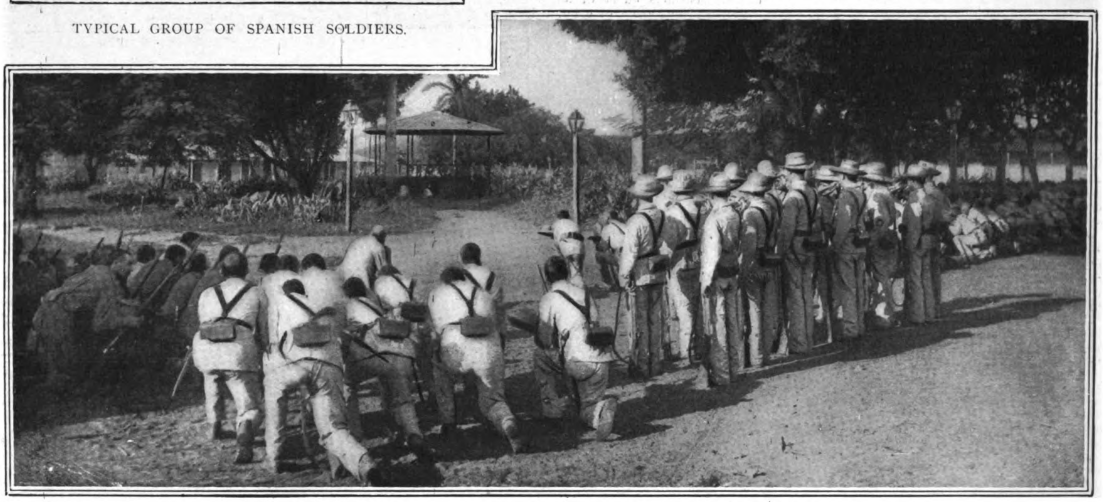


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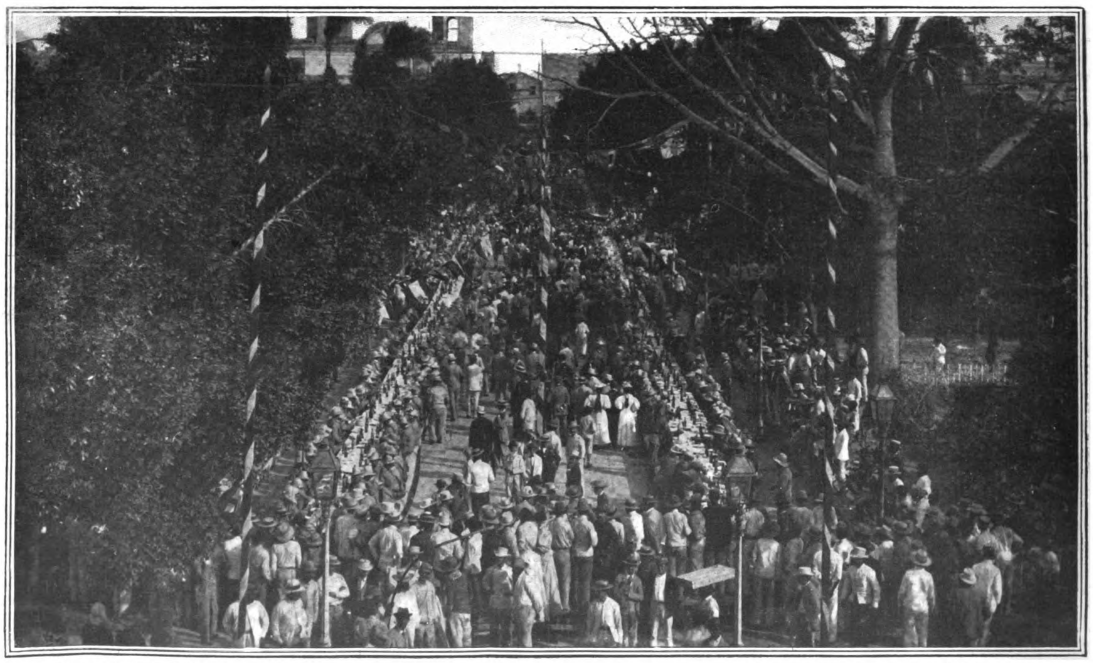
LIEUT.-GEN. CASTELLANOS AND HIS STAFF ON BOARD THE *CATALUÑA*.



TYPICAL GROUP OF SPANISH SOLDIERS.



THE SPANISH BATTALIONS HEARING HIGH MASS BEFORE EMBARKING.



PUBLIC BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE SPANISH TROOPS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CIENFUEGOS THREE YEARS AGO.

CIENFUEGOS, CUBA—THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME OF THE LAST SPANISH TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA.—[SEE PAGE 200.]

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AMATEUR SPORT

POLITICS, rather than regard for the sport, marked the course of legislative events at the League of American Wheelmen National Assembly last week at Providence. But there was nothing unusual in that—more's the pity. Politicians and the manufacturers have always dictated in racing questions at the National Assembly. And that suggests adroit manipulation and far-reaching influence—considering how small the number of members directly interested in racing, as compared with the main body of the L. A. W.

Tammany has but one Croker; the L. A. W. has half a dozen, equally cunning, equally unmindful of means to the desired end.

The desired end last week was defeat of a proposition for the L. A. W. to relinquish control of professional racing. And it was attained; undeniably, overwhelmingly. The machine had been oiled generously, and it moved obedient to directions without a hitch or a slip. The lubricant used was certainly persuasive. Delegates on the fence forthwith, not to be slangy, came off their perch, and delegates that had been previously and oppositely instructed straightway forsook home counsel and fell into line with the rest of the gang. "Gang," I am told, is the proper political term.

When they were all in line, the array was formidable and telling. Luckily there was no other serious business before the Assembly; there is no saying what the "gang" might not have done while it had its hand in.

ROPE enough, if one end of it be firmly attached, will hang almost any idiot. It looks as though the L. A. W. had paid out sufficient to warrant speedy mortuary returns.

Sifting out the accomplishments of the Assembly, we find that the L. A. W. officially decided (1) to retain control of professional racing; (2) to govern both amateurs and professionals; (3) not to admit professionals to L. A. W. membership; (4) to exact registration of amateurs and professionals; (5) to grant professionals one representative at the National Assembly; (6) to demand register fees of novices.

I shall not now enter upon discussion of these matters from an ethical view-point, or their influence upon the welfare of the sport. I have recently written much on the subject; every sportsman knows the danger of associating professionals and amateurs in a given sport, and most men of intelligence, at all interested in bicycling, know the scandals that hang over race-tracks. I catalogue the recent acts of the L. A. W. in National Assembly merely to emphasize their inconsistency. Wisdom was assuredly lacking at the Assembly, however much there may have been of oil and politics.

To assume the government of professional racing, when, of 5000 professional bicyclists in the United States, only 621 in 1898 entered L. A. W. events, was audacious surely. But to attempt control of professional racing and yet deny the professional membership in the body that would govern him is preposterous indeed. To be consistent, the L. A. W. should have opened its membership rolls to professionals. But that would not have suited the manufacturers' interests, so the politicians vetoed it.

PROFESSIONALS will be strangely lacking in spirit if they race for an organization that, while attempting to control them, yet permits them no voice. The granting of a representative at National Assembly is nothing. What will his vote amount to against all the others? They will naturally go where their interests are best served, where they have something to say in the management, where the most tracks are open to them and the purses the larger.

But the professional does not interest us. He will naturally go where he can make the most money. He will of course support the professional racing league, and the L. A. W. will gain nothing from him, while sullying its legitimate field and losing the respect of sportsmen.

It is the fate of amateur racing with which we are concerned. Unless the great body of L. A. W. take more active interest in the politics of the L. A. W. there appears little hope of an improved condition. There are too many elements now prominent in the legislation that are financially interested in the bicycle and its sundries. The best element of the L. A. W. concerns itself chiefly with touring and the improvement of roads. It should direct its attention to improving the class of delegates to National Assemblies. They need it even more than the roads.

AN amusing feature of the Assembly was the serious discussion, evidently started by some wag, of what constituted an amateur! It has resulted in the appointment, by some half-dozen prominent Eastern clubs, of a committee to "draw up an amateur rule." I do not wonder there is confusion among honest, credulous L. A. W. members. I suggest the committee put the question to the distinguished president or one of his talented *confrères* on the governing board.

The action of the L. A. W. at Providence, with regard to professional racing, must be regarded as an error in judgment that is likely to prove exceedingly harmful. Its mission and its strength lie in devoting its energies to amateurs—real amateurs, not the L. A. W. variety—and to other objects originally intended. Thus may it be made a power for the general good of bicycling—not by dabbling in professional racing.

CORRUPTION in bicycle-racing has frequently been charged in this department and the methods of "amateurs" exposed. And as often as I have called for a reckoning, so often have I been assailed with the violent language of ignorant sporting writers, and with heated denials from indignant "amateurs," from virtuous L. A. W. officials, and from manufacturers.

Albert Mott, ex-chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, has just completed his report for 1898, in which, among other things, he touches upon the amateur question. Being an honest man, Mr. Mott tells the truth; and as the truth is rare in bicycle-racing circles, it should, when discovered, be widely disseminated. For that reason, and because Mr. Mott puts the official L. A. W. stamp of corroboration upon what this department has repeatedly asserted, I yield space to that part of his report which is pertinent to the subject:

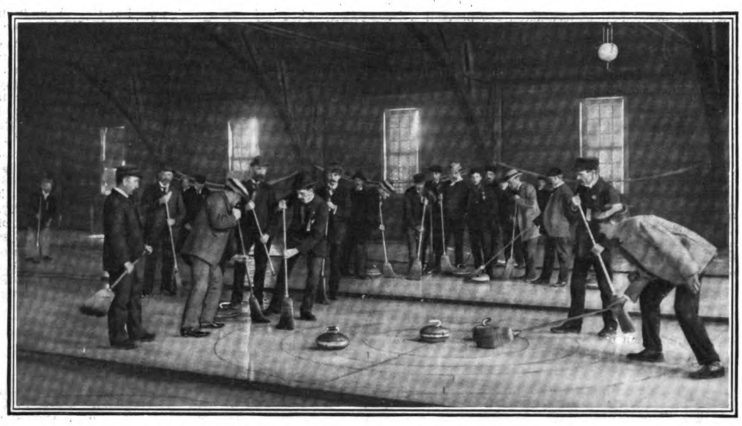
THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

The classification of the racing-men as professionals or amateurs still gives rise to the same conflict as has existed since the amateur definition was first incorporated in the constitution. Many amateurs, after they have been transferred to the professional class, have frankly admitted that they preferred to be amateurs simply because they could command a larger revenue in the amateur class than they could in the professional. The records of the Racing Board will show that in some cases their preference is well founded.

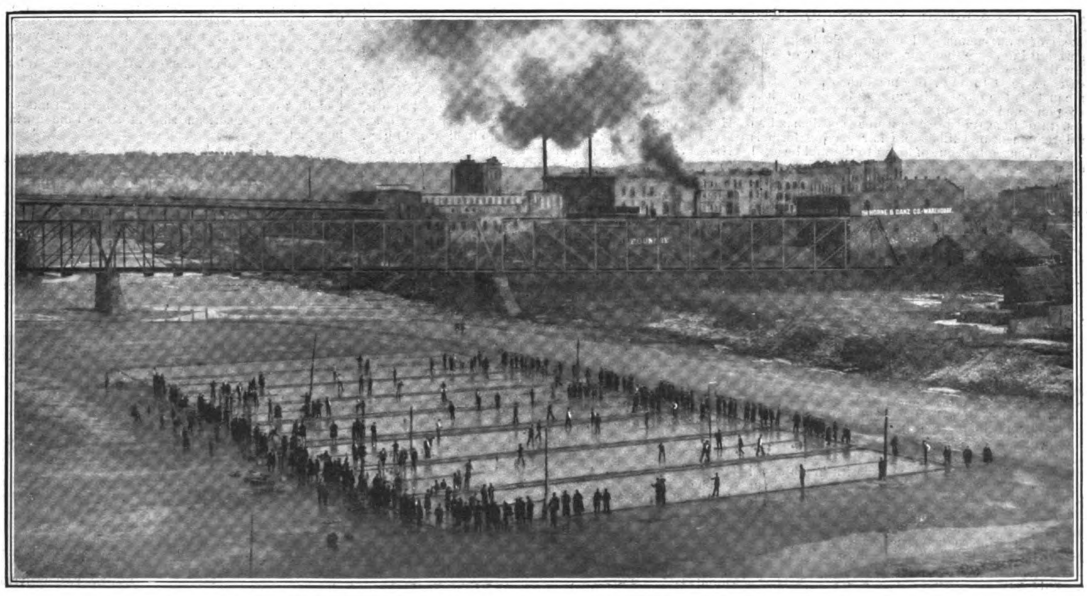
It has been found that some amateurs were employed by manufacturers or dealers, subsidized by them directly or indirectly, or that they were given certain sums for winning positions in heats and races, graduated in price with the prominence of the place, whether a first, second, or third. Furnishing amateurs with wheels, tires, saddles, for racing purposes, was quite common, and the name of the wheel ridden was frequently required to be placed on the racing-suit, until at last an amateur bicycle-race had in appearance something in common with a procession of advertising sandwich-men on a city street.

In the last season, however, much of this was corrected by the Board's interpretation of the amateur rules, as published in the book of rules, 100,000 of which were distributed from Maine to California without cost to the L. A. W. except transportation. Many so-called amateurs, who, under the conditions above named, were by false pretences robbing actual amateurs of prizes, were investigated, caught in the act, and transferred to the professional class. Advertisements were also inserted in the papers and on score-cards by some manufacturers and dealers, calling attention to the fact that such and such amateur racing-men rode their wheels, and giving the record of their winnings upon them. This naturally called the attention of the Board members to the men so published.

Other so-called amateurs were without visible means of support, going about the country from race meet to race meet, travelling in palace-cars, putting up at only the best class hotels, and were fitted out with racing paraphernalia, consisting of wheels in wheel-trunks, trainers,



THE SHOT COMING—A LITTLE SLOW—WILL IT REACH?



THE OPEN-AIR RINK FOR THE BONSPIEL OF THE NORTHWESTERN CURLING ASSOCIATION AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

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etc., in the style usually adopted by the most prosperous professionals, at the expense only of some manufacturer. Some of these amateurs have practised upon the supposed ignorance of members of the Racing Board when they were officiating at race meets. In one instance, where a majority of the Board was officiating, an amateur who had won a qualifying position in a heat, although it was a second, claimed first, and when he was told it made no difference to him so that he had qualified, still persisted, and stated that a first, even in a heat where there was no prize, was worth more to him than a second. Of course this was an inadvertent confession, and the man was eventually transferred by the Board.

DEEPER conviction perhaps will be conveyed by Mr. Mott's revelations if I add that these are the official utterances of a man who, in his capacity as chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, sanctioned 1939 meets in '98, and one way and another reviewed the status of over 20,000 wheelmen engaged in racing as amateurs or professionals.

It is fair to assume therefore that Mr. Mott knows what he is talking about. Evidently he knows too much to suit the virtuous L. A. W. officials and the manufacturers. I observe another chairman is to be appointed to the Racing Board for 1899.

REFERRING to the recent disclosure of dishonesty in athletics at Northwestern University—*to wit*, the case of Ryan, the quarter-back, who was promised a salary by the football-manager—it is instructive to note that even among Northwestern's nearest rivals no nine days' wonder appears to have been created by the scandal. A week before the dénouement one of the more guileless Evanstonians confided to a friend of mine that he feared the most "stupendous disclosure in the history of Western athletics" was about to be made — something, in fact, which would "shake things to their very foundation."

The disclosure came. A few expressed sincere surprise —not at the gravity of the offence, but at Northwestern's persistent stupidity. Otherwise there was nothing to be said save a mere "I told you so."

These have a sad significance.

True, there were a few vigorous disclaimers from the faculty.

> Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle while one's heart doth ache.

Probably it would do no good for any one's heart to ache over Evanston. She is working out her own athletic damnation fast enough as it is. Yet the lines are suggested by the naïve tone in which professionalism is disowned by some members of the Northwestern faculty—for example: "Though doubtless it will amaze you that we are holding so extreme a view, we sincerely do not believe in hiring the players, and such practices will positively not be tolerated." That was the gist of it.

I am reminded of once hearing a slow-witted Indiana farmer solemnly declare to a Hoosier jury that the faithlessness of his wife had "hurt his feelings terribly."

SMALL wonder that the student management has pulled the wool over faculty eyes. And all the more significant is the utter failure of the incident to arouse any particular local public attention. This may betoken to the self-satisfied faculty committee that the public does not hold them in too bad a light, after all. But the explanation is that everybody knew the Evanston athletic management was corrupt, and the exposé consequently occasioned no especial comment.

The sooner the Northwestern professors leave off writing philippics against those who criticise the unwholesome athletic methods of their college and set to work on some internal remodelling, the sooner will come public confidence. The sooner the faculty realizes that its athletic methods are a byword in the mouth of all honest and discerning sportsmen, the sooner may we hope for some evidence of the really sound principles which certainly underlie student interest in sport at Evanston, as they do at the majority of colleges elsewhere.

After all, it is only a question of letting the real student sentiment express itself.

RACQUETS is a game so absorbing and of such skilled possibilities, one wonders a bit why it is not more generally played by Americans. Certainly there is no indoor sport that approaches it.

Devotees of court-tennis will perhaps challenge this statement, but I am sure the unprejudiced player of both games will agree with me that, to the average man who seeks exercise through the medium of interesting play, racquets is the more satisfying. This because it is a faster game and consequently gives more work in a given length of time, and because it does not demand so high a development of skill before fair playing form is attainable. What golf is out-of-doors to the middle-aged of athletic tendencies, racquets and tennis are in-doors; for though racquets as played by experts is the fastest, hardest game on earth, yet also to the mediocre performer it is a possible, and a blood-stirring, fascinating game.

But there are only four clubs in the United States that have courts—Chicago Athletic Association, Boston Athletic Association, Philadelphia Racquet Club, and the New York Racquet and Tennis Club. Except for those in the former home of the New York Racquet Club, there are no other courts in this country.

That, however, is not so surprising as the lack of a court at any one of our colleges or preparatory schools. The game is better appreciated in England.

OXFORD, Cambridge, and all the large public (preparatory) schools are provided with courts, and the racquet matches viewed as the most important, as they certainly are the most interesting, events on the annual sport calendar. Aside from its entertaining features, no game is more fully qualified to keep the candidates for various teams in fine physical condition during the winter months when out-of-door work is impossible.

It might be the one game, too, in America in which all the colleges could meet without prejudice and without handicap. A genuine inter-collegiate contest which, unlike any other present collegiate sport, could be opened to all comers; the one game in which there would be an excellent chance of international university meetings. It could, in fact, be open to the university world, just as the lawn tennis tournament at Newport is open to the amateur universe.

Here is an opportunity for wealthy alumni sportsmen to do something handsome and beneficial for the world of college sport.

A racquet-court can be built for $6000.

PLAYERS have multiplied where courts are, and in Boston and New York particularly the average standard of skill has advanced materially. Four or five years ago, in the New York club, for instance, there were not more than two or three men in the first class, while the skill of the others ranged over a generous scale of mediocrity. To-day the club could muster perhaps ten or a dozen in the scratch class, while the growth of first and second class handicap contingents attests increasing popularity of the game, and development of first-class performers.

Boston has had few scratch men, but those have been in their time the very best in the country. Tooker stood a good second to de Garmendia, the strongest player America has yet developed, and Shaw this year has revealed form that places him perhaps a bit above Tooker.

Average members' play in the Boston court is probably not so good as that in New York, the same being true of Philadelphia and Chicago. Neither of the last-named cities, in fact, appears to have any scratch men, else we should probably have heard of them in connection with the National singles championships, which are being decided in the New York Racquet Club as I write.

CONTEST for the championship of the New York club, although replete with play of high quality, missed interesting developments, through the absence of Mackay, one of the most promising of the younger class of players, and the out-of-town detention of M. La Montagne, which kept him from meeting Dinsmore in the second round.

In point of fact, the most entertaining and exciting matches were those in which the veterans figured. M. La Montagne's defeat of Campbell can hardly be called a surprise, for the play of neither was a revelation to those who had previously seen them in the court. Immense gratification, however, attended the result, no less because of the triumph of La Montagne's tried and refined skill, than for Campbell's exceptionally rapid progress in the art of the game.

It would disappoint all students of racquets were success to come too quickly even to a player of such potential possibilities as Campbell.

Their match was intensely enjoyable, on account of the merit of individual performance, as well as for the comparisons offered in method and disposition. It may be said at once that Campbell sustained the comparison admirably. His is a style which, with the added experience that brings completer mastery of the angles of the walls, will place him one day among the first two or three players in this country. He retains in his service all the snap so long familiar on the lawn-tennis court, but shows the fickleness of stroke which nothing but long and hard practice corrects.

La Montagne won primarily because of his strong, cleanly placed service, but his real superiority lay in his unwavering grasp of the *finesse* of the game, and in the certainty of his strokes. He knew the angles of the court, and proved it by meeting the ball rather than chasing it. A pretty struggle would have ensued had M. La Montagne met Dinsmore.

HOYT succeeded in defeating the two remaining veterans of the tournament in games that were hotly contested. E. La Montagne was palpably off the form associated with his appearance in the court, else he would in all likelihood have won out, but Paton, so long as he lasted, gave Hoyt all he could attend to and retain his lead. The last two games especially were the most exciting of all the series. Paton plays with unvarying determination; he is consistent in his work, and of long experience. A very hard combination to beat, as Hoyt discovered.

The final or championship round was disappointing. Those unfamiliar with Hoyt's match play believed his victory over Dinsmore assured; those who knew the occasional vagaries of Hoyt's work yet thought he had an even chance for the final honor. And both were destined to surprise.

Dinsmore played straight through his opponent at such a pace, and with so little hinderance one scarcely recognized the Hoyt who had shown such rare form against both Paton and E. La Montagne, or who last year won the championship by defeating M. La Montagne. Truth is, Hoyt is one of those players who cannot on every occasion or against every opponent play up to his capabilities. His service is strong and his general playing form second to none in the club; but he lacks continuous aggression. He has not this year been at his best in match play, where one's utmost effort is necessary from start to finish.

DINSMORE, on the other hand, performs best under such conditions. He is distinctly a match player, and largely to that quality may be attributed his recent success. There is vigor and speed in his play that is hard to resist; his service is fast, and with an underhand cut most difficult to handle. Around the court, however, Dinsmore is comparatively slow—a fatal weakness against a fast, aggressive player—such, for instance, as Shaw, whom Dinsmore will meet in the National championships. Summaries New York Racquet Club championship:

M. La Montagne,	La Montagne, 4–15, 17–13, 15–10, 15–10.	Dinsmore, by default.	Dinsmore, 15–11, 15–4, 15–8.	*Feb. 11, 1899.*
O. S. Campbell.				
C. H. Mackay,	Dinsmore, by default.			
W. B. Dinsmore, Jr.				
J. S. Hoyt,	Hoyt, 12–15, 8–15, 15–10, 15–8.	Hoyt, 15–9, 12–15, 18–14, 17–16.		
E. La Montagne, Jr.	15–2.			
M. S. Paton.	Bye.			

The National singles championships are being played in the New York Racquet Club courts while we are on the press, and the week following, for the first time, the doubles championship will be decided in the courts of the Philadelphia Racquet Club. Entries for these include the leading players of the United States and Canada; F. Rolland, champion of the latter country, being among the number.

FIGURE skating appears to be suffering from the same complaint as speed skating—provincialism. In no other way can we explain the indifferent success that annually attends the speed championships and the evident decline of interest in figure skating.

Year after year the National Amateur Skating Association holds its speed and figure championships in New York or its immediate vicinity, as though there were no skating interests elsewhere worth considering. There are also skaters in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg. Boston especially is a distinct skating centre. There is nothing like the interest in New York and vicinity as in New England.

One would imagine these facts would have impressed the Association officers earlier. The only way to put life into these annual events and revive interest in the Association is to hold the championships at different centres every year. Thus a local interest will be created without losing prominent entries, and the event will acquire something of the national flavor it assumes to have.

SIX entries were recorded for this year's figure championship, held at St. Nicholas Rink last Wednesday—Arthur G. Keane, Irving Brokaw, and Howard R. Ward, New York; T. M. Vinson, Boston; A. G. Stevens, St. John, New Brunswick; and W. W. Arnold, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Vinson withdrew. The judges were Louis Rubenstein, Montreal, American champion in '88, '89; George D. Phillips, New York, champion '90, '92, '93, '94, '95, and '97; E. P. Good, Brooklyn, winner in '87.

The contest was believed to rest between Keane and Brokaw, and so it proved, for they took the lead from the very beginning. Of the others, Ward was the only one worthy of mention, and his chief recommendation to notice was fairly excellent results on limited experience. His work, except in some sets of "curved angles," was greatly inferior to either of the leading two. But he is only eighteen years of age, and competed last year for the first time, securing fifth place. He shows possibilities and will improve. That he took third place this year, however, with 39 points, is commentary enough on the class of entries.

Stevens is a veteran, but evidently never acquired much skill; Arnold's form was even worse, and the two retired from the competition after the seventh figure.

Brokaw has greatly improved since last year; his work shows a confidence and steadiness of execution that make his movements at once bold and graceful. In the simple movements this quality shone pre-eminently.

Keane, however, has the experience which brings absolute accuracy of conception and nicety of finish, and that made him unbeatable when it came to the more intricate figures. And thus he won the championship for the second year. Total scores, Keane, 62; Brokaw, 53; Ward, 39.

CURLING is a sportman's game, the status of whose players is never questioned. Therefore the obviously increasing interest in it is most pleasing. Here on the Atlantic coast clubs are few, though enthusiastic, but in the Middle West, particularly north of Chicago, they outnumber those devoted to any other winter sport. The event of the Western season is the bonspiel of the Northwestern Association, which really is international, and this year—its seventh annual—was held at St. Paul, with entries from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Canada. It was a very satisfactory meet, though the absence of many prominent "birthers of the broom" was disappointing, only twenty-two rinks having entered as against thirty-seven for 1898. Among the missing ones were the strong rinks skipped by McLeod, Smith, and Hurdon of Minnesota, and McCall, Chandler, and Wells of Wisconsin.

The ice was exceptionally good, the surface hard, and of that character which gives the stones the proper "grasp" to make them "draw to the tie" around the most adroitly placed guards. The surface was also as level as a billiard table, being on piling driven below the frost-line, so it never heaved, as ice made on ground always does by action of the frost.

The Canadians had been carefully selected from the best players in the Dominion, and were highly successful, winning three of the four prizes for which they were eligible, among them the international trophy. They were steady, reliable performers—S. G. Harstone (Winnipeg) especially so—who won because of their consistently real high-class work. Yet there is some solace for us in the fact that each one of the eight Canadian rinks was defeated by an American rink at some time during the bonspiel.

SPEAKING generally, the play was of high quality, there being almost none of the "running" or "plugging" game — that resort of the mediocre. The quiet "draw" game of the real artists was largely in evidence, as may be judged by the fact that many ends were played which showed 10 to 14 stones in the house, and the score 1 or 2. Of the home clubs, Minneapolis, skipped by T. Hastings, was most successful.

One reason for the success of the Curling Association is that, unlike the Skating Association, it does not every year choose home grounds for its championship.

In the East the most important curling has been for the Alexander Mitchell medal, which, donated in '85, stands for the club championship of the United States, the East and the West being chosen alternately for site of competition. Last year it was won at St. Paul by the St. Paul club. This year eleven teams entered, and at the close of the second round three remained—Van Corthandts, Thistles No. 2, and Yonkers No. 2—and the first won out after beating in succession Yonkers, 22 to 9, and Thistles by the close score of 16 to 13. Yonkers appears to have fallen behind in wielding the besom; two years ago it won the medal at Hoboken rink, for the fifth time.

Another match of curling historic interest was that between teams of New York and New Jersey for the John L. Hamilton medal, won for the first time, in 1876, by New Jersey. They were not so fortunate this year; for, having but five clubs to draw from against New York's twelve, they were handicapped from the start, and lost by 118 points to New York's 173.

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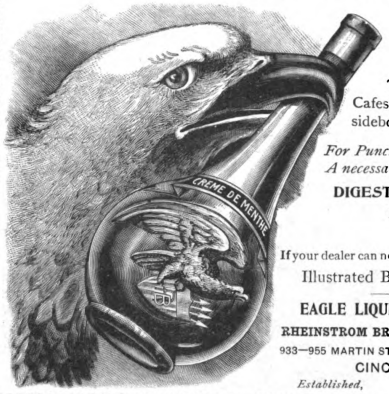
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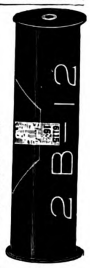
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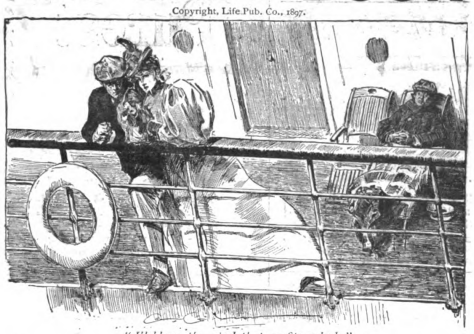


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2202

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899

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SKEE-RUNNING ON THE SNOW-COVERED HILLS OF OREGON.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 225.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 4, 1899

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The Power of Commerce

WHAT rank is this country to take as a commercial power? This will be the most important question confronting us after the colonial question shall have been settled, and when we shall have learned for ourselves, what England, Italy, and Spain have already learned, and what France and Germany are learning, that the seventeenth-century colonial policy is a failure. That our experience may bring to us the wisdom which the American Revolution brought to England is to be expected of a people who differ, as we do, from the Spaniards. A frenzy has seized upon many of our politicians for the moment, that is surely to be succeeded among the people by the sanity which marked the foundation of the republic, which sent this country forward upon its peaceful and ennobling mission, and which is to remain the essential condition of the future political progress of the world. In the mean time our appearance as a war power in distant waters and as a governor over strange lands has brought our commercial isolation into bold relief. While we have been holding hostile communication with the Old World, and have been hailed as a new world power, by England with hospitable delight, and by the rest of Europe with churlish jealousy, we are still insisting upon maintaining our barriers against commerce—the great promoter of peace and the great agency for the spread of the ameliorating arts.

It is better for a nation to be a great commercial power than a great war power or a great colonial power. To possess such a power is much the finest ambition which this young republic can entertain, for one of the chief advantages of our democracy thus far has been the expansion of democratic institutions and principles among other countries of the world, and the promotion of international arbitration, through our example and influence. When we shall have abandoned the war-cry and given over to more appropriate hands the effort to subdue unwilling peoples with the sword, and when we shall have resumed our march, hitherto so healthful and hopeful, in the ways of peace, we shall find that our proper work among the nations, the natural work of men who have made good the principle that government is for the governed and ought to be by the governed, the work of awakening the manhood of men, of teaching them the glorious attributes and the elevating power of civil liberty, can best be carried on through the channels of a commerce whose ports of exchange lie in every quarter of the globe.

Have we no message of peace for the world? Undoubtedly we have. The nation that has done most for peace and humanity has not changed its character. The people, deceived by craft, cupidity, and mendacity, rushed into war, partly because their wrath was aroused by what they regarded as the murder of the sailors of the *Maine*, and partly because their humane susceptibilities were appealed to by the tales which came to them of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards upon the peaceful inhabitants of Cuba. The nature of the American people has not changed, and the time is coming when the wretched policy of greed will be revealed to them in all its hideousness, and then there may be an uprising which will be greatly regretted by those who have invited it. Their very attitude in the war, the motives that are now swaying the minds of many who want to keep the Philippines, will some day lead them to overthrow the system which has succeeded in turning the great powers of the government to the task of promoting private interests and adding to personal gain.

The truth about protection is coming out. For years the protected interests have fed upon the bounty which the government has extorted from the consumers. And now we are urged even by Mr. MCKINLEY to promote commerce by extending our political jurisdiction over distant lands. In other words, the home market has failed. But the extension of commerce is incompatible with protection. We cannot have the "open door" in the East so long as we shut the door at the entrance to our own land. The "open door" means free trade. The healthful expansion of commerce also means free trade. We cannot have commerce without return cargoes, and if we tax return cargoes to keep them out we to that extent discourage commerce. We trade with China, for example, and England is anxious that we should enter into an alliance with her in order that commerce with China shall be free to all the world. But we cannot prudently enter into any alliance for keeping open the door of China which will tax our resources by compelling us to maintain a force for the defence of trade in Asia, because under our policy of protection we should thereby be put to expense for nothing. England's commerce would reap the advantage of such an alliance as Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has suggested, and our part in the contract would be to supply means for the maintenance of what our customs laws seek to prohibit. The logic of this situation is not to be escaped, and the longer the situation continues, the more surely must it be borne into the minds of men. Moreover, just at this moment, as if visited by the gods, the advocates of protection are doing their best to make their system odious by subjecting returning travellers to torment and small purchasers to delay in order to benefit the pockets of a few dealers and manufacturers. The greed underlying protection is becoming clearer and clearer. The DINGLEY law itself is a frank admission that customs taxes are not for the benefit of the country, but for the profit of individuals. And it is the inevitable inference that the effort to bring outlying islands within the jurisdiction of our tariff and navigation laws must also be for the gratification of individual greed and the increase of the gains of favored individuals. Did not an American syndicate make an early appearance in Cuba? Was not the question as to who should "get" the railway franchises of Havana preferred to the work of making the city clean enough and healthy enough to be the abode of American citizens whose public duties required their presence there? Was not almost the first official act of the President with respect to Puerto Rico the extension of our mediæval navigation laws over the island, to the great detriment of its business, but for the great gain of our coasting trade? Is not foreign shipping to be warned away from Hawaii also, and are not freight charges to be kept up there too for the benefit of this same coasting trade?

The leaders of the protection party are for the extension of commerce through further taxation of the people. They seek to extend the policy which has made the taxing power of the national government the chief instrument for personal gain. Our commerce is to be enlarged by taxing the country for a large army and for the government of distant possessions, some of which have little commerce, and, in the very nature of things, can grow to little more. But the Philippines are to be kept, and we believe that their retention is an important feature of the President's new policy, in order that this country may seize its share of China when the partition comes. Senator HANNA, the President's nearest friend, believes in enlarging our merchant marine by taxing the people for the benefit of ship-owners. It has not occurred to these statesmen of protection that the way to increase commerce is to strike off its shackles; that the way to share in the trade of China is to help preserve the peace of that country, to keep its doors open by discouraging Russia's advance; that the way to build up a merchant marine is to take off the taxes on return cargoes, and to lighten the burdens now resting on the builders and purchasers of ships. There is no sign of the growth of wisdom or of the lessening of greed among the leaders and the beneficiaries of protection; but the greater their excesses, the sooner will the people grasp the truth of the situation. It will be only when this truth is fully realized, and when trade is freed from its unjust and hampering burdens, that the country can become a great commercial power, and to that end the efforts of all men who are proud of their democracy, and who have confidence in the republic, as imperialists have not, should be directed. It is only by being first in commerce that the United States can attain the ranking place among the nations, but to that end not a single conscious step has yet been taken or suggested by the administration or by Congress.

THERE seems to be no reason why the sudden death of President FAURE and the election of M. LOUBET to be his successor should precipitate the revolution which has long seemed to be hanging over France. Such a revolution is evidently expected by the Duc d'Orléans and by the Bonapartists. The Duke sought to hasten it, on hearing the news of M. FAURE'S death, in characteristic fashion, by preparing to flood Paris with his photographs; while Prince VICTOR, at Brussels, was sending telegrams to all points of Europe. But photographs and telegrams do not make a revolution. The peace of France and the continuance of the republic still rest with the army, the chiefs of which are more powerful under this curious republic than they would be under an emperor or a king; and the army may be counted on not to rise so long as the civil power is so subservient to the military as the present DUPUY government has shown itself to be in voting a law for the occasion which may prevent the revision of the DREYFUS case. At the same time no change in the form of government would make France less a true republic than she is to-day.

THE outbreak in Samoa, some of whose principal events were illustrated for the first time in this country—or, for that matter, in any other country, so far as we are aware—in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, was inevitable, and its like is to be expected whenever any difference of opinion occurs between the Germans on the one side and the English and Americans on the other side. It is the natural result of the treaty under which the three powers undertake to govern the islands jointly through the agency of the natives. The Germans have from the first sought to get the better of the other two powers by intrigue and bluster. The bargain has never been of the slightest advantage to us, but, on the contrary, has given us infinite trouble. Probably, so far as trade is concerned, we would be better off if we withdrew entirely from the hopeless effort to bring peace and order to a community through a treaty which invites to intrigue and bad feeling. Both Americans and Englishmen are too good for the kind of work which the Germans seem to have been doing in Samoa.

THE Court of Inquiry which was ordered by the President to inquire into the character of the beef furnished to the army is really expected to discover if a court martial may not properly be ordered to try the Major-General commanding the army. General MILES has not been circumspect or regardful of military tradition, or even of discipline. Notwithstanding his denials of some interviews, he has had his word in the newspapers in criticism of his superior officers, and for that he is blameworthy. Nevertheless, the gravity of his offence, such as it is, must be measured by the conditions in which he found himself. And first among these untoward conditions is the military system which prevails in this country, and which, so long as it lasts, will always prevent it not only from becoming a first-rate military power, which it does not seek to become, but which will inevitably weaken or destroy the efficiency of any force that it may maintain. The army is commanded by civilians—first, by Congress, which is always ignorant and usually indifferent; and second, by the Secretary of War, who is generally ignorant and nearly always active and energetic. Under these circumstances, an energetic and able soldier who is in command of the army at an emergency like that of last summer will almost always find himself in conflict with the incompetent civilian commanders of the army, and will inevitably be hampered by politics. Among other difficulties which he will have to encounter will be the dread that his civilian superiors are always likely to manifest of the possible popularity of a victorious soldier. If any one supposes that this jealousy must disappear before patriotic considerations, a contemplation of ALGER, HANNA, and other leaders of partisan schemes in Washington will correct that opinion. Without intending to make any suggestions whatever as to the subject-matter of the inquiry before the Court of Inquiry on the beef scandals, we deem it proper to say that such outbursts as General MILES is charged with may be expected so long as the army is at the mercy of the politicians, and some day it may be necessary to the preservation of the country that the soldier at the head of the army shall speak his mind—and that through the newspapers—of the civilian whom fate or intrigue has put above him for the moment.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

DR. RAINSFORD of St. George's is almost as apt as Bishop Potter to afford the newspapers and their readers subjects for comment and, usually, for criticism. The difference is that Bishop Potter is usually criticised for something he didn't say, or didn't mean in the sense that some folks understood it, whereas Dr. Rainsford is less apt to be misunderstood.

The journals of the town have lately been after Dr. Rainsford because he has been quoted as declaring in a sermon that "there is not one single paper in this city with any considerable circulation that cares a fig for any mortal thing but making money." That seems to be much too sweeping a statement. The desire to make money is generally no stronger in a newspaper than the instinct of self-preservation is in a man. Men often act contrary to that instinct; newspapers—even New York newspapers—often act in conflict with that desire. The average newspaper cares a heap for many other things besides money. It loves approbation, for one thing, so much that it will often bid very high for it. Among other motives besides greed and the love of approbation that actuate newspapers are revenge, the love of sport, the desire to raise hob, professional emulation, malice, envy, hatred, the love of truth, the love of lies, partisanship, political convictions of all sorts, the lust for reform, devotion to human rights, and righteous indignation. If any newspaper is going to keep alive, one influential branch of its management must devote itself to money-making, but the motives that shape the policy of the average journal are at least as complex as those that govern the actions of the average man. Indeed, they are more so, for the man is but one man, while the newspaper is hundreds of men, whose personalities, though shaped and directed by a ruling mind, are still not wholly obliterated, but all make their mark more or less distinctly on the paper. The New York paper which to close observers seems most strictly and exclusively devoted to money-getting is by no means the worst paper in town, but ranks fairly well among its fellows, whereas the journal which has the leading reputation for perversity is the one of all the lot which at its worst has seemed most regardless whether it made money or lost it.

BROWN UNIVERSITY has called unto itself the President of Vassar College; but Vassar, being very well satisfied with Dr. Taylor, has no mind to yield him without a struggle to the dictates of any Providence that is limited to the State of Rhode Island. At this writing Dr. Taylor has not as yet accepted Brown's invitation, and the Vassar dames are doing what they can to induce him to abide with them. It appears that, in Dr. Taylor's opinion, Vassar needs many things—an infirmary, a better gymnasium, a new laboratory, and divers else. She pays low salaries, too, and it has been estimated that to put her in a position to do her full duty by the contemporary world would cost something like two million dollars. It is thought that if this money could be raised, President Taylor would stay where he is, so the Vassar alumnæ are conspiring together to raise it. It is a great deal of money to collect, but they say: "Look at Barnard! Barnard has raised two millions in two years. If Barnard, a new college, could do that, can't Vassar do as well?" So the Vassar Alumnæ Association has divided itself up into committees and subcommittees, which are going up and down in the land searching hearts and pockets.

BARNARD meanwhile has interests of her own. The newspapers have announced that the Dean of Barnard is about to be married. It is an unusual thing for a dean to encumber herself with a husband, but there is no ruling precedent against it, and in this case a mitigating circumstance appears in that the man is also notably concerned in the spread of knowledge, being a publisher by occupation and a public-spirited citizen by habit. He is Mr. George Haven Putnam, and he excuses his presumption in aspiring to marry a dean by disclaiming any intention of separating his dean from her Barnard. So Barnard tries to bear it, and insists that the dean shall still be her dean, anyhow.

Our neighbor, the New York *Herald*, which likes to print portraits of persons who intend matrimony, has done Dean Smith an injustice by printing, on February 20, as her portrait and with her name beneath it, the likeness of a severe woman with banged hair, who is not Miss Smith at all, and is not so fortunate as to resemble her in any particular. The adaptation of stock pictures to the demands of an emergency may possibly be excused in a daily newspaper, but the public has a right to expect a fair degree of discrimination in the selection of the picture to be used.

A BIG fire in Chicago, on February 13, burned up the establishment of A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers, and with it their great book store, with two million books in stock, including a good many that were rare and valuable. Some of the neighboring hydrants were frozen up and there was a lack of water at the start, seeing which, the fire made such an energetic use of its opportunity as is characteristic of Chicago conflagrations. The loss in mere money exceeded half a million dollars, but the sentimental loss is great too; for in the book-store was the Saints' and Sinners' Corner, which was more or less sacred to the memory of Eugene Field, who used often to write about it in his column of "Sharps and Flats." McClurg's is the great literary centre of the West, or was while Chicago was still a Western city. The house is one of the greatest book-distributing centres in the world, and does a huge business between the Alleghanies and the Pacific.

THE dinner of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade in New York on February 22 seems to have been chiefly notable for the number of invited speakers who discreetly staid away. It is this organization, as will be remembered, that invented the present Personal Baggage law, and secured its enforcement by methods which have lately caused so much complaint. The only speech made at the board's dinner which the newspapers report was that in which Mr. Shayne, the president, declared that one citizen ought not to try to injure another citizen's business because he differs from him on a question of policy. This being interpreted means that the mere fact that Mr. Shayne has got up a law which provides that Mr. Godkin shall be sworn, searched, mulcted, delayed, and miscellaneously annoyed every time he comes back from Europe does not warrant Mr. Godkin in representing Mr. Shayne to be a greedy merchant who wants to bully folks into trading with him. It is hard to see why Mr. Godkin's policy of skinning Mr. Shayne in his own skin-store on Forty-second Street is not quite as justifiable as Mr. Shayne's policy of skinning Mr. Godkin on the cold, damp, cheerless, public wharf.

The fight against the Travellers' Baggage nuisance, which the *Evening Post* has led, has brought out many interesting letters which have helped to disclose the horrors and absurdities of the present system. It has been made clear that the present obnoxious device, by which a traveller is compelled to swear to his belongings in detail, and then has his baggage searched to see if he has committed perjury, is a system that was not devised for the collection of revenue, but for the punishment and persecution of travellers who have presumed to buy things in Europe. The impudence of the whole procedure; the audacity of Shayne and his pals who are at the bottom of the newest, meanest, and most vexatious features of it; and the absurd disproportion between the amount of annoyance caused and the amount of duties collected—all have been clearly and forcibly brought out, and have made reading that ought to produce results.

That persons who want to smuggle should be hindered is right, whether it annoys them or not, but that persons who are presumably honest should be treated like suspects awaiting indictment is neither reasonable nor necessary. That a lot of tradesmen without official responsibility should dictate regulations to the Treasury, and then be suffered to send their agents to the docks to see that folks who have not chosen to deal with them are made to suffer for that omission, is insufferable. The whole matter of collecting duties from travellers has been muddled, and the system ought to be revised and made to conform with the customs of contemporary civilization.

IN the March number of Cassell's *Magazine of Art* appears the first part of a critical and biographical discourse about Edwin A. Abbey, wherein Mr. M. H. Spielman follows him "from the stool in the draughtsman's room of Harper's New York office to Fairford Hall in Gloucestershire and the Royal Academy in London." The article, which deals in detail with Mr. Abbey's methods, has half a dozen illustrations (one of them colored), and brings its subject down to the exhibition, at the Royal Academy in 1896, of Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard of Gloucester accompanying the widow Anne to her lord's funeral

MISS LILLIAN BELL, who is described as the author of two works of humorous fiction and a constant correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has been telling the Baptist Social Union of Chicago that art has no prospects in Chicago, or anywhere in this country, because it has not freedom. She declares that the Puritan element in America to-day is crippling art. She takes gloomy views of the artistic future of a country "which makes Anthony Comstock and the American girl the standard of taste; in which Boston rejects a masterpiece of genius because it is nude; in which a magazine which never permits an artist to picture in its pages a woman in a décolleté gown circulates 750,000 a month." She thinks writers are as badly off here as painters, and finds that American novels "are too expunged to be true to life." She believes that we can well afford to let ourselves out a bit, for she is confident that, whatever freedom we achieve, our strong Puritan element will always keep us within bounds.

Perhaps the Baptist Social Union in Chicago requires the sort of drubbing Miss Bell has given it. If her assertions are justified, she deserves credit for imparting them in a company which would seem to be particularly likely to profit by them. If she gets a chance to administer her lecture to some of the Women's Christian Temperance Union societies she should not neglect it, for some of the members of that organization are over-straitly laced, and often need a judicious scolding. What she says about books has as much application to one part of the country as another, for books go everywhere. Is it true? Every reader and every writer must judge for himself. The present reader does not find American stories "too expunged" to suit him, if they are good in other respects. The present writer rarely finds himself constrained, out of regard for Comstock or the American girl, to suppress the disclosure of any fact or sentiment which seems to demand to be communicated. The dictionary is full of words, and it is a mighty bad state of affairs that cannot be indicated without offence to the public taste, if one has fair discernment about sorting out his language and stringing it together.

As for pictures and statues, perhaps conditions are freer in New York than in Chicago. The Bacchante which was rejected by the Boston Library (though the Boston Art Museum would probably have jumped at it) has an honored and conspicuous place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. No statue or picture would fail to be appreciated nowadays in New York because it was insufficiently draped. As for the drama, the filthy frankness of many of the plays in the best New York theatres last season surely merits some recognition from Miss Bell.

It is a big country and a new one. There are seventy millions of people in it, and if a considerable portion of them were not still imperfectly enlightened, it would be a much greater wonder than any of the conditions that excite Miss Bell to protest. Let her take heart and have better hopes about us, and if there is any view of life which she feels a strong impulse to delineate, but hesitates for fear of Comstock and the American girl, let her blurt it out as wisely as she may, make a book of it, and try it on us. An honest story that is worth attention will get it, albeit it may not be adapted to run as a serial in a magazine that is guaranteed to be fit for general family use.

THERE was something like general consternation at the news of Mr. Kipling's illness. It had been confidentially rumored that when he came this last time to America he came full of good resolutions to see every one, to be a nice lion and roar sweetly, to hurt no one's feelings, to do everything in reason that it was desired that he should do, whether it suited his humor or not. Maybe these really were his intentions; maybe not. At any rate, he seems to have lived pretty well up to them, for one hears of a great multitude of persons whom he has talked with or dined with or otherwise edified, and of no one whom he has displeased. Even the reporters whom he wouldn't interview have not reviled him.

The English reading world sets more store just now by this imperialistic British gentleman than by any other single writer going. It is more dependent on him for current entertainment than on any other one person, and it is very appreciative of what he does for it. It is mortifying to New-Yorkers that New York's meteorological flip-flaps should have made him ill. At this writing he is sick enough to cause anxiety; but then pneumonia always causes anxiety while it lasts. Get well quickly, Mr. Kipling! It worries us to have you ill. There is none of all the sentiments we have towards you that finds expression in lung-fever. That is something we would far rather have kept to ourselves than imparted to you.

THERE seems to be no camel too big, no gnat too small, for a Tammany administration to swallow. Every one has read of the raid on the Elevated Railroad, and most readers have smiled as they read and commented to themselves that in an open-air fight between Tammany and the Elevated, Mr. Gould and Mr. Sage were probably able to take care of themselves. But in the New York papers of February 22 there was a story at which no reader could have smiled indifferencc. It told of the swindling of a little army of snow-shovellers through a combination of rascality and inefficiency in city officials. After the great storm thousands of snow-shovellers were hired to help clear the streets, and were paid in tickets to be cashed by a paymaster of the Street-Cleaning Department. The department has three pay-days a week. One of them fell on Tuesday, February 21. The New York *Herald* reports that early on the morning of that day the shovellers gathered in Yard 3 of the department, in Eighteenth Street near Avenue C, to get their money. Many of them waited there in line ten hours, in slush and snow, the *Herald* says, before the paymaster opened his window. When he did come he paid out money so slowly that the shovellers gave up in despair, and sold their tickets at a large discount to sundry harpy speculators who swarmed around them. There were no Goulds or Sages among these shovellers. They were destitute men for the most part, who were out of employment when the snow came, and who needed their wages to buy food.

THE Sargent portrait show, which was opened in Copley Hall in Boston on February 20, will last until March 13. It is by far the most interesting American picture show of the year, and includes 150 of Sargent's works, of which about one-third are portraits. The rest are studies, sketches, and drawings.

THERE has been a dog show in New York. It was held last week in the Madison Square Garden, and lasted most of the week. There were dogs crated and loose, in packs, couples, families, and singly; large dogs and small; mastiffs, poodles, terriers, hounds, spaniels, bull-dogs—every sort of dog except the one species that the folks who walk the streets of New York and every other city especially long for and yearn to see. There were no dogless dogs at the show. Not one! Visitors who inquired for them were disappointed. Folks who went to the show with baskets which they hoped to fill with dogless puppies for distribution among their dog-harboring neighbors brought their baskets home empty or threw them away. There was much disappointment, and more than one visitor declared that a dog show without a single dogless dog in it was a mighty incomplete affair. But there are bicycle shows and horseless-wagon shows still to come, and perhaps the dogless dog (*vide* HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 2199, p. 135) will be entered in one of these.

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ÉMILE LOUBET,
Elected President of France, February 18, 1899.

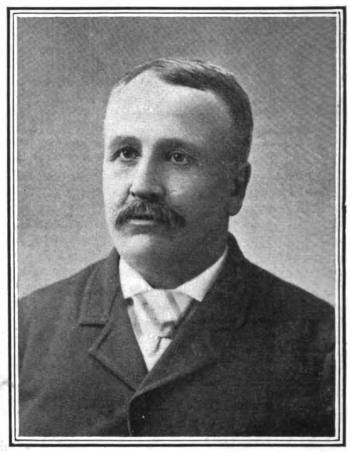
President of France

THE 483 Republican Deputies and Senators who, at the sitting of the National Assembly in the Versailles Palace on the 18th of February, elected M. Émile Loubet President, chose him as being *par excellence* the personification of the determination of the people to maintain the republic. He was never, and he is not now, a Centrist or a Leftist, a Socialist or a Progressist, a Dreyfusist or an anti-Dreyfusist; he is a Republican, without special qualification, *sans épithète*, as they say in French. He is neither an exceptionally brilliant orator, statesman, nor legislator, though he distinguished himself in all the positions he occupied at the bar, in the Chamber, in the Senate, and at the head of different ministries. But he is a Republican; that was sufficient to the members of the National Assembly who have placed him in the supreme power, well knowing that he would calmly and simply do all his duty to defend the republic. They had confidence in him for the strict enforcement of the Constitution and the laws, that enforcement being sufficient to insure liberty and justice to all citizens, and to resist the attacks of the monarchical parties; for "heroical times are past," as said Gambetta, by which he meant that the French Republic was so securely installed that it did not need to be defended with fire and sword against its internal or external enemies. M. Loubet has proved that he was especially fit for that kind of pacific but stern employ of constitutional weapons during the several years he has been President of the Senate, where he has not allowed the discussions of the Dreyfus affair to degenerate, as they did in the Chamber, into shameful and violent wrangles, by which the good name of France has been reviled and lowered in the estimation of the whole world. He is a true representative of those middle classes of intellectual France to which he belongs, and which have been reputed for their liberal sentiments and their obstinate and quiet energy in securing finally the ends of justice and liberty.

The new French President, M. Émile Loubet, comes from an old family of "bourgeois" farmers well known in the Department of La Drôme, south of Lyons, in the eastern part of France. He was born at Marsanne, December 31, 1838, and is therefore a man with yet all the vigor of his sixty-one years. After brilliant studies in the college of his department, he passed his examination in the law-school, and established himself as a lawyer at Montelimar, a larger town than his native place, though in the same region, where the family name he bore could be very useful for the progress of his future career.

His own talents and the scrupulous honesty as well as the ability he brought to the conduct of his lawyer's office induced his fellow-citizens of Montelimar to elect him Mayor in 1874, and also their representative at the Council-General of the department, which is something like the Assembly in the States of the American Union. In February, 1876, he was elected Deputy to the Chamber by the voters of the Montelimar electoral circonscription or district, and not by those of Valence, as stated erroneously in some papers. M. Loubet had published, as usual in France, his "profession de foi." He expressed in it his strong republican sentiments, but he declared boldly that he was opposed to the full amnesty which was at that time claimed in favor of all the men in prison or in exile who had taken a prominent part in the Commune insurrection in 1871. He thus already indicated, on his entrance into parliamentary life, that he was no extremist, but that he thought only of the welfare of the republic which would have been endangered, since public opinion was not yet ready to forget the Commune. When the Chamber was dissolved in May, 1877, M. Loubet was one of the 363 Deputies who brought on that dissolution by their vote against the monarchical ministry of President MacMahon. He was also, like all of his comrades in this vote, re-elected by his countrymen of Montelimar on the 17th of October of the same year. In 1881 he was sent again to the Chamber, and four years later he was chosen as one of the Senators for the Department of La Drôme. Since that time M. Loubet, until his election to the national Presidency, has been not only a member of the Senate, but he was twice elected its President, the office he was occupying when the vote of the National Assembly called him to a still higher one. While a Senator he was made several times a minister—for instance, of the Public Works in the Tirard cabinet, 1887–8—and even President of the Council of Ministers—that is, Premier—in 1892. The best evidence that in all these situations and offices M. Émile Loubet has fulfilled his entire duty as a republican, having in view the interests of the republic itself, and not those of the several parties which divided it, is that they have united to elect him President.

FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.



ADDISON G. FOSTER,
Senator-elect from Washington.

Senator A. G. Foster

THE Legislature of Washington, at the session held on February 2, elected Addison G. Foster, of Tacoma, to succeed John L. Wilson in the Upper House of Congress.

Mr. Foster is a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Belchertown in that State in 1837. His parents removed to Oswego, Illinois, when he was a boy, and later in the Middle Northwest father and son cleared a farm in the forest. He earned a little money by teaching school in Missouri, and from 1859 to 1875 conducted a grain-and real-estate business, and filled the offices of County Auditor and Surveyor at Wabasha, Minnesota. In 1875 investments in timber led him to choose St. Paul as a place of residence; about twelve years later the extension of his interests in the same business drew him to Tacoma. He is vice-president of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, and has been active in connection with the development of coal-mines and building of railways.

New Orleans Carnival

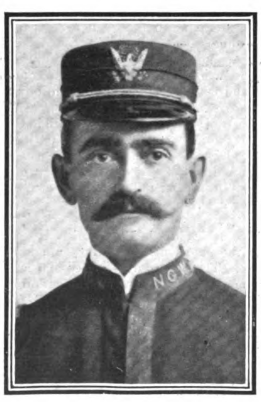
FOR the first time in its two centuries of existence, New Orleans celebrated this year a snow carnival. The carnival, coming as it does during February or March, arrives about the beginning of spring in the semi-tropics, and the warm weather adds materially to the success of the carnival, the chief holiday in that city, for it finds the town filled with visitors, who have come South as much to escape the rigors of the winter at home as to enjoy the gay season. But this year the carnival came "amid snow and ice." A blizzard struck New Orleans on Sunday, February 12, just two days before Mardi-gras (Shrove-Tuesday). Snow fell to the unprecedented depth of nearly three inches, and the thermometer got down as low as 7°—a temperature more than ten degrees below the lowest recorded in historical times or handed down by Indian tradition.

The out-door parades, where the maskers appear in the lightest of costumes, call for a warm and balmy day, and fairies in gauze seemed singularly out of place in a temperature only a little above zero. It was as bad as a picnic in midwinter.

On Mardi-gras, February 14, New Orleans was as gay as ever, in spite of a considerable amount of snow on the streets. Rex, the King of the Carnival, had arrived the previous day by the Mississippi River, accompanied by a fleet of gayly decorated vessels and various companies of guards, and had been officially received by the Mayor, and the keys of the city turned over to him. On Mardi-gras morning the carnival procession paraded the principal streets both morning and night, Rex by day and the "Mystick Krewe" of Comus by night, the one representing various fancy scenes, bright in a thousand colors; the other, scenes from Josephus, giving striking pictures from the history of the Jews. The number of visitors equalled any previous year.

On Friday the delayed parade of Proteus made its appearance, and hit the popular fancy, for each float contained a tableau representing the coat of arms of a State or Territory, and striking pictures of the principal industries and products of the State thus represented. The parade was distinctly national. The horses drawing the floats, and the torch and flambeau bearers, were all clad in American flags, and the music furnished by the numerous bands was all national airs.

There were also during the carnival season, just preceding Mardi-gras, the usual number of balls, tableaux, and masquerades by the several mystic and carnival societies of New Orleans, beginning on January 30 with the ball of Nereus, representing a visit to the north pole. The French Opera House, where this and all the other balls were given, was decorated to represent a region of eternal ice; the maskers being dressed like Esquimaux, polar bears, and other inhabitants of the arctic zone.



1ST LIEUT. E. K. IRWIN, U. S. V.,
1st Washington Infantry.



COL. WILLIAM C. SMITH, U. S. V.,
1st Tennessee Infantry.



1ST LIEUT. A. C. ALFORD, U. S. V.,
Co. B, 20th Kansas Infantry.



2D LIEUT. E. S. FRENCH, U. S. V.,
1st Montana Infantry.

Photograph by W. G. & A. J. Thuss.

AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES FIGHTING THE FILIPINOS.

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Maximo Gomez

REMEDIOS, *February 8.*

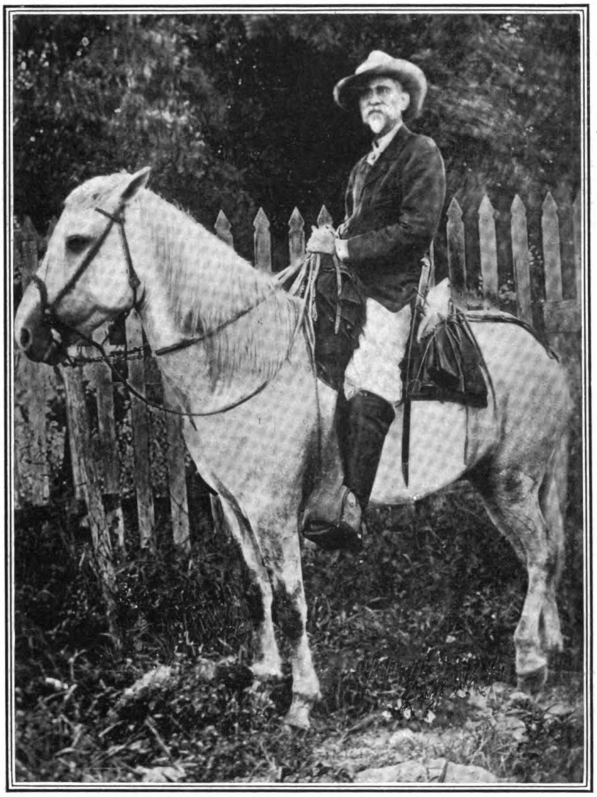
MAXIMO GOMEZ left here a little after 8 A.M. by special train, in a new car used for the first time, the locomotive neatly adorned with Cuban flags and escutcheon. A drizzling rain was falling, and the crowd at the station, composed mainly of the poorer and colored classes, was neither large nor enthusiastic. It included few representative men, and fewer or none of those who have shown marked sympathies with the United States. Gomez was escorted by a band of music playing the Cuban hymn, and made two short speeches, thanking Cubans and Spaniards for the warmth with which he had been treated, saying that he absented himself only because he hoped to do the country some good, and would soon return. He embraced several ladies who were affected to tears, while he with difficulty restrained his own.

Gomez's body-guard, or "escolta," was sent by the earlier regular train directly to Matanzas. He will breakfast and hold a reception at Camajuani, continuing on to Placetas, where he will dine, and pass the night. Starting the next morning for Sagua, he will remain there a day perhaps, going next to Santa Clara, where he will spend two days. From there he will go direct to Matanzas, delaying a short time at Colon and Jovellanos, the only towns of any importance on the direct route, leaving Cardenas unvisited, unless he be persuaded to change the programme.

The generalisimo's movements afterwards will, so says a partisan, depend upon the good behavior of President McKinley and Governor-General Brooke! If allowed to do as he wishes, he will send for his troops and enter the capital as a conqueror; if not, he will return, unless convinced by wiser men of his folly. In any case, he will perhaps hold out there for some new concession of which to make political capital against the United States.

Whether Gomez is leading or being led does not yet fully appear, but chance words dropped by his adherents, and the unwise articles of his military organ, *Las Villas*, show his hand very clearly. The plan is to get rid of the "tutelage" of the United States as soon as possible, make Gomez president of the Cuban republic, annex Santo Domingo, and afterwards use every means to emancipate Puerto Rico from the despotic sway of the Americans, and add it to the new West-Indian confederation. Whether the English, French, and Danish Antilles, with Haiti, are also to be absorbed is not yet known, but Gomez has undoubtedly become an out-and-out expansionist of the most roseate dye, and a probable imperialist in the near future.

Judged by what has been shown here by partisans more zealous than wise, Gomez will always be secretly opposed to the United States, assuming a menacing or acquiescing attitude, as each in turn may best serve to reach his principal aim — that of ridding himself of an inconvenient intervention as soon as possible. While every care should undoubtedly be taken to avoid wounding unnecessarily Cuban public sentiment, the fact that no concession made to Gomez is likely to gain his sympathy or change his purpose, but will only be used as political capital to prove to the more ignorant classes that he is their only defender against foreign aggression, should always be borne in mind. The telegrams from Havana published by his local organ prove this. First, the false report that Mr. McKinley was dangerously ill, followed by the assertion that Mr. Porter was striving for a *reconciliation* between the President and Gomez, that General Brooke was ordered to receive Gomez's advice upon everything relating to Cuban government, and that great hopes were entertained at Washington of the result of Mr. Porter's action. Furthermore, that the Governor-General was ordered, from Washington, to invite Gomez to Havana, receiving him, if he accepted, with the great honors due him. All this requires no comment. One of the generalisimo's most prominent and active supporters here, while he frankly admits that Cuba is not yet fit to govern herself, says plainly that the best remedy is not American guardianship, but a military dictatorship during her term of probation. This conclusion is so natural to one born and bred in the political atmosphere of Santo Domingo that there is little room to doubt whence it is derived.



GENERAL GOMEZ AS HE IS TO-DAY.

The tendencies of Gomez seem to have been so clearly revealed here, to those who have means of learning the truth, that the main question now is—how much harm may he do as an obstructionist to the plans of the United States, unless, after being removed from the circle of fulsome adulation which enveloped him in this town, he is gradually converted to sounder aspirations as he approaches Cuba's intellectual centre? This will depend upon the tact and caution exercised by our government and the general good sense of the Cuban people.

Judging by what has passed in this out-of-the-way retrograde city, as Gomez becomes more intimately known the better people of all classes will lose respect for and drop away from him, leaving him surrounded principally by intriguing, obtrusive place-hunters, who will for a time keep those who sympathize with American aims in the background, while appearing to represent true public opinion.

A residence of four years, including the Cuban war and the blockade, has given good opportunities for ascertaining the opinions of all classes in this locality, but I have not found one of the better type of Cubans who supports Gomez. There is a large portion, perhaps a majority, of his own officers and soldiers who are opposed to him. One colonel upon his own staff has publicly, in two speeches, had independence enough in his presence to combat "militarism" without reserve.

Gomez seems to have comprehended this much of the situation—turning his attention to gaining popularity with women by flattering attentions to them and their children. Hence a long series of balls and festivities, for which a heavy claim has been made upon this impoverished municipality, while the sick in its hospital and the more destitute families are without food, and the school-teachers nearly two years without pay. Gomez is also strenuously endeavoring to make himself the idol of the colored people and the more ignorant whites. Success in this quarter is perhaps all that could keep him long before the public in a position of great influence.

If the feeling toward him of the rank and file of his own army (who in this section are apparently four-fifths of African blood) is common to the rest of the island, their accounts of ill treatment in the "woods" may checkmate him in this direction. Many of his officers are loud in their complaints of his partiality and unjust favoritism, accusing him of carrying it so far as to promote over their heads, since the war ended, those who did not join him until peace was made.

The visit here of Mr. Porter and Señor Quezada was apparently a wise and politic measure. The public speech of the latter was received with enthusiasm, and convinced those who heard it that the United States were working in good faith. As Gomez had been posing as a defender of Cuban rights against American abuse and aggression, it took the wind out of his sails most completely. If, as may be supposed, in every place where Gomez remains long enough to make his real character known there will be a reaction against him after the first burst of enthusiasm has spent itself, inviting him to the capital will be another gain. Nevertheless this policy, if carried too far, and if the more advanced influences of the section to which he is going do not change his purposes, will only give a new opportunity for imposing upon the ignorant the belief that every step taken by the American authorities to benefit Cuba has been forced upon the President by the fear of Gomez, or due to his advice.

Those Cubans in this vicinity who are most firmly convinced of the unfitness of their countrymen for self government are alarmed at the advances made to Gomez, and fear precipitancy in the cessation of intervention. The news of the withdrawal of the larger part of the American troops adds to their discouragement; but this latter is a wise measure, and attended with no risk if the Cuban rural police is organized and put under American officers. One favorable feature of the situation is the fact that precisely those elements that will soonest disturb the peace after they get free control of the island are those most interested in preserving order now, that intervention may end as soon as possible.

JAY H. DEE.



BRIG.-GEN. JOSÉ GONZALES, HIS STAFF AND TROOPS, AT HIS CAMP FIVE MILES FROM REMEDIOS.

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MUSIC

RECENT CONCERTS

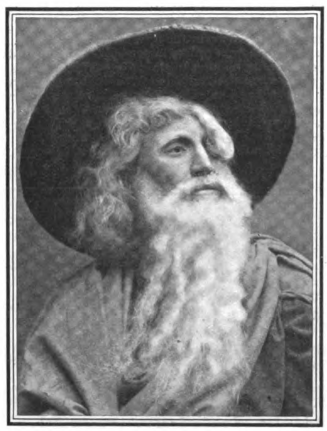
AT no time are great women violinists plentiful. They are few in Europe, and we have only two in America—incidentally, two that quite deserve the adjective. And 1898–99 has not been a winter of violinists, male or female. That accent is rare in any of our seasons as a determining characteristic. Pianistic winters are another matter. Every winter is a winter of pianists. In the precarious condition of many concert interests in New York just now, when an operatic drain on the attention and the purses of music-hearers is seriously affecting every other article of musical purveyance, and plans and engagements alike have been disturbed even to their abandonment, it is the pleasing redemption of a welcome promise that brings to us one of the most distinguished violinists in the world. Lady Halle, even more affectionately honored as Madame Neruda, has taken an artist's time, indeed, to visit this country. She made her début in Vienna in 1846. She has been for twenty years the queen of violinism in London, after having achieved unsurpassed successes on the Continent. She has toured and retoured Europe's length and breadth with annual acclamations from Dantzig to Odessa. She has traversed Australia and the South-African states, bow in hand, to bewitch the black Kaffir and the brown Zulu. In the Tuileries, Napoleon III. and Eugénie were her admirers on famous musical evenings long agone. Princess Metternich was her hostess at the Austrian Legation in 1869. In professional relations with the composers for her elect instrument, and early ranked with its highest roll of artists, Wilma Neruda is a part of far more than British musical history. It has been rather a puzzle why she has been so coy toward our Western world, only a week distant from London. Her name long ago became here anything but an uncertain sound. But we may remember that Joachim (to whom Lady Halle is often compared) has not come to us, and never will come, and that Weniavski and Sarasate were satisfied each with short visits, far from early in their careers. In meeting any inquiries as to why she has delayed, the Boston Symphony Orchestra offers Lady Halle's present appearances as the best answer.

Women Violinists. Lady Halle (Madame Neruda).



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.
From copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont.

Concerts and the "appearances" of artists—like most musical episodes in a season—grow cold and stale matters before they are in print, compared with what analysis and characterization can do for other things in æsthetics. It will be sufficient to say that Lady Halle has been met by her American audiences, both of Boston and New York, with an immediate and intimate sense of her intrinsic merits, as well as merely of her distinctive position. To many it was a kind of familiar satisfaction to see her standing up in Carnegie Hall, so wonted were the eye and the ear to her dignified and quiet presence in London concerts. On this occasion a new and sad element, personal to her, entered into one's thought on meeting her again. Indeed, it was not without influence in her performance, if nicely followed. A deep and sudden affliction, with many of tragedy's rarer details, has come to the artist within a little time. The figure in unrelieved black on the stage the other afternoon and evening was that of a woman to whom art must be a sustaining service nowadays, if never before. The shocking death of Lady Halle's son in Switzerland last autumn was one of the typical tragedies in a season abundant in mountaineering casualties. That the player is not in her best estate of temperament, and perhaps of technical assurance, was noticeable—rather in the well-known Eighth Concerto by Spohr than in that by Bruch, equally well known and so opposite in emotional contents. The two works (one put into the afternoon concert, the other into the evening bill) were given with Lady Halle's mastery and elegance. But every now and then something lacked of her inward fire and sentiment and color and fervor, of her poetic and sensuous charm. It was as easy to account for the passing deficiency as it was instant in one's heart to excuse it. There must be just now small pleasure that the violinist can take in the glare of concert-halls and in the most thunderous applause. Neither our own music nor that by anybody else can yet bring surcease of sorrow.



ANTON VAN ROOY, AS *WOTAN*.
From copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont.

Lady Halle's style as a violinist is that which, for want of a better term, we are wont to call classical, as opposed to the robustious modern executants and interpretants. It is restrained, solid, with a calm, perfectly proportioned technic. Her tone is small as compared with the sonorous sawings of many violin-players of vogue. But it never is weak. Its roundness, pureness, and limpid quality are ever in evidence. It easily swells to a vigor that is ample and masculine. The player is thoroughly musicianly, and many-sided in interpretation, as only are great artists and those to whom the violin is naturally the supreme exponent. But the rhapsodism of the most contemporary German violin-playing is not to be met in Lady Halle. You must go farther for that—and fare worse. She has a good deal of the Wilhelmj quality, and the goings-on of sundry notable stars of the day are not of her conviction, and never could be so. Largeness of manner, dignity, and deference to the musical consideration of the violin, are integral factors in Lady Halle's playing. Add to this an utter absence of personal ostentation—the performer who seeks to be forgotten in her performance—and one has an outline of her as she has been before the world many decades, and still is before it. Incidentally, she has been treated graciously by that Time who usually does not so spare the artist his reminders that he plays on the outward personality a fugue of his own. Her powers are to-day at their height. Doubtless no ebb of them will show as long as Lady Halle chooses to continue on that public stage which she so adorns. She will be heard on this visit in no very long group of appearances. But each one will be of mark. Her visit to us is a new detail of our English Alliance.

Lady Halle's Style.

The orchestral novelty on this engagement of the Boston Orchestra was Vincent d'Indy's curious "Symphonic Variations: Istar." The composer, for many years rather a "marked man," has come into strong notability in France and Belgium by his opera "Fervaal," produced in Paris, and by his symphonic writings. D'Indy has been heard here occasionally in concerts, but we have not paid him over-cordial honor, as his elaborate scores seemed to be more ingenious than ingenuous — more instrumentation than music. "Istar" is programme music. It is supposed to describe the episodes of an old Assyrian legend, one that is slender, uninteresting, and, incidentally, by no means delicate in its suggestiveness. Of course, like most programme music, if the reader were not told what had been in the composer's mind, he would never guess it by the score; and, also like most programme music, the best thing to do is to pay no heed to the legend. Better to decide independent of it whether the composer has written what is interesting, beautiful, good, or otherwise. On the basis of such appreciation "Istar" is to be classed as an extremely rich, labored, and belabored work. It is full of brilliant contrasts of tone-color and rhythm, and the sort of thing to stir an audience with enthusiasm on certain grounds. It has much emotionality, and manifest need for an orchestra's virtuosity. But it is vague and incoherent, and as a whole not worth producing. Like the rest of the programme, especially the "Heroic" Symphony, it was gorgeously played by the Orchestra, and the audience made much of Mr. Gericke when it was finished.

Vincent d'Indy's "Istar."



LADY HALLE (WILMA NERUDA).

Mr. Felix Gross, a young Viennese violinist, made a local début in Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, before a small but amiable audience. Mr. Gross is undoubtedly a player of talent; but at present he has neither the refinement of art nor—apparently—the feeling for music needful to please a New York audience of the kind most appealing to his aims.

Felix Gross, Violinist.

It is with satisfaction that lovers of good symphony-playing will have remarked the keeping together of the band headed by Mr. Emil Paur, as far as its pair of public concerts last week. There is no reason to alter any impression of the superior qualities of the orchestra and of the utility to music here of its leader, unless to add praise. Mr. Paur is the most efficient and competent conductor of symphonic music at present an integral part of music in our city. It is to be suspected that he and the particular organization in question have had no easy task to remain a working force in a winter in which concert competition has been close. Comment under such circumstances has suggested almost the breath on a house of cards. Except for its concerts and the Philharmonic Society's group, we should have no distinctively orchestral concerts all through the winter which would be both of first-class authority and interest and derived within our own confines. At the latest two concerts Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, Professor Edward Macdowell's fine Suite in A minor (opus 42), and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture were the orchestral numbers, with Madame Schumann-Heink as the soloist. Madame Schumann-Heink is almost as great in song-singing as in Wagner operas, and she was in superb voice. But she does not choose songs suited to her style as often as could be wished. She should abide by the graver repertory, of which "In Questa Tomba," "Die Allmacht," and so on are good examples.

The Paur Orchestra.



FRANCES SAVILLE.
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The course of opera at the Metropolitan at present is agitated by many ups and downs and internal considerations that will be plainer discussed and understood after a while. In the mean time there is no significant change in the repertory question, in which much is involved of both present and future complexity. An additional Cyclus of Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy wisely is announced by the management, to be given, like the preceding series—the only proper method under the circumstances—as a venture apart from the regular subscription evenings and matinées. There are three weeks more of the long season. The statistics show that by the distribution, to date, of the operas, Wagnerian or other, "Roméo et Juliette" will have been sung seven times; "Faust," five; "Tannhäuser," five; "Die Walküre," six; "Lohengrin," five; "Tristan and Isolde," four; "Il Barbiere," five. Five other well-worn operas have been given three times each, and the remainder from once to twice. Of the newer operas mentioned in Mr. Grau's autumnal prospectus, Mr. Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro" has been put into rehearsal. A revival of "Norma" was set down for last Wednesday, and "Le Prophète" is advertised.

At the Opera House.

The "National" Conservatory of Music in this city, an institution which is doing excellent service for the preparatory in art, has brought its symphony orchestra of pupils and their instructors to a degree of artistic efficiency calling for distinct recognition. The Conservatory's fourth concert occurred on Monday evening of last week, with a dignified programme, interpreted with a finish not usual in our musical schools.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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FROM "THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN," AS PLAYED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK—THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

DRAMA

TWO versions of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" were enacted last October in London—the one, written by Mr. Sydney Grundy, was played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's; and the other, by Mr. Henry Hamilton, was played by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Globe. It was battle royal between the two camps. All London and its wife shouldered a partisan musket, and a burlesque was produced on the variety stage under the portentous title of "The Tree Dumas-Keeters." In America Mr. Sothern produced the Hamilton version some months ago in Philadelphia, and has cut short his annual tour to hurry it on in New York at the Knickerbocker Theatre, just in time to escape being beaten by Mr. O'Neill with the Grundy version at the Broadway. The strife between the Musketeers bids fair to surpass even that in London, and I suppose we shall all have to get a gun, and perhaps a sword and a pistol.

Johnny, get your Gun.

These Musketeers come to us in a manner like bread from the waters, for Dumas got his first inspiration from an English romance of no less note than "Hamlet," and fostered it upon the novels of Scott. Almost as soon as the original novel was published (1844) it was adapted to the stage, but until the present year it does not appear to have been acted in London since Charles Dillon gave it at the Lyceum in 1856. Nowadays the reaction against naturalism has brought romantic tales to the front again, and among them very properly this prince of all romances of the sword. Dumas tells us that his acquaintance with his hero was derived from a volume of the Memoirs of M. d'Artagnan, who is described in the title-page as "Capitaine-lieutenant de la première compagnie des Mousquetaires du Roi." In this he is speaking truly enough; but when he goes on to tell us that the novel as we have it is printed from a folio manuscript which he discovered, we must believe his story only as long as we are reading the novel. As a subject for dramatization the novel has but one drawback. There is enough in it to furnish forth a dozen times five acts. It thus becomes a point of interest to see the difference in treatment of two trained dramatists. Mr. Hamilton is said to have got in most of the main incidents of the novel, thus emphasizing the narrative element. Mr. Grundy, in the version he made for Mr. Tree, is said to have revelled in the local color of the novel—largely in the matter of costume, setting, and general stage effects, but also in the matter of dialogue. To the passages he has taken from the original he has added two scenes of his own. Both dramatists have de-Gallicised the story. D'Artagnan's *Madame Bonacieux* has become a Maid of Honor in both senses, and the exposal of the *fleur de lis* branded on Miladi's fair shoulder has become a purely British indiscretion. Heaven save us from that bad Alexandre Père! Yet the thing can be overdone. "Dieu protège moi—mais pas trop!"

Stage Versions of the Novel.

Mr. O'Neill's production of the Grundy version is listed to appear at the Broadway on March 13. It is to have the scenery and costumes used in Mr. Tree's gorgeous production, and is to be produced under the direction of Mr. E. J. Malyon, Mr. Tree's stage-manager. The company will include Miss Margaret Anglin, lately *Roxane* in Mansfield's "Cyrano," Mr. Wilton Lackaye, and others, among whom Miss Blanche Bates is prominent. Miss Bates first became known as leading lady in the Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco. I am informed by a recent traveller in the West that she played a very creditable *Nora* in a matinée production of "The Doll's House," which was advertised as the first production of an Ibsen play on the coast. The patrons of the theatre, who had evidently taken note of the title of the play, and of the fact that it was given in the afternoon, sent their children in large numbers. Miss Bates came to New York to take the part of the Russian adventuress, *Countess Charkoff*, in the Daly production of "The Great Ruby." She was instantly acknowledged to have made the individual success of the piece. Owing to a difference with the management, she resigned from Mr. Daly's company and joined the O'Neill Musketeers. Her somewhat conventional part in "The Great Ruby" is not a good basis for judgment, but she has a sympathetic and an unusually mobile masque, and seems to have real histrionic intelligence.

The O'Neill Musketeers and Miss Bates.

Two American plays, to which we had looked forward with great hopes—"The Rev. Griffith Davenport" and "Nathan Hale"—were last week taken off the Metropolitan stage. To imply that there was any deep damnation in their taking off would not be quite just; but Mr. Herne's stay was very brief, and though Mr. Fitch's play was successful financially, I doubt if he is more than satisfied with his *succès d'estime*. Home-made plays are so rare that it is as well to linger over their obsequies. The two plays, though not at first sight similar, have much in common, and I suspect that the weakness of both is the same—at least I have a hypothesis that I hope will justify a post-mortem.

Hic Jacet.

In my first notice of "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" I pointed out that though there are many interesting incidents and situations in the play, they are so fragmentary that there is really no story to follow, and they are acted with such rigid repression as to be almost without dramatic appeal or charm. They take no definite form in one's mind, and make no lasting impression there. The play is human and true so far as it goes, but it scarcely goes farther than such glimpses as one gets in real life of the affairs of his neighbors. Even at the expense of differing with so accomplished a man as Mr. Herne, I am obliged to think that this is not enough for a play. When one chooses to go to the theatre instead of, let us say, to a political meeting or to a police court, one accepts a world of rags and paint for the real world, a world of foot-lights for a world of daylight—a thing no reasonable man would do, even the strongest partisan of realism, if he did not expect to find something beyond what he would have had in the actual world. The value of the world of paint and foot-lights lies in the fact that it is not real, and that the people who move in it cannot by any possibility be regarded as real. Paint and rags are the means by which we render unreal all but the most significant aspects of life, and by doing so are enabled to work out in the space of an evening a story or the development of a human soul that in real life would take years of intimate knowledge to understand. In "Catherine" we have a story that has something definite and important to say to us, and says it coherently and with charm.

An Undramatic Story.

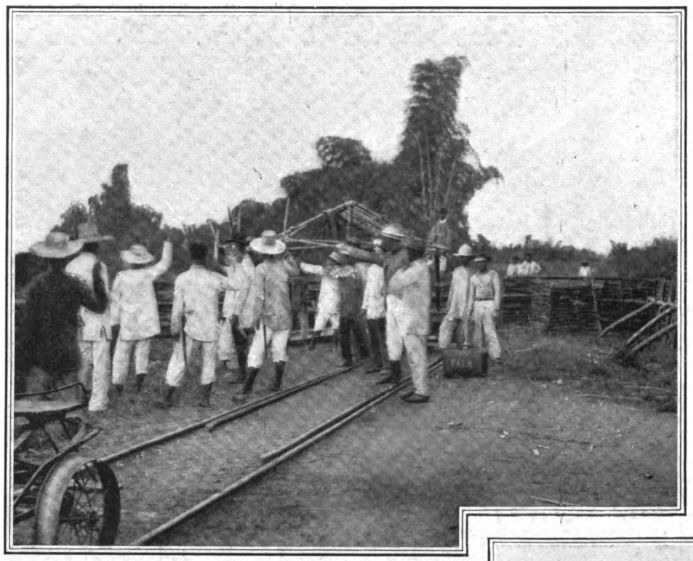
"Nathan Hale" deals with a motive rather than with a story. A young soldier, full of ambition and promise, leaves the woman he loves, to become a spy, and gives up his life with the simple regret that he had but one life to give. To work out the tragedy of that heroism to the limit of what it may be made to suggest, four acts are perhaps sufficient, but if so, there is not a moment to lose. Mr. Fitch gives up the first act, and most of the second, to the frivolities of social comedy, and when at last he broaches the motive he develops it by means of impossible situations of the conventional sort and by empty scenic effects. The play has been treated very kindly by the daily press, no doubt because of a commendable desire to encourage native effort; but the most that any one has found to praise is the absence of melodramatic excesses. After *Hale* is condemned to death, the young woman to whom he was to have been married is permitted to see him for five minutes. The play is so void of all things dramatic that there is positively nothing for her to say; so she spends the time weeping on his shoulder, and the critics say that the author has shown admirable restraint. In the entire scene in which *Hale* is hanged there are but two speeches, the question as to whether *Hale* has anything to say, and his historic answer. For the rest we are edified with the efforts of the scene-painter and the electrician. The scene has been praised as being quiet. It was pointed out some weeks ago in these columns that Mr. Fitch, in his quietude, has quite missed his main motive, but the case was not adequately stated until Mr. Howells, in the latest number of LITERATURE, spoke of his having handled one of the most exalted episodes of American history "with a very suppressed feeling for its sublimity and beauty." For an example of the dramatic expression of a motive we have only to see "Zaza." From the opening to the end of the wonderful fourth act, every scene is rigidly subordinated to the motive of the story. There is not a word or gesture that does not tell us something of the manner in which a creature of the gutter became a woman; and by using the opportunities of the stage to the full the story is told without undue emphasis.

A Neglected Motive.

Such considerations are technical and perhaps dry, but they are important. The fault usually found with native plays is that they are unliterary. Be that as it may, the native plays in hand commit the more essential error of being undramatic. "All I wanted," said the elder Dumas, speaking of himself as a playwright, "was four boards and a passion." Mr. Herne has his four boards, but he has judged it more important to perfect them realistically than to fuse a passion into them. Mr. Fitch has chosen a noble passion, but he has failed to adjust it to his four boards. Since "Secret Service" there has not been an American play that showed any real feeling for the limitations and the opportunities of scenic representation. JOHN CORBIN.

Four Boards and a Passion.

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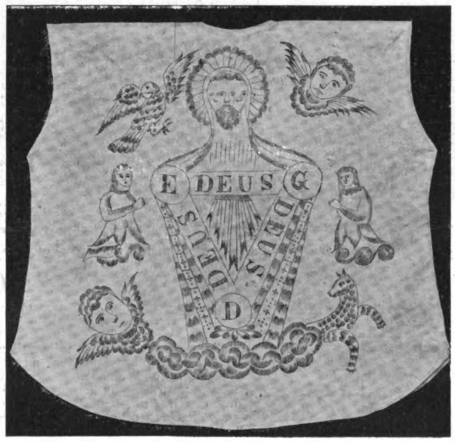
TRENCH ON THE LINE OF THE RAILWAY DEFENDED BY NATIVES ARMED WITH BOLOS.



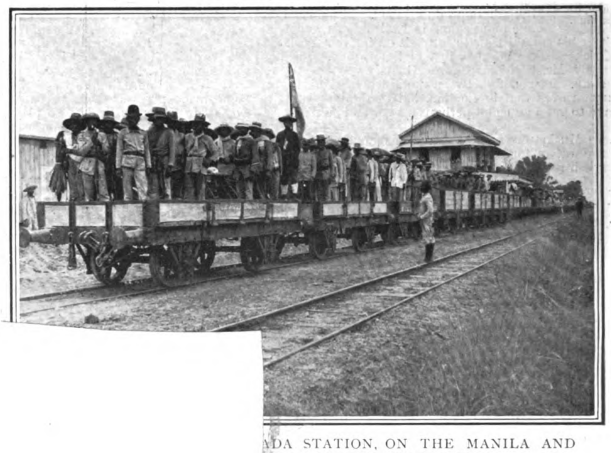
ANG-TING ANG-TING, OR CHARM TO AVERT EVIL.



TRENCHES AND EARTH-WORKS ALONGSIDE THE RAILWAY AT MEYPAJO, NEAR CALOOCAN.



ANG-TING ANG-TING, OR CHARM TO AVERT EVIL.



ADA STATION, ON THE MANILA AND OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.



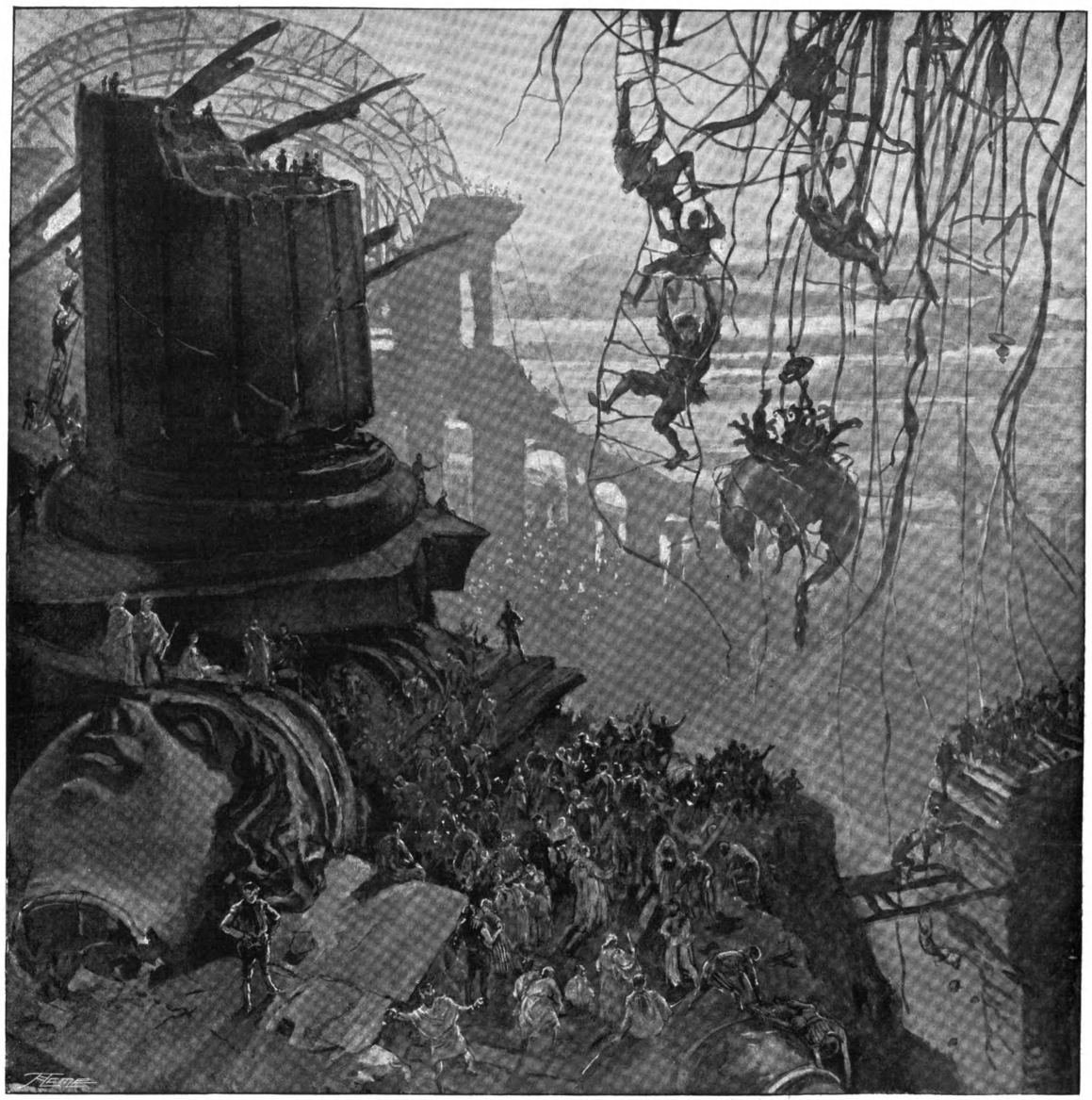
REBEL CANNON AND BREASTWOR
BLOCK-HOUSE NC



, ON THE MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILWAY, H DESPERATE FIGHTING OCCURRED.

MANILA—ALONG THE LINE OF BATTLE OUTSIDE THE CITY.
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE OLD ORDER.

So far as Graham was able to judge, it was near mid-day when the white banner of the Council fell. But some hours elapsed before it was possible to effect the formal capitulation; and after he had spoken his "Word" before the enthusiastic disorder of that same vast theatre across which he had fled for his life not eight hours since, he rested and took refreshments in the apartments of the Wind-Vane offices that had been assigned him until the surrender was prepared. The continuous excitement of the last twelve hours had left him inordinately fatigued—even his curiosity was exhausted; for a space he sat inert and passive with open eyes, and for a space he slept. He was roused by two medical attendants, come prepared with stimulants to sustain him through the next occasion. After he had taken their drugs and bathed, by their advice, in cold water, he felt a rapid return of interest and energy, and was presently able and willing to accompany Ostrog through several miles (as it seemed) of passages, lifts, and slides to the closing scene of the White Council's rule.

The way ran deviously through a maze of buildings. They came at last to a passage that curved about, and suddenly broadening before him he saw an oblong opening, clouds hot with sunset, and the ragged sky-line of the ruinous Council House. A tumult of shouts came drifting to him. In another moment they had come out high up on the brow of the cliff of torn buildings that overhung the wreckage. The vast area opened to Graham's eyes, none the less strange and wonderful for the remote view he had had of it in the oval mirror.

This rudely amphitheatral space seemed now the better part of a mile to its outer edge. It was gold-lit on the left hand, catching the sunlight, and below and to the right clear and cold in the shadow. Above the shadowy gray Council House that stood in the midst of it the great black banner of the surrender still hung in sluggish folds against the blazing sunset. Severed rooms, halls, and passages gaped strangely, broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled sea-weed, and from its base came a tumult of innumerable voices, violent concussions, and the sound of trumpets. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation—the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars; the thunderous concussion of their downfall he had heard that morning in the darkened ways. Amongst the sombre wreckage beneath, running water flashed and glistened, and far away across the space, out of the midst of a vague vast mass of buildings, the twisted end of a water-main, two hundred feet in the air, thunderously spouted a shining cascade. And everywhere great multitudes of people.

Wherever there were space and foothold, people swarmed—little people, small and minutely clear, except where the sunset touched them to indistinguishable gold. They clambered up the tottering walls; they clung in wreaths and groups about the high-standing pillars. They swarmed along the edges of the circle of ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central space.

The upper stories of the Council House seemed deserted; not a human being was visible. Only the drooping banner of the surrender hung heavily against the light. The dead were within the Council House, or hidden by the swarming people, or carried away. Graham could see only a few neglected bodies in gaps and corners of the ruins and amidst the flowing water.

"Will you let them see you, sire?" said Ostrog. "They are very anxious to see you."

Graham hesitated, and then walked forward to where the broken verge of wall dropped sheer. He stood looking down—a lonely, tall, black figure against the sky.

Very slowly the swarming ruins became aware of him. And as they did so, little bands of black-uniformed men appeared remotely, thrusting through the crowd towards the Council House. He saw little black heads become pink, looking at him; saw by that means a wave of recognition sweep suddenly across the space. It occurred to them that he should accord them some recognition. He held up his arm, then pointed to the Council House and dropped his hand. The voices below became unanimous,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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gathered volume, came up to him as multitudinous pin-point cheers.

The sun had long since vanished, the western sky was pallid bluish-green, and Jupiter shone high in the south before the capitulation was accomplished. Above was a slow insensible change, the advance of night, serene and beautiful; below was hurry, excitement, conflicting orders, pauses, spasmodic developments of organization, a vast ascending clamor and confusion. Before the Council came out, toiling perspiring men, directed by a conflict of shouts, carried forth hundreds of those who had perished in the hand-to-hand conflict within those long passages and chambers. The Twelve Trustees came out at last, preceded by the disarmed guards in red, and by the black and yellow lackeys; they came along a wooden footway that had been hurriedly made to bridge a streaming torrent of water, along an avenue of improvised lights, to the place Ostrog had chosen to receive them. A perpetual hammering drowned the sound of their approach.

Guards in black lined the way, and as far as the eye could reach into the hazy blue twilight of the ruins, and swarming now at every possible point in the captured Council House and along the shattered cliff of its circum-adjacent buildings, were innumerable people, and their voices, even when they were not cheering, were as the soughing of the sea upon a pebble beach. Ostrog had chosen a huge commanding pile of overthrown masonry, and on this a stage of timbers and metal girders was being hastily constructed. Its essential parts were complete, and Graham stood in his place, but humming and clangorous machinery still glared fitfully in the shadows beneath this edifice.

The stage had a small higher portion, on which Graham stood, with Ostrog and Lincoln close beside him, a little in advance of a group of minor officers. A broader lower stage surrounded this quarter-deck, and on this were the black-uniformed guards of the revolt, armed with little green weapons, whose very names Graham still did not know. Those standing about him perceived that his eye wandered perpetually from the swarming people in the dusky ruins about him to the mass of the White Council House, whence the Trustees would presently come, and to the gaunt cliffs of ruin that encircled him, and so back to the people.

The voices of the crowd swelled to a tumult.

He saw the Councillors first afar off in the glare of one of the lights, a little group of white figures blinking in a black archway. In the Council House they had been in darkness. He watched them slowly approaching, drawing nearer, past first this blazing electric star and then that; the minatory roar of the crowd over whom their power had lasted for a hundred and fifty years marched along beside them. As they drew still nearer, their faces came out weary and white and anxious. He saw them blinking up at the glare to see him and Ostrog. He contrasted his memory of their strange cold looks in the Hall of the Atlas. Presently he could recognize several of them—the man who had rapped the table at Howard, a burly man with a red beard, and one delicate-featured, short, dark man with a peculiarly long skull. He noted that two were whispering together, and looking behind him at Ostrog. Next there came a tall, dark, and handsome man, walking downcast. Abruptly he glanced up, his eyes touching Graham for a moment, and passed beyond him to Ostrog.

"The Master, the Master! God and the Master!" shouted the people. "To hell with the Council!" Graham looked at their multitudes, receding beyond counting into a shouting haze, and then at Ostrog beside him, white and steadfast and still. His eye went to the little patch of White Councillors receding to the right. For the way that had been made for them was so contrived that they had to march past and curve about before they came to the sloping path of planks that ascended to the stage where their surrender was to be made. And then he looked up at the familiar quiet stars overhead. The marvellous element in his fate was suddenly vivid. Could that be his, indeed, that little life in his memory two hundred years gone by—and this as well?

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST.

AND so, after strange delays and through an avenue of battle and doubt and struggle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that new world.

At first, when he rose from the long deep sleep that followed his rescue and the surrender of the Council, he did not recognize his surroundings. By an effort he gained a clew in his mind, and all that had happened came back to him, at first with a quality of insincerity like a story heard, like something read out of a book. And even before his memories were clear, the exultation of his escape, the wonder of his prominence, were back in his mind. He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his. He no longer hoped to discover his experiences a dream; he became anxious now to convince himself that they were real.

An obsequious valet assisted him to dress, under the direction of a dignified chief attendant, a little man whose face proclaimed him Japanese, albeit he spoke English like an Englishman. From the latter he learnt something of the state of affairs. Already the revolution was an accepted fact; already business was being resumed throughout the City. Abroad the downfall of the Council had been received for the most part with delight. Nowhere was the Council popular, and the thousand cities of Western America, after two hundred years still bitterly jealous of New York, London, and the East, had risen almost unanimously two days before at the news of Graham's imprisonment. Paris was fighting within itself. The rest of the world hung in suspense.

While he was breaking his fast, the sound of a telephone bell jetted from a corner, and his chief attendant called his attention to the voice of Ostrog making polite inquiries. Graham interrupted his refreshment to reply. Very shortly Lincoln arrived, and Graham at once expressed a strong desire to talk to people and to be shown more of the new life that was opening before him. Lincoln informed him that in three hours' time a representative gathering of officials and their wives would be held in the state apartments of the wind-vane chief. Graham's desire to traverse the ways of the city was, however, at present impossible, because of the enormous excitement of the people. It was, nevertheless, quite possible for him to take a bird's-eye view of the city from the crow's nest of the wind-vane keeper. To this, accordingly, Graham was conducted by his attendant. Lincoln, with a graceful compliment to the attendant, apologized for not accompanying them, on account of the present pressure of administrative work.

Higher even than the most gigantic wind-wheels hung this crow's nest, a clear thousand feet above the roofs, a little disk-shaped speck on a spear of metallic filigree, cable-stayed. To its summit Graham was drawn in a little cradle, wire-hung. Half-way down the frail-seeming stem was a light gallery, about which hung a cluster of tubes—minute they looked from above—rotating slowly on the ring of its outer rail. These were the specula, *en rapport* with the wind-vane keeper's mirrors, in one of which Ostrog had shown him the coming of his rule. His Japanese attendant ascended before him, and they spent nearly an hour asking and answering questions.

It was a day full of the promise and quality of spring. The touch of the wind warmed. The sky was an intense blue, and the vast expanse of London shone dazzling under the afternoon sun. The air was clear of smoke and haze, sweet as the air of a mountain glen.

Save for the irregular oval of ruins about the House of the Council and the black flag of the surrender that fluttered there, the mighty city, seen from above, showed few signs of the swift revolution that had, to his imagination, in one night and one day, changed the destinies of the world. A multitude of people still swarmed over these ruins, and the huge open-work stagings in the distance, at which the still interrupted service of aeroplanes to the various great cities of Europe and America started, were also black with the victors. Across a narrow way of planking raised on trestles that crossed the ruins a crowd of workmen were busy restoring the connection between the cables and wires of the Council-House and the rest of the city, preparatory to the transfer thither of Ostrog's headquarters from the wind-vane buildings.

For the rest, the luminous expanse was undisturbed. So vast was its serenity in comparison with the areas of disturbance that presently Graham, looking beyond them, could almost forget the thousands of men lying out of sight in the artificial glare within the quasi-subterranean labyrinth, dead or dying of the overnight wounds; forget the improvised wards, with the hosts of surgeons, nurses, and bearers feverishly busy; forget, indeed, all the wonder, consternation, and novelty under the electric lights. Down there in the hidden ways of the ant-hill he knew that the revolution triumphed, that black everywhere carried the day—black favors, black banners, black festoons across the streets. And out here, under the fresh sunlight, beyond the crater of the fight, as if nothing was happening to the earth, the forest of wind-vanes, that had grown from one or two while the Council had ruled, roared peacefully upon their incessant duty.

Far away, spiked, jagged, and indented by the wind-vanes, the Surrey hills rose, blue and faint; to the north and nearer, the sharp contours of Highgate and Muswell Hill were similarly jagged. And all over the country-side, he knew, on every crest and hill, where once the hedges had interlaced, and cottages, churches, inns, and farm-houses had nestled among their trees, wind-wheels similar to those he saw, and bearing, like them, vast advertisements, gaunt and distinctive symbols of the new age, cast their whirling shadows, and stored incessantly the energy that flowed away incessantly through all the arteries of the city. And underneath these wandered the countless flocks and herds of the British Food Trust with their lonely guards and keepers.

Not a familiar outline anywhere broke the cluster of gigantic shapes below. St. Paul's, he knew, survived, and many of the old buildings in Westminster, embedded out of sight, arched over and covered in among the giant growths of this great age. The Thames, too, made no fall and gleam of silver to break the wilderness of the city; it ran a dark stream of clarified sewage beneath the foundations of houses, and a race of grimy bargemen brought the heavy materials of trade from the Pool thereby to the very feet of the workers. Faint and dim in the eastward, between earth and sky, hung the clustering masts of the colossal shipping in the Pool. For all the heavy traffic for which there was no need of haste came in gigantic sailing-ships from the ends of the earth, and the heavy goods for which there was urgency, in mechanical ships of a smaller, swifter sort.

And to the south, over the hills, in three separate directions, ran pallid lines—the roads, stippled with moving gray specks. He tried to imagine these roads. On the first occasion that offered he was determined to go out and see them. That would come after the flying-ship he was presently to try. His attendant officer described them as a pair of gently curving surfaces a hundred yards wide, each one for the traffic going in one direction, and made of a substance called Eadhamite—an artificial substance, so far as he could gather, resembling toughened glass. Along this shot a strange traffic of rubber-shod vehicles, great single wheels, two and four wheeled vehicles, sweeping along at velocities of from one to six miles a minute. Railroads had vanished; a few embankments remained as rust-crowned trenches here and there. Some few formed the cores of Eadhamite ways.

Among the first things to strike his attention had been the great fleets of advertisement balloons and kites that receded in irregular vistas northward and southward along the lines of the aeroplane journeys. No aeroplanes were to be seen. Their passages had ceased, and only one little-seeming aeropile circled high in the blue distance above the Surrey hills, an unimpressive soaring speck.

A thing Graham had already learned, and which he found very hard to imagine, was that nearly all the towns in the country, and almost all the villages, had disappeared. Here and there only, he understood, some gigantic hotel-like edifice stood amid square miles of some single cultivation and preserved the name of a town—as Bournemouth, Wareham, or Swanage. Yet the officer had speedily convinced him how inevitable such a change had been. The old order had dotted the country with farm-houses, and every two or three miles was the ruling landlord's estate, and the place of the inn and cobbler, the grocer's shop and church—the village. Every eight miles or so was the country town, where lawyer, corn-merchant, wool-stapler, saddler, veterinary surgeon, doctor, draper, milliner, and so forth lived. Every eight miles—simply because that eight-mile marketing journey, four back and home, was as much as was comfortable for the farmer. But directly the railways came into play, and after them the light railways, and all the swift new motor-cars that had replaced wagons and horses, and so soon as the highroads began to be made of wood and rubber and Eadhamite and all sorts of elastic durable substances—the necessity of having such frequent market-towns disappeared. And the big towns grew. They drew the worker with the gravitational force of seemingly endless work, the employer with their suggestions of an infinite ocean of labor.

And as the standard of comfort rose, as the complexity of the mechanism of living increased, life in the country had become more and more costly, or narrow and impossible. The disappearance of vicar and squire, the extinction of the general practitioner by the city specialist, had robbed the village of its last touch of culture. After telephone, kinematograph, and phonograph had replaced newspaper, book, schoolmaster, and letter, to live outside the range of the electric cables was to live an isolated savage. In the country were no means of being either clothed or fed (according to the refined conceptions of the time), no efficient doctors for an emergency, no company, and no pursuits.

Moreover, mechanical appliances in agriculture made one engineer the equivalent of thirty laborers. So, inverting the condition of the city clerk in the days when London was scarce inhabitable because of the foulness of its air, the laborers now came hurrying by road or air to the city and its life and delights at night to leave it again in the morning. The city had swallowed up humanity; man had entered upon a new stage in his development. First had come the nomad, the hunter, then had followed the agriculturist of the agricultural state, where towns and cities and ports were but the headquarters and markets of the country-side. And now, logical consequence of an epoch of invention, was this huge new aggregation of men. Save London, there were only four other cities in Britain — Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Shrewsbury. Such things as these, simple statements of fact though they were to contemporary men, strained Graham's imagination to picture. And when he glanced "over beyond there" at the strange things that existed on the continent, it failed him altogether.

He had a vision of city beyond city, cities on great plains, cities beside great rivers, vast cities along the sea margin, cities girdled by snowy mountains. Over a great part of the earth the English tongue was spoken; taken together with its Spanish-American and Hindoo and Negro and Pidjin dialects, it was the every-day language of two-thirds of the people of the earth. On the Continent, save as remote and curious survivals, three other languages alone held sway—German, which reached to Salonica and Genoa, had jostled Spanish-English at Cadiz; a Gallicized Russian which had spread to Syria and met the Indian English at Ormuz; and French, still clear and brilliant, the language of lucidity, which circled the Mediterranean, and reached through a negro dialect to the Congo.

And everywhere now, through the city-set earth, save in the administered "black belt" territories of the tropics, the same cosmopolitan social organization prevailed, and everywhere from Pole to Equator his property and his responsibilities extended. The whole world was civilized; the whole world dwelt in cities; the whole world was property. Over the British Empire and throughout America Graham's ownership was scarcely disguised; Congress and Parliament were usually regarded as antique, curious gatherings. And even in the two empires of Russia and Germany, the influence of his wealth was conceivably of enormous weight. There, of course, came problems—possibilities, but, uplifted as he was, even Russia and Germany seemed sufficiently remote. And of the quality of the black-belt administration, and of what that might mean for him, after the fashion of his former days, he thought not at all.

Out of the dim southwest, glittering and strange, voluptuous, and in some way terrible, shone those Pleasure Cities too, of which the kinematograph-phonograph and the old man in the street had spoken. Strange places reminiscent of the legendary Sybaris, cities of art and beauty, mercenary art and mercenary beauty, sterile wonderful cities of motion and music, whither repaired all who profited by the fierce, inglorious, economical struggle that went on in the glaring labyrinth below.

Fierce he knew it was. How fierce he could judge from the fact that these latter-day people referred back to the England of the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic, easy-going life. He turned his eyes to the scene immediately before him again, trying to conceive the big factories of that intricate maze.

Northward he knew were the potters, makers not only of earthenware and china, but of the kindred pastes and compounds a subtler mineralogical chemistry had devised; there were the makers of statuettes and wall ornaments and much intricate furniture; there too were the factories where feverishly competitive authors devised their phonograph discourses and advertisements, and arranged the groupings and developments for their perpetually startling and novel kinematographic dramatic works. Thence too flashed the world-wide messages, the world-wide falsehoods, of the news-tellers, the chargers of the telephonic machines that had replaced the newspapers of the past.

To the westward, beyond the smashed Council House, were the voluminous offices of municipal control and government; and to the eastward, towards the port, the trading quarters, the huge public markets, the theatres, houses of resort, betting-palaces, miles of billiard-saloons, baseball and football circuses, wild-beast rings, and the innumerable temples of the Christian and quasi-Christian sects, the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Gnostics, Spook-Worshippers, the Incubus-Worshippers, the Furniture-Worshippers, and so forth; and to the south again a vast manufacture of textiles, pickles, wines and condiments, and so forth. And from point to point tore the countless multitudes along the roaring mechanical ways. A gigantic hive, of which the winds were tireless servants, and the ceaseless wind-vanes an appropriate crown and symbol.

He thought of the unprecedented population that had been sucked up by this sponge of halls and galleries—the thirty-three million lives that were playing out each its own brief ineffectual drama below him, and the complacency that the brightness of the day and space and splendor of the view, and, above all, the sense of his own im-

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portance, had begotten, dwindled and perished. Looking down from the height over the city it became at last possible to conceive this overwhelming multitude of thirty-three millions, the reality of the responsibility he would take upon himself, the vastness of the human Maelstrom over which his slender kingship hung.

He tried to figure the individual life. It astonished him to realize how little the common man had changed, in spite of the visible change in his conditions. Life and property, indeed, were secure from violence over almost all the world; zymotic diseases, bacterial diseases of all sorts, had practically vanished; every one had a sufficiency of food and clothing, was warmed in the city ways and sheltered from the weather—so much the almost mechanical progress of science and the physical organization of society had accomplished. But the crowd, he was already beginning to discover, was a crowd still, helplessly in the hands of demagogue and organizer, individually cowardly, individually swayed by appetite, collectively incalculable. The memory of countless figures in pale blue canvas came before his mind. Millions of such men and women below him, he knew, had never been out of the city, had never seen beyond the little round of unintelligent grudging participation in the world's business, and unintelligent dissatisfied sharing of its tawdrier pleasures. He thought of the hopes of his vanished contemporaries, and for a moment the dream of London in Morris's quaint *News from Nowhere*, and the perfect land of Hudson's beautiful *Crystal Age*, appeared before him in an atmosphere of infinite loss. He thought of his own hopes.

For in the latter days of that passionate life that lay now so far behind him the conception of a free and equal manhood had become a very real thing to him. He had hoped, as indeed his age had hoped, rashly taking it for granted that the sacrifice of the many to the few would some day cease, that a day was near when every child born of woman should have a fair and assured chance of happiness. And here, after two hundred years, the same hope, still unfulfilled, cried passionately through the city. After two hundred years, he knew, greater than ever, grown with the city to gigantic proportions, were poverty and misery and all the sorrows of his time.

Already he knew something of the history of the intervening years. He had heard now of the moral decay that had followed the collapse of supernatural religion in the minds of ignoble man, the decline of public honor, the ascendency of wealth. For men who had lost their belief in God had still kept their faith in Property, and wealth ruled a venial world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

FRUIT-RAISING, MARKET-GARDENING, AND HORTICULTURE

IT is when the writer comes to descriptions of the fertile possibilities—of fruits which bud and blossom and ripen to sweet maturity, and market produce which returns a hundredfold the work of man, in one, two, and sometimes even four crops a year, and the vast flora, of beautiful shrubs, of gorgeous foliage, and flowering plants which dazzle the eye by mazes of odd rich forms and color, and overpower the senses with subtle perfumes—that he is inclined to rhapsodize over beautiful tropical Puerto Rico and call it a veritable Garden of Eden.

While the spring months rollick in the greatest wantonness and profusion of bloom, to the tourist there seems to be no period of the year when the landscape is not an immense flower-garden, for most of the wild plants blossom and go through the stages of fruitage several times a year, and the cultivated fruits, vegetables, and flowers are planted in successive intervals of time, so that matured products may be had the whole year through.

The Floridian orange and lemon grower, who has struggled against the perversities of his sandy soil, where his carefully prepared fertilizers straightway proceed to enjoy the society of subterranean fossils rather than to give renewed life to his tenderly husbanded trees, and where the climate is all gentle zephyrs one day and a black frost the next, would do well to move to this country of vegetal luxuriance, where fine sweet oranges will grow well in the dense thickets in spite of choking and entwining vines and overarching shade trees.

The same advice applies to the fruit-grower of arid southern California, who by constant irrigation and by the sweat of his brow raises his crops from the sandy soil, creating upon the desert spots of green loveliness, and securing in return, it is true, an exuberance of fine fruit.

The same amount of capital and energy, however, expended in Puerto Rico would insure twice the crop of the Floridian, and fully as great if not a greater one than the Californian can raise on his artificially prepared ground.

With Puerto Rico an integral part of the United States—and there is every promise that it will come into close relationship with us long before those hot-beds of revolution, Cuba and the Philippines—there is no doubt but that it will literally become the fruit and vegetable garden for this country. Almost every known tropical and semi-tropical fruit can be grown to its highest perfection there, and many of the growths of temperate climes find the soil congenial. A Northern man fails to comprehend the meaning of the word fruit until such time as he has lived on this lovely island and tasted each day for a year some new edible creation of nature. The descriptions of flowers and odors fail me, as there are no adequate comparative terms or sensations in which they can be expressed. They are sour or sweet, savory or insipid, pungent or mawkish, fragrant or malodorous, and all degrees between, but, above all, with an individuality in each and every fruit which should debar one from remarking that it is in taste a near approach to others.

It is quite the habit of the native population to speak of the western province of the island as the fruit-raising region. From a commercial stand-point—that is, in the sense of supplying large markets with fruit—there exists but a meagre industry in Puerto Rico. At Mayaguez, which is looked upon as the export centre for small fruits and vegetables, there were shipped in 1898, principally to the United States, some six or eight million oranges, which brought an average of $4 50 a thousand; a million and a half cocoanuts, at $25 a thousand; and fifty thousand pineapples, at $2 a dozen (money in Puerto-Rican silver). These figures sum up practically the foreign fruit trade done by an island which, area for area, is capable of producing much larger crops than any portion of the United States.

It seems astounding that bananas, plantains, yams, sweet-potatoes, and half a hundred more fruits and vegetables, which would find favor in our country, have never been exported to any extent.

Plantains and bananas form the principal food-products of the island, and exceed many times in quantity and weight all other food-stuffs combined. There are no statistics bearing on this point which are more than mere conjecture, but it may be safely said that the diet of the peasants, who number ninety per cent. of the population, is mainly these two nourishing fruits.

To the eyes of the novice the banana and plantain are alike in fruit, though there is a difference in the veining of the leaves and the shape of the fruit. The plantain is almost tasteless and mawkish when green, and is not fit for food until baked over a hot fire.

There are no less than eight varieties of the banana which are indigenous and grow wild. They are known under colloquial names relating to their form and color, and range in size from the giant triangular-shaped yellow banana, some eight or ten inches long, down to a tiny variety with cylindrical barrel and rounded ends, known as lady-fingers. There are two varieties of the red banana, which are not considered by the natives to be particularly good, but which command high prices in our country. The large yellow varieties have a fine flavor and penetrating fragrance; but the little ones, with a slight delicate aroma, are considered the most palatable.

In 1832, Flinter, in his book on Puerto Rico (*State of Puerto Rico*, page 197), entertainingly shows the product of one man's labor for a year in raising plantains. He can cultivate eighteen acres, growing 11,875 plants, which will bear annually, allowing twenty-five plantains to a shoot and three shoots to a tree, 890,625 plantains, or enough food for 244 men for one year, allowing them each ten plantains a day; or they will bring in money, selling them at the then lowest market-price, 192 for a dollar, $4639. He further calculates that this amount will pay for the land at $100 an acre, buy oxen and horses for cultivating, and two slaves at $400 each, and still leave a net profit of $1479 on the capital invested. The changes necessary in his figures to meet the conditions of to-day are rather in the grower's favor. Land may be had for $50 to $75 an acre, and free labor at about $200 a year; the product, on the whole, will sell for more if the larger varieties are cultivated, as they bring about fifty cents for bunches six to eight hands high in the market at Mayaguez; and allowing a single full bunch to a tree in place of the possible three, the grower would receive about $6000. The factor of transportation, which Flinter does not calculate, must be allowed for, and will materially reduce the profit.

There are two varieties of oranges which are indigenous to the soil and grow wild in the dense thickets, yielding, under unfavorable conditions, heavy crops of fruit. The only orange grove cultivated as such of which the writer has knowledge consisted of fifteen acres of trees, and is near Mayaguez. It is customary to let all young plants live where they spring up, in the shade of the coffee plantations, in the fence-rows, and on the road-sides, no particular attention being paid them beyond the harvesting, perhaps, of what remains of the crop after the wandering poor have enjoyed many a luscious globe stoned from the branches.

There grows another variety of orange in the island, which is bitter-sweet when green, known by the natives as "naranja" (the Spanish name of orange), in contradistinction to the sweet green orange called "chino." The trees differ slightly, in that the naranja has a supplementary tip or heart-shaped pendant on the end of each leaf. The naranja is seldom used, though when it goldens it is very pleasant and sweet.

What a veritable paradise this land will be for the American orange-grower who carries with him his often bitter experience and careful methods of cultivation, gained in the sandy wastes of Florida!

The thin-skinned lemon is not indigenous to Puerto Rico; there is, however, a small citron which looks like an immense lemon, with a rind nearly half an inch thick, which cracks open as the fruit yellows. It is rather dry, and not very sour, and the juice is used with sugar and water as a beverage. The rind is highly aromatic and has an economic value. There are no drawbacks to future lemon-culture, the soil and the climate of the mountain uplands being very suitable. Sweet lemons with a bitter-sweet taste grow very profusely in several sections, though they are seldom gathered, unless it be to make from them a sort of conserve, or to use them medicinally, since they are considered of some therapeutic value in malarial fevers. Shaddocks grow to fine proportions, and are eaten to a limited extent.

Limes, which are used universally on the island, are very abundant, and during the flowering season perfume the air for yards around with the delicate odor of their blossoms. The fruit reaches a size and perfection seldom seen elsewhere, and the large paper-skinned varieties almost cause one to mistake them for lemons. They are never raised with intent and never exported, but they may always be found fresh in the market-places. The extraction and bottling of lime juice has been found very remunerative elsewhere, and is offered as a business suggestion.

Puerto-Rican pineapples are famous for their delicious flavor and wonderful bouquet; in fact, it is even admitted in Cuba that the pineapple *par excellence* is grown on the sister island. It has only been within the last decade that any attempt at systematic culture has been made, and the industry is yet carried on in the most primitive manner. The Mayaguez district is the one in which they are grown mainly for export, and in other portions of the island, where never above a hundred or so are grown in a single patch, they are used for home consumption, the inferior ones alone finding their way to the local markets.

The raising of the above-named fruits—bananas, oranges, limes, lemons, and pineapples—offers industrial openings of much merit for men of small capital, who cannot or dare not indulge in the high-priced luxuries of sugar-growing, coffee or tobacco plantations. It is a sure way to modest wealth, and it is believed that no investor, for the next ten years, can go amiss by putting his money and his wits into this form of toil. What are sorely needed to-day, however, to assure complete success, are direct lines of fruiters running from the island ports to the great marts of our Atlantic seaboard. It is possibly on account of the lack of such transportation facilities that the more perishable fruits have never found their way to the United States from this bit of fertile land and sunny sky.

Cocoanuts grow everywhere along the sandy coast-lines, and old coral rocks which have been covered over with rich silts and sands afford a perfect soil for their prolific growing. It is said that cocoanut-raising is very profitable; that is, it gives large returns for the money invested; but there is much more labor connected with the industry than the casual observer would imagine. The sandy margins of the coast-line, where sugar-estate holders are willing to part with them, are sold for very low figures. The trees rapidly spring to maturity, and after a very few years bear immense annual crops of nuts. The heavy expenses lie in the laborious methods of gathering the nuts by climbing the trees and hacking the branches from the lofty heights, and again in the difficulties which are met with in releasing the nuts from the heavy fibrous husks. Cultivation of the sandy loams in which the trees grow is unnecessary, and hence there are no expenses in this direction. A very profitable business is the extracting of oil from the nuts, as half a dozen large ones will furnish a quart of oil. The writer hesitates to make too much of a point regarding this industry in Puerto Rico, as the suitable areas are not numerous, and there are so many far more desirable localities along the coast of Cuba, where thousands of acres are available in single stretches. It is, however, one of the economic possibilities, even here, which should by no means be overlooked.

The cocoa-tree (cacoa) grows well, and the product has a ready sale on the island, as cocoa and chocolate are made at both San Juan and Mayaguez, the best chocolate bringing as much as a dollar a pound. It takes seven or eight years for a grove to get to full fruit-bearing, but the industry is sure to expand rapidly.

Among the many other valuable fruits which might be shipped to Northern markets if rapid steam facilities were at hand is the aguacate (alligator or avocado pear, Lauraceæ), which grows on a tree with laurel-like leaves, from thirty to seventy feet high. The fruit is like a huge pear, with smooth green skin, turning brown if allowed to hang too long. It has a soft buttery meat, half an inch thick, which melts in the mouth, and is eaten as a salad in combination with lime juice or vinegar and salt and pepper. While it is almost tasteless without condiments, it is so agreeable with them that the aguacate habit becomes a fixed one after a few months' sojourn on the island. In the centre of the pear is a large hard kernel, an inch or more in diameter, which is not edible, but from which may be extracted a reddish-brown indelible dye, which needs no mordant to fix its color. This salad fruit is sometimes seen in New York in small quantities, where it sells for from twenty-five to fifty cents, though it may be purchased on the island for a copper piece. There is no reason why it should not be shipped to the United States in quantity, but it requires careful packing, and should be picked from the trees while firm and green. The trees require from five to ten years to mature.

The nispero is another delectable fruit, with an indescribable nectar flavor. It grows on a rather small bushy tree, and looks much like a round, rough-skinned, baked potato. It has a number of large shiny black seeds set in the meat, which make it difficult to eat successfully. This fruit would be extremely difficult to ship, unless packed with great care. Its delicate aroma, however, would cause it to find instant favor with our people. The tree does not bear fruit until the fourth or fifth year.

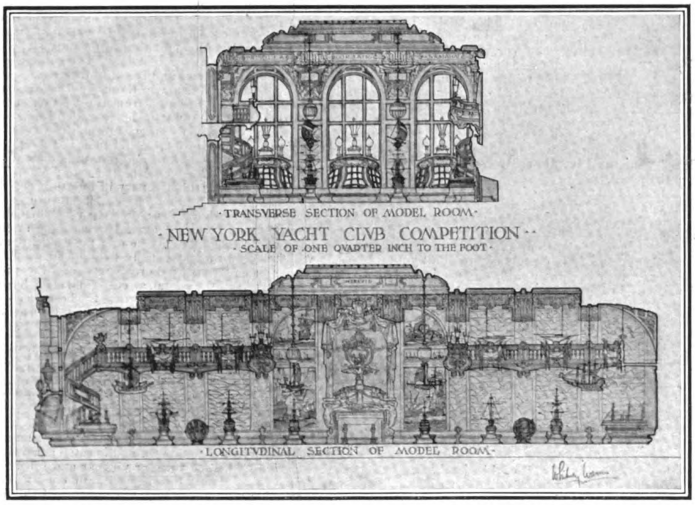
There are two varieties of fruit much like plums in shape, and known as Indian plums, or jobos de la India. The larger kind is an exotic which grows well, and bears a fruit as large as a lemon. It is fine-flavored, slightly acid, and, when ripe, is of a golden-yellow color. The native variety is smaller, but very pleasing to the taste. It contains much tannic acid, and is often eaten for its medicinal properties alone. The tree exudes, when tapped, a gum which is made into a powerful mucilage.

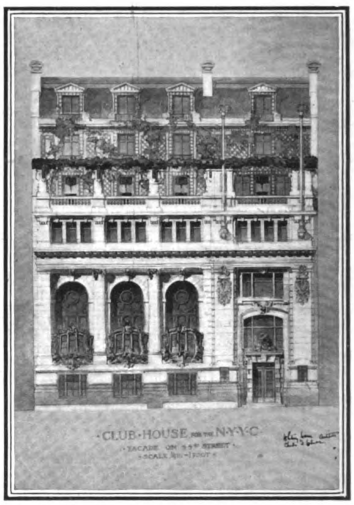
There are two kinds of guava-tree (Spanish guayabo, Psidium) in Puerto Rico, known as the red and white guava; they grow luxuriantly from the lowlands to the mountain-tops, and when their white flowers are in blossom they send off a delightful fragrance. No attempt is made at systematic culture of this tree, whose fruit is so universally used to produce the fine guava jelly of commerce. Its culture in orchards will be found very remunerative, especially if, in connection, an establish-

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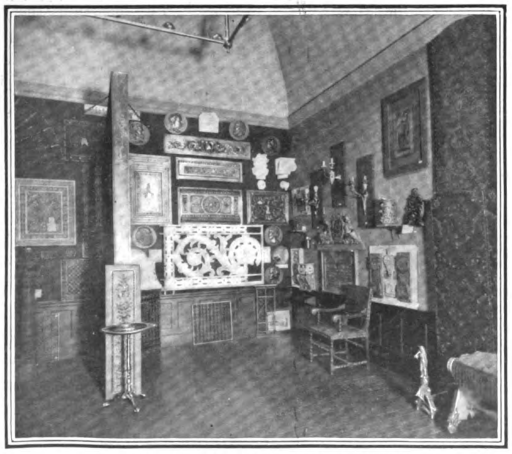


IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY.





PLANS FOR THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—WHITNEY WARREN, CHARLES D. WETMORE, ARCHITECTS.



A CORNER IN THE EAST GALLERY.

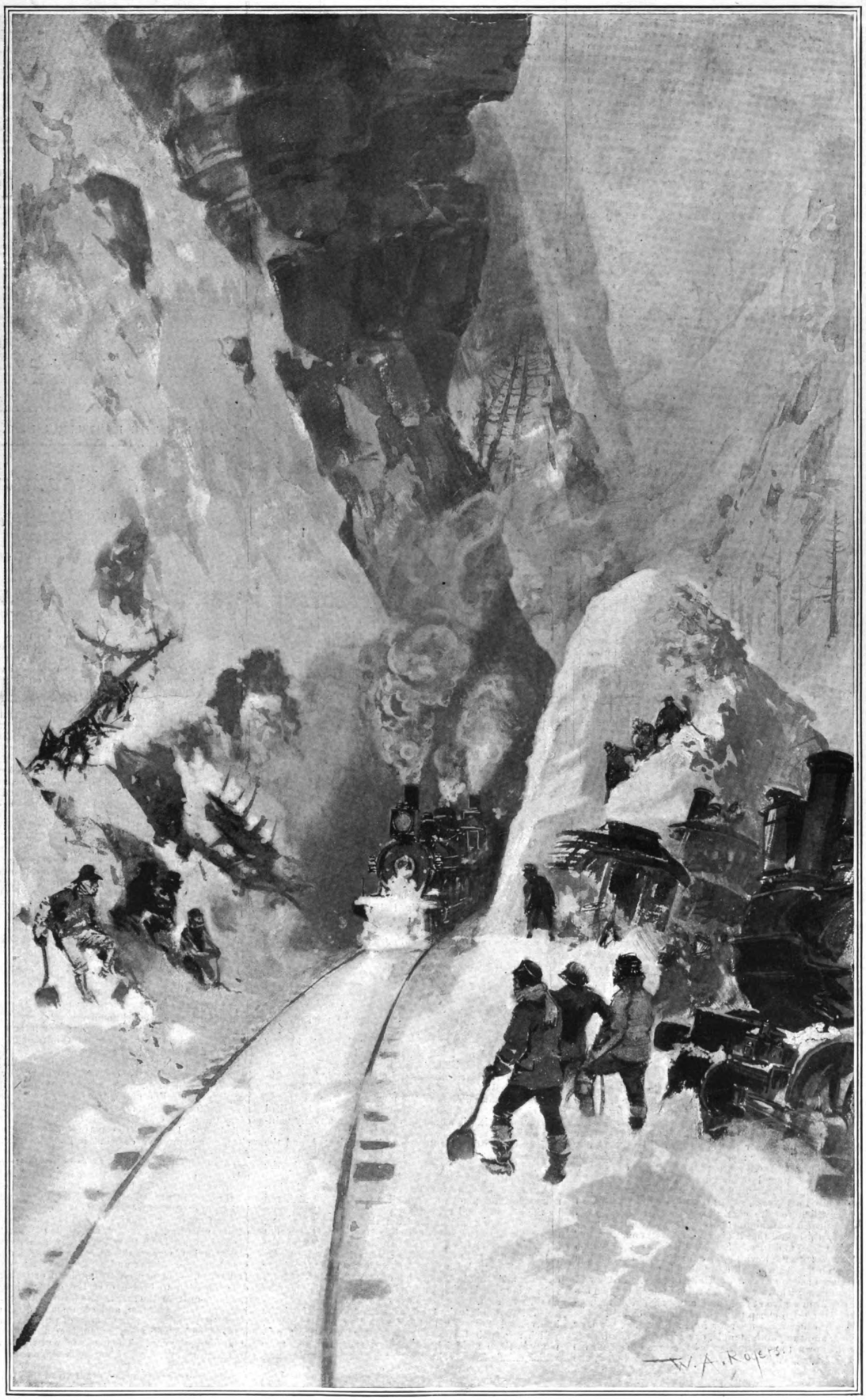


DOORWAY LEADING FROM ENTRANCE GALLERY.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

[SEE PAGE 220.]

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COLORADO—A SNOW-SLIDE BLOCKADE IN GRAND RIVER CAÑON—THE FIRST TRAIN EAST.

Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 221.]

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ment for jelly-making is considered. It is possible to make delicious jellies and pastes from the fruit, but the average product from the hands of ignorant natives is dark-colored, sometimes burned, and doubtful as to its cleanliness. An American embarking in business on the line of preserve and jelly making will find half a dozen other fruits which are available for this purpose, such as the tamarind, pomegranate, grosella, Indian plums, oranges, etc.

Pomegranates grow to a very perfect maturity, and the fruit is finer in the mountain regions of the island than in any portion of the subtropical mainland. It is not raised extensively, and there is little demand for it in the local markets. It offers, however, a factor in fruit-raising for foreign markets, as it can be readily transported.

The grosella is a small, irregular-shaped, yellow fruit, about as large as a cherry, subacid in taste, and it makes a beautiful transparent jelly. It is never seen except in private gardens, where it is raised without difficulty.

The date-palm, while not indigenous to the West Indies, grows to magnificent proportions, and is a prolific bearer of fruit. Its culture has never been attempted for commercial ends in Puerto Rico, and one sees only now and then some magnificent specimen in the yards or picturesque gardens of the great sugar-planters.

Figs grow readily and well, but for some inexplicable reason they are not raised on the island in sufficient quantities ever to appear in the markets. The few trees which the writer has seen were literally loaded down with the juicy pear-shaped pendants.

The tamarind is little grown, but reaches a high degree of perfection with little care. The jellies and conserves which can be readily made from its fruit will cause it to impress favorably future fruit-growers.

An odd growth in Puerto Rico is the pawpaw-tree (papaya or lacheza), which grows all over the West Indies. Under the low crown of its large leaves, which are often a yard in length, clings the green fruit in bunches like squashes, packed closely around the trunk of the tree. These are filled with small black pungent seeds, and the inner rind, which is eaten either raw or cooked, tastes much like a muskmelon of fine flavor, though the meat itself is rather gummy. The fruit is used medicinally for indigestion and gastric troubles, and possesses marked predigestive powers; the seeds are also used for the expulsion of tape-worms.

The sugar-apples or carrosones, are interesting, as they look like small inverted Swiss cheeses hanging from the trees. They are white and sweet inside, and very palatable.

The mayamas, or mamie, is a tree which looks much like a small magnolia, with the same leathery leaves, having a waxlike polish, and bears a bright yellow fruit about as large as an apple. A taste for it must be acquired, as it has a suggestion of acridity not generally pleasing.

The fruit of the granadilla, a species of passion-flower, is often eaten, and has a very delightful flavor and aroma.

There are many other fruit trees which grow almost spontaneously, and whose products are relished by the natives, but industrially they hardly come within the category of the fruits for foreign export, and the writer has omitted them, feeling that this work has for its purpose the pointing out of possible business opportunities for Americans.

Among the edible products called fruits are the bread-fruit and bread-nuts, which are used in large quantities by the natives. The first-named had its original home in the islands of the Pacific, and is known as fruta del pan (*Artocarpus incisa*). The trees grow very large, with wide-spreading branches, and trunks bare sometimes fifty feet from the ground. The leaves are huge, with rough outlines, and the fruit, which hangs on the outer limbs, looks much like a giant Osage orange as large as one's head. The ovoid fruit is picked green, the outer skin and rind pared away from the white cellular centre, which is baked in a hot oven or smothered in the ashes of the fireplace. When done, it looks somewhat like a browned loaf of bread, and, while extremely wholesome and palatable, it has not a wheaten flavor, but rather one similar to that of baked plantain.

The bread-nut is indigenous, and, to the untrained eye, is identical in outside appearance with the bread-fruit; its interior construction, however, differs, in that it contains a great mass of closely packed nuts, like large chestnuts, which are not edible raw, but are very fine when boiled or baked for half an hour. They would catch the fancy of the American public, and would find as ready a sale on the streets as roasted chestnuts.

VEGETABLES, EDIBLE ROOTS, AND SEEDS.

The list of vegetables, if enumerated separately, would probably exceed that of the fruits; and market-gardening on the island will doubtless be profitable locally to the skilled gardener, as well as offering possibilities for supplying the northern marts.

Sweet-potatoes and yams reach a remarkable degree of perfection, with but the slightest amount of care in cultivation, and next to the platano, or plantain, form the chief diet of the natives, who grow small patches for family consumption everywhere on the sides of the steep mountains, and in other places where the lands are not considered available for money-making crops. There are many varieties, but no more than four are commonly used—two sweet and orange in color, and two white when cooked, and near to the Irish potato in taste. The great poisonous yams, with tubers thirty pounds in weight, which require careful cooking to dissipate the acrid juices, are seldom raised. The Irish potato is raised, but it is said that it does not do well on account of the excessive moisture. Still, the Irish potato which finds its way to the town markets, and which is grown on the high hill-sides where the drainage is perfect, is as fine a specimen as we grow in the United States. In view of the immense yield of the sweet tubers which may be obtained within a given area, these crops should be money-makers, provided cheap transportation may be had.

Among other roots used for food are manioc, yuca, or cassava, and the yautia, tannia, or malanga. The former is well known to most readers as the bread of primitive tropical tribes. There are two kinds, sweet and sour, one being palatable even when raw, and the other filled with the deadly hydrocyanic acid, which is removed by pressure and heat before it may be eaten. The cassava is not used to any extent in Puerto Rico; the other root, however, known commonly as yautia, is much cultivated by the peasantry, and held in high esteem, being always on sale in the markets. The plant is like a big lily, with large spreading leaves, not raised much above the ground, and the tuberlike roots, which weigh from three to ten pounds, are particularly fine when carefully baked. The yautia and cassava both yield starch and starchy foods. From the yautia roots considerable starch is made in the town of Rio Grande, in the northern part of the island, and is sold principally for laundry purposes; the cassava yields the tapioca so generally imported from tropical countries, and in this direction alone cassava-raising would yield a fair revenue to the cultivator.

Gedianda, a small bushy weed bearing a narrow pod some four inches long, filled with little disk-shaped beans, is a curious plant, in that these seeds are largely used by the peasant population in this coffee-growing country in making a substitute for this beverage. The bean is said to have great medicinal virtue, and allays inflammation of the membranes of the stomach. The writer can testify that it produces a very potable beverage. If there must be a substitute for coffee, a decoction from this little bean is much to be preferred to chiccory, and would, perhaps, in a commercial way, meet with greater favor than the frightful stuff sold in small tin cans in some of our backwoods regions as coffee essence.

It may be safely said that any vegetable not requiring an extra dry soil and cold climate may be well and successfully grown on the island. The foot-hills of the southeastern portion of the island, where rain sometimes does not fall for weeks, are remarkably well adapted to the raising of vegetables of temperate climes, and under the strong suns and in the rich soils the yields will far exceed those of the United States.

The vegetables which are grown everywhere now as common articles of diet may be partially summed up as follows: yams, sweet-potatoes, Irish potatoes, yautias, cassava, celery, carrots, turnips, egg-plants, beets, radishes, okra, beans of many varieties, pease, tomatoes, cabbage, ginger, sweet and pungent peppers, pumpkins, cantaloupes, watermelons, and squashes.

Spice-raising can be carried on with great success in the climate of the island, though so far but little attention has been paid to it beyond the growing of a limited amount of pimento. Black pepper, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves may all find a fruitful home, and their careful culture is an enterprise well worthy of consideration. It is said that the vanilla bean would find the soil congenial, but this is doubtful.

There is an immense range of medicinal trees, shrubs, and herbs, which now grow wild in the forests, and are gathered by the women and children, sometimes sold to the pharmacists, but oftener hung upon the walls of the native huts, to be administered by the old women versed in plant-lore to their own sick ones. The average observing native has usually accumulated, by experience, a large fund of information concerning the plant life of his hill-sides, where he is constantly searching for some possible utilitarian value to be found in every living thing.

As a generalization it may be said that in this tropical climate, which varies considerably from the low sea-coast to the mountain heights, and in the rich and fertile limestone soils, almost every form of plant life which does not demand cold weather or an arid earth will spring to luxuriant maturity and fructify in a way to gladden the heart of every agriculturist. Americans who have toiled early and late upon their little farms, against adversities of cold and leaden skies of spring, dry and blistering heats of summer, freezing blizzards of winter, and, worst of all, glutted markets, will find Puerto Rico a land flowing with milk and honey, where, even if they do not amass a fortune, they may be sure that financial ends will meet, and that they cannot starve.

There are many dye woods and plants on the island, the chief among them being the Brazil-wood (*Cæsalpinia, echinata*) in limited quantities; fustic (Spanish fustoc, *Maclura tinctoria*), of the nettle family, which furnishes a yellow dye from its wood; divi-divi (*Cæsalpinia coriaria*), a small tree, from whose bark and long curved pods is extracted a reddish-brown dye; mora (Indian mulberry, *Morinda citrifolia*), which belongs to the madder family; indigo, a shrub of the family Indigofera, whose leaves and berries furnish the well-known bluing. It should be remarked that indigo is easily raised, and that considerable profit accrues from the industry, but in Puerto Rico it has hardly risen to the point where it might be dignified by the term industry. There also grows on the island a bastard indigo, which can be made to produce a small quantity of dye. Annotto (Spanish achoti, *Bixa orellana*) grows wild over the entire island, and its small symmetrical foliage, crowned by the gorgeous fuzzy red and yellow pods, like chinkapins, may be seen by the hundred in every fence-row. It is from these soft burrs, filled with tiny seeds, that the fugitive yellow dye known as annotto, and used for butter and cheese coloring, is extracted. On the island it is used to a limited extent for coloring foods fried in oil, and a few people have gathered the seeds for export. The gathering of this crop would add many dollars to the pockets of small farmers, and if a mordant might be found to fix the beautiful yellow in fabrics, it would at once become a really valuable article.

Many of the dye plants are easily cultivated, and the business might be profitable if entered upon systematically, but so far little enterprise has been shown by the native population in this direction.

A number of gums and resins are exuded from indigenous trees and plants, and small quantities are gathered by the peasants and sold to the pharmacists. The more prominent are guaiac gum from the lignum-vitæ tree, the gum from the seeds and leaves of the Indian-shot (Spanish copey) tree, and balsam of copaiba from the plants of the genus Copaifera; there is also the algarroba, which exudes a gum known as catechu, used for dyeing and tanning, and the cashew (Spanish pajuil), from whose acrid fruit is obtained a gum which may be used as varnish.

It is impossible to devote much space to setting forth the innumerable flowering plants, bedazzling foliage plants, which are such freaks of nature that one almost pronounces them artificial, and the sweet shrubs and trees which exhale from their leaves and bark penetrating perfumes. Puerto Rico is a land of orchids, of flower forms which make one gasp in wonder, of painted leaves which vie with the daring colors of the flowers themselves, and of an atmosphere where one breathes not the dew of morning off new-mown hay, but redolent, languorous ether distilled by the mystic alchemy of nature.



POSTER FOR THE EXHIBITION, DESIGNED BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON.

The Architectural League Exhibition

As men are, so they build. We admit the truth of this in the buildings of antiquity, but forget it in contemporary ones. The Parthenon, for example, embodies the genius of Attica at its zenith; the Pantheon, what was noblest in the spirit of Rome; the Strozzi Palace in Florence, the mingled culture and lawlessness of her princes; the Gothic cathedral, the restlessness and romanticism of the Northern races, and so on. They are all types of what was grandest, sometimes of what was base, in the national character. In the whirl of the present, however, men lose sight of the forces slowly, silently, always working. One building seems to them to be merely the caprice of A, another only the result of the needs of B, and they forget that while this may be true, the multiple of the individual unit, the aggregate of these needs and aspirations—in a word, the city—must be representative of the average character of the community. The really intelligent foreigner, arriving, for example, in New York to study it, will not confine his investigations to the salons and the slums, to the interiors of clubs, stores, banks, and residences, or peer into the faces of the people and listen to their talk. The impressions thus obtained will be snatchy and half true at the best, and a heterogeneous mass of individual traits. If, as a stranger, he seeks a net statement of the civilization of this city, he will find it writ large and in language which there is no gainsaying, on the architecture of the city, in the laying out of the streets and squares and parks, and in the manner in which they are kept. If only the citizens realized this, they would be more jealous of the city's fair name, less tolerant of anything which gives the lie to that seeking after a higher civilization which is so strong a force hidden at the back of our civic life. They would feel that this external expression of themselves in marble, stone, and brick was something to which it behooved them to give a thought, that the expression might be of their best, and not of their less good or worst. In a word, an intelligent public opinion would grow, and in time gather enough coherence and force to make itself felt in civic architecture. For, after all, the solution of this problem rests with the public. The architects, sculptors, and painters are, as it were, human semaphores. They mark the road and regulate the travel; but it is the public which must be the travellers on this road of progress. When, in place of a few people of taste, isolated in the privacy of their own surroundings, feebly lifting their hands in horror of the enormities which they have no power or will to prevent, large numbers of intelligent people get into line and move forward with the impressiveness, for example, of a sound-money parade, they will carry the day. Our cities will begin to show a nobility and beauty befitting the natural advantages of their sites, and expressive of what is noble and beautiful in American life.

This gradual formation of a sound-taste league and of a body of opinion that will bestir itself on behalf of civic improvement is being helped on by the annual exhibitions of the Architectural League of New York, and by exhibitions of architectural work in other cities. The League differs from other organizations in the comprehensiveness of its platform. Recognizing that the most brilliant periods of art have been those in which there was the closest union between the arts of design, it includes in its membership sculptors and painters as well as architects. It has thus shown itself to be ahead of its times in its determination to bridge over the gulf which separated the layman from the artist. Its faith in the public is being gradually justified, and each succeeding exhibition draws to it an increasing amount of public interest. The attendance is always far beyond that at any other art exhibition in the city. The cynic may attribute this to the fact that on four days of the week there is no charge for admission. But the cynic never sees farther than his own nose. New York is not so deadly dull that tens of thousands will visit a show simply because it is free. Interest in the thing itself must attract large numbers of the visitors, and a growing conviction that these exhibitions have some intimate relation to their own lives.

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Since so many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not have the opportunity of seeing this exhibition, it seems better worth while to pass over its details and dwell upon some of the principles involved. Foremost amongst the problems which are presented to the modern American architect is that of the tall office-building. The interest of this problem exists in the fact that it is a new one, the product of local conditions, an expression of peculiarly American characteristics. American enterprise has demanded these buildings, and our architects are seeking to clothe them with beauty. Let us frankly admit the advisability of some legislative restriction upon their height; but even then high buildings they will remain, higher than anything of the kind in the Old World. They are in response to the tendencies of our commercial life—syndication of capital and labor, the growth of population in cities, and the consequent height of ground values. They have been made possible by the invention of the "steel-cage" method of construction and by that of the high-speed elevator. These are facts which it is futile to lament, foolish to ignore. The truly artistic mind faces them with enthusiasm. It sees in these colossal structures an embodiment of the soaring endeavor and regulated audacity which are special qualities of American character. The outward appearance is often uncouth, like that of an overgrown schoolboy; but to the eye of an artist big enough to comprehend its possibilities it has the elements of a magnificent manhood. Now you cannot take a fine specimen of American young-manhood and develop him along the lines of American needs and aspirations by reading into his very decided individuality Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son—a young product of an entirely different period and environment. Yet this is the way in which many architects are trying to improve the outward demeanor of our tall office-buildings, giving them a veneer of Renaissance sentiment or modern French polish. One does not ask them to ignore the great works of the past and of other countries, but to digest the principles which made them great, and readapt them to the new conditions, instead of borrowing the actual forms in which the principles were elsewhere embodied and sticking them upon the faces of buildings entirely different in character and purpose. Principles are fundamental and perennial, continually expressing themselves in forms varying to fit the special functions. This is nature's plan—witness the shape of our limbs, of the wings of birds, of the roots, stem, and branches of the trees, each species varying to conform to the internal functions and the external environment. And the new functions subserved by the modern office-building must receive corresponding newness of outward shape, or the latter will not express that harmony in which nature, and art in imitation of it, delight. Briefly the functions comprise a basement for the heating, lighting, ventilating, and elevator plant; a ground-floor devoted to large stores or bank offices; a second floor of special offices; over them tier upon tier of offices exactly similar in purpose and kind, multiples of one unit cell, and above all a top story in which the machinery of the building makes its grand turn. The prevailing characteristic is height, firmly planted, soaring freely, and definitely concluded. The question is being asked, "Shall we ever have an indigenous style of architecture in America?" Following our line of thought, the answer must surely be affirmative. We have indigenous needs, have invented an indigenous method of construction, and the evolution of an indigenous style to express and conform to these would seem to be only a question of artistic loyalty to the new possibilities. It is worth while to mention the attitude of French critics who have visited America. What has stirred their imagination has been this problem of the tall office-building. They have caught the enthusiasm of its immense possibilities, and expressed their envy of a nation which had such an artistic problem to solve. Some of our architects are equally enthusiastic, and they are the ones who are getting towards a solution.

Searching through the present League exhibition for examples which have an individual character and seem to strike the American note, one particularly remembers an office-building (No. 750) by Bruce Price; the design for the Public Library at Jersey City (No. 727) by Brite & Bacon; and a country residence (No. 752) by Henry Rutgers Marshall. One of the writers in the T Square Club of Philadelphia's recent symposium says that "architecture, as it is now generally practised, is feudal and monarchical." (He was arguing that ours ought to express the democratic principle.) There is a curious illustration of this in Mr. Price's design. The site admitting of a structure with four faces visible, he has projected an immense towerlike structure, nobly proportioned and elevated in expression. At one point, however, he has introduced *machicolations*, those overhanging arched cornices through which the garrison used to pour down missiles upon the besiegers. Their introduction here appears to be an irrelevant affectation, marring the sobriety and uniform feeling of the whole mass. Very enjoyable for the quiet dignity of ensemble are the designs of Messrs. Brite & Bacon and Mr. Marshall, for the beautiful relation of the parts to the mass, and the choice feeling displayed in the details.

The large model by the Perth Amboy Terra-Cotta Company should be studied. The problem they are trying to solve is that of external color as applied to buildings, and it is one which is engaging many minds in different parts of the country. The special feature of this company's treatment is that the color is sprayed upon the clay (with stencil-plates if it is desired to confine it to certain forms) before the final baking. The color is thus imperishably incorporated into the material, which, by-the-way, being impervious to fire, is becoming more and more used in commercial structures.

It is pleasant to see that by better arrangement in this year's exhibition more prominence has been given to the examples of industrial art, a large proportion of which will repay careful attention. A separate word of admiration is due to the embroidery and lace-work of the Decorative Art Society, so choice in color and exquisite in feeling and craftsmanship; to an electric-light bracket (No. 409) by Howard E. Watkins, of the Oxley & Enos Manufacturing Company; to a grille (No. 422) by the Hecla Iron Works; and to the examples of Grueby faience. Modern interpretations of old leather-work are shown by C. R. Yandell; and a set of panels by T. William Fosdick are excellent examples of the value of the "burnt-wood" process for purposes of decoration when used with matured artistic perception of its possibilities and limitations.

In the gallery devoted to the colorists there is much to repay study, but little that calls for special mention. The most important exhibit is a portion of the frieze which Kenyon Cox is painting for the new Appellate Court. It scarcely represents him at his best; but it were fairer to suspend judgment until it can be viewed in its position. There are some charming records in black and white of a ceiling that Edwin H. Blashfield has recently completed for a private house in Philadelphia; and a suggestion for a frieze, "The Coursing of the Hart," by Robert V. V. Sewell, which promises to work out even more successfully than his "Canterbury Pilgrims," for there is a pleasing lilt of movement flowing through it. The same painter shows two circular panels, and his wife a large rectangular one, which are "off the track" of mural painting; perhaps intentionally so, for Mr. and Mrs. Sewell have firm theories, and work up to them. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

LONDON

February 11, 1899.

THE meeting of Parliament has brought many interesting people to London, but the debate on the Address raised not a ripple on the political mill-pond. In the House of Peers, Lord Salisbury announced nothing new, although on Chinese affairs he displayed what Dr. Johnson would have dubbed "Sheer ignorance, sir." The Prime Minister spoke of "the governing power of China" as though there were at Peking a governing power capable of making itself felt and enforcing obedience to its decrees in the provinces. He speaks of the Chinese government as "a going concern"—an assumption that will be demolished even in the official mind before many months are passed. The Duke of Bedford, in the red uniform of the lord lieutenant of an English county, speaking from the red benches of the Upper House, made an excellent impression, and drew from the Prime Minister one of his rare eulogies for "the great grasp of affairs and the singular literary merit of structure" with which the speech was adorned. Russells and Cecils have been political antagonists for centuries, and there was something of more than passing interest in the public declaration of political agreement between the heads of the two great Whig and Tory houses. The scarcity of peers on the Opposition side of the House of Lords was the visible sign of danger which awaits England in the future. Hitherto the great governing families have been pretty equally divided between the two parties. In the certainty that the swing of the pendulum will, sooner or later, carry the democratic and Radical party into power, it is ominous for peace and good order that practically the whole of English society is now ranged on the side of property and privilege, and is identified politically with the Conservative party. Bereft of all, or nearly all, the hereditary and wealthy governing families, the Radical party of the future will be like a great marine engine without the moderating influence of a governor. The screw will "race" next time the Radicals have charge of the ship.

In the House of Commons the opening of Parliament was characterized by a liberal allowance of make-believe. As Mr. Balfour entered from behind the Speaker's chair, well groomed, diffusing refinement and fragrant with charm, beaming with smiles, with a pleasant glance or a nod equally distributed between friends and nominal foes, the onlooker could scarcely fail to note the unreality of existing party divisions, or to contrast the feline amenities of the House of Commons with the fierce and virile passions that rend society in other countries. This phase of the situation was emphasized by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech. As leader of the Opposition, he did not attack. He played at attack. The button was on his foil. He had announced himself, only the day before, as before all "a son of the House of Commons." He had to make a speech nominally in opposition to the government, and in very good style it was delivered, but everybody present was aware that the performance was part of a mere game, and that the real interest in politics at the present time is not focalized on principles or policy, but on the personal elements of the situation. In the newspapers one reads about the government's conduct in China and Crete, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's faith in home rule for Ireland, and in the future government of the Sudan. These are not the things that are being talked of behind the scenes. There is no serious interest taken in any of these topics. The real fact is that the government suffers from debility; it has outgrown its strength. Lord Kitchener's successes and Fashoda temporarily tend to obscure the truth, and Fashoda was a national, not an executive, triumph. Things might go hard with ministers if the Opposition had any grit. It is interesting to know that in the opinion of ministers themselves the Hooley disclosures have injured her Majesty's government. The proffered payment of £10,000 by the prince of company-mongers to the electioneering fund of the Carlton Club has seriously compromised two cabinet ministers. Their lack of judgment and the subsequent publicity given to Hooley's attempt to buy a baronetcy have given deep offence to the serious members of the Unionist party. Other ministers, among whom are Lord Cross and Mr. Goschen, are aging fast. The latter feels his work at the Admiralty, and is not unlikely to seek in the House of Lords a haven of rest.

THE references to America, in the course of the debate on the Address, by the Duke of Bedford, Sir C. Dilke, and Mr. Brodrick were interesting and significant. The strength of English affection for America, now as always, is to be found in the middle and working classes. Society—that is, the smart, iridescent scum on the surface of the community—is not addicted to gushing about anything political, and it certainly does not gush about an American alliance. The feeling of many minds in this class is one of expectation that the warm fit which to-day ameliorates Anglo-American relations will be succeeded, when occasion arises, by another Venezuelan rigor. I strongly hold the opinion that President Cleveland's Venezuelan message was one of the best things that in recent years has happened to Great Britain. It forced English statesmen to think for themselves, instead of letting matters drift insolently in the hands of Foreign Office functionaries, and thus Mr. Cleveland paved the way for the good understanding now existing. This, however, is not the view of some at least of the great governing families. They regarded the Venezuelan message as an expression of secular antipathy to the Anglo-Saxon race, and believed that in penning it the late President made himself the mouth-piece of the foreign anti-English majority in the States. In the Duke of Bedford's speech on the Address, the reference to the responsibility undertaken by the United States in the Philippine Islands was not accompanied by a word of sympathy or recognition of the White Man's Burden being lifted by a friendly power. Sir Charles Dilke was gloomy about the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. English correspondents who wish the American people to understand facts as they are, and not merely the outer husks of facts, are bound to take note of these things, as well as to record festivals and describe public meetings in favor of the alliance. One thing, however, I can announce with certainty: The American squadron, when it arrives in these waters, will receive an extraordinary welcome, and that this welcome will come from the heart of the rank and file.

CHURCH differences, which the bishops are making frantic efforts to subdue, are regarded seriously by ministers. Lord Salisbury, I understand, considers that the storm raised by Mr. Kensit and Sir William Harcourt, about the Romanizing tendencies in the Church of England, will rage for three or four years, and will then subside as the home-rule question has subsided. In the House of Commons the question is being raised on an amendment to the Address, by Mr. Samuel Smith, a highly respected Liberal member, whose power of advocacy, however, is impaired by the number of excellent causes to which he devotes himself. Mr. Smith, like Burke, preaches only too often to empty benches, but on the present occasion his attack on the bishops kept the House together. "Please God, Master Ridley," said Latimer on the occasion of their martyrdom, "we shall light such a candle as shall never be put out." Mr. Samuel Smith and a very powerful section of English opinion think that the candle lighted by Ridley and Latimer is being extinguished by the bench of bishops. Feeling is so strong that the Eucharist, Apostolic Succession, and the elevation of the Host are topics discussed at worldly dinner tables with a zest that is wholly new and somewhat surprising.

IN the theatrical world there is little to report. The reign of the problem play is nearly over, and although the influence of Ibsen continues to shed its power over the majority of aspirants to dramatic honors, there is perceptible and satisfactory loss of interest in unwholesome personages and unsavory incidents. "Grierson's Way," a drama in four acts, brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, might have been a conspicuous success a few years ago. Saturated with the spirit of Dr. Ibsen, the drama, which was an unhealthy variant of the popular ballad "Old Robin Gray," was none too warmly received. The art of the actors went a long way to conceal the artificiality and unwholesomeness of the characters. No more vivid contrast could be found than between "Grierson's Way" and Robertson's "Ours," which is about to be revived at the Globe Theatre. The military uniforms and the civilian dresses will be of the time of the Crimean war, 1853-4. The crinoline seems extremely popular on the stage, and, since "Trelawny of the Wells," managers have lost no opportunity of introducing the hoops of our mothers.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Taber, the clever young American actor, who made a great impression in "Peter the Great," is unwell. Sir Henry Irving, after his long illness, will shortly return to the Lyceum with the play by M. Sardou. The actors of to-day are ahead of the dramatists, who seem to be affected by the prevailing blight of mediocrity and sterility of imagination. Almost all the good plays now staged are revivals or adaptations of good work done in the old times before us. The famine in good and original dramatic art is, however, shared by almost all intellectual departments in England at the present time. The great men of the beginning and middle of the century are either dead or, like Mr. Ruskin, too old to influence their generation, and the young men who are to replace them have not yet made their appearance. Mediocrity in politics, letters, and art is the order of the day. Now that the imagination of Americans has been stirred by large events and brave deeds, we look for great things from the other side of the Atlantic. ARNOLD WHITE.

Snow-slide in the Rockies

THERE has never been a better time to round out one's experience of life in the Rocky Mountains than during the present winter. After having seen the grandeur and beauty of the mountains in summer storms and sunshine many times, it was my good fortune to get into the midst of drifts and "slides" in the heart of the mountains of Colorado, to see the worst of it, and slip through the great snow trap west of Leadville on one of the few trains that succeeded in getting over the range.

There is all the difference in the world between a drift and a "slide." A rotary snow-plough will merrily bore its way through almost any drift, but a "slide" brings down a mass of rocks and trees with it, and these must be removed with axe, pick, and shovel. With the thermometer at 22° below zero, 300 men—engineers, firemen, section-men, and common laborers—worked for five days, sometimes as much as thirty-six hours without sleep, all cheerfully risking their lives in the simple performance of duty—a commonplace courage, but all the more genuine for that—and finally, after losing four or five of their number, cleared the track for five blockaded trains. These passed through in the midst of a howling blizzard, and, after various mishaps, the East-bound trains reached the eastern slope of the mountains. Then came two feet of snow, blizzard after blizzard, and the blockade was once more established. I have endeavored to give in the picture an idea of the overhanging crags and the steepness of the "slides," but after a walk of eleven miles in that deep cañon, constantly watching for fresh slides, any representation of the scene to me looks tame.

W. A. ROGERS.

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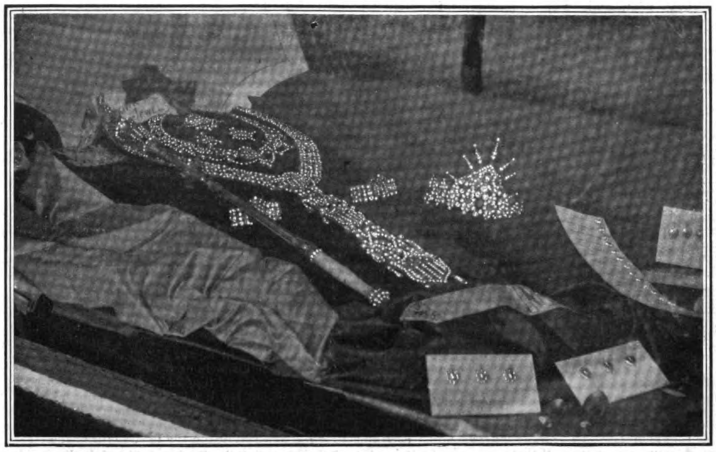
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THE MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS—MASKERS ON THE STREET AT NIGHT.

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

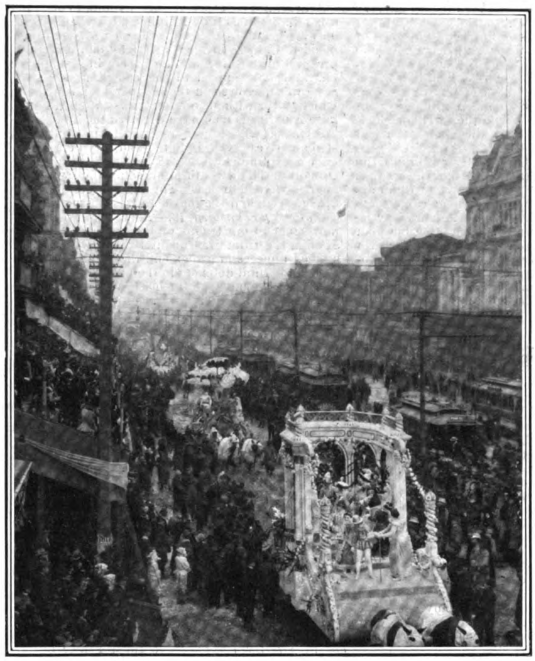
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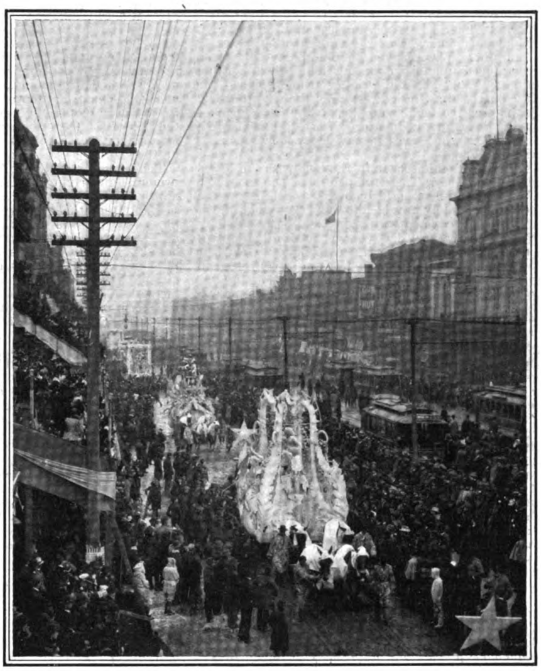
THE CROWN JEWELS.



MISS P. L. KILPATRICK, QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL.



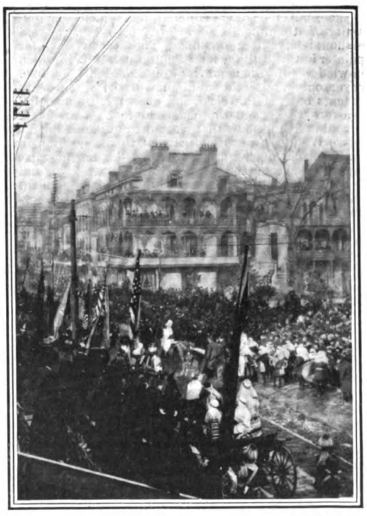
THE PARADE ON CANAL STREET—"LILLIPUTIAN REVELS."



THE PARADE ON CANAL STREET—"SILVER DELL."



THE KING PASSING THROUGH ST. CHARLES STREET IN STATE.



DELIVERING THE KEYS OF THE CITY TO THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL.

NEW ORLEANS—THE MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL CELEBRATION, 1899.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 210.]

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The Arts and Crafts Movement of To-day

II.—STUMBLING-BLOCKS IN THE WAY—THE MISUSE OF THE WORD "ARTIST"—THE LOW ESTATE OF THE "DESIGNER"

WHEN a man proposes to build a house, he begins by clearing the ground. It is equally necessary to remove the encumbrances which interfere with the establishment of the Arts and Crafts movement. There may be many, but let us give our attention to two—the misuse of the word "artist" and the low estate of the designer.

It may seem waste of time to attack a word; but words are powers. They stand for ideas which influence whole communities. It was the little word "que" that separated the Eastern and Western churches and changed the history of the world. "Artist," in its present loose signification, is applied exclusively to painters. Every young man or woman who has taken lessons in drawing and learnt to "sling paint" is an artist. And yet the word in its primitive sense means an exponent of art—not of the art of painting only, but of any branch of art. In its secondary sense we apply it to any one who has distinguished himself in art. It is a title of honor, such as V. C. in the British army. But what would be the value of that title if every soldier could style *himself* a V. C.? The word "artist" should be the blue ribbon of art, the crowning honor that his fellows and the public bestow upon a worker in art who has established his title to respect and admiration. One of our societies of painters calls itself "The Society of American Artists"—a most unfortunate misnomer. Cannot an architect be an artist? Or a sculptor? Was Benvenuto Cellini less the artist when employed upon jewel-caskets than when working on statues? What about the potter who fashioned the exquisite curves of a Greek vase? Was he not an artist? Surely the creative faculty applied to the expression of beauty is always art, no matter what medium is used; and the worker who excels in any department of art is an artist.

Possibly the mischief began in England with the Royal Academy exhibitions. There the painters "run the whole show." The architects are driven into a little room, the sculptors inadequately provided for, and thousands of feet of wall space are covered with paintings. The publicity which the painters get has concentrated all attention upon themselves, and enabled them to arrogate to their sole use the title of artist. The effect of all this is to confer upon painting a disproportionate amount of dignity. The picture is regarded as the highest expression of art, and, as a consequence, other expressions of art are underrated. This operates both upon art-workers and art-lovers. The former concentrate all their energies upon trying to paint pictures; the others are slow to look for art elsewhere. If any young painter devotes his attention to ornament he has to submit to what is regarded as an inferior title. He is a designer or a decorator, not an artist. His design or decoration may be admitted to be excellent, but still he stands upon a lower rung of the ladder of art than a man who makes an accurate study of a modern model, including all the deformity produced by tight lacing, and calls her a Diana. This prejudice affects the system of art education. Here and there are schools of design doing excellent work. On the other hand, in all our big cities there are art schools manned by able teachers who are devoting themselves to forwarding the cause of art; and yet the results are inadequate, because the students chiefly desire to learn to paint pictures. Thousands of young men and women are forsaking remunerative paths in life to follow this will-o'-the-wisp, which will land numbers of them in a quagmire of poverty and disappointment. It is really appalling to consider the number of pictures which are made every year in Europe and America for which there is no market; and every year adds to the stagnation and terrible waste of human effort. The students at the art schools get all that they demand; the attempt to give them more has been, in one case at least, unsuccessful. The management of one of the leading art schools in this country—the name is suppressed, as the object of these papers is to arouse not annoyance, but reflection—offered its students an opportunity of attending a class in ornament. The advantages should have been obvious. The great chance for the painter in this country lies in mural painting, in which a knowledge of ornament is wellnigh indispensable. However, only a miserable minimum of the whole body of students entered the class, and even this number fell off in a few weeks, and the class had to be abandoned. This would seem to show that we must not blame the art schools. We must restore ornament to the position in which it was held, say, at the time of the Renaissance, when the greatest men applied themselves to it and revelled in its delightful possibilities. Then the student will demand to be taught it, and the art schools everywhere will be able to afford to make it a leading feature of their curriculum.

Now in this point of ornament and design lies the whole gist of the matter. They play a most important part in architecture, sculpture, painting, and in the application of art to industry. Then why are they relegated to an inferior position and so generally ignored? We shall find the answer in this simple fact—that, with few exceptions, ornament is no longer created; it is copied, borrowed, or stolen (whichever you prefer) from the ornament of the past. When a man wishes to apply ornament to a certain object, he turns over the leaves of a book of drawings of old examples or sifts through a pile of photographs and selects what he thinks "will do." Anybody with a little taste and discretion and a knack of drawing can do this; consequently the designer has come to be regarded, as indeed such a one is, inferior to the man who expresses something of his own personality in pictures and sculpture. What should we say of the painter or sculptor who spent all his time in copying from the old masters? During his student days he will be well employed in doing this, but if he continues it throughout his life we rank him as a journeyman; and however well he paints, his copies will always fall short of the originals, and even of what he might accomplish if he tried to create.

Consider for a moment what this copying and recopying of old examples involves. Men do not go straight to the original each time; they copy from a copy. Twice-cooked meat has lost much of its strength and flavor; still more when the cooking process is repeated. A clever cook will make a palatable réchauffé; but there are indifferent cooks. Allusion was made in the previous paper to the beautiful examples of decorated work in the museum at Naples. In the same building you may see an instructive example of how the modern man proceeds and why he fails. Dotted about the rooms are easels at which painters are making copies. Favorite subjects to reproduce are the Pompeiian figures of dancing-girls, floating in the centre of a black panel. You stop to watch one of these painters, and turn from the copy to the original. It is not there! You then, to your surprise, find that he is copying a copy which is pinned upon his easel; after which you are not surprised to find that his copy entirely fails to reproduce what is best in the original. The chief charm of the latter is the transparent green-gray black of the background. Our copyist has substituted opaque lamp-black, and this parody will be copied by designers all over the world. Compare with this system of copying the method pursued by one of our sculptors, Mr. Herbert Adams, in the case of his bronze doors for the Washington Library. Each leaf of the door is divided into panels which contain figures; the panels are surrounded by borders. For these latter he might have hunted up some old design and reproduced it, instead of which he composed his borders with as much care and thought and invention as if they had been figures. He took certain flower forms and combined them with their leaves and stems into a pattern that is as beautiful as one of the best antiques that most men try to copy; and is infinitely more beautiful than those copies, because in every curve of the ornament you can feel the delicate sensibility of the artist, expressing what *he* felt of beauty, instead of trying to reproduce the feeling of some other man. These borders have been pronounced to be better than the figures which they surround. If that is a fact, it is a remarkable demonstration of the truth of our contention, for in the case of the figures Mr. Adams tried to carry out the idea of Mr. Olin Warner, to whom they were originally assigned, but who unfortunately died before he had finished them.

This example of Mr. Adams illustrates admirably the principle underlying the Arts and Crafts movement: that nothing is too insignificant to merit the labor of an artist, and that the true artistic temperament can be exhibited in small as well as big things. A lamp may be as beautiful in itself as a picture. The fact that one man has skill with his brush, and another with his thumb or a bit of wood, does not affect the question of the art produced. It is not in what medium a man works, but how far he has a feeling for beauty and succeeds in expressing it in form or color. The distinction is not of degree, but of kind. Once admit this, and the term "designer" ceases to designate a second-rate man. It becomes the same as composer. A painter composes his picture, a musician his score, and a designer his ornament.

The practical outcome of this is that by removing the slur from the occupation of designer you render it attractive to hundreds of men and women at present leading a precarious existence, and open up to them an avenue towards remunerative employment. As soon as the artistic professions and the public realize that ornament may be made an expression of the artistic feeling, that it merits as much serious original attention as it received at the hands of the artists of old times, then the whole system of copying will be swept away, and men will be commissioned to design. Would this benefit the painters? There are men in New York whose studios are full of pictures they cannot sell. They understand design and enjoy designing. But there is no demand for original work. All that is required is a hash-up of old stuff, and there are plenty of young draughtsmen who will do this as well as it can be done, for $15 a week. And though among the latter there may be many who have the real artistic faculty, capable in time of creating what they feel of beauty, they are doomed for the rest of their lives to grind out copies for this small pittance. Meanwhile the public, which prides itself upon the originality of the American temperament in all other matters, is, in the case of the thousand and one things which admit of ornament, paying for a more or less mutilated reproduction of what was created hundreds of years ago.

Before leaving the question of ornament, it should be stated that the term has been used in its broadest sense, including the use of all objects and materials that produce a decorated effect. In Glasgow, where there has been a great revival in recent years of art in its application to industries, the writer asked the director of the art school whether the study of the human figure took precedence over that of purely decorative work—the latter words being a clumsy attempt to sum up ornament which did not include the human figure. His reply was: "Certainly not. Our students learn to draw. Figure-drawing is one of the incidents of the course; then they learn to use the figure in composition with other forms. There is no distinction here of figure-painters and designers. We are all designers, or trying to be, and are proud of it."

The purpose of these remarks has been to show that before we can hope to see an improvement in the designs of our manufacturers the old-time dignity of the designer must be re-established, which demands that he should cease to copy and learn to create. The fine old crusted dusty objection to this is that the best has been done, and that the forms of ornament and design have been thought out centuries ago. This statement has most plausibility in the case of architecture. Yet in the old library at Venice, admitted to be one of the most beautiful buildings of the world, Sansovino departed in certain particulars from the recognized canons. Moreover, new times beget new needs. Is it conceivable that the Greeks, if they had had to build sky-scrapers, would have used the same mouldings as they did for buildings that extend horizontally? As to the applied arts, however, experience is all against this objection. To quote one example, that which was done by the ancients did not deter Chippendale from creating the new designs in chairs. What he did others may do. The objection, if it were well founded, would be a confession of despair.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

Diary of the Revolt

A GENERAL MASSACRE ORDERED—SKIRMISHES NEAR MANILA—PROGRESS IN THE VISAYAS—ATTEMPT TO BURN MANILA

Wednesday, February 15.—An important officer of the government at Malolos issued an extraordinary order to the leaders of the "territorial militia" and to the "defenders of the Philippines" in the several quarters of Manila and its suburbs. These district leaders were commanded:

First, to have their followers armed and ready for action at eight o'clock in the evening.

Second, to exterminate the army of occupation and all foreign residents, "without compassion."

Third, to liberate prisoners and criminals of all classes, calling them "brothers," arming them, and inviting their aid in the attack upon Americans.

It was arranged that the sharp-shooters of Tondo (the northern quarter, on the bay, where the native fishermen and canoemen live) and of Santa Ana (a suburb just south of the Pasig River) should begin the attack, and their shots should be the signal for the secret militia of Binondo (the business quarter) and Quiapo and Sampaloc (suburbs north of the Pasig) "to go out into the street and do their duty"; while the conspirators of the Santa Cruz quarter, of San Miguel (the fashionable residence quarter), of Paco (a suburb southeast of the city), and of Ermita and Malate (on the bay, south of the city) should not start out until midnight, unless they saw that their companions needed assistance. The secret militia of Tondo were to be held in reserve until three o'clock in the morning, when, it was thought, they could finish the butchery. The order by its wording condemned "all other individuals [not Filipinos], of whatever race they may be"; but as there are forty or fifty thousand pure-blooded Chinese in Manila, it may be assumed that the prospect of finishing off all of these in a single night did not especially appeal to the conspirators. In fact, the issue was narrowed in the last paragraph of the order, in which "war without quarter" was enjoined against "the false Americans who have deceived us."

Stringent measures were taken to prevent an uprising of the natives. One hundred and fifty persons, supposed to be conspirators, were arrested by the troops of the First Oregon and Thirteenth Minnesota Infantry, and the city guards were doubled. The ringleaders were evidently discouraged, and the massacre was postponed.

Thursday, February 16.—As a result of the forward movement of our troops on the north, east, and south of Manila, the front was about twenty-five miles long. It seemed unnecessary to extend the lines beyond the semicircle of natural defences in the neighborhood of the city, and unwise to advance further towards the interior of the island before the arrival of re-enforcements. Instead of following up the Filipinos below Pateros, after the attack mentioned in the Diary last week, our regiments were withdrawn to their former positions along the Pasig River, and meantime it was reported that the natives were assembling in considerable force near the southeastern outposts, as though to divert attention from the Caloocan district.

Mistaking the withdrawal for a retreat, the Filipinos made three separate attacks between 6.30 and 11.30 A.M. upon the position held by General King's brigade, "coming over the open fields with shouts for the Filipino republic." They did not succeed in inflicting any injury with their rifles, but twenty-two Americans were overcome by the heat during the morning engagements. Firing was renewed at night, and five members of the First Washington Infantry were wounded.

At Ilo Ilo the American authorities, according to the latest information, had assumed full control of the port, clearing vessels from there, etc.

Friday, February 17.—Midway between Pateros and Caloocan an engagement took place, in which eight Filipinos were killed, and an equal number of Americans (including two officers) were wounded. The guard of the Nebraska regiment, near the water-works, was attacked by Filipinos, whose efforts to conceal their purpose seem rather grotesque—for the attacking party wore civilian dress, carried white flags, and hid in a bamboo thicket. Four companies were sent to re-enforce the guard, and the natives were driven off in the direction of Caloocan.

The products of the rich soil of Luzon being no longer sent to Manila, the citizens were forced to rely upon supplies of provisions imported from China and Australia. Meat was selling at one dollar a pound, and eggs at ten cents apiece.

Sunday, February 19.—Four companies of the California regiment and two companies of the Idaho regiment were withdrawn from the village of Guadalupe and stationed at San Pedro Macati, by orders from the commanding general. The Filipinos followed this movement as though it had been a retreat, using artillery for the first time since February 5, but unskilfully. They remained near the town, and kept up an annoying fire with rifles during the night.

The gunboat *Ilelena* arrived at Manila from the United States. The other light-draught gunboats on the way to strengthen Dewey's fleet are the *Castine*, *Princeton*, *Bennington*, and *Yorktown*. It is expected that four troopships, with more than 5000 regulars, will reach Manila in March.

The troop-ship *Sheridan*, carrying the Twelfth Infantry and one battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry, left New York for Manila at three o'clock. In addition to the fighting-men, there were forty-four ladies and several children on board. It was estimated that General Otis's force of regulars would number about 13,000 on the arrival of this expedition.

The situation at Ilo Ilo was summarized in General Miller's report to General Otis. General Miller stated, in effect, that he could maintain his position with the force at hand, and that business in the city was being resumed; the troops of Filipinos a few miles out from Ilo Ilo were "believed to be disintegrating," and American protection was requested by certain officials of the neighboring island of Negros, where our flag had been raised voluntarily by the inhabitants; and the outlook was very encouraging in Negros and Cebu. (The island of Cebu lies directly east of Negros. The city of Cebu is built on the site of the first

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Spanish settlement in the Philippines, and from 1565 to 1571 it was the capital of the colony. Panay, Negros, and Cebu are the most important islands of the Visayas, the central Philippine group.) General Miller continues to hold Jaro and Molo, near Ilo Ilo. A force of 2000 natives, armed with the knives called *bolos*, was in that neighborhood, and skirmishes occurred at night.

Monday, February 20. — The Filipinos near San Pedro Macati were dispersed, two companies of the First California Infantry driving out those who held the ravines between Guadalupe and San Pedro Macati, Captain Scott's battery of the Sixth Artillery shelling the Guadalupe church, which was garrisoned by a considerable body of natives, and the First Washington Infantry routing a large force on the bank of the Pasig opposite the town. Two of our men were killed, and two wounded; the Filipinos lost about fifty.

Wednesday, February 22.—Four commissioners from the island of Negros had an interview with the commanding general at Manila. On behalf of the inhabitants of Negros, they expressed their desire to accept any proposition the Americans might offer, and stated that Aguinaldo's adherents had been driven from the island. General Otis assured them that an acceptable government would be provided. Señor Lacson, chief of the commission and president of the provisional government of the island, offered to raise an army of Visayans to aid the Americans in their conflict with the Tagalos of Luzon.

A salute was fired in honor of Washington's birthday by the guns on the walls of Manila and those of Admiral Dewey's fleet.

In an encounter between the First Nebraska Infantry and a force of 300 Filipinos the latter were driven three miles, to the town of Pasig, with heavy loss. Three Nebraskans were wounded.

The conspiracy to massacre Americans in Manila, which was checked on the 15th inst., broke out just one week later, and at this time took the form of incendiarism. The Filipinos started fires in the Santa Cruz, San Nicolas, and Tondo quarters, respectively east, southwest, and north of the principal business district, which is called Binondo. From these points the flames spread so rapidly that the destruction of all Manila north of the Pasig River seemed inevitable. American soldiers and foreign residents, while engaged in fighting the flames, were attacked by native sharp-shooters concealed in the houses. Some of the American troops in outlying encampments were summoned, strong guards were stationed throughout the town, and the excited populace was forcibly restrained. Several of the Americans were wounded by the shooting in the streets.

The first of the incendiary fires broke out at eight o'clock in the Santa Cruz district, and, with the assistance of the English Volunteer Fire Brigade, soldiers and firemen succeeded in getting this under control by midnight. In the Tondo district, however, our men were received with a fusillade of rifle and revolver shots. The "defenders of the Philippines" had to be shot or expelled before their houses could be saved. Here, accordingly, the fire spread all night long. To check the advance of the flames in San Nicolas several buildings were blown up. The burned area extended over a square mile; the loss, according to General Otis's estimate, was about half a million dollars.

Thursday, February 23.—The incendiaries, driven out from Manila, gathered in small bands between the city and the American lines. Early in the morning the Filipinos on the north made a demonstration off General MacArthur's front, near Caloocan, and were repulsed, the monitor *Monadnock* joining in the engagement and hurling ten-inch shells to points indicated by the Signal Corps. On the southeast our lines were attacked at noon, and the artillery at San Pedro Macati drove back the enemy in confusion.

Many arrests were made in the Tondo district, a company of sixty conspirators and two car-loads of arms and accoutrements being found in one house. Business in the city was practically suspended; the American women were taken on board the transport *St. Paul* for safety; there was an exodus of the Chinese inhabitants; rumors of further incendiary attempts were circulated among the natives.

Our losses in the city and at the front were not precisely known when this paragraph was written.

MARRION WILCOX.

Skee-running in Oregon

FROM the fact that Portland, the principal city of Oregon, is situated in the rain belt of the Pacific slope, the Oregonian has been given the nickname of web-foot, and it is not generally known that fifty or sixty miles back from the coast the country is so dry as to require irrigation for crops, and depends on the winter snowfall in the mountains for the year's supply of water. On the eastern slope of the Cascade Range and over the Blue Mountains the snow has this winter fallen like a deep white mantle.

In the gold region of the latter range the snow will average five or six feet in depth.

There are few broken roads, and the inhabitants, when they wish to renew their supply of bacon and flour at the stores in the little mining-camps, put on their skees and skim over the drifts regardless of roads or beaten trails. All over the Oregon mountains and in the Siskiyou country near Mount Shasta, in California, I found that many people — women, men, and children — were adepts in the use of the skee, which is as necessary a foot-gear as a pair of arctics.

A clever device used in walking on skees is a round wooden block, like a little wheel, slipped over the lower end of the balance-pole, to prevent the pole from sinking down when thrust into the soft snow. The ordinary snow-shoe is but little used in the mountains, the skee being considered a more convenient form for a hilly country.

W. A. ROGERS.

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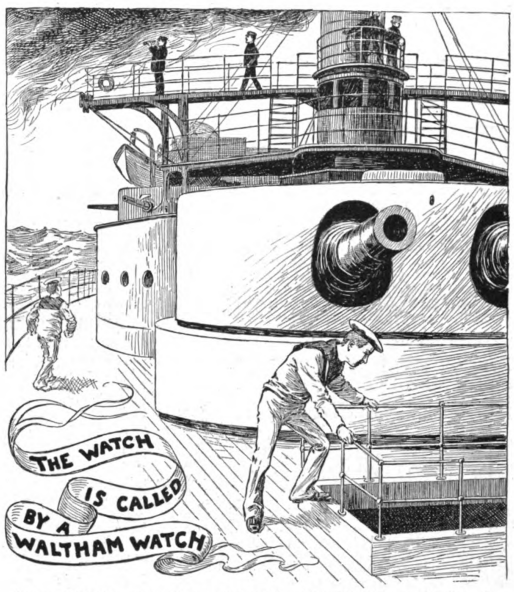
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Filipino Characteristics

A gentleman who went from New York to Manila about thirty years ago, and spent nearly twenty years in business there, has written down for the WEEKLY, in the article following, such of his impressions of the Philippines and Filipinos as have seemed to him likely to help us to understand them better and to deal with them more intelligently.—EDITOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

January 11, 1899.

As to the Philippines, I am glad to relieve my feelings, which each day's reports from there harrow up. I have a genuine affection for them, as I earned there the wherewithal to buy myself the comforts of life; also, they gave me a great deal of the fun and frolic. As this latter was to be found by living the life of the country, I sought and found it among all classes, from the Spaniard, through all degrees of mixed blood, to the native Malay. Many years of this, combined with a natural tendency toward observing my fellow-man, black or white, should entitle me to a knowledge of the Filipinos beyond that of most foreigners, whose life touched merely the externals. To judge a people, still more to be able to govern them successfully, it seems to me necessary to know them psychologically, and this can scarcely be done "from the deck of a man-of-war," as Dewey said, nor, may I add, from the tent of the conqueror.

Looking back toward the old days in the Philippines, I should say that they were fairly well civilized in the best of the islands, which are those most adapted to agriculture, and certainly as capable of governing themselves as the Cubans. When I speak of old days, I mean twenty-five to thirty years ago, when all the elements that went to make up a pleasant life existed there. First, there were the Spaniards and their wives, who mixed fairly well with the wealthy creole and mestizo families, who really did the bulk of the entertaining, keeping open house, until the time of the Spanish Republic, when the old grade of employees practically disappeared, to be replaced by an inferior stamp of men, whose boorishness compelled a drawing in of the social horns of plenty. Though this condition was partially remedied, society never regained its old status.

It may be said that the population of the islands is pure Malay, known as the "Indio," who is the laborer, excepting certain gangs of Chinese coolies, too few in number to affect the above definition. The Indio is fairly industrious, peaceable, brave, but treacherous; easily governed by great firmness combined with absolute justice, but quick to see the weak points of the master. Such government as we Americans give ourselves at home would seem to him little if any better than the Spanish, and, like all Asiatics, he is a master in the art of corruption.

I travelled through most of the islands, and always found the Indio hospitable and polite. I am writing entirely with reference to the northern islands, including the Visayas, which had been under Spanish dominion for ages, had adopted the Roman Catholic religion in its most intense form, and whose customs had absorbed many elements of the Latin dominion. I do not refer in any way to the Moslem Malays of the southern islands—Sulu, etc.—whose commerce was insignificant, who were practically in an attitude of constant defiance of the Spaniards, and whose proas would, in the southwest monsoon, make their descents upon small villages, until the small gunboats built for the purpose by the Spaniards put an end to it.

The Negritos and Igorrotes were never sufficient in number to be reckoned with, especially as they confined themselves to the very mountainous regions of Luzon. Some became Romanized and civilized; for instance, I had a coachman of this race, who was an excellent servant.

The Indio is physically a well-shaped, strong little chap, with his full share of personal vanity; and it was noticeable that if in his punishment the master lost his temper, the joke was on him, whereas if he placed the Indio in a ridiculous light, his fellow-servants made it hard for him. The Indio is sentimental without too much sentiment, practical, and a consummate, stolid-faced liar—which might tend to prove that he would make a good politician. His love of gambling makes him willing to take speculative risks in business, and brings me now to the class next above the Indio—the mestizo, which can be translated mixed blood—any cross of Malay-Spanish, Malay-Chinese, or Malay-English (of which an occasional example cropped up), and intercrosses of the same. The Malay-Chinese unquestionably produced the best results—quick mentally, and honest commercially, in both respects fully up to the European standard—yet not so brave as the Indio, and with all of his treachery. The "mestizo-Chino" became the contractor and the great middle-man in the products of the islands, and through him these passed to the foreign export merchants. With him may be classed the "mestizo-Español" and other mestizos, as well as the "hijos del pais," or creoles, who, with less business capacity, and therefore honesty, yet represent the brains of the islands, and are of excellent quality. The Chinese blood injects an activity that is missing in the other mixtures and in the creoles, though I think the minds of these creoles equally as good, many creoles joining the professions, including that of Romanism.

Bear in mind that the "mestizos" have the wealth of the country, and are in sympathetic touch with the Indio, yet are thoroughly Spanish in their point of view, moral and political, lacking the Spaniard's physical bravery, yet quicker-minded—these are the natural leaders, who seek for themselves both honor and profit in political independence. Possibly—even probably—they might be harder taskmasters for their own people than foreigners; but these latter in old days were not so hard on their servants as the mestizos, nor these as the Indios; and yet servants would rather serve, and at lower wages, those above in scale.

Think of one of our political appointees, thousands of miles from home, in the hands of these clever corruptionists! The mental picture is neither difficult nor pleasant to make.

Back in the old days, when no Spanish soldier—the troops being natives officered by Spaniards—was in the islands, and harmony reigned, life was very pleasant in the large towns, where love-making and dancing were the chief amusements, any pretext serving as an excuse for the latter, while neither pretext nor excuse was needed for the former.

Charming dancers they were, the "hijas del pais" and "mestizos"—the Spanish women not so good, but better-looking, with graceful manners, and untiring, so that many an early morning mass was attended as the dance ended, and then a cold bath as a bracer for the day's work. Let me here make a note that the Spanish women, though not such good dancers, were better partners in that for which no pretext was needed. May their beauty and charm never grow less! Nor should mention be omitted of the good music to be found; not only in Manila and the chief towns, but often in some small far-inland town, as one enjoyed a post-prandial cigar with some principal man, or generally, in the case of white men, with the padre, would a very fair orchestra strike up some of the latest European music. The technical ability to play some musical instrument is common among the natives, but the initiative is absent. There is a mechanical softness, owing perhaps to the national preference for the minor or melancholy, in their native airs, yet an entire absence of sentiment.

And the padres, friars of different orders, good fellows, most of them, and financially honest men—in fact, to be trusted absolutely in money matters—who formed practically the only garrison Spain had for years in those islands—have they become the terrible men depicted by "Filipino" reports? It is probably true that as time went on they became more grasping, and, as is usual in the acquirement of worldly goods, the more they got, the more they wanted, and frequently in the old days they came into competition with the richer natives, so that bad feeling resulted. Then some of the orders sent out lusty young peasants, who from the strict discipline of the convent were transported to some small town to be the head thereof, not only spiritually, but practically, and from this resulted that which redounded neither morally to their benefit nor spiritually to that of the Church.

I am glad to be able to look back to the friendship of more than one good priest and some good fellows.

The old life has disappeared, never to reappear, if the logic of events is true, and I am sorry for it. It remains for me only to give you a short opinion of the Philippines in the situation they find themselves to-day.

They are not worth keeping, and will never repay us for the blood and treasure we shall expend upon them.

They will tend to injure us morally.

They may involve us, and probably will, in political troubles.

If we intend to govern them it must be with the iron hand and keen mind, for the truth is not in them; neither do they understand any concession except as weakness.

It is not a white man's country, and never will be.

The natives make splendid troops if well officered, and every effort should be made to utilize them and to guard against their treachery.

G. A.

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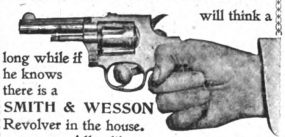
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AMATEUR SPORT

BIGOTRY every now and again riots through certain sections of the country, and provincial newspapers with prejudiced editors break out in articles of more or less ignorant criticism of athletics. There was a time when the general public shared this ignorance, but nowadays the athletic question, in one or another of its various phases, holds the intelligent attention of every household that reckons itself abreast of the times or whose members have not too long entered upon life's autumn.

Yet it is extraordinary what false impressions a biassed observer can honestly form. Not all who inveigh against athletics are honest in their convictions. Most of them do so to provide sensational reading, and some to gratify personal grievance. And all are strangely indifferent to the teaching of every-day lessons.

PERHAPS the following excerpt from an editorial on "Athletes and Scholars," in the Buffalo *Courier*, will best illustrate what very ignorant deductions a prejudiced writer may draw:

> It is a matter of common observation that the heroes among the students are the men of brawn and not of brain, a tendency wholly at variance with the mission of an educational institution. If a college is not to stand for a love of learning, why should we have colleges? Athletic clubs may as well take the place of the universities, if the principal reason for their existence is to be the development of football and baseball players and of champion oarsmen.

That an intelligent, thinking man could seriously utter such rubbish is utterly incomprehensible. Some of this same brand of man must have been in the Quartermaster's Department during our advance on Santiago.

Of course the heroes among the undergraduates are the "men of brawn." Was it ever otherwise since the world began? Games, athletic endeavor of any kind, have always created more instant enthusiasm among spectators than success, in college or out of it, where the mental faculties alone are concerned. Vigor, health, bravery, appeal to us as no mental attainment can.

No amount of culture nor of refinement nor of intellectual force can atone for lack of those virile virtues essential to the perpetuation and the well-being of mankind.

SPORT, the greatest developer of these virile virtues, has always stirred men to utmost enthusiasm, and it always will.

That, however, is not to say full honor is denied the scholar, only his successes create less immediate enthusiasm, which is not at all a question of excessive athletics, but one of human nature. Scholarly success appeals to us mentally; athletic success touches the sensuous side of our nature.

Because the undergraduate body on the field cheers its eleven or nine and does not fall on the neck of the scholar wherever he is found on the campus, men like this *Courier* editorial-writer proclaim that the "sound mind does not seek companionship of the sound body." This is the kind of detractor who sees for every honest joy on the playground a corresponding sorrow in the class-room; who proclaims that neglect of mind follows upon development of muscles; who pretends to see decadence of scholarship in the enthusiasm for sport.

There is nothing to say in reply to this kind of slanderer; either he is ignorant or vicious, and not worth discussing on either count. His class is moribund. Meanwhile the scholarly standard is being raised at all the colleges; average undergraduate standing was never so high, and sport thrives more wholesomely year after year.

HIGH-CLASS play distinguished the racquet tournament for the American championship in singles, decided week before last in the New York Racquet Club courts. Such a series of first-class matches has not, indeed, before been seen in this country. Of the eleven contests all were well and closely played, save one, and among the twelve entries were the very best men of the United States and Canada.

It was an object-lesson in the improvement of American form, concerning which some pertinent remarks were made the other week. Last year Rolland, the Canadian champion, won also the American honor by beating Shaw; this year Rolland's form is no better than that shown by several Americans whom he excelled in '98, while Shaw has so strengthened his game as to raise it a full class higher than it was a year ago.

SHAW this year, in fact, is in a class by himself. He disposed of the '98 and '99 champions of the New York Racquet Club with considerable to spare, and had he met Rolland, would unquestionably have defeated him with utmost ease. Playing as he did in the New York court, I have no doubt Shaw could give Rolland half a hand and beat him in straight sets. And there are four, if not five, other Americans who this year are playing a much stronger game than the Canadian champion showed either in '98 or this year. So much for the improvement of American form.

How Shaw in his present form would fare against de Garmendia at his best is an interesting question. Tooker, another Bostonian, once caught de Garmendia off his form and beat him. Shaw, in my judgment, is a stronger player than Tooker, and has some of the characteristics of de Garmendia's superb service, but he has not yet reached the standard of all-round play set by that greatest of American players, although there is likelihood of his doing so.

When he does, he will be a master indeed.

Dinsmore played, for the most part, brilliant racquets in his match with Shaw. He won the first game after Shaw had him 12–5, giving further evidence of his qualities as a match-player, and was at all times strong and steady. For seven innings in the second game there was little to choose between them—and then Shaw forged ahead, and won out by successive aces on service. So also in the third game—they were about even at the close of the fourth inning, when Shaw went in and quickly served the aces required to give him the game.

Again in the fourth and last game the score stood 2 all on the fourth inning, when Shaw, going in to serve, made a run of 8, seven of which were aces on superb service. Dinsmore hung pluckily to his opponent, but even on this the tournament's opening day it was apparent to the knowing spectators that neither Dinsmore's game nor that of any other entry was good enough to beat the Bostonian. Shaw's superiority is strikingly manifest in service, and his play around the court clever and deliberate. He is very strong in his returns, and appears always to have his game well in hand.

Aces by service—Shaw, 34; Dinsmore, 28. By placing—Shaw, 19; Dinsmore, 13. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 6; Dinsmore, 3. Total aces scored—Shaw, 59; Dinsmore, 44. Time of match—46 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

The Hoyt-Meredith match was too one-sided to be interesting, the American outclassing his opponent, who in the three games could make but eleven aces. The Canadian is too stiff on both forehand and backhand. Hoyt's service was very effective and of good length.

Aces by service—Hoyt, 39; Meredith, 6. By placing—Hoyt, 3; Meredith, 3. By opponent's miss—Hoyt, 3; Meredith, 2. Total aces scored—Hoyt, 45; Meredith, 11. Time of match—27 minutes. Referee—F. F. Rolland. Marker—Standing.

MACKAY'S defeat of Rolland, the Canadian and '98 American champion, was not of itself so surprising as the ease with which it was accomplished. Some explanation may be found in Rolland's lame leg, but though a considerable handicap, it cannot account for the difference in their relative play. The Canadian is certainly a first-class all-round performer. He has a fine-cut service, a very clean forehand stroke, and is withal a good getter. But Mackay won clearly on the merit of his work. He really outplayed and especially outgeneralled his opponent, his strongest point being perfect backhand placing.

There were many brilliant rallies, despite the disparity in final scores, but Mackay held a commanding lead at all times.

Aces by service—Mackay, 22; Rolland, 11. By placing—Mackay, 19; Rolland, 7. By opponent's miss—Mackay, 4; Rolland, 5. Total aces scored—Mackay, 45; Rolland, 23. Time of match—35 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

Campbell's performance against McTier was commendable viewed in any light, and becomes notable when we consider the difference in time the two have been playing the game. Neither showed such form as had been revealed in the match immediately preceding—Mackay-Rolland—but both gave evidence of a skill which when rounded out will make them most formidable to the best. Campbell especially is a very promising man, but who needs a deal of hard practice if he would reach the very top.

The impulse to volley appears to be irresistible, whereas he should of course take the ball from the back wall on every possible occasion. He really lacks the racquet stroke, relying on his lawn-tennis stroke, which is of very little use in the racquet court against a strong player, such as McTier unquestionably is. None the less he made a good fight, winning out the third game after McTier had him 10–0. The Canadian had things his own way in the fourth game, however, and took the fifth and deciding one very easily.

Aces by service—McTier, 39; Campbell, 31. By placing—McTier, 11; Campbell, 8. By opponent's miss—McTier, 12; Campbell, 11. Total aces scored—McTier, 62; Campbell, 50. Time of match—1 hour 10 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

BARRING the first game, which was hotly contested and most interesting, Paton had about as easy a time with Miller as Hoyt had with Meredith. Neither Canadian was up to the company in which he found himself, although Miller was much the better of the two visitors, showing a good service and an excellent backhand stroke. Paton played his usual steady game, with its clever half-volleys and strong service.

Aces by service—Paton, 27; Miller, 10. Total aces by placing—Paton, 16; Miller, 9. Total aces by opponent's miss—Paton, 5; Miller, 4. Total aces scored—Paton, 48; Miller, 23. Time of match—25 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

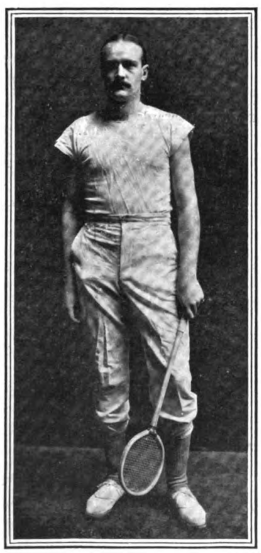
HUNNEWELL defeated Gilmour in three straight games, but the match was more stubbornly contested than the score indicates. Credit is due the Canadian for the persistency with which he stuck to his work, and for the occasions on which he really outplayed his opponent. He is, in fact, a good all-round man. But the Bostonian was not to be denied. He is younger, more agile, and his half-volleys were exceedingly well executed. He won on his merit.

Aces by service—Hunnewell, 23; Gilmour, 12. Total aces by placing—Hunnewell, 12; Gilmour, 6. Aces by opponent's miss—Hunnewell, 10; Gilmour, 2. Total aces scored—Hunnewell, 45; Gilmour, 20. Time of match—28 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

HOYT'S work against Shaw was perhaps the best he has shown this winter, and seems to indicate that he is not invariably unable to equal his top form in match play. He certainly never encountered a game more likely to discourage one than Shaw's.

The first game was beautifully contested, the lead alternating, until Hoyt ran out with 3 aces—one on service, and another on a great place just over the telltale. But in the following two games Shaw completely outplayed his opponent on service, placing, and in general work around the court. Hoyt led off with 6–0 in the first hand of the fourth game, and was still two points to the good at the ending of the fourth inning. But Shaw took on one of his more brilliant streaks at the beginning of the fifth inning, and ran out the game and match without Hoyt again scoring.

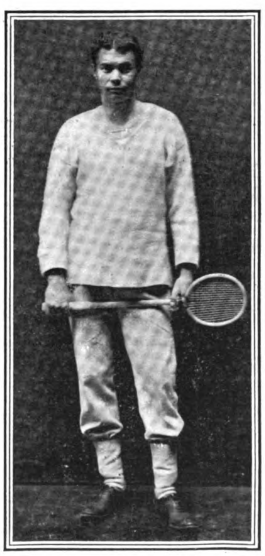
Aces by service—Shaw, 30; Hoyt, 27. By placing—Shaw, 23; Hoyt, 4. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 6; Hoyt, 9. Total aces scored—Shaw, 59; Hoyt, 40. Time of match—50 minutes. Referee—F. F. Rolland. Marker—Standing.



QUINCY A. SHAW, JR.



M. S. PATON.



H. H. HUNNEWELL.



C. H. MACKAY.

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After his defeat of Rolland, no surprise was occasioned by Mackay's victory over McTier, though the latter did not quite equal expectations. The second game of the three was fought out to the very end, McTier missing some very easy chances that would have given it him, and Mackay finally getting the game by a fine stroke just over the telltale. The other games were rather easily taken by the American, whose pace was altogether too much for the Canadian.

Aces by service—Mackay, 29; McTier, 12. By placing—Mackay, 15; McTier, 8. By opponent's miss—Mackay, 3; McTier, 4. Total aces scored—Mackay, 47; McTier, 24. Time of match—40 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

INTERESTING indeed was the Shaw-Paton match, which contained more rallies than any other of the tournament. Shaw won in straight sets, but Paton kept him guessing three-quarters of the time. The other quarter belonged entirely to the Bostonian, who showed magnificent racquets with his backhand volleys and straight placings. There is no man playing to-day who goes through his balls with more finish than Shaw. The first and third games were especially well fought out; and though Paton's experience and steadiness and generalship made the struggle close, Shaw's brilliancy and youth, added to steadiness and generalship, made but one result possible.

Aces by service—Shaw, 21; Paton, 24. By placing—Shaw, 17; Paton, 9. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 10; Paton, 4. Total aces scored—Shaw, 48; Paton, 37. Time of match—45 minutes. Referee—F. E. Meredith. Marker—Standing.

BEST match of the week was that of Hunnewell-Mackay, each man reaching the limit of his capabilities, and both playing magnificent racquets. Mackay's game was really the more diversified, and, in streaks, revealed quite the more skill. In placing around the court, for example, he was more at home and much more expert than his opponent. In backhand placing, too, Mackay was the cleverer. In generalship and in service they were about equal.

In straight up and down the court play Hunnewell has not a superior in this country, and perhaps no equal save Shaw. It seemed practically impossible a ball could come straight off the front wall and he not get it. Some of his returns were nothing short of extraordinary. And Mackay proved his knowledge of the game and his prowess by the frequency and the skill with which he placed balls onto the side wall in the very corner of the court. Any other kind of play against Hunnewell would have been futile. Mackay had some very hard luck on his returns, a number of finely gathered ones striking the telltale. As it was, the struggle remained close up to the last game, and developed very interesting play. Hunnewell displayed particularly good judgment, and his forehand half-volleys were beautifully timed and placed. Physically he is a stronger man, and he stood the fast pace a bit better. He was thoroughly fit. A match between these two would always be close, and I am by no means convinced that the Bostonian is the better man.

Aces by service—Hunnewell, 28; Mackay, 21; By placing—Hunnewell, 24; Mackay, 26. By opponent's miss—Hunnewell, 10; Mackay, 11. Total aces scored—Hunnewell, 62; Mackay, 58. Time of match—1 hour 15 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

DOUBT as to result was never for an instant a factor in the final match for the championship between Shaw and Hunnewell. Shaw has frequently, in their home court, given Hunnewell four aces and a beating, and he could repeat the performance in New York. Environment makes no impression on Shaw's playing, and what he can do in Boston in the way of racquets he could duplicate in Chicago or London or wherever else he happened to find himself in a court. He is a performer of deliberation and utmost nerve, tireless and indomitable.

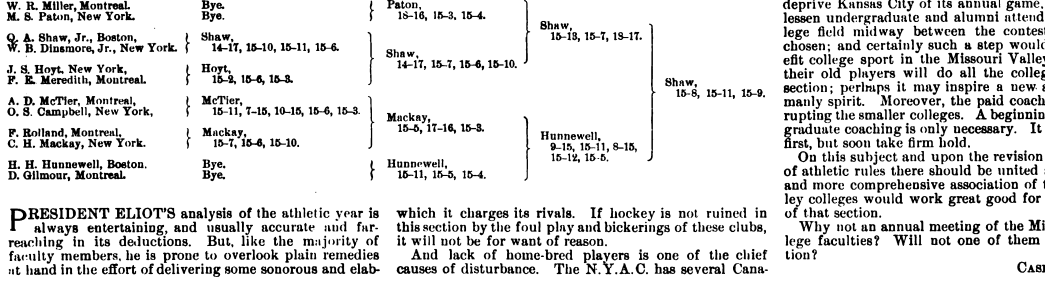
Hunnewell is accustomed to Shaw's left-hand play, and therefore had somewhat of an advantage over those others who had met the Bostonian earlier in the tournament and for the first few games been naturally a bit disturbed by it. But this familiarity counted for naught in the sum total of his work. He won the toss and began serving, only to be immediately put out by a hot return. Shaw then went in and made a brilliant run of 8 aces by good all-round play, but Hunnewell held him to low scoring for the rest of the twelve hands that it took to finish the game.

The second was an intensely interesting game, brilliant rallies marking the course of play, and the scoring being very close until, at the beginning of the twelfth hand, they stood 12–11 in Shaw's favor; two points on beautiful work around the court, and one more on an unplayable serve, gave Shaw the game.

Shaw led from the start in the third game, and, though there was hotly contested play throughout, the end was inevitable. Hunnewell's play at times showed some anxiety, but on the whole he put up a plucky game.

Aces by service—Shaw, 26; Hunnewell, 14. By placing—Shaw, 15; Hunnewell, 7. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 4; Hunnewell, 7. Total aces scored—Shaw, 45; Hunnewell, 28. Time of play—28 minutes. Referee—C. L. Perkins. Marker—Standing.

NATIONAL SINGLES RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP, PLAYED IN NEW YORK RACQUET CLUB, FEBRUARY 18–18, 1899.



PRESIDENT ELIOT'S analysis of the athletic year is always entertaining, and usually accurate and far-reaching in its deductions. But, like the majority of faculty members, he is prone to overlook plain remedies at hand in the effort of delivering some sonorous and elaborate solution of what, in truth, may be a very simple little problem indeed.

The "evils of excessive training" appear to have disturbed the Harvard President, and, according to his recently published report, sent him far afield in his search of a remedy. The President has entirely passed over one of the most flagrant evils of excessive training which has been under his very nose for years—preliminary practice—*i. e.*, practice in vacation for contests held in term time. Let the President dig this evil athletic root out of the Cambridge garden, as he may easily do, and he will find excessive training not so much of a disturbing factor in collegiate sport.

ABANDONMENT of practice games with professional baseball nines by Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania is excellent, but abandonment of professional baseball coaches would be infinitely better. No especial harm is done a college nine by occasional play with a professional team, but great injury is being done collegiate baseball constantly by the continuous employment of professional coaches. College baseball within the last three years seems taking on more and more of the unfair trickiness of the professional game.

Blocking men off basses, running in front of a base-runner, giving him the elbow—all these have become too much a part of the college game. For this we may thank the professional instructor. With the professional coach retained in office, I fail to see anything proportionately commendable in forbidding games with professionals.

EFFORT is being made in the South to induce Virginia and North Carolina universities to abandon their paths of athletic iniquity and join the Southern Inter-collegiate Association. At the moment there is no especial prospect of immediate success. All leading colleges in the South are agreed upon the advisability of ignoring Virginia and North Carolina when the time comes to making up schedules, and I expect to see some results in this line, despite the difficulty of getting games and the distances to be travelled in fulfilling engagements.

The main obstacle in the way of bringing Virginia and North Carolina into line is the indifference of the Northern colleges to the missionary labors of the Southern Association. So long as Northern colleges play Virginia and North Carolina and offer no objection to the personnel of their teams, so long will they pursue the unwholesome athletic way they have followed hitherto.

Princeton, Pennsylvania, Annapolis, Yale, Cornell, Lafayette, Lehigh, and others meet both Virginia and North Carolina almost every year. If these Northern colleges would decline to schedule games with the two Southern colleges under discussion until they reformed their methods and cleaned their teams, there would soon be a change of heart at Virginia and North Carolina. At present they thrive in their athletic unwholesomeness, and are not sufficiently discerning to see that it is but a superficial and short-lived prosperity.

YELLOW-FEVER necessitated a short supplementary football season in the South, in which Tulane, Louisiana State, and Mississippi universities were the participants. None of these institutions opened until November, and did not begin playing until well on in December. Tulane and Mississippi teams were weak, but Louisiana put forth a fairly strong eleven.

I learn that Alabama Polytechnic Institute played three instead of two games as recently stated, the third being a victory over the heavy team of the Georgia School of Technology. Alabama's success appears to have been especially commendable, since their season opened with but one old player returned. The candidates were all green and light, but they improved rapidly, and played with great enthusiasm. They averaged 15 pounds lighter than the Georgia Techs, and 20 pounds lighter than Univ. of Ga., both of whom they beat—29–4 and 18–17.

The best feature of Alabama's season was the unquestioned status of the men and their hard clean play. The wholesome spirit manifested greatly pleased the faculty, and has done more to answer adverse criticism and to put the game on a permanent basis in that section of the South than has been accomplished in any previous season.

To this gratifying end the positive stand for purity in sport of some of Alabama's professors, the commendable work of the captain, Metcham, and the supervision of the Southern Association, all contributed.

HOCKEY is closing its season with some of the cleverest play yet seen this side of the Canadian line, and the team of the Brooklyn Skating Club appears entitled to first honors, although the amateur status of two of its men has been challenged by the New York Athletic Club.

The final games of the League have developed no diligence to duty on the part of referees, and consequently no cessation of rough play was apparent in the work of the Brooklyn, New York A. C., and Hockey Club teams. As to the protest—if, as asserted, the N. Y. A. C. has had all winter the evidence claimed against Brooklyn, and only produces it now upon being beaten, then the N. Y. A. C. team has quite evinced the professional spirit with which it charges its rivals. If hockey is not ruined in this section by the foul play and bickerings of these clubs, it will not be for want of reason.

And lack of home-bred players is one of the chief causes of disturbance. The N.Y.A.C. has several Canadians on its team, but Brooklyn's team is almost wholly composed of them. This is not to utter any reflection on Canadian players *per se*, but rather to criticise the methods by which the services of some are engaged, and the absence of proper encouragement to native material. The colleges are doing something along the healthful lines, and sportsmen look to them to nourish wholesomely a game that is really one of the very best of winter.

BECAUSE of that very reason, sportsmen view with deep regret the touring license recently granted by the Yale faculty to the Yale hockey team, which permitted a visit to Pittsburg and absence from New Haven for five consecutive days.

College Presidents and faculties ostentatiously deplore "excessive athletics" with one breath, and with the very next endorse preliminary football practice, or issue permits to touring elevens, nines, or hockey teams.

And the hypocrisy of it!

Harvard forbids its Glee Club touring, but permits its football-players to be gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded a couple of weeks before term opens!

There are no two features of college sport that reach farther and exert a more detrimental influence than touring and preliminary practice.

BROOKLYN'S hockey record is an excellent one in point of games won, though rough and foul play detracts from its sportsmanly qualities. It has defeated the Hockey Club, 7–0; N. Y. A. C., 3–2; St. Nicholas, 6–1; Montclair, 5–1; taken one game each from Yale and Pennsylvania, and not lost a game.

The Hockey Club appears entitled to second honors. It was tied by N. Y. A. C. early in the season, and recently beaten by Brooklyn; but, on the other side, it shows a recent 5–0 victory over N. Y. A. C., and the defeat of every other team it has met. N. Y. A. C., the League champions in '98, has beaten St. Nicholas and Montclair, and lost to Brooklyn and the Hockey Club.

St. Nicholas has not equalled the other teams in point of skilful development, nor in the matter of foul play. I have no doubt its fairer play cost it goals—such has been the character of referees. But the club caused quite an agreeable surprise by taking a game from Montclair (3–1), its only win of the season, so far.

It needed but the meeting of Columbia and Brown to complete the Inter-collegiate season and settle upon third place, and Brown's victory was anticipated. Columbia showed some improvement since the Yale game, but its form was ragged, and the individuals of the team rather indifferent skaters. Brown did not play so high class a game as against Yale or Harvard, and won somewhat easily, 2 goals to 0.

BILLIARDS, as a game suitable to amateur control under existing conditions, may not be seriously considered after the recent disclosures of betting at the "amateur" tournament held at the Knickerbocker A. C., under the Amateur Athletic Union's auspices.

The letter of the present rules of the A. A. U. forbids an amateur in any sport backing himself or playing a match for a money wager.

Any person who issues, or allows to be issued in his behalf, any challenge to compete against a professional, or for money, shall thereby forfeit his amateur standing.

The contestants in the recent so-called "amateur" billiard tournament wagered generously, openly, and nightly, and the scene around and in the vicinity of the tables was like unto the betting-ring of a race-track.

Disqualification immediate and final is the only action the A. A. U. officials can take with regard to these "amateur" billiardists and retain the respect of sportsmen, or indeed follow out the plain dictates of their own rules.

GRADUATE coaching in football and baseball is just now agitating the Missouri Valley section of the West. At first glance there seems little likelihood that the paid coach can be dispensed with, and very likely he cannot be for a year or two. But the time is immaterial. The important fact is the colleges are beginning to realize that only by the establishment of such a system can a school of football instruction be founded and consistent play assured.

Year after year Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri State universities have ignored coaching material at home, and sought far and wide for an instructor of reputation. That it was perfectly natural I do not deny, and that in the early years of endeavor it was quite necessary is perfectly true. But for three years past much of value could have been accomplished towards building up a coaching system with home talent, and nothing has been done.

Therefore the news that Kansas is seriously setting to work to do something in that direction is doubly gratifying—first, because it shows extreme dissatisfaction with the conditions of '98; and second, because Kansas is indefatigable, and what she sets out to do is usually accomplished, sooner or later.

There is also apparent a strong feeling to restrict games to college grounds, which is a rather awkward blow at professionalism, but of itself an excellent idea. It would deprive Kansas City of its annual game, but it would not lessen undergraduate and alumni attendance if some college field midway between the contesting teams were chosen; and certainly such a step would materially benefit college sport in the Missouri Valley. Contact with their old players will do all the colleges good in that section; perhaps it may inspire a new and more sportsmanly spirit. Moreover, the paid coach is simply bankrupting the smaller colleges. A beginning in encouraging graduate coaching is only necessary. It will go slowly at first, but soon take firm hold.

On this subject and upon the revision and enforcement of athletic rules there should be united action. A closer and more comprehensive association of the Missouri Valley colleges would work great good for the college sport of that section.

Why not an annual meeting of the Missouri Valley college faculties? Will not one of them issue the invitation?

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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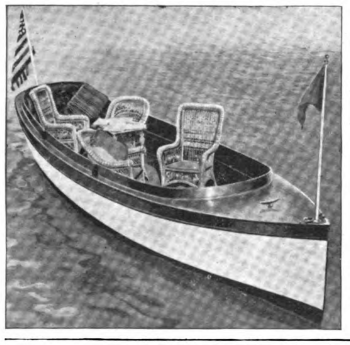
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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,132.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2203

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 11, 1899

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The Problem of Expansion

NO one doubts as to the immediate duty of the government in Manila. Legally the Philippines will belong to the United States when Spain ratifies the treaty of peace. At present we are in military possession of whatever we have captured, and we will maintain our possession by force of arms. Theoretically AGUINALDO and his insurgents will be subjects of Spain until the treaty is ratified and becomes a complete agreement between the United States and Spain, because neither their government nor their belligerency has been recognized by any power. Actually they are insurgents against Spain, or against this country, or any power which may try to govern them. We have conquered Spain, and have driven her out of the islands; but we have not conquered the insurgents, who have set up what they call a government, and who say that they would have themselves destroyed Spanish rule in the islands if we had not intervened. We hold Manila and its suburbs by dint of daily fighting and bloodshed. We also hold the part of the island of Panay included in Ilo Ilo and its suburbs. The question is as to our future course, after the insurrection is put down, or after AGUINALDO and his followers are brought to reason; for, as we said at the outset, there is no question as to the immediate duty of the government. Good men and women may pray from now until the crack of doom that we may hold out the olive branch and retire, but their prayers will be of no avail. The Americans are obstinate and persistent in war, and have never yet been known to give up. Their patience in strife is proverbial. It may be taken for granted that at least a temporary peace must be made to prevail before a future can be discussed in which is involved the proposition that the United States shall turn over the islands to their own people. As for permanent peace, that is probably impossible so long as we continue our apparent claim to govern the islands against the wishes of the people. Ten millions of savages, scattered over more than a thousand islands—savages who have never actually known a foreign ruler—can maintain war indefinitely. Moreover, so long as we claim the legal sovereignty over the islands we shall be responsible for their international misdeeds, chief among which is piracy, according to Senator SEWELL of New Jersey, who knows the islands, and according to all other competent witnesses. Still, a temporary peace may be conquered from AGUINALDO, and it must be brought about before the American people get over their fighting mood and recover their usual calm common-sense, which takes account both of the moral aspects of questions and of relative values. Therefore the government must exercise all its force, to the end that we may reason together on the subject of the Philippines with some prospect of reaching a wise conclusion. In passing on, it is interesting to note that Congress has "risen to its duty" in respect of this feature of our new imperialism by refusing to grant to the President an adequate military force, and by disorganizing that which it has granted.

When a temporary peace with AGUINALDO has been conquered, and when Spain has ratified the treaty of peace, the country will then be face to face with a question big with omen of its future, and which will be answered wisely or foolishly, according as the nation comprehends the reason why we are in the position of being obliged to meet it. The time for discussing the right or wrong of being in the Philippines is past, although we fully agree with Senator SEWELL that it would have been better for the country if DEWEY had sailed away as soon as he had destroyed Spanish naval power in the Pacific. But we are there, and we must decide upon the future. Why are we in the Philippines, and why do the administration and its immediate friends intend that we shall remain there? We are quite aware that we shall be told that the administration has made no declaration of purpose to keep hold of the Philippines. It is true that no specific declaration has been made, but we are confident that we do Mr. MCKINLEY and his advisers no injustice when we assert that it is their purpose to hold on to the Philippines. The evidence of such a purpose is manifold; but one example is sufficient. The vote of Senator MCENERY for the treaty of peace, so called, is said to have been procured by the promise to pass the MCENERY resolution, which means absolutely nothing, while the BACON resolution, which any one whose mind was even open on the subject of subsequent annexation might have favored, was voted down by the administration forces in the Senate.

We are in the Philippines now, and it is the intention of the administration to remain there purely and solely for purposes of gain. A preacher in this city, whose habit is to heap insult upon those who differ from him on this subject by calling them opprobrious names, thinks that we are in the islands because some divine wind has blown us there. Other preachers and a number of good people agree with him. Mr. MCKINLEY calls it destiny. This fustian and bombast indicate the hollowness of the pretension. Neither the preacher nor Mr. MCKINLEY can suggest a reason for our being in the islands, so they simply vapor. They have no arguments which can be addressed to rational minds, so they content themselves with charging the responsibility upon Providence, with whose intentions they are apparently familiar, but of whose reasons they have been kept in ignorance—at least they have none to impart. However, they have succeeded in befogging a good many minds, and they are content—for the moment. Destiny, however, is largely in our own hands, and it is with a nation as with an individual—he who takes an important step in life without a solid reason for it, but on the ground that destiny is impelling him, is a fool likely to come to grief. There is a solid reason in the minds of the chief annexationists for what they hope to accomplish, but it is a bad one. They are after vulgar gain. That is the sum and substance of their purpose. They want the Philippines for the money there is in them for themselves and their friends. It is openly charged that every step in our war with Spain was tainted by commercialism, and that the friends of the President compose a syndicate which is employed in capitalizing and "financing" patriotism. At all events, it is clear why the Philippines are wanted. It is not for themselves, because these commercial statesmen are not altogether foolish, and they know, as well as more patriotic men, that the Philippines, with their guerillas and the foreign wars they will promote, will not furnish trade enough to this country to begin to pay the cost of their government and defence. The Philippines are wanted to increase the amount of political patronage; to swell the revenues of the government by augmenting its expenditures; to afford new excuses for subsidy-grabbing, especially for Senator HANNA'S scheme to levy taxes for the promotion of shipbuilding and the establishment of a merchant marine; to increase the area of protection; and, finally, to transform this country into an armed competitor for the trade of China. This is the dream of the expansionists, and for fully realizing it imperialism is essential. It is an impossible dream to a republic; it is doubtful if its realization be within the power of such a democracy as Great Britain.

When the time shall come for deciding this momentous question, the country must determine not only whether it is worth its while to incur the burdens and woes of expansion in Asia, but whether it is worth while also, in order that speculation may flourish, and that favored men may enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-citizens, to turn our backs upon the ideals of the republic. There is no question of extending civilization or Christianity involved. The history of the tropics under white rule is our answer to the ecstatic traducers of patriots who wish to preserve the institutions of their country. Civilization and Christianity are not advanced by contact of white troops and politicians with black men and brown men. The only question is, shall we, for sordid gain, take our place among the war powers; shall we abandon the institutions and the principles which have made us what we are, and which, through our influence, have benefited mankind? We have not spoken of the practical difficulties in the way of governing distant islands. We have assumed that eventually Congress would rise to the occasion, and, for this purpose, establish here a strong government instead of the present republic. But are we prepared to assume the burdens, to make the changes, to give up the principle that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, in order that protected and subsidized syndicates may prosper?

CROKER is making war on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. Some people say that he and his accomplices of Tammany Hall are "short" of Manhattan stock. Others say that the movement is a bold, frank strike for blackmail; and others still that it is a strike in behalf of CROKER'S Auto-Truck Company, which wishes to use the elevated structure to carry its pipes. The whole country, however, is profoundly interested in quite another feature of the episode. Here is a private citizen, who probably could not be elected to any office, on account of his bad reputation, who is able to use the power of the municipal government as he sees fit for the advancement of his personal ends. No potentate in the civilized world has such power as this man possesses. He may revenge himself on those whom he hates—and he hates impartially all good citizens—by increasing their taxes (see the assessment rolls of the last year); by erecting nuisances in their neighborhoods; by permitting the streets in front of their dwellings and stores to go uncleaned or unrepaired; by interfering unduly with their business; by promoting the interests of their rivals; by subjecting them to police annoyance, or depriving them of police protection. He may make it worth the while of the trouble-dreading financiers who are at the head of institutions of trust to buy of him the rights and privileges which are theirs under the law.

This is the outcome of boss rule in this city, and the like manifestation of it may occur in almost any other city, large or small, in the Union. This is the flower and fruit of our system of municipal government, or of the easy-going neglect of their plain duties by citizens of our municipalities. Our merchants and corporations have been so much more willing to buy their rights than to fight for them that the business of being "boss" has become one of the most profitable occupations of modern times. But it is humiliating to free citizens, who have too much self-respect to join in the trading and bartering, to feel that this vulgar person of the Democratic Club has their fortunes as much in his power as if he and they were dwellers in the wilds of Africa, where he had gained kingship by knocking his predecessor on the head with a club.

AN editorial in a recent issue of the *Temps* is worthy of the careful consideration of those who are inclined to deride as utopian the peace conference called by the Tsar. The *Temps* says: "One ought not to cry Utopia too hastily. The Utopias of yesterday often become the blessings of to-morrow. If the past is hostile to the thought of the Tsar, the future is certainly in its favor." Then we are told how the world is working towards universal peace. "The desire of the people," says the *Temps*, "social progress, the relations always growing closer between the different parts of the human race, the progressive consciousness of a universal solidarity, railroads, telegraphs, telephones,... and even the most murderous discoveries, which, rendering war more frightful, render it also morally more improbable—everything in the life of the modern world conspires with the intention of the Emperor of Russia, and justifies the project of a conference for studying, if not for solving, the problem." These are true words, and we have a fancy that they express the tired sentiments of burdened Europe. On the day before the publication of the article from which we quote, M. VAILLANT, a socialist Deputy, had introduced a series of resolutions, and the Chamber had adopted one of them—that in favor of international arbitration; a principle upon which the United States Senate has practically turned its back, in putting aside the proposed treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. The conference will meet at the Hague, and although the time has not yet been determined, it is thought that the representatives of the different powers will come together in May. Our own representative has not yet been appointed, but there is no reasonable doubt that the President will name one who will be in sympathy with the Tsar's purpose. Our own situation suggests the advisability of universal disarmament, for apparently Congress has no intention of permitting the country ever to be sufficiently armed for the purposes of a war with a first-class power.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE has been no sunshine in New York this last fortnight which has not been dimmed by the shadow of Rudyard Kipling fighting hard for life in a room in the Grenoble Hotel. The interest and anxiety on his account have been so widespread and lively that the very persons who felt them have in some cases felt called upon to explain, almost to excuse, their own uneasiness. The truth is that one hardly knows where to look for a life which seems so valuable to so many people as Rudyard Kipling's. The English-speaking world is a pretty big world nowadays, and in the last decade a remarkably large proportion of the folks who compose it have found sure entertainment and something more in reading what Kipling has written. If a great statesman dies, it may in the end affect the lives of an immense number of people, but usually they don't realize it at the time, for some one takes up the statesman's work and seems to go on with it, and affairs proceed very much as before. So it is as to men in most other callings; but when the world loses one of the very few writers who win something like universal attention, the loss comes home at once to every reader to whom that writer ministered. The work in that case is not taken up. It stops short. Great writers are scarce in the English-speaking world just now. Kipling is counted by the majority of readers to be the likeliest of all our scribes. What he has done no one else could do; but we feel that he has not done nearly enough, and we want him to go on and hoe his row out to the end. We have looked upon his talent as part of our own capital. We have counted on the fulfilment of all the promise there is in him, and the fear of losing him has been a fear of losing something that we had come to look upon as our own.

He has given us a mighty bad scare, and it has been very long drawn out. At this writing hope, which had sunk very low, has risen again, and there begins to be a prospect that our visitor may soon feel able to deprecate the extraordinary fuss that was made about him when he was too sick to know it or to care.

THERE are advanced people in North Dakota, and they must be fully represented in the State Legislature. It was reported ten days ago that the North Dakota Senate had passed a bill which provides that applicants for marriage licenses in that State shall be examined as to their health, and that licenses shall be denied to persons who shall be found to be suffering from various diseases, including dipsomania, hereditary insanity, and tuberculosis. The responsibility of passing upon applicants would rest upon a committee of three physicians in each county, appointed by a judge. It will be generally conceded that dipsomaniacs and persons of unsound mind ought not to marry, and it is certainly to the interest of the public that matrimonial intentions in such persons should be restrained. Doubtless, also, it would be better for all hands that folks who have developed tuberculosis should not marry, but to deny marriage licenses to such persons would be an unprecedented step, which would be open to strong opposition on the ground that it would be an unwarrantable restraint of personal liberty and too arbitrary a hinderance to the pursuit of happiness. As a bill to make talk, however, the North Dakota measure is a success.

A MEASURE adopted by the President and fellows of Harvard University, on February 18, provides that all persons who have served at Harvard as professors or assistant professors for twenty years, and are over sixty years old, shall receive, after retirement, one-third of their last salary for twenty years of service, and one-sixth of their last salary for each additional year of service, provided that the retiring allowance shall in no case exceed two-thirds of their last salary. To meet the expenditures thus authorized, Harvard will have at the end of this year the income of a special fund of $340,000, which can doubtless be supplemented from other university moneys.

A similar provision has been in operation at Yale since 1897, and since 1890 it has been a rule at Columbia that any professor who has served the university for fifteen years, and is sixty-five years old, may retire at his own request on half-pay. At Yale, professors may retire on a pension after twenty-five years of continuous service.

THE writer of the letter about the Philippines and Filipinos, which was published in the WEEKLY last week, had a wider and more varied experience of life in the Philippines than was fully indicated by the scant introductory lines which were prefaced to his discourse. During the years from 1866 to 1883, which he spent in the Far East, he lived four years in Manila, two years in Albay, f ur in Cebu, and seven in Ilo Ilo, and travelled about a good deal besides. He had a good chance, therefore, to study the Philippine Islands as they were from fifteen to thirty years ago, and his conviction that they are not desirable possessions or dependencies for the United States has a much more substantial basis of knowledge than most views on that subject now current. Archibald Colquhoun says in his *China in Transformation*, "The Chinese ideas of things European are inaccurate, but not quite so inaccurate as ours of matters Chinese." So it seems to be with the Filipinos. Their knowledge of us seems deplorably limited until we compare it with our knowledge of them. "G. A.'s" knowledge of them is exceptional.

There is much significance in his testimony that the most strenuous and capable folks in the Philippines are those mestizos who are part Chinese. The product of the blending of European and Malay blood, as it seemed to him, has intelligence, but lacks energy; whereas the mixture of the two Oriental strains gives a result which is strong, both physically and intellectually. After all, the intentions of nature as to who shall ultimately possess and rule any given country are apt to be carried out. As long as the Anglo-Saxons continue to be destitute of gills, the fishes are likely to keep elbow room in the sea; and as long as the Anglo-Saxons have temperate-zone livers, the tropical and Oriental folks will have to be considered in the management and distribution of the tropics.

THE four bound volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY which contain the record of the civil war are still treasured in households and libraries all over the country. The bound volume of the WEEKLY for 1898 (ready last week) is of analogous interest and value as containing the full contemporary record, pictorial and literary, of the war with Spain. The story of that war will doubtless be better told by a future historian than the WEEKLY has told it. Doubtless Mr. Lodge's account of it now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE is better as literature than the story as it came out in the WEEKLY, with picture and text gathered from day to day. There is, however, a flavor and a value about such a record of a war as the WEEKLY has given which no later history can quite duplicate. To read of great events as they impressed the immediate observer is one thing; to read of them as they impress the historian is another. Both are good things; both desirable.

A BOSTON newspaper of recent date says, on what seems to be good authority, "It is apparent that some of the stockholders in the Keely Motor Company are getting anxious."

It is extremely creditable to the staying powers of the Keely stockholders that any of them should still be capable of anxiety about the Keely machine. They certainly are not quitters. Keely is dead, and his poor old impostures have been discovered and exposed, yet the stockholders are still anxious. If they are waiting to hear from Moses and the prophets they will be disappointed. If there is not evidence enough on earth for them of Keely's futility as a mechanician, it might pay them to ring up the spirit of their departed chief through Mrs. Piper, and try to induce him to confess. There would, to be sure, be a chance of error in such a procedure, but even a bogus spirit would make a good enough Keely to admit the worthlessness of the bogus motor.

THE correspondent of the London *Times* in Cuba has been saying extraordinary things of Mr. Charles W. Gould, of New York, whom the President sent to Cuba as a special representative of the Department of Justice in the Cuban Military Commission. Mr. Gould's special work was with Cuban law, to inspect and digest it, and see that it was in working order. It has been known that he did his job exceedingly well, and much more too, and when he came home a few weeks ago his friends welcomed him and congratulated him on having been the right man in the right place. The *Times* correspondent has far more to say of him than that. He points to him as the man who has done much more than any one else to make the Cubans trust the American people, and to dissipate the sullen hostility with which for a time they regarded our government. He says Mr. Gould is trusted, beloved, and respected from one end of Cuba to the other, and that the Cubans, looking upon him as the synonym of what Uncle Sam's policy really is, bear with the more patience such military orders as distress them. "I fully believe," says this writer, "that if Mr. Gould were to be appointed Governor-General of Cuba to-morrow, he could successfully administer the affairs of Cuba without the assistance of any armed force from the United States to aid him."

IT is decided that a statue of Frances Willard shall be added to the marble congregation in "Statuary Hall" in the Capitol at Washington. Congress has not been asked to admit Miss Willard's effigy to the Capitol. That is not necessary. The whole matter has been decided by the State of Illinois, which is entitled, as is each of the other States, to have two live statesmen in the Senate Chamber and two marble statesmen in the Old House of Representatives. Illinois has chosen Miss Willard as one of her two marble representatives, and has appropriated $9000 to have her duly sculped.

How the present occupants of the Old House will feel towards Miss Willard's statue must be left to surmise. It may depend somewhat on what sort of a marble figure she makes, and that will depend of course upon who the maker is. If the statue is worthy of the moral side of its original, it will be an ornament to the famous roof that is to shelter it, and the distinguished company it is to enter. The only petticoat that the hall harbors now is worn by Père Marquette of Michigan, and that, when it was new, made a considerable stir in the Capitol and the country. But the flutter over that skirt availed nothing, and if there should be a flutter over Miss Willard's statue (which is not likely), that will avail nothing, also. The hot time that is coming to the Old House is likely enough to be deferred until the State of Utah decides to send in statues of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith. Then there will be trouble. The voice of the W. C. T. U. will be heard in the land, and—oh! oh! oh! what fervor of remonstrance we shall be treated to! The very thought of it is enough to make the prudent citizen dig himself a cyclone cellar to hide in when the signals for that hurricane go up.

SOME of the visitors to the show of Sargent portraits in Boston came away strongly impressed with Mr. Sargent's great serviceableness as an instrument in the hands of the Almighty for humbling the proud and making the inordinately opulent confess before men the moral degradation which made possible their unseemly gains. There are portraits by him which make you wonder whether the offences of the originals could possibly have been gross enough to warrant such exposure. These portraits, too, are apt to be the most interesting examples of his work. For the moralist they have a very great fascination. He regards them with rapture and awe, exclaiming in his mind at the mysterious ways of Providence that bring it about that, in an age when the pillory and the stocks have fallen into disuse, men may all their lives elude the public prosecutor, only to sit at last in Sargent's studio, and pay him a great price to flay them for public exhibition. The New York Society for the Prevention of Crime ought to induce Mr. Sargent to come to this town and paint a galleryful of portraits of leading municipal statesmen and financiers. Any intelligent reader could nominate a score of sitters for him, every one of whom could amply afford his distinguished attention, and each of whom would be conspicuously worthy of his comminatory brush.

DURING the month of January the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor spent $4500 in its work. Of this nearly $3500 went for coal and food, and $735 for rent and transportation. The society's visitors made 6093 visits to the poor, and received 2064 applicants for relief. The demands upon the association have been very heavy this winter. It needs funds. Checks for it should be made payable to R. S. Minturn, treasurer, and sent to 105 East Twenty-second Street. Contributions of clothing are much needed also, and may be sent to the same address.

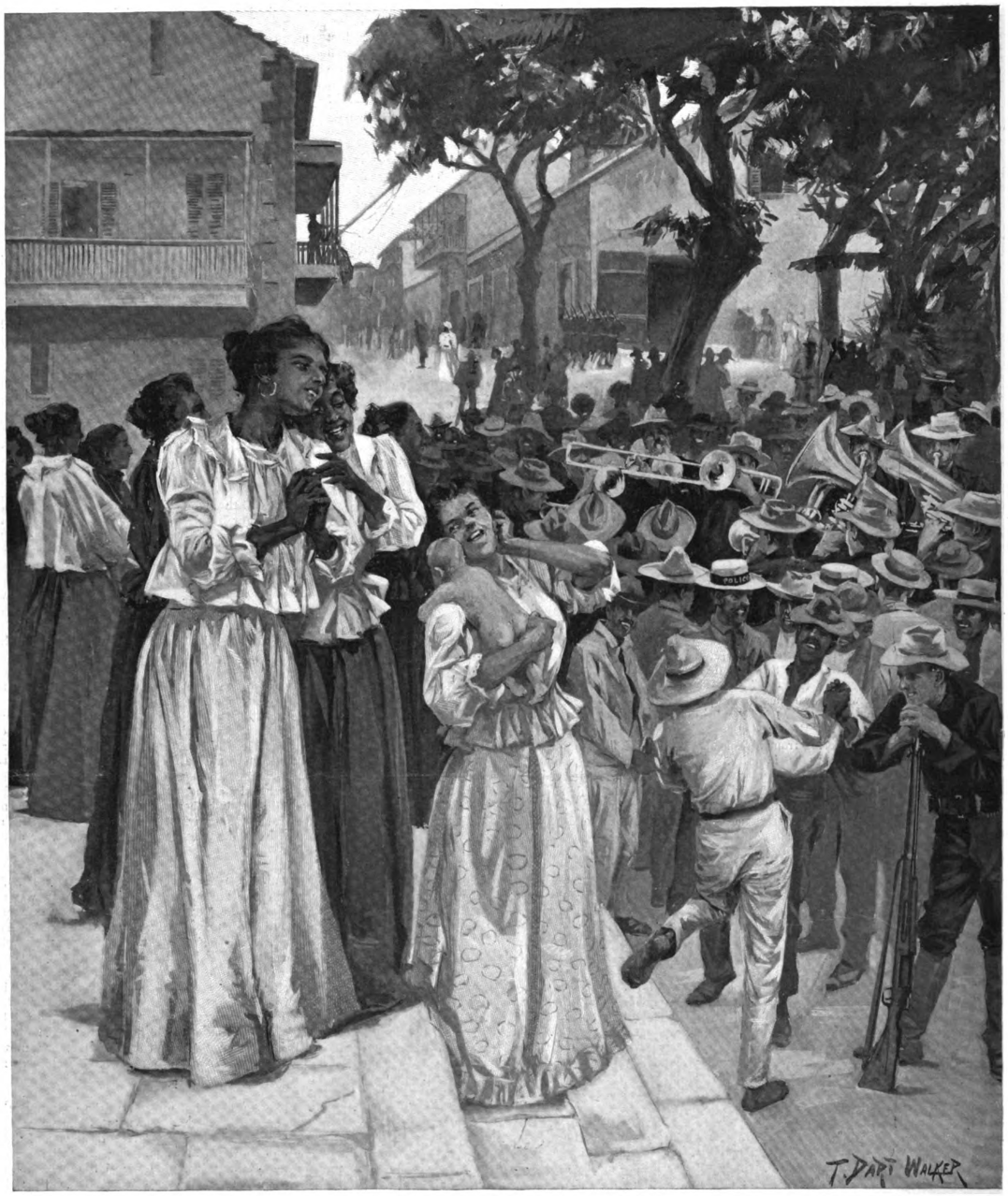
PRESIDENT TAYLOR of Vassar, in declining the invitation of the Brown trustees to move to Providence, intimates as gently as he can that the change offered him does not seem to him to contain the elements of promotion. He is quoted as saying that, so far as he can see, he would be no more useful at Brown than at Vassar, while the attractions of Vassar are quite as potent with him as those of Brown. He has paid Vassar a compliment, but there is nothing surprising about his decision. "Ladies first" is a good general rule, and in this case there was no obvious warrant for disregarding it.

COMMANDER TODD of the gunboat *Wilmington*, now or lately cruising in Venezuelan waters, has been assigned a job that ought to be almost as interesting as fighting. He has been directed to go up the Amazon as far as the *Wilmington* can go, and take notice of what he finds there. It is said that no United States vessel has ever navigated the Amazon above Manaos, which is 850 miles upstream. The *Wilmington* draws 8 feet 10 inches, and it is thought that she can go 1000 or 1200 miles farther. The upper Amazon is not absolutely unexplored, but information about the district it traverses and the folks who live along its borders is vague, scarce, and unreliable. Monkeys, orchids, and gay birds come from that region, also bicycle tires and overshoes.

IT may be that what put it into the government's head to send Commander Todd up the Amazon was that it had been reading the report, recently issued, of the Intercontinental Railroad Commission, which has been busy for ten years past in investigating the feasibility and probable cost of a railroad from New York to Buenos Ayres. The distance is about 10,200 miles, of which nearly 5000 is covered by railroads already built. The commission has spent nearly $300,000 in its researches, of which the United States provided $245,000, Brazil $30,000, and the other South-American republics the rest. It first met in Washington in December, 1890, when it organized three survey parties—one under Captain E. Z Steever to survey south from Mexico; one under Mr William F. Shunk to survey north from Quito; and one under Mr. J. Imbrie Miller to survey south from Quito to Lake Titacaca in Bolivia. The surveys were finished about three years ago. Now the results have been worked out and the report sumptuously published. The verdict is that the road is perfectly feasible, and that the road-bed for the main line, including masonry, grading, and bridges (but not rails), would cost about $175,000,000. The most expensive and difficult section of the proposed line would be in Columbia, Ecuador, and Peru, where the road skirts the Andes for 3600 miles, at an estimated cost of $125,000,000.

YALE wants a statue of Nathan Hale to set up in her campus. He was a Connecticut boy, and a Yale graduate of the class of 1769. It seems odd that his figure in bronze has not adorned the Yale district in New Haven long before this, but perhaps the sight of the notable statue of him in New York's City Hall Park was needed to jog the Yale memory. Beyond question, his sort of patriotism is extraordinarily fit to be brought to the attention of youth.

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PUERTO RICO—SUNDOWN ON THE PLAZA AT PONCE.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER.

Sunday in Mexico

ANY unfortunate citizen of the United States who, from an unwillingness to work or to take part in the various concerns of life, has acquired a reputation among his neighbors for being trifling, should emigrate at once to Mexico. Life there seems to wear about as serious an aspect as a comic opera, and such a citizen would be looked upon as a worthy addition to the chorus. One of the important things in Mexico is to own a game-cock, and on Sunday morning if you leave him tied by the leg to a convenient awning-post while you attend service in the church, you will excite no comment among your neighbors. In fact, the voice of the priest is often almost drowned by the crowing out on the street. Cock-fighting and bull-fighting, as every one knows, occupy the same relative places in the affections of the Mexican as baseball and football hold in the American heart, and Sunday afternoon is reserved for them.

The policeman in a Mexican town is an official of importance and dignity. His uniform may be dirty and ragged, but he wears a cartridge-belt and six-shooter in addition to his club, and is usually seen with a cigarette in his mouth. Five or six of these worthies will drag a poor trembling wretch to the police station with a flourish worthy of the capture of a brigade.

The Mexican wears a hat covered with gold and silver braid, that is usually worth more than all the rest of his and his family's wardrobe; and it is this, together with the gay striped blanket and the swagger of the fellow, that gives him such an air of stage make-up.

It is always dangerous to judge the people of a town by those most in evidence on the street; but if I were called on to set a valuation on the people I saw in some of these Mexican towns, I should be tempted to make my calculation by the dozen or hundred, rather than by the single native. With all their love of finery, neither the men nor women are much given to gay colors. Black and white predominate; but the bright sun makes it all gay and fetching.

When a Mexican grows old he seems to shrink up until there is little to be seen of him but a big hat, and a scrap of blanket pulled tight over his meagre shoulders. His beard and hair stand out white and distinct from his dark shrivelled face, which looks like that of a mummy in its frame of white. Life in one of these towns is as absolutely different from what one sees in an American village as though it were a bit of Egypt or India. Yet it may be seen at the end of a three days' journey from almost any of the Eastern and Northern States, and is well worth the journey.

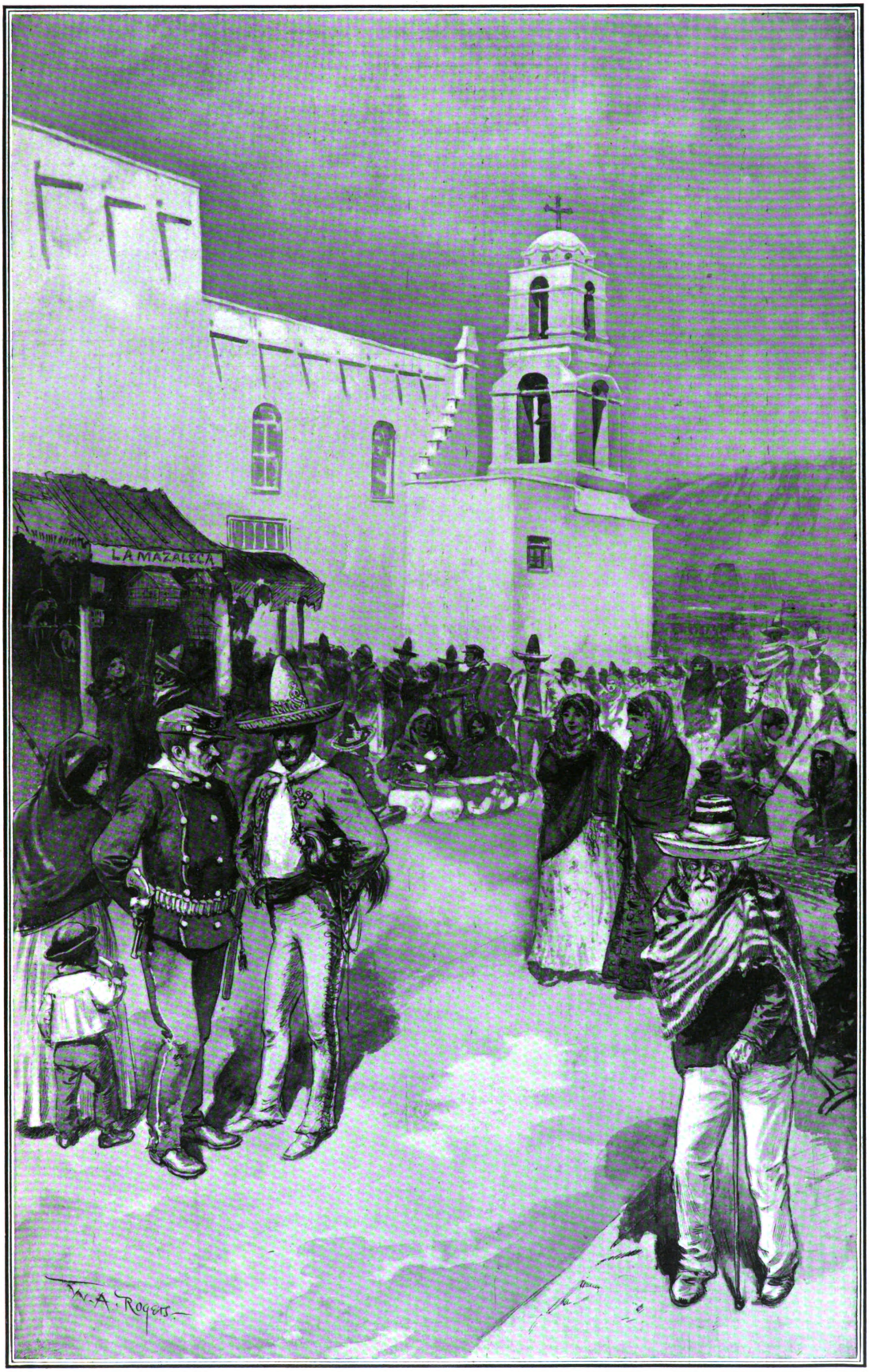
W. A. ROGERS.

On the Plaza, Ponce

HOWEVER much some folks may worry and scold about our doings in the Far East, the Philippines, after all, were not the only Spanish islands we got mixed up with, and in Cuba and Puerto Rico there really are redeeming features to our meddling. One such feature has been drawn by Mr. Walker in the picture printed on this page, wherein he shows what is wont to happen of an evening nowadays in the metropolis of Puerto Rico. Just before sunset the band comes out into the Plaza at Ponce, and plays the "Star-spangled Banner" in front of headquarters while the American flag comes down for the night.

The men of Ponce, Mr. Walker says, are thoughtfully polite in their loyalty, and stand bareheaded while the flag makes its descent. Their courtesy finds its recognition when the band goes on and plays popular airs. The particular ecstasy which Mr. Walker has made apparent in his picture is due to the effective work of the trombone in the execution of "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." That was still, at last accounts, the best known American tune at Ponce, and the natives know it and like it, and sing it, American words and all.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A MEXICAN TOWN.—Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.

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DRAMA

MRS. FISKE'S performance of "Magda," which is on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has confirmed a growing suspicion that the German original, Sudermann's "Heimat," is a very great work of art. In the discussions the play first called down on us it was assumed that it deals with the problem of paternal authority—a very serious problem in Germany, whether it touches the Kaiser and his imperial family or the household of the humblest burgher. It was also assumed that it deals with the problem of the New Woman, who was then much newer, even in Germany, than she is now. In These United States neither the old father nor the new daughter gives much trouble to the common run of us; and most of us were easily persuaded that, like all unpleasant things that don't concern us, "Magda" was to be avoided. I wish to suggest that this view is very short-sighted. Beneath the transitory details of the play it seems to me there is a motive that is eternal. From the beginning of time children have gone forth from the paternal roof and prospered, and they will do so as long as homes exist in the world. And just so long as they do so, they will feel the impulse to return; and returning, they will find that the new life may not mingle with the old. All the details of the play, to be sure, belong very much to the fleeting end of this century, and may have as little meaning for the Germany of the future as they have for the America of to-day. But do we fail to find interest in Montagues and Capulets because family feuds are no longer in fashion? To Shakspere the main interest in that old story centred about two young lovers, for whom he named the play; and I am comforting myself with the reflection that Sudermann named his play for the idea of home—"Heimat." I am confirmed in my high opinion of the play by the fact that none of the interpretations of the part have seemed wholly satisfactory. There must be something unusual in a play that escapes Bernhardt and Duse—I have not seen Modjeska—and in which Mrs. Fiske's shortcomings are obvious.

The Motive of the Returning Child.

To interpret the play fully it is necessary that *Magda* should burst upon her old home with the glamour of the great world about her. Then feeling the subtle strength of the family ties, she should resist it with all the impulses of her nature. Finally she should respond with the same fulness of feeling to the ties of home, until, following her impulse in this new direction as fully as in the old, she promises to marry *von Keller*. And as this change is progressing, with all the intricate and almost unfathomable psychology of the play, there are a thousand shades and blendings of self-will and generosity. Bernhardt entered the dingy provincial living-room with a splendor that made the chromo of the old Kaiser on the wall look pale, and Duse made one feel to the full the subtle and increasing strength of home feeling. As Mrs. Fiske entered the room she was dry and hard; the cigarette after breakfast, which Bernhardt made to appear a bit of bravado with which she was whistling to keep up her courage, Mrs. Fiske almost made an intentional affront; and when she promised to marry *von Keller*, one felt the crude logic of her surrender, if you will, but not its emotional necessity. Her failure to render the power of the home feeling is aptly suggested by a single bit of her business. When the house cat is mentioned, Bernhardt, with a sudden burst of home memories, called it again and again, reaching for it beneath the parlor table. One almost looked for it to come out to her. And then the little sister said: "Poor Lady! She has been dead seven years." It was a slight and homely touch, but it brought up the whole atmosphere of that dormant home as perhaps nothing else could. Mrs. Fiske gave a few nervous calls and snapped her finger at the top of the door. In the emotional passage where Mrs. Fiske speaks of her child, I felt that the expression was overwrought—a thing I had never before felt in her acting.

Magda and Mrs. Fiske.

These are the limitations one found. It remains to be said that in many passages Mrs. Fiske was equally a master. Her expression of love for her sister was poignant in the extreme. The bitterness of her memories of the past could hardly have been better shown, and her scorn of the hypocrite who had ruined her. In spite of strict limitations, the performance was highly intelligent and artistic, and to measure it one needs not only the highest standard of acting, but the broadest conception of the play. It was quite worthy of the actress who created *Tess*, and the crippled heroine of "Love Will Find a Way." It is a pleasure to add that the company was admirable—much better, I thought, than that of either the great French woman or the great Italian.

The success of the Hamilton version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which Mr. Sothern is presenting at the Knickerbocker under the title of "The King's Musketeer," is due in the main to the large proportion of Dumas intrigue and adventure which has been thrown into theatric form. The twelve scenes of the play represent about all the important action in the eight hundred pages of the novel. In some cases the incidents have been made more effective theatrically—for instance, that in which the *Cardinal* adroitly surprises the wily *d'Artagnan* with the admission that a secret of the *Queen's* is being concealed; and in all cases the incidents are more vivid and striking for the scenery, costumes, and acting. From the first rise to the last drop the eye witnesses a kaleidoscopic shifting of scene and of action that puts to sleep all other faculties. These are the fundamental delights of the theatre—color and action; and anybody who would deny the legitimacy and force of their appeal would confess his lack of sympathy for the stage. It is a whoop-la play Mr. Sothern has given us, and a bully good one.

A Hoop-la Play.

There is one notable omission in the action that gives the clew to the defect of the version as a whole. It is the episode of *d'Artagnan's* rescue of his three comrades after his return from his dash into England. We all remember how *d'Artagnan* found *Porthos* stony broke (excuse the French) at the inn at Chantilly, barricaded against the landlord and his bill; how he found *Aramis* at Crèvecœur, deserted of his mistress, and planning a thesis for holy orders; how he found *Athos* at Amiens barricaded in the inn cellar, and living on little sausage and much old wine. The humor of those three chapters has a breadth and onward rush of some cosmic force, and they live in the imagination long after the intricate intrigues of the story have become confused, and the innumerable duels have resolved into an indistinguishable glimmer of sword-thrusts. In such passages the story is so great that its only literary parallel is the greater thing Shakspere created in *Falstaff*. But Mr. Hamilton has neglected the imaginative color, or only faintly implied it. The best advice for any one going to the Knickerbocker is to steep himself beforehand in the red wine of the novel. The worst of this lack of character and atmosphere in the play is that it destroys much of what is properly to be considered the dramatic value of the story. To take a single striking instance, no motive is assigned or assignable for *Milady's* vast hatred of the four musketeers; that she does hate them is obvious enough, but, for anything one is told, she might just as well have begun by loving all four.

Hamlet without the Prince.

The character of *d'Artagnan*, which as Mr. Sothern names the play is the title-rôle, has been very discreetly Englished. In the original the young Gascon is far from being a hero, even according to the moral code of the seventeenth century—to say nothing of that of the elder Dumas. He has the shiftiness of a parvenu; when his curiosity or his ambition is concerned he sticks at nothing. In order to be revenged on *Milady*, who hates him, he betrays her maid, who loves and trusts him; and he wilfully reads love-letters addressed to another. Like him as one must, no illusions are possible. In the English adaptation the Gallic obliquities perforce disappear; but Mr. Sothern has had the good sense to retain as much as he can of the character of the young Bearnais. For example, in the antechamber of the Captain of the Musketeers Mr. Sothern shows the active foot and the seeing eye of a youth from the provinces; and when *d'Artagnan* discovers by accident that *Porthos's* shoulder-belt is so rich in front there is not splendor enough to go round, his rustic curiosity and delight are absolute. For a moment I hoped that Mr. Sothern was developing versatility in acting character—the main thing necessary to the rounding out of his powers. It was only for a moment. Before the play was over, *d'Artagnan* was the dear delightful Mr. Sothern, graceful, fluent, ecstatic, and one would have needed an impossibly hard head and hard heart to wish him otherwise.

D'Artagnan as Mr. Sothern.

The *Athos* of Mr. Roydon Erlynne, whose rendering of the elder brother of the Lady Ursula last autumn gave me so much pleasure, presented the dignity and simplicity of the character in a manner both large and beautiful.

JOHN CORBIN.



D'ARTAGNAN AND THE PATCHED-UP SHOULDER-BAND.
E. H. Sothern as *d'Artagnan* and Norman Conniers as *Porthos*. At the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS *MAGDA*,
At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

MUSIC

NEW MUSIC AND MUSIC-WRITERS ABROAD

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
—YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

THE winter abroad has not lacked in musical episodes that may justify Americans in turning their notice from the unbroken chain of incidents at home. In fact, some of the foreign matters in question are of a rightly insistent kind, even if presented in mere record. Naturally the operatic current is the strongest. Many composers have launched on it new ships that promise to make voyages of length and dignity. The register of operatic unseaworthiness and of derelicts, nevertheless, is, as usual, large and pathetic. On them let us be advised by Dante, and murmur our compassionate "non ragionam."

A Classic Reaction.

A few years ago there began to be noticeable a tendency among composers to set to music librettos with Hellenistic and Roman coloring and personages. It was a curious reversion to the very beginnings of opera. It harked back to Peri and Caccini; to the stiff and often arid inspirations that were the mode when Hasse and Handel and Gluck and Mozart were busiest. Trim conquerors warbled about the wings, and Olympus trilled and quavered at the prey of the gods. Now comes, however, a sharp natural reaction from the intensely modern and vulgar atmosphere of such operas as "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Sapho," "A Basso Porto," and so on. After such crude subjects for lyric tragedies, no wonder that musicians of refinement have rushed toward the other extreme and asked us to breathe an atmosphere clear if cold. And really there is nothing else to turn to. After the opera-books of Metastasio and Calzabigi, after the eternal procession long ago of operatic Alexanders and Zenobias and Cyruses and Julius Cæsars, in wigs and stays (insipidly varied by shepherds and nymphs of pastoral libretti), came opera-comedy, half-society romance, history, and even theology, tumbling over each other. To be sure, Berlioz and Cherubini kept the toga and peplum aflaunt; and so have done several French composers of our day. But the draperies of antiquity were hung up by most other composers. Lately hot-blooded Italy has dressed up the harlotry and brutality of her peasants into music. After taking opera-goers into the slums of Naples and Paris, there is admirable aptness of contrast in the idea of infusing life and discreet modern emotionality into the statuesque figures of the ancient world. The German Bungert adds a pompous spectacle to his vast "Ulyssean Trilo-

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gy," with shrewd judgment, and so puts a finishing touch that old opera-writers delighted to add.

Goldmark, the foremost operatic composer of Germany to-day, in his new opera, "The Prisoner of War" ("Die Kriegsgefangene"), has followed Bungert's lead. Goldmark has gone back for a topic to the story of the great Trojan leaguer. *Briseis*, the beautiful-cheeked captive, is the "prisoner," and the hero is no less than *Achilles*. Stately, well-remembered figures of our school-day studies are all agog in the two long acts; and *Hector's* death and the union of the Swift-footed with *Briseis* in a rapturously passionate duet end the opera. Such a scene and age and *dramatis personæ* are far removed from the composer's "Die Königin von Saba," richly Oriental and Biblical; from "Merlin," with Arthurian legend; from Dickens's idyllic "The Cricket on the Hearth." The author of the new libretto is a Viennese pastor and Hellenist. His opera-book is pretty severely censured in Germany, especially by the distinguished critic Dr. Eduard Hanslick. But it seems to have better stuff in it, on the whole, as drama and poetry, than first and perhaps prejudiced impressions accept. Goldmark's music is yet a subject of rather more acute partisanship. The parliament of reviewers who assembled in Vienna for the early performances has been rather divided in sentiment. But a splendid orchestral and dramatic power in many passages is not denied anywhere, and of its success, immediate and honorable, there can be no question. The chief rôles in "Die Kriegsgefangene" were sung by Mesdames Renard (*Briseis*), Walker (*Thetis*), and by the Messrs. Reichmann (*Achilles*), Hesch (*Priam*), Neidl (*Agamemnon*), and Pacal (*Automedon*)—all regular stand-bys at the Hofoper. (Mr. Reichmann, it seems, can still please the Viennese by the ruins of a once noble voice.) The work was directed by Mahler, whose position in the great Vienna opera seems now more secure and certainly smoother than some months ago. Already fifty-seven German opera-houses, and Covent Garden in England, have secured the rights of "The Prisoner of War." It is, beyond doubt, a genuinely important novelty by the German creator of opera most rich in vitality among his fellow-workers. Goldmark, now an old man, but of undiminished power, is the Verdi of Germany.

Carl Goldmark's "Die Kriegsgefangene."

Another new opera is of Germany. The symphony is dead there, but the lyric drama still is being kept tolerably brisk in health. The mere name of Wagner, like that of Napoleon, is surely one with which the public can be conjured into affectionate interest. Wagner's only son, in spite of his iron determination to develop a musical gift, to school himself into being a conductor, and, hardest of all, to make his mark as a creative musician, has not yet convinced any critics of authority that his artificial processes to those ends have been justified. Wagner declared his son "hopelessly unmusical" in temperament as a little boy, as a youth, and as a young man. The death of the master came. The astonishingly aggressive family policy at Baireuth, that gradually has been perfected to keep its performances in repute outside of Germany, has forced the younger Wagner into a more and more resolute campaign for achieving a personal individuality as a music-maker. As a writer of symphonic music, New York has heard one of his best works, but without even much public complaisance. His only opera thus far in his career as a composer, "Der Bärenhäuter" ("The Man in the Bear-skin"), is the novelty of the Munich and Leipsic seasons. It is not necessary to say that good-will, a most carefully adjusted cast, and rich mounting have graced "Der Bärenhäuter's" publishing. Madame Cosima Wagner herself visited Munich and superintended the scenic rehearsals, and generally expended her most elaborate pains on her son's work, as a stage matter. But the opera does not seem to have won more than a *succès d'estime*, including praise for its mechanical development. It is spoken of as lacking robust and interesting musicality, and as disguising in a complex score much thin and disconnected melodic material. Were Siegfried Wagner not his father's son, he would be blessed; because measured less exactingly. His imitative talent must suffer when such comparisons are inevitable, however kindly. Art is art, not genealogy. The book of "Der Bärenhäuter" is written by the composer. It enlarges on one of Grimm's fairy tales, not unlike "Beauty and the Beast" in its course—which old nursery classic Spohr and other Germans turned into operas of greater or less vogue, all forgotten now.

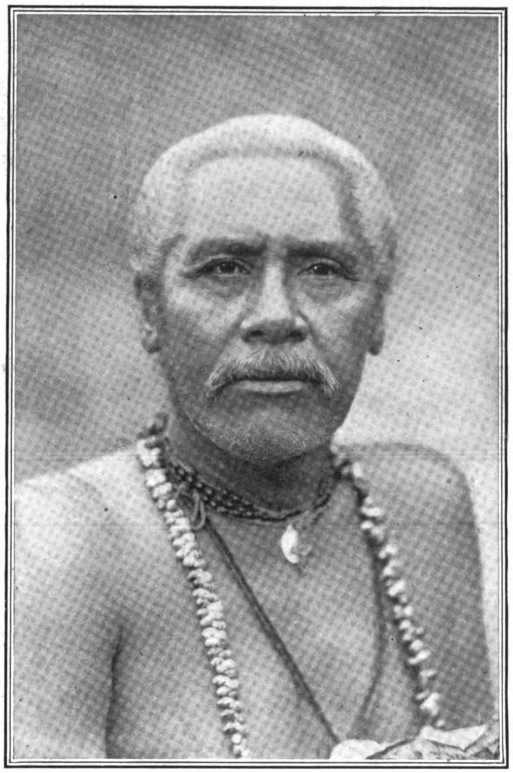
Siegfried Wagner's "Der Bärenhäuter."

Other new operas to be singled out are to be heard soon at one or another important Easter season on the Continent, or in London when Mr. Grau raises the curtain on the Covent Garden scene. That honored but dingy stage, by-the-bye, at last is to be furnished with some parts of the machinery and stock scenery which neither successive managers nor Londoners who go to opera have ever had the satisfaction of finding therein. The pleasant outcome of Mr. Grau's uncertainties as to that house, over which he is now firmly and acceptably the arbiter, seems now settled. The settlement is a compliment to Mr. Grau and to good sense. Mr. Faber's troublesome lease, that intervened between the use of the old operatic-theatre and the desires of the opera syndicate now interested in it, is purchased; and so disappears. Mr. Grau can at last enter into his work with a sense of being responsible only to his aristocratic employers and to himself, that must gratify him. He has arranged for Goldmark's "Die Kriegsfangene," for the brilliant "La Princesse d'Auberge," by Jean Blöck, the Belgian; for the "Lobetanz," an operatic *ballet d'action*, described as extremely brilliant, by Thuille (also a Belgian composer); and for a revival of Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba," and for several other revivals of standard scores. His company will be largely identical with that memorable one whose work in New York will be concluded for 1898–9 two weeks from to-day.

Mr. Grau at Covent Garden.

The Buda-Pesth Opera House is not as well known to New-Yorkers as it ought to be. The charming capital of the Kingdom of Hungary—a city likely anon to become the capital of the whole Austro-Hungarian realm—has as brilliant and strong a lyric stage as it has a national dramatic theatre. Erkel was one of its factors toward distinction, and Seidl and Nikisch have been among its conductors. The company and orchestra are usually able. The mounting of the operas is almost as artistic as in Warsaw or St. Petersburg—where are found probably the two stages in Europe most expensively dressed. The splendidly eclectic repertory at the Buda-Pesth establishment, for a few recent weeks, has run thus: "The Bartered Bride" (Smetana), "Der Freischütz" (Weber), "Der Zauberflöte" (Mozart), "La Bohème" (Leoncavallo), "Rigoletto" (Verdi), "Le Roi l'a Dit" (Delibes), "La Juive" (Halévy), "Hänsel und Gretel" (Humperdinck), "Othello" (Verdi), "Fidelio" (Beethoven), "Hamlet" (Thomas), "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), "Enoch Arden" (Raimann), "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo), "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Goldmark), "Carmen" (Bizet), "Der Evangelimann" (Goldmark), "Hunyádi László" (Erkel), "Faust" (Gounod), "La Traviata" (Verdi), "Die Lustige Weiber von Windsor" (Nicolai), "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer), "Merlin" (Goldmark), "Aïda" (Verdi), "La Poupée de Nuremberg" (Adam), "Die Königin von Saba" (Goldmark), "Meister Roland" (Zichy—a *première*, and successful); "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," and "Siegfried" (Wagner), besides four of the great spectacular ballets of the German stage. One's only criticism on such a list is that—save for Erkel's name—it is not quite patriotic enough for a national opera-house in a country so rich in national music.

The Hungarian National Opera, Buda-Pesth, 1898-9.



MATAAFA, ELECTED KING OF SAMOA, AND DECLARED INELIGIBLE BY CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS.

In Italy, no matter what operas are the talk of the land from Taormina to Aosta, the sacred oratorios by a young priest, Don Lorenzo Perosi, afford the overwhelming sensation of the moment. Apparently, too, the sensation is merited. The solemn episodes of the Christian Tragedy appear to have been treated by Perosi with an exceptional musical genius and a profound religious sensibility—albeit the voice is that of a distinctly modern and Latin oratorio-composer. Four works have already passed beyond the pale of Italy. France, Germany, and England are intent on them. Musical reviewers are in active pilgrimage to hear them, especially as directed by Perosi himself. The "Perosi topic," in fact, is now so prevalent, and attention in our own country so fastened on this new musician (in the one field of his art demanding a new and great mind), that a much longer reference to it in this journal will be made presently.

The Oratorio Star in Italy—Don Lorenzo Perosi.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Mataafa, the Fighting Chief of Samoa

IN the interest naturally taken in America, England, and Germany in the still unsettled troubles in Samoa there is a great chance of our overlooking by far the most interesting and romantic figure in the little drama. This is unquestionably Mataafa, the candidate for the kingship—an excellent portrait of whom we are able to give—who may be looked upon as at once the ablest and most popular native chief of the Samoan group. It may be feared that Mataafa has had the misfortune to come upon the scene of history a little too late. Had he done so a generation sooner, there can be little doubt that he would have been known to Europeans and natives alike as the great chief—or Malietoa—of the islands, without doubt or rival. As it is, he is beyond doubt the most popular chief of the islands among his own people, and the most admired and trusted warrior of his race.

The career of Mataafa has been unusually checkered and romantic. He has been a trusted viceroy of an exiled king. Then he became his avenger, in which character he defeated and practically drove out the usurper Tamasese, who had been supported by German influence against the reigning Malietoa, and incidentally defeated and slaughtered a considerable body of German marines who attempted his capture. He was then elected king by the principal chiefs, but was prepared magnanimously to surrender his position to the original sovereign on his return from exile through the good offices of America and England. So great was the gratitude of the returned exile, however, for Mataafa's services to his people, that he proposed to take the office of vice-king himself, leaving the popular chief to administer the native government. The arrangement would almost certainly have proved the best for all parties, for Mataafa was personally liked by nearly all the European and American residents, as well as respected by the native Samoans; but Germany was, perhaps naturally, opposed to the idea of the triumph of the chief who had successfully resisted her forces and dethroned her nominee. The wishes of the people and king having been disregarded, and Mataafa refused recognition, he withdrew to his own district of Malie, and there set up a local government of his own, which, although conducted peaceably, ignored the arrangements made by the treaty powers in deference to the wishes of Germany. This was considered a menace to the existence of the government of which Malietoa was really the puppet king, and in 1893 he was declared a rebel, and all his lands, as well as those of the chiefs who supported him, were declared forfeited. Had the natives been left to fight the matter out, there can be little doubt that, in spite of the superior numbers of the government party, he would have repeated his former success; but the appearance on the scene of action of three men-of-war—one British and two German—induced him to save useless bloodshed by surrender.

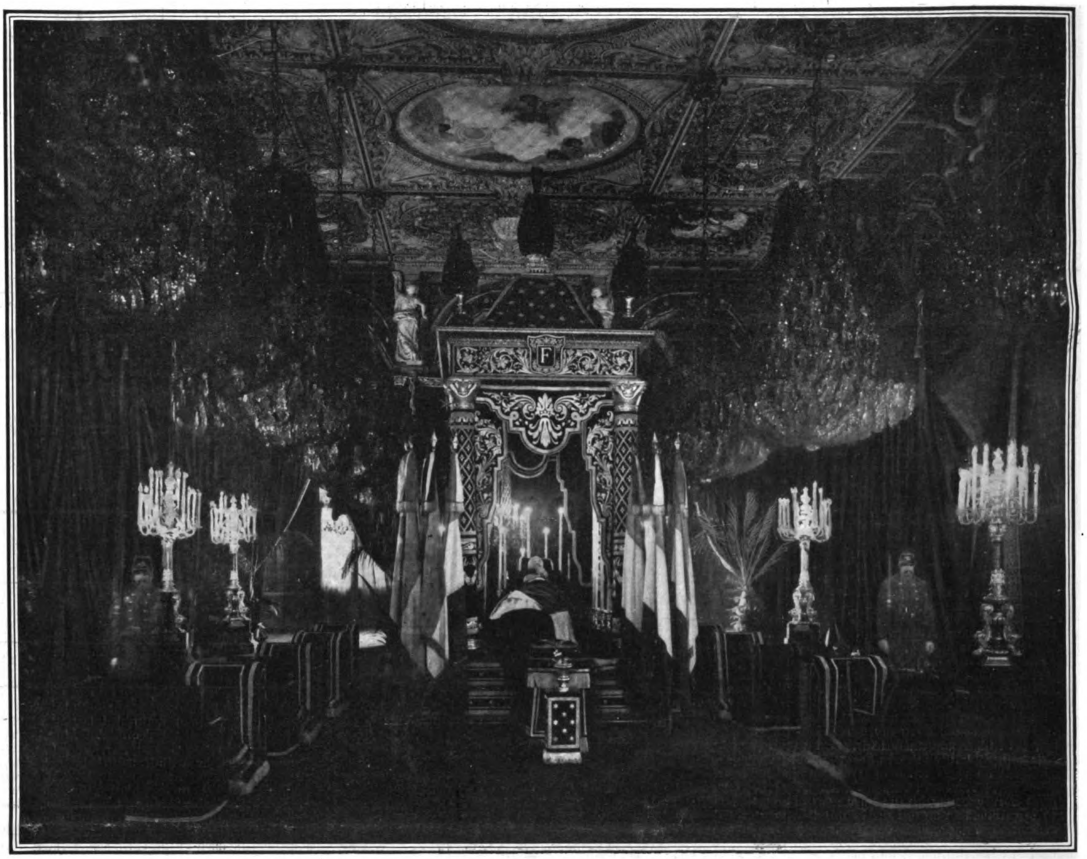
From the current of recent events, it would appear that the German authorities must have arrived at some bargain with Mataafa during his exile in their custody, and that their action in bringing him back and nominating him as king was taken in view of some promised advantage they were to receive from their old enemy. In person Mataafa is a fine specimen of his race, well qualified, both from his dignity of bearing and his intelligence, to command the respect of his people. It will be remembered that he was the great friend of R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, at whose house he was a frequent and favorite guest; indeed, his course of action in 1893 was said to have been taken on the advice of his European friend, who is said to have assured him that England would not desert him at the dictation of Germany. It is at least possible that his disappointment in this may be responsible for his new position as the nominee of Germany at present.

Lord Herschell

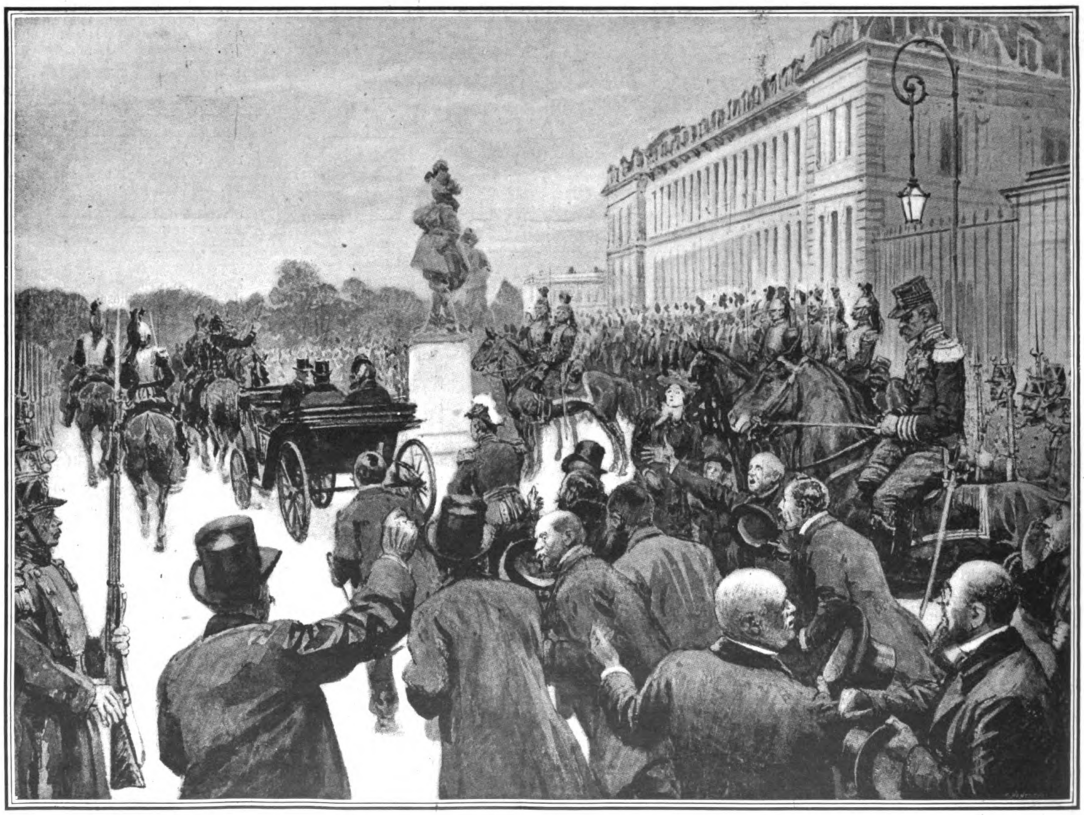
AS the chief representative of Great Britain on the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, Lord Herschell's relation to American interests was especially close. His death was made the occasion of very earnest expressions of appreciation, touching both his high ability and his friendly disposition towards the country of which he was an honored guest.

Right Honorable Farrer, First Lord Herschell, the son of a native of Berlin who had gone to England as a child and there had been converted to the Christian faith, was born in 1837. He was educated at University College, London, and at Bonn, Germany; called to the bar in 1860; appointed Recorder of Carlisle in 1873, and in the following year returned to Parliament for Durham City. In 1880 he was appointed Solicitor-General, as a member of the Gladstone ministry, and was knighted; he was raised to the peerage and became Lord Chancellor in 1886; again in 1892 he held this office, on the return of the Gladstonians to power. He reached New York last summer, coming to participate in negotiations for the settlement of disputes between the United States and the British Empire in North America. While visiting in Washington he had the misfortune to fall heavily on a slippery pavement, and the injury thus received, increasing a tendency to heart failure, no doubt hastened his death.

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THE BODY OF PRESIDENT FAURE LYING IN STATE IN THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.

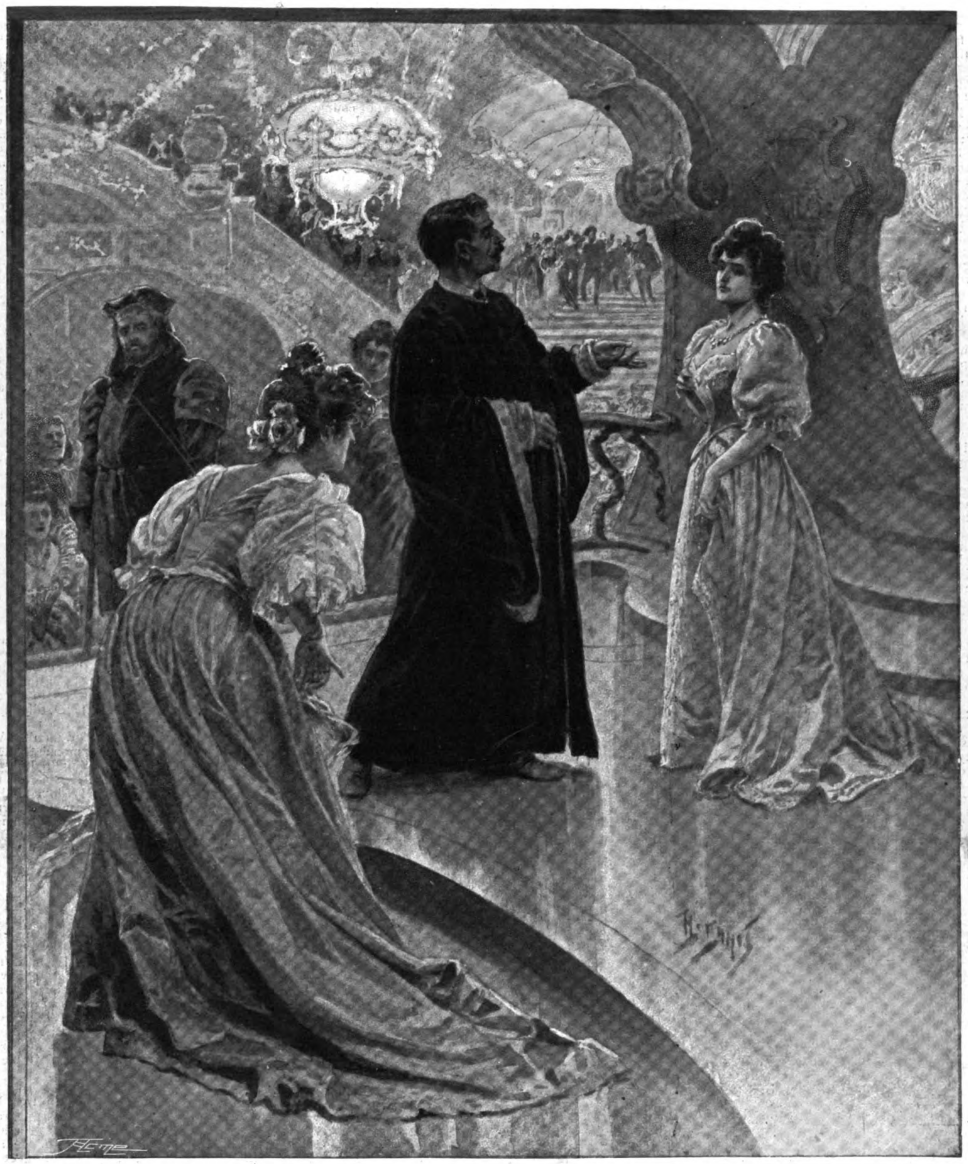


M. LOUBET LEAVING VERSAILLES, AFTER HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.
FROM ADVANCE PROOFS FROM LONDON "GRAPHIC."

PARIS—THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT FAURE AND THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT LOUBET.

[SEE PAGE 247.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

His Japanese attendant, Asano, in expounding the history of the intervening two centuries, drew an apt image from a seed eaten by insect parasites. First, there is the original seed ripening vigorously enough. And then comes some insect and lays an egg under the skin, and, behold, in a little while the seed is a hollow shape with an active grub inside that has eaten out its substance. And then comes some secondary parasite, some ichneumon-fly, and lays an egg within this grub, and, behold, that too is a hollow shape, and the new living thing is inside its predecessor's skin, which itself is snug within the seed coat. And the seed coat still keeps its shape, most people think it a seed still, and, for all one knows, it may still think itself a seed, vigorous and alive. "Your Victorian kingdom," said Asano, "was like that—kingship with the heart eaten out." The land-owners—the barons and gentry—began ages ago with King John; there were lapses, but they beheaded King Charles, and ended practically with King George, a mere husk of a king....the real power in the hands of their Parliament. But the Parliament—the organ of the land-holding, tenant-ruling gentry—did not keep its power long. The change had already come in the nineteenth century. The franchise had been broadened until it included masses of ignorant men, "urban myriads," who went in their featureless thousands to vote together. And the natural consequence of a swarming constituency is the rule of the party organization. Power had passed even in the Victorian time to the party machinery, secret, complex, and corrupt. Very speedily power was in the hands of great men of business, who financed the machines. Parliament became a shadow—a sham. A time came when the real power and interest of the empire rested visibly between the two party councils, ruling by newspapers and electoral organizations—two small groups of rich and able men, working at first in opposition, then presently together.

There was a reaction of a genteel, ineffectual sort. There were numberless books in existence, Asano said, to prove that—the publication of some of them was as early as Graham's sleep—a whole literature of reaction, in fact. The party of the reaction seems to have locked itself into its study, and rebelled, with unflinching determination—on paper. The urgent necessity of either capturing or depriving the party councils of power is a common suggestion underlying all the thoughtful work of the early twentieth century, both in America and England. In most of these things America was a little earlier than England, though both countries drove the same way.

That counter-revolution never came. It could never organize and keep pure. There was not enough of the old sentimentality, the old faith in righteousness, left among men. Any organization that became big enough to influence the polls became complex enough to be undermined, broken up, or bought outright by capable rich men. Socialistic and Popular, Reactionary and Purity, parties were all at last mere Stock Exchange counters, selling their principles to pay for their electioneering. And the great concern of the rich was naturally to keep property intact, the board clear for the game of trade. Just as the feudal concern had been to keep the board clear for hunting and war. The whole world was exploited, a battle-field of businesses; and financial convulsions, the scourge of currency manipulation, tariff wars, made more human misery during the twentieth century—because the wretchedness was dreary life instead of speedy death—than had war, pestilence, famine, in the darkest hours of early history.

His own part in the development of this time he now knew clearly enough. Through the successive phases in the development of this mechanical civilization, aiding and presently directing its development, there had grown a new power, the Council, the board of his trustees. At first it had been a mere chance union of the millions of Isbister and Warming, a mere property-holding company, the creation of two childless testators' whims, but the collective talent of its first constitution had speedily guided it to a vast influence, until, by title-deed, loan, and share, under a hundred disguises and pseudonyms, it had ramified through the fabric of the American and English states.

Wielding an enormous influence and patronage, the Council had early assumed a political aspect; and in its development it had continually used its wealth to tip the beam of political decisions and its political advantages to grasp yet more and more wealth. At last the party organizations of two hemispheres were in its hands; it

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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became an inner council of political control. Its last struggle was with the tacit alliance of the great Jewish families. But these families were linked only by a feeble sentiment; at any time inheritance might fling a huge fragment of their resources to a minor, a woman, or a fool; marriages and legacies alienated hundreds of thousands at one blow. The Council had no such breach in its continuity. Steadily, steadfastly, it grew.

The original Council was not simply twelve men of exceptional ability; they fused—it was a council of genius. It struck boldly for riches, for political influence, and the two subserved each other; with amazing foresight it spent great sums of money on the art of flying, holding that invention back against an hour foreseen. It used the patent laws, and a thousand half-legal expedients, to hamper all investigators who refused to work with it. In the old days it never missed a capable man. It paid his price. Its policy in those days was vigorous—unerring; and against it, as it grew steadily and incessantly, was only the chaotic selfish rule of the casually rich. In a hundred years Graham had become almost exclusive owner of Africa, of South America, of France, of London, of England and all its influence—for all practical purposes, that is—a power in North America, then the dominant power in America. The Council bought and organized China, drilled Asia, crippled the Old World empires, undermined them financially, fought and defeated them.

And this spreading usurpation of the world was so dexterously performed—a Proteus; hundreds of banks, companies, syndicates, masked their operations—that it was already far advanced before common men suspected the tyranny that had come. The Council never hesitated, never faltered. Means of communication, land, buildings, governments, municipalities, the territorial companies of the tropics, every human enterprise, it gathered greedily. And it drilled and marshalled its men, its railway police, its roadway police, its house guards, and drain and cable guards, its hosts of land-workers. Their unions it did not fight, but it undermined and betrayed and bought them. It bought the world at last. And, finally, its culminating stroke was the introduction of flying.

When the Council, in conflict with its workers in some of its huge monopolies, did something flagrantly illegal, the old Law looked about it for weapons. There were no more armies, no navies; the age of Peace had come. The only navies were the great steamships of the Council's Navigation Trust. The police forces they controlled; the police of the railways, of the ships, of their agricultural estates, their time-keepers and order-keepers, outnumbered the neglected little forces of the old county and municipal organizations ten to one. And they produced flying-machines. There were men alive still who could remember the last great debate in the London House of Commons—the party against the Council was in a minority, but it made a desperate fight—and how the members came crowding out upon the terrace to see the great and unfamiliar winged shapes circling quietly overhead. The Council had soared to its power. The last pretence of democracy was at an end.

Within one hundred and fifty years of Graham's falling asleep, it had thrown off its disguises and ruled supreme in his name. Elections had become a cheerful formality, a septennial folly, an ancient unmeaning custom; a social Parliament as ineffectual as the convocation of the Established Church in Victorian times assembled now and then, and a legitimate King of England, disinherited, drunken, and witless, played foolishly in a second-rate music-hall. So the magnificent dream of the nineteenth century, the noble project of universal individual liberty and universal happiness, touched by a disease of honor, crippled by a superstition of absolute property, had worked itself out in the face of invention and ignoble enterprise, first to a warring plutocracy, and finally to the rule of a supreme plutocrat. His Council at last had ceased even to trouble to have its decrees endorsed by the constitutional authorities; and he, a motionless, sunken, yellow-skinned figure, had lain, neither dead nor living, recognizably and immediately Master of the earth. And awoke at last to find himself—Master of that inheritance! Awoke to stand under the cloudless, empty sky and gaze down upon the greatness of his dominion. And now indeed he was face to face with the riddle of his fate.

To what end had he awakened? Was this city, this hive of hopeless toilers, the final refutation of his hope? Or was the fire of liberty, the fire that had blazed and waned in the years of his past life, still smouldering below there? He thought of the stir and impulse of the song of the revolution. Was that song merely the trick of a demagogue, to be forgotten when its purpose was served? Was the hope that still stirred within him only the memory of abandoned things, the vestige of a creed outworn? Or had it a wider meaning, an import interwoven with the destiny of man? To what end had he awakened? What things lay before him for him to do? Were his sleep, and this great city, and the miracle of his suspended life, after all, but the work of chance, the casual shaping of unmeaning things?

So he wandered in the doubt-choked desert of his faith, seeking a refuge of belief, were it but a hiding-place from his inexorable, impossible sense of duty, and finding none. So he wandered, pursued by the greatness of his charge, by the knowledge of his own inadequacy his former life had proved. He knew too well the fluctuations of his will, the shifting sands of motive on which he had to build. And God was silent. "Could He be silent," he cried—"could He be silent—if there is a God?" Yet at last his weakness overwhelmed him. He lifted his hands to heaven for strength, doubting, desiring, denying; he prayed that ultimate prayer of men—the prayer to the Unknown God.

A man and a woman were far below, on a roof space to the southward, enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The man had brought out a perspective glass to spy upon the Council House, and he was showing her how to use it. Presently their curiosity was satisfied; they could see no traces of bloodshed from their position, and after a survey of the empty sky she came round to the crow's-nest. And there she saw two little black figures, so small it was hard to believe they were men, one who watched the other, and one who gesticulated with hands outstretched to the silent emptiness of heaven.

She handed the glass to the man. He looked, and exclaimed:

"I believe it is the Master. Yes. I'm sure. It *is* the Master!"

He lowered the glasses and looked at her. "Waving his hands about almost as if he was worshipping. I wonder what he is up to. There weren't Parsees in this country in *his* time, were there?"

He looked again. "He's stopped it now. It was just a chance attitude, I suppose." He put down the glass and became meditative. "He won't have anything to do but enjoy himself. Ostrog will boss the show, of course. Ostrog will have to, because of keeping all these Laborer fools in bounds. They and their song! And got it all by sleeping, dear eyes—just sleeping. It's a wonderful world."

CHAPTER XV.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE state apartments of the wind-vane keeper would have seemed astonishingly intricate to Graham had he entered them fresh from his nineteenth-century life, but already he was growing accustomed to the scale of the new time. They can scarcely be described as halls and rooms, seeing that a complicated system of arches, bridges, passages, and galleries divided and united every part of the great space. He came out through one of the now familiar sliding panels upon a plateau or landing at the head of a flight of very broad and gentle steps, with men and women far more brilliantly dressed than any he had hitherto seen ascending and descending. From this position he looked down a vista of intricate ornament in lustreless white and mauve and purple, spanned by bridges that seemed wrought of porcelain and filigree, and terminating far off in a cloudy mystery of perforated screens.

Glancing upward, he saw tier above tier of ascending galleries, with faces looking down upon him. The air was full of the babble of innumerable voices, of a music that descended from above—a gay and exhilarating music, whose source he never discovered.

The central aisle was thick with people, but by no means uncomfortably crowded; altogether that assembly must have numbered many thousands. They were brilliantly, even fantastically, dressed, the men as fancifully as the women; the sobering influence of the Puritan conception of dignity upon masculine dress had at last passed altogether away. The hair of the men, too, though it was rarely worn long, was commonly curled in a manner that suggested the barber, and baldness had vanished from the earth. Frizzy straight-cut masses that would have charmed Rossetti abounded, and one gentleman, who was pointed out to Graham under the mysterious title of an "amorist," wore his hair in two becoming plaits, *à la* Marguerite. There was little uniformity of fashion apparent in the forms of clothing worn. The more shapely men displayed their symmetry in trunk-hose, and here were puffs and slashes, and there a cloak and there a robe. The fashions of the days of Leo the Tenth were perhaps the prevailing influence. Masculine embonpoint, which in Victorian times would have been subjected to the tightly buttoned perils, the ruthless exaggeration of tight-legged, tight-armed evening dress, now formed but the basis of a wealth of dignity and drooping folds. Graceful slenderness abounded also. To Graham, a typically stiff man from a typically stiff period, not only did these men seem altogether too graceful in person, but altogether too expressive in their vividly expressive faces. They gesticulated; they expressed surprise, interest, amusement; above all, they expressed the emotions excited in their minds by the ladies about them with astonishing frankness. Even at the first glance it was evident that women were in a great majority.

The ladies in the company of these gentlemen displayed in dress, bearing, and manner alike less emphasis and more intricacy. Some affected a classical simplicity of robing and subtlety of fold, and flashed conquering arms and shoulders as Graham passed. Others had closely fitting dresses without seam or belt at the waist; sometimes with long folds falling from the shoulders. The delightful confidences of décolleté costume had not been diminished by the passage of two centuries, nor had the hygienic divided skirt prevailed.

Every one's movements seemed graceful. Graham remarked to Lincoln that he saw men as Raphael's cartoons walking, and Lincoln told him that the attainment of an appropriate set of gestures was part of every rich person's education. The Master's entry was greeted with a sort of tittering applause, but these people showed their distinguished manners by not crowding upon him nor annoying him by any persistent scrutiny as he descended the steps towards the floor of the aisle.

He had already learnt from Lincoln that these were the leaders of existing London society; almost every person there that night was either a powerful official or the immediate connection of a powerful official. Many had returned from the European Pleasure Cities expressly to welcome him. The aeronautic authorities, whose defection had played a part in the overthrow of the Council only second to Graham's, were very prominent, and so too was the Wind-Vane Control. Amongst others there were several of the more prominent officers of the Food Trust; the controller of the European Piggeries had a particularly melancholy and interesting countenance and a daintily cynical manner. A bishop in full canonicals passed athwart Graham's vision, conversing with a gentleman dressed exactly like the traditional Dante, including even the laurel wreath.

"Who is that?" he asked, almost involuntarily.

"The Bishop of London," said Lincoln.

"No—the other, I mean."

"Poet Laureate."

"You still—?"

"He doesn't write poetry, of course. He's a cousin of Wotton—one of the Councillors. But he's one of the Red Rose Royalists—a delightful club—and they keep up the tradition of these things."

"Asano told me there was a King."

"The King doesn't belong. They had to expel him. It's the Stuart blood, I suppose; but really—"

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

Graham did not quite follow all this, but it seemed part of the general inversion of the new age. He bowed condescendingly to his first introduction. It was evident that subtle distinction of class prevailed even in this assembly; that only to a small proportion of the guests, to an inner group, did Lincoln consider it appropriate to introduce him. This first introduction was the Master Aeronaut, a man whose sun-tanned face contrasted oddly with delicate complexions about him. Just at present his critical defection from the Council made him a very important person indeed.

His manner contrasted very favorably, according to Graham's ideas, with the general bearing. He made a few commonplace remarks, assurances of loyalty, and frank inquiries about the Master's health. His manner was breezy; his accent lacked the easy staccato of latter-day English. He made it admirably clear to Graham that he was a bluff "aerial dog"—he used that phrase—that there was no nonsense about him, that he was a thoroughly manly fellow, and old-fashioned at that; that he didn't profess to know much, and that what he did not know was not worth knowing. He made a manly bow, ostentatiously free from obsequiousness, and passed.

"I am glad to see that type endures," said Graham.

"Phonographs and kinematographs," said Lincoln, a little spitefully. "He has studied from the life." Graham glanced at the burly form again. It was oddly reminiscent.

"As a matter of fact, we bought him," said Lincoln. "Partly. And partly he was afraid of Ostrog."

He turned sharply to introduce the Surveyor-General of the Public-School Trust. This person was a willowy figure in a blue-gray academic gown; he beamed down upon Graham through *pince-nez* of a Victorian pattern, and illustrated his remarks by gestures of a beautifully manicured hand. Graham was immediately interested in this gentleman's functions, and asked him a number of singularly direct questions. The Surveyor-General seemed quietly amused at the Master's fundamental bluntness. He was a little vague as to the monopoly of education his company possessed; it was done by contract with the syndicate that ran the numerous London municipalities; but he waxed enthusiastic over educational progress since the Victorian times.

"We have conquered Cram," he said; "completely conquered Cram—there is not an Examination left in the world. Aren't you glad?"

"How do you get the work done?" asked Graham.

"We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract them—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

He proceeded to details, and they had a lengthy conversation. The Surveyor-General mentioned the names of Pestalozzi and Froebel with profound respect, although he displayed no intimacy with their epoch-making works. Graham learnt that University Extension still existed in a modified form. "There is a certain type of girl, for example," said the Surveyor-General, dilating with a sense of his usefulness, "with a perfect passion for severe studies—when they are not too difficult. We cater for them by the thousand. At this moment," he said, with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love-affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown? The illiterate middle class of your days has quite passed away."

"About the public elementary schools," said Graham—"do you control them?"

The Surveyor-General did "entirely." Now Graham, in his later democratic days, had taken a keen interest in these, and his questioning grew keen. Certain casual phrases that had fallen from the old man with whom he had talked in the darkness recurred to him. The Surveyor-General, in effect, endorsed the old man's words. "We have abolished Cram," he said—a phrase Graham was beginning to interpret as the abolition of all sustained work. The Surveyor-General became sentimental. "We try and make the elementary schools very pleasant for the little children. They will have to work so soon. They have to work so soon. Just a few simple principles—obedience—industry."

"You teach them very little?"

"Why should we? It only leads to trouble and discontent. We amuse them. Even as it is, there are troubles—agitations. Where the laborers get the ideas, one cannot tell. They tell one another. There are socialistic dreams—anarchy even! Agitators *will* get to work among them. I take it—I have always taken it—that my foremost duty is to fight against popular discontent. Why should people be made unhappy?"

"I wonder," said Graham, thoughtfully. "But there are a great many things I want to know."

Lincoln, who had stood watching Graham's face throughout the conversation, intervened. "There are others," he said, in an undertone.

The Surveyor-General of Schools gesticulated himself away. "Perhaps," said Lincoln, intercepting a casual glance, "you would like to know some of these ladies?"

The daughter of the manager of the piggeries of the European Food Trust was a particularly charming little person with red hair and animated blue eyes. Lincoln left him awhile to converse with her, and she displayed herself as quite an enthusiast for the "dear old times," as she called them, that had seen the beginning of his trance. As she talked she smiled, and her eyes smiled in a manner that demanded reciprocity.

"I have tried," she said, "countless times, to imagine those old romantic days. And to you—they are memories. How strange and crowded the world must seem to you! I have seen photographs and pictures of the old times, the little isolated houses built of bricks made out of burnt mud, and all black with soot from your fires; the railway bridges, the simple advertisements, the solemn savage men in strange black coats and those tall hats of theirs, iron railway trains on iron bridges overhead, horses and cattle, and even dogs running half wild about the streets. And suddenly you have come into this!"

"Into this," said Graham.

"Out of your life—out of all that was familiar."

"The old life was not a happy one," said Graham. "I do not regret that."

She looked at him quickly. There was a brief pause. She sighed encouragingly. "No?"

"No," said Graham. "It was a little life—and unmeaning. But this— We thought the world complex and crowded and civilized enough. Yet I see—although in this world I am barely four days old—looking back on my own time, that it was a queer, barbaric time—the mere beginning of this new order. The mere beginning of this

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now order. You will find it hard to understand how little I know."

"You may ask me what you like," she said, smiling at him.

"Then tell me who these people are. I'm still very much in the dark about them. It's puzzling. Are there any distinguished generals?"

"Men in armor?"

"Of course not. No. I suppose they are the men who control the great public businesses. Who is that distinguished-looking man?"

"That? He's a most important officer. That is Morden. He is managing director of the Antibilious Pill Company. I have heard that his workers sometimes turn out a myriad myriad of pills a day in the twenty-four hours. Fancy a myriad myriad!"

"A myriad myriad. No wonder he looks proud," said Graham. "Pills! What a wonderful time it is! That man in purple?"

"He is not quite one of the inner circle, you know. But we like him. He is really clever, and very amusing. He is one of the heads of the Medical Faculty of our London University. All medical men, you know, are shareholders in the Medical Faculty Company, and wear that purple. You have to be—to be qualified. But of course people who are paid by fees for doing something—" She smiled away the pretensions of all such people.

"Are any of your great artists or authors here?"

"No authors. They are mostly such queer little women—and so preoccupied about themselves. And they quarrel so dreadfully! But I think Wraysbury, the fashionable capillotomist, is here. From Capri."

"Capillotomist," said Graham. "Ah, I remember. An artist! Why not?"

"We have to cultivate him," she said, apologetically. "Our heads are in his hands." She smiled.

Graham hesitated at the invited compliment, but his glance was expressive. "Have the arts grown with the rest of civilized things?" he said. "Who are your great painters?"

She looked at him doubtfully. Then laughed. "For a moment," she said, "I thought you meant—" She laughed again. "You mean, of course, those good men you used to think so much of because they could cover great spaces of canvas with oil-colors? Great oblongs. And people used to put the things in gilt frames and hang them up in rows in their square rooms. We haven't any. People grew tired of that sort of thing."

"But what did you think I meant?"

She put a finger significantly on a cheek whose glow was above suspicion, and smiled, and looked very arch and pretty and inviting. "And here," and she indicated her eyelid.

Graham had an adventurous moment. Then a grotesque memory of a picture he had somewhere seen of Uncle Toby and the Widow flashed across his memory. An archaic shame came upon him. He became acutely aware that he was visible to a great number of interested people. "I see," he remarked, inadequately. He turned awkwardly away from her fascinating facility. He looked about him, to meet a number of eyes that immediately occupied themselves with other things. Possibly he colored a little. "Who is that talking with the lady in saffron?" he asked, avoiding her eyes.

The person in question, he learnt, was one of the great organizers of the American theatres, just fresh from a gigantic production at Mexico. His face reminded Graham of a bust of Caligula. The little lady, in no degree embarrassed, pointed out to him a charming little woman beyond as one of the subsidiary wives of the aeronautic chief.

Graham was on the verge of hesitating inquiries about the status of a "subsidiary wife," apparently a euphemistic phrase, when Lincoln's return broke off this very suggestive and interesting conversation. They crossed the aisle to where a tall man in crimson and two charming persons in Burmese costume (as it seemed to him) awaited him diffidently. From their civilities he passed to other presentations.

In a little while his multitudinous impressions began to organize themselves into a general effect. At first the glitter of the gathering had raised all the democrat in Graham; he had felt hostile and satirical. But it is not in human nature to resist an atmosphere of courteous regard. Soon the music, the light, the play of colors, the shining arms and shoulders about him, the touch of hands, the transient interest of smiling faces, the frothing sound of skilfully modulated voices, the atmosphere of compliment, interest, and respect, had woven together into a fabric of indisputable pleasure. Graham for a time forgot his spacious resolutions. He gave way slowly to the intoxication of the position that was conceded him; his manner became less conscious, more convincingly regal; his feet walked assuredly, the black robe fell with a bolder fold, and pride ennobled his voice. After all, this was a brilliant, interesting world.

His glance went approvingly over the shifting colors of the people; it rested here and there in kindly criticism upon a face. Presently it occurred to him that he owed some apology to the charming little person with the red hair and blue eyes. He felt guilty of a clumsy snub. It was not princely to ignore her advances, even if his policy necessitated their rejection. He wondered if he should see her again. And suddenly a little thing touched all the glamour of this brilliant gathering and changed its quality.

He looked up, and saw passing across a bridge of porcelain and looking down upon him a face that was almost immediately hidden—the face of the girl he had seen overnight in the little room beyond the theatre after his escape from the Council. And she was looking with much the same expression of curious expectation, of uncertain intentness, upon his proceedings. For the moment he did not remember when he had seen her, and then with recognition came a vague memory of the stirring emotions of their first encounter. But the dancing web of melody about him kept the air of that great marching song from his memory.

The lady to whom he was talking repeated her remark, and Graham recalled himself to the quasi-regal flirtation upon which he was engaged.

But from that moment a vague restlessness, a feeling that grew to dissatisfaction, came into his mind. He was troubled as if by some half-forgotten duty, by the sense of things important slipping from him amidst this light and brilliance. The attraction that these bright ladies who crowded about him were beginning to exercise ceased. He no longer made vague and clumsy responses to the subtly amorous advances that he was now assured were being made to him, and his eyes wandered for another sight of that face that had appealed so strongly to his sense of beauty. But he did not see her again until he was awaiting Lincoln's return to leave this assembly. In answer to his request, Lincoln had promised that an attempt should be made to fly that afternoon, if the weather permitted. He had gone to make certain necessary arrangements.

Graham was in one of the upper galleries, in conversation with a bright-eyed lady on the subject of Eadhamite—the subject was his choice and not hers. He had interrupted her warm assurances of personal devotion with a matter-of-fact inquiry. He found her, as he had already found several other latter-day women that night, less well informed than charming. Suddenly, struggling against the eddying drift of nearer melody, the song of the Revolt, the great song he had heard in the hall, hoarse and massive, came beating down to him.

He glanced up, startled, and perceived above him an *œil-de-bœuf*, through which this song had come, and beyond the upper courses of cable the blue haze, and the pendent fabric of the lights of the public ways. He heard the song break into a tumult of voices and cease. But now he perceived quite clearly the drone and tumult of the moving platforms and a murmur of many voices. He had a vague persuasion that he could not account for—a sort of instinctive feeling that outside in the ways a huge crowd must be watching this place in which their Master amused himself. He wondered what they might be thinking of him.

Though the song had stopped so abruptly, though the special music of this gathering reasserted itself, the *motif* of the marching song, once it had begun, lingered in his mind.

The bright-eyed lady was still struggling with the mysteries of Eadhamite, when he perceived the girl he had seen in the theatre again. She was coming now along the gallery towards him; he saw her first before she saw him. She was dressed in a faintly luminous gray, her dark hair about her brows was like a cloud, and as he saw her the cold light from the circular opening into the ways fell upon her downcast face.

The lady in trouble about the Eadhamite saw the change in his face, and grasped her opportunity. "Would you care to know that girl, sire?" she asked, boldly. "She is Helen Wotton—a niece of Ostrog's. She knows a great many serious things. She is one of the most serious persons alive. I am sure you will like her."

In another moment Graham was talking to the girl, and the bright-eyed lady had fluttered away.

"I remember you," said Graham. "You were in that little room. When all the people were singing and beating time with their feet. Before I walked across the hall."

Her momentary embarrassment passed. She looked up at him, and her face was steady. "It was wonderful," she said, hesitated, and spoke with a sudden effort. "All those people would have died for you, sire. Countless people did die for you that night."

Her face glowed. She glanced swiftly aside to see that no other heard her words.

Lincoln appeared some way off along the gallery, making his way through the press towards them. She saw him, and turned to Graham, strangely eager, with a swift change to confidence and intimacy. "Sire," she said, quickly, "I cannot tell you now and here. But the common people are very unhappy; the common people are very unhappy. They are oppressed—they are misgoverned. Do not forget the people, who faced death—death that you might live."

"I know nothing—" began Graham.

"I cannot tell you now."

Lincoln's face appeared close to them.

"You find the new world pleasant, sire?" asked Lincoln, with smiling deference, and indicating the space and splendor of the gathering by one comprehensive gesture. "At any rate, you find it changed."

"Yes," said Graham, "changed. And yet, after all, not so greatly changed."

"Wait till you are in the air," said Lincoln. "The wind has fallen; even now the aeropile awaits you."

Graham glanced at the girl, was on the verge of a question, found a warning in her eye, bowed to her, and turned to accompany Lincoln.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The City Beautiful

A SUGGESTION FOR NEW YORK

CIVIC pride finds its noblest expression in a noble city. In fact, until it does so express itself there is something the matter with the pride. It is either inadequate or misapplied. A big balance of trade is a source of pride, but it is accumulated by the energy and enterprise of individuals acting largely in antagonism to one another, and often in despite of the community. It represents the pleistocene period of a city's progress; the age of drift and bowlder, before the huge bulk has clothed itself with graciousness. But civic pride results from co-operation; from the sense that the individual owes much to the community, that the community stands for him before the world, and that the community's external appearance is what the world judges by. For a time communities do not care what the rest of the world thinks of them; they are self-centred and self-satisfied—another rudimentary stage. By-and-by they find they are judging other communities by this test, and gradually get round to the conviction that they will be judged by it likewise.

Moreover, there is the natural desire for beauty; not for ostentation, but in response to instincts which assert themselves during the lulls of life. The man decorates his home; as his means increase he adds to the amount and style of its decoration, and makes it an embodiment of the finer qualities of his character. Then he wakes up to the incongruity of handsome edifices and squalid streets, and extends his interest and ambition, by co-operation with others, until they take in the whole city, and do not rest satisfied until the city in which they take a pride is a city beautiful.

There are few, if any, American cities which have not beautiful natural advantages in the way of sites. The same was probably true of all important cities in the world, but in many of them there has been no stirring of corporate effort, and affairs have drifted from bad to worse, until the selfishness of individuals has obliterated most of the beauty. It is America's chance that this system of indifference and disfigurement has not yet gone beyond the possibility of arrest. But it is proceeding constantly, and nothing but combined effort on the part of citizens animated with a proper pride can stop it, or at least modify it. This awakening of civic pride is one of the best signs of our time. One hears of it in many directions.

Boston, for example, has focussed its solicitude on Copley Square, and has extended its pride through one of the grandest stretches of parks to be found anywhere; Philadelphia has its Fairmount Park Association, and is beautifying its park, river-side, and bridges; Pittsburg is busy with the same intentions; Baltimore has enrolled a municipal league to care for the city's embellishment; and Chicago is converting what was a squalid adjunct to a railway into a noble esplanade along the lake. These are only a few examples of the interest in what is often summed up as "municipal art." The movement is spreading everywhere. It has even reached New York.

Either because it is a huge agglomeration of heterogeneous factors, or because its natural advantages are so unrivalled, and much has already been done by the municipal authorities in the park system, Riverside Drive, the Boulevard (now Broadway), Speedway, and so on, the citizens of New York have shown little ability to combine for civic improvement. There is a Municipal Art Society, it is true, but it has not fastened its hold upon the big side of the question, and has failed to arouse enthusiasm.

Yet what a scope for enthusiasm the possibilities of a beautiful New York present! Chief of these possibilities is that of its water-front, which is without a rival for deep-water facilities, and might be made a source of health and pleasure to its citizens. In patches it is already so. There is Battery Park, for instance, one or two recreation piers, and a sight of the water at a distance along Riverside Drive. The last is spoilt by the railway, which disfigures the scenery and cuts one off from the river. Yet here, extending from Seventy-second Street to Spuyten Duyvil, is a frontage of natural grandeur, following a noble sweep of water, and confronting a magnificent panorama upon the opposite bank. The reaches of the Rhine are not more beautiful than this; and the Rhine is never kindled with such sunsets as those which glorify the Hudson. The city has already preserved the natural beauties of the Riverside, although two Legislatures have been powerless to check the destruction of the Palisades. But what has been already accomplished is nothing more than many a little summer resort has done. A treatment of the site, commensurate with the city's wealth and importance, is still to be attempted.

An accompanying illustration shows the suggestion for a solution of this problem made by Mr. Milton See, in a paper read before the Architectural League of New York, which has taken the lead in trying to create a public interest in the city's improvement, holding debates upon the subject in connection with its current exhibition. Mr. See proposes to cover over the existing railway, securing on the top a fine terrace and bicycle track. West of this, and at a lower level, he would build out into the river a further terrace from 200 to 300 feet wide. This could be done by filling, and any existing shore rights could still be preserved underneath the structure, approached when necessary by inclined roads. The suggested treatment of the surface can best be understood by a study of the drawing. Its main feature is its monumental character. This is in keeping with the character that this part of the city has already taken on. Grant's Tomb, Columbia University, and the rising Cathedral all combine to make this a focal spot of monumental architecture, and some such scheme as his would complete the effect. At 116th Street, he thinks, a desirable feature would be a water-gate of an imposing character, for the purpose of receiving distinguished visitors. The gate is shown in the drawing, opening into a lagoon, surrounded by a peristyle. The scheme would involve no interference with commerce, and the assets to the city from reclaimed land and increased values along the route should, he thinks, be set against the cost. It is not necessary to approve of the scheme in detail to feel assured that, as a whole, it would be a noble expression of the city's greatness.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A Winter Song

ADOWN the garden way
The slim rose-tree is gray;
No bee about it wings,
No bird upon it sings,
Throughout the dreary day.

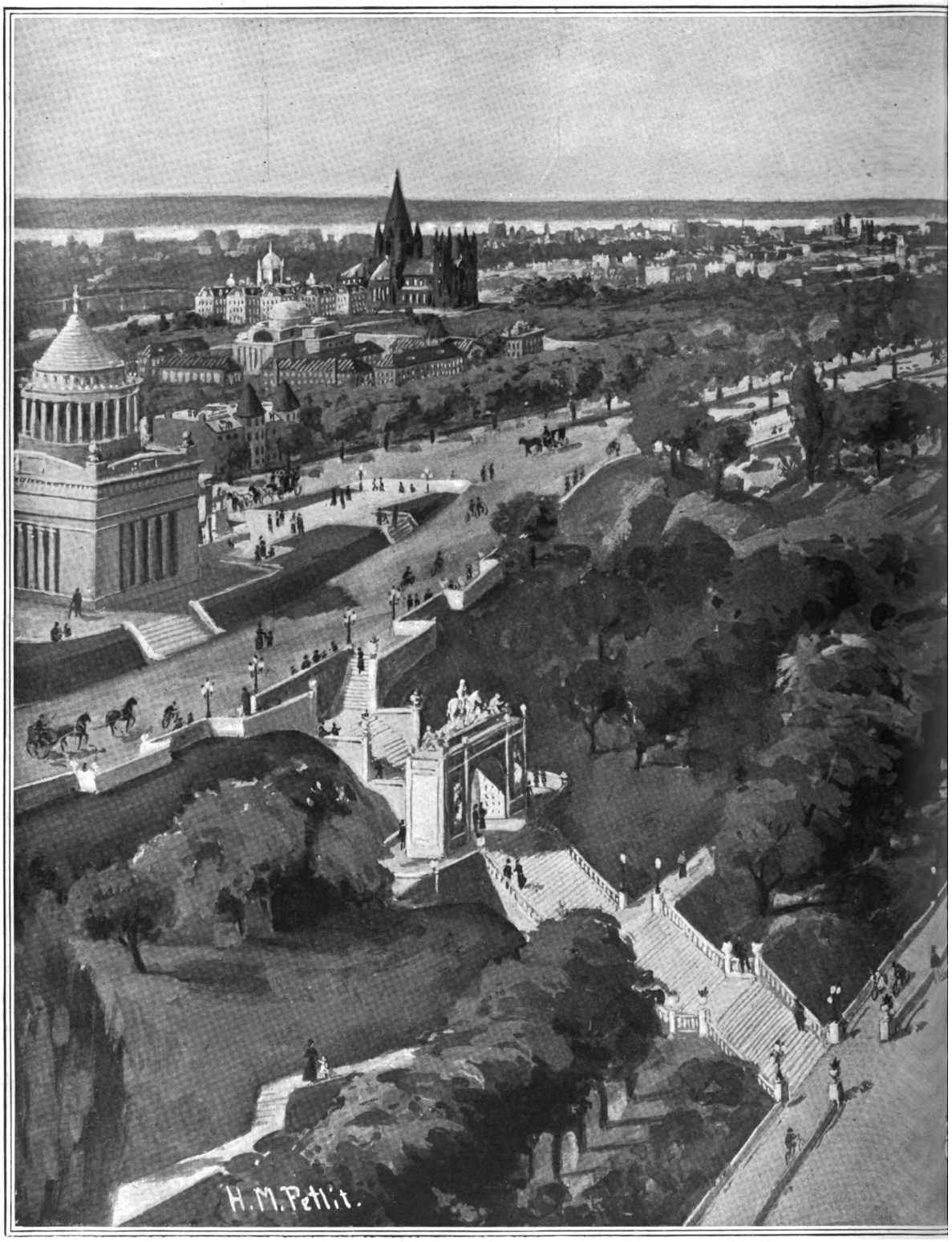
It snares the flake of snow
That scurries to and fro,
But in the whining cold
It dreams of days of gold
With roses all ablow.

So in the cheerless chill
Of winds that whistle shrill
And round the chimney moan,
I linger sad and lone
Where birds nor cheep nor trill.

And yet on Fancy's chart
I see the swallows dart—
Across my dream aglow
She comes, and richly blow
Love's roses in my heart.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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NEW YORK—A SUGGESTION FOR THE IMPRO

Presented before the Architectural League by Milton See.-

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ENT OF THE HUDSON RIVER WATER-FRONT.

BY H. M. PETTIT FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 241.]

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE ISLAND

THE first impressions one receives of the island of Puerto Rico from the water, as the steamer churns through a placid sea as blue as the beautiful Mediterranean, are rather disappointing.

Puerto-Rican mountain ranges rise massively only two thousand feet above the level of the sea, with here and there a peak gaining gradual elevation to three thousand, or, in the case of El Yunque in the northeast, thirty-seven hundred feet, but there are no great heights which hold the eye entranced. Neither do they make an effective showing from the sea, as the most marked elevations are far inland—in fact, the mountainous backbone traverses almost the centre of the island, beginning at a point near San German in the southwest corner, and crossing diagonally to El Yunque, the highest land, near the northeast.

In circumnavigating the island, the western end has few suggestions of scenic beauty. The isle of Desecheo, like a partially submerged cone—the home of sea-birds only—guards the northwest corner like a lonely sentinel. Looking toward Aguadilla, on the mainland, the country is slightly rolling, backed by a single low range of carved sandstones in the middle ground, while in the misty distance there are suggestions of greater ranges. Mayaguez, the great western shipping port, is almost invisible from the sea, lying low down on the shore-line, and fronting an open harbor, which is a dangerous one in heavy southwesterly or westerly weather. Still farther to the south, one looks into apparently better-protected, landlocked harbors, while the distant view carries the eye from the near-by rolling foot-hills along the axes of heavy ranges.

The western end of the southern coast is monotonous in the extreme, and nothing breaks the weariness of the view except the dashing of waves on coral reefs, whose tireless builders have thrust their castellated homes upward through the foam and spray. The ancient and almost deserted port of Guanica, foreshortened from the water into a mere dent in the coast-line, develops into as fine and beautiful a harbor as any on the island, excepting perhaps the sea-sheltered havens near Fajardo on the east. It is surprising that cities should have sprung up near almost useless ports, while at this point—offering as it does a fine deep-water harbor, too narrow for much manœuvring at its mouth—a town once recognized as a point of ocean trade has not only failed to expand commercially, but lost its old-time prestige. Its deterioration can most likely be traced to political discrimination in San Juan.

Ponce, to the west of the centre of the southern coast-line, and two miles from the ocean, can just be seen with a field-glass, cradled in palms and green trees among the first of the rolling foot-hills, while the Playa, its port town, stands with flat roofs and whitened walls on the disintegrated coral of the shore. The harbor is very open and shallow, though protected somewhat on the east by a spur of land, and slightly on the west by a little island reef, made a gem of beauty by the simple architecture of its white light-house.

From Ponce eastward the landscape from the sea grows more pleasing, and one realizes the beauty of the mountain ranges, each rising higher behind the other, the effect enhanced by the great spur from the main series which breaks away and follows the sea-coast not many miles inland. At Jobos, on this portion of the coast, occurs another fine harbor with ample sea room, which is used only by a few coasting vessels; the thriving city of Guayama, but five miles away to the eastward, uses, curiously enough, the open roadstead of Arroyo, four miles on the other side, for shipping purposes in preference to the fine landlocked body of water at Jobos.

From the island of Vieques, on the southeast corner, to San Juan, on the northern coast, the landscape is broken by islets and islands, and the mainland shows jutting rocky promontories, which produce kaleidoscopic vistas of which one never tires.

The islands of Vieques and Culebra, which lie off the east coast and belong to Puerto Rico, are low in contour, with little running water, though they are fertile in the extreme, and the waving cane-fields of Vieques, which stretch over hill and dale, are far more lovely in their undulating, silken tassels than those of the mainland, covering flat, unrelieved plains.

The thousand small islands which form the Lesser Antilles and curve off in a great arc to the southward from Puerto Rico, together with the innumerable coral islets shooting out from the northeast corner of the island, constitute a sea-screen which protects all the harbors of the eastern side; and it is quite probable that, under the impetus of American development, this side of the island, instead of being almost wholly deserted commercially, will become in time the most favored and sought after, for it undoubtedly offers natural advantages in a marked degree, in the shape of protected sea room, with deep waters close inshore, such as are not possessed by the other three sides. It should be stated, however, that coral reefs and shoals abound, among which navigation is highly dangerous at present, owing to the lack of accurate charts; but when the Coast Survey shall have carefully mapped the submarine pathways, these difficulties will be overcome, for, between these submerged reefs, which act as sea-walls, are ample passageways of deep water.

It is said that this is the less fertile end of the island, but the opinion has gained credence from the fact that hitherto this region has contributed less in commercial products, and hence has attracted less attention in business centres, rather than because the soil possesses any inherent sterility, for it is, beyond question, quite as rich and productive as any other section of the land, and, given population and land and sea transportation facilities, it should outstrip other regions tributary to the less-favored harbors on the open coasts.

The northern side of the island has no good ports, with the exception of the embayed harbor of San Juan, and the landscape from afar is almost a dreary one. Arecibo is the only city—after the capital—which attracts the eye landward. Its cathedral seems to rise from a veritable city of thatched huts, though in reality these only hang upon the skirts of the main city, which is well built. Past its doors flows the second largest river on the island, Rio Grande de Arecibo.

San Juan is a city of delight to the vision. Its massive, high-walled, gray-grown forts may be seen far out at sea, their battlements crowning every bold salient of the shore-line. Across its harbor entrance, in heavy northern weather, the white-crested billows pile high on each other in a frenzied race toward shore, which, viewed as a picture in nature, fills the heart with rapture; seen with the eye of the mariner, causes the face of the stoutest navigator to pale.

The deep, fast-flowing rivers which fall into the sea from this side are all spoken of by previous writers as being navigable for several miles inland, but mention is made at the same time of sand bars and spits which close them effectually to shipping. From a commercial standpoint they would be of little use even if their mouths were opened by dredging, as they flow between banks quite too close for the handling of anything but small fishing-smacks, and during a receding tide the outspeeding current whips the water's surface into eddying whirlpools which would be dangerous even for moored vessels.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Puerto Rico, from the water, is not an impressive sight, that it has few good harbors, and that the best of them appeal to neither the artistic nor the technical eye; but it should be remembered that this island has less than three hundred and fifty miles of coast-line, all told, or, roughly speaking, about as much as the coast of Massachusetts, and in this short distance it lays claim to fourteen harbors, though, in point of real commercial utility, it has not more than six. In an island which averages but ninety-five miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, half a dozen good ports will feel the strain of competition severely when the time shall come that railroad transportation and good roads bind the agricultural country closely to the business centres.

Once on shore, the traveller through the island realizes for the first time what a wealth of artistic loveliness and fertile possibilities lies in this land clothed with a livery of tropical vegetation. Almost every foot of ground is steep and rolling, except along the coast-lines and in a few narrow valleys of the interior, where the earth lies seemingly as flat as a floor, from the banks of the wandering rivers to the very foot of the mountains, which rise abruptly to sharp curved crests a thousand feet above.

Table-lands there are none. The mountain uplifts are flexed into razor-backed ridges, and time and weather have fought against the form-preserving vegetation with sufficient success to mould their sides into soft erosional shapes, steep-sided and high, but covered to their very tops with rich, fertile, and cultivable soil.

While there are no flat-topped mountain ranges in the interior, the few narrow valleys, found mainly on the northern side east of the centre, are elevated above the sea as much as a thousand feet, and no more delightful place of abode for white men can be imagined. Perfect landscapes, a soil in which almost everything under heaven will grow, cool nights, bearable days, and the whole of this idealistic conception set off with a filigree-work of heaving clouds, wonderful rainbows overhanging the green of stately palms, waving broad-leaved banana-plantations, food and fruit trees, and jungle forests whose odd shapes and queer foliage lend a never-tiring charm to the scene. It is a Garden of Eden, and will become the winter Mecca of America.

CLIMATE.

Ask the average man who formed an integral part of the army of invasion which went to Puerto Rico what he thinks of the climate, and his opinion will most likely be forcibly expressed by the word "damnable." His judgment is a biassed one, however, for it should be remembered that he bore all the hardships of a severe campaign. With a system weakened by life in fever-infected camps, and after a prolonged interval aboard cramped, foul-smelling transports, he was forced out, during the heat of summer, into torrid suns, chilling rains, and bottomless mud in tangled trails, subsisting, meantime, on a diet unknown to him in his own comfortable home—a mixture of "government straight" and tropical fruits. It is little wonder that his plaintive song voiced itself in the words of "God's countrie." The fact is patent, however, that the army of Puerto Rico returned, in spite of necessary exposure, with few men left behind in lonely graves, and with a small percentage of sickness in its ranks as compared with the men who were forced into the death-trap of Santiago, while those who have remained on the island, quartered in barracks, show a less percentage of illness in their forces than they did before leaving the United States.

In spite of various and contrary opinions, the climate of Puerto Rico is not a difficult one for North-Americans to hold their own in the year around, though it is most enjoyable in the middle of winter, when our own broad United States is clothed in ice and snow, chilled by sullen rains, or frozen by the biting winds of bitter blizzards.

The island lies within the torrid zone, between latitudes 17° 54′ and 18° 30′ N. On the mainland of North America, at this latitude, the climate is quite unbearable to the unacclimated during the entire year, unless it be perhaps in sections where the altitude is five thousand feet or over; but, owing to Puerto Rico's position far out on the ocean to the eastward (longitude west from Greenwich 65° 35′–67° 15′), away from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, together with its comparatively small area, which permits it to be swept by the prevailing trade-winds from end to end, the climate is one in which those of temperate regions may safely live, provided some care be taken of the health for the first few months, until physical adjustment has taken place.

In the heat of summer the temperature never rises above 95° Fahrenheit on the sea-coast, and the nights are usually cool. Whatever unpleasantness pertains to the climate is the outcome of the excessive humidity of the atmosphere during the rainy season, and the clammy dampness of clear, dew-laden nights. Unquestionably the rainy season is a trial to the constitution, for the wet air, heated by sudden sunbursts, is difficult to breathe, and exposure to the chilly damp of night is apt to bring on pernicious and malarial fevers. However, with anything like proper care of the person and a fair diet of quinine, the summer season may be safely tided over.

In winter—or rather during the "dry season" of November, December, January, and February—the upper limit of the mercury is about 80° on the coast, and ten degrees less in the mountains, dropping lowest in January. There is a greater range in temperature between day and night at this season than in summer, the mercury sometimes falling during darkness to 65° on the coast, and ten degrees lower in the highest altitudes. Sixty-five degrees means really cold weather to the Puerto-Rican, and the American who has lived on the island for a few months does not disdain to envelop his linen-clad person in a light overcoat.

The difference between the temperature in open sunlight and dense shade is so marked that it is actually dangerous to seek shelter from the sun, when overheated, in the shade of tree or jungle. Pneumonia is commonly produced in this way, and many of the pulmonary complaints arising in the island may be traced to injudicious cooling off beneath umbrageous natural arbors. A bit of superstition exists in the minds of the untutored natives to the effect that certain large trees which form bowers of shade exhale poisonous, noxious vapors, and that those who unwittingly or foolishly rest beneath them die with frightful pains in the chest and back, the true explanation being, of course, that acute congestion is superinduced.

The rainfall of Puerto Rico is very copious, estimated in its annual quantity, but the amount at any specific point varies greatly from year to year and month to month; also some portions of the island are better watered by the dews of heaven than others.

In April and May the spring rains begin to drop their waters from the sky, and it is no uncommon thing for it to pour down in heavy torrents almost constantly for two or three weeks, this incessant rain usually occurring on the northern half of the island, well up in the mountains. During such periods the roads are impassable for saddle or pack animals, and it is almost impossible for human beings to travel on foot over the trails.

During the interval from May to September there is little rain—that is, comparatively little rain for a tropical country; it must be understood that in Puerto Rico a day never passes without rain falling somewhere in the mountain country, but between the scheduled rainy seasons it does not pour down for hours and days, but comes in quick driving showers of a few minutes, usually late in the afternoon, and clears up with the dying sun, when one is almost paid for the discomforts of a drenching by the rare effects of a sky filled with glorious crimsoned clouds and double rainbows.

The alarming stories of months of constant precipitation and deluge have no foundation in fact. It is known that the average annual rainfall at Havana is but a few inches more than in New York, though these statistics will not serve as a basis for judging the rainfall of the interior or mountainous regions, where the total annual precipitation is much greater. It is not probable that the yearly fall of rain, measured in inches, varies greatly in Cuba from that in Puerto Rico. Rains come more quickly and fall harder in a given time in the tropics than in more temperate climes, but there is the comforting compensation of their seldom lasting for more than a few minutes at a time. If these tropical countries had the same firm soils and as good roadways, complaints would never be advanced against the watery weather.

The northern half of the island—that is, the portion which lies to the northward of the great mountain watershed—has never known a drought, though near the coast-line several weeks have occasionally passed without rain during the dry season. The southern half, on the contrary—particularly the southeastern section—has at times been without a drop of moisture on its coast-skirting soil for over three months, and it is related by the inhabitants of Vieques that a score of years ago the population had to bring fresh drinking-water from the main island, so general and lasting was the dried up condition of their own.

During the summer interval the weather is very stifling and oppressive on the coast, though in the high mountain regions it is quite pleasant. The morning hours are usually without a breath of air, and the heat is relieved only when the sea-breezes set in, about twelve o'clock, growing constantly stronger until five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Another period of breathless quiet occurs from this time until eight or nine in the evening, when the cool dew-laden land-breezes flowing down the mountain-sides make it necessary to close the doors against the chilling dampness. The motionless hours of dusk are the most trying portion of the day, for small blood-letting mosquitoes fill the air with humming wings, and it is utterly impossible to protect one's self from their poisonous lances.

The early historians record frightful devastation by hurricanes in the months of July and August. During the years 1825 and 1837 the general destruction of property and crops was so great that one writer was inclined to believe that these dire visitations would always be a great "deduction" from the value of West-Indian property. It is true that during the hot weather of July and August cyclonic winds arise, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but it has been many years since a storm of any far-reaching violence has visited Puerto Rico. From personal inquiry among many men on the island, in respect to the frequency and strength of these hurricanes, it may be safely stated that these winds are usually puny affairs as compared to our own cyclones of the broad prairies, and as a generation may elapse between those of the roaring, death-dealing type, much sensationalism need hardly be developed.

In September and a portion of October the autumnal deluges begin, and, after some of the terrific cloud-bursts, the whole face of the earth is actually covered with a quickly disappearing lake, the tiny streams become raging torrents, and the rivers vast floods which overflow the bottom-lands for miles on either side.

In October the prevailing north and northeast winds release the population from the thraldom of heat and rain. From this time on until the spring rains supervene, Puerto Rico possesses a lovely climate.

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The dryness of the southern side of the island may here be accounted for by pointing out that the persistent winds from the north have their moisture stolen from them on the northern side of the high mountains, which act as a screen to prevent the rain from being carried to the south. A double range of mountains in the western half of the island still more effectually prevents the equal distribution of rainfall; hence the greater dryness of the section toward the southeast.

Much of the salubriousness of the Puerto-Rican climate, as compared with Cuba and the other neighboring islands, arises from the fact that the island has a remarkable number of fast-flowing rivers. Its exceptional fertility is due, in a measure, to the same cause. It is estimated that there are fifty-one large rivers and over twelve hundred small streams, creeks, and rivulets which find their way through the interlacing mountains, down deep gorges, and across fertile bottom-lands to the encircling ocean. One is simply amazed by the number of small, rapid streams which seem to gush out of the very mountain crests. There is hardly an area of a square mile which might not, if necessary, be irrigated, with small expense, from mountain streams. In the western half of the island, amid the mountain fastnesses, one sees, from dizzy mountain trails, exquisite sun-lit falls dropping in silver threads for two hundred feet over steep rock precipices, hidden at places in their descent by giant ferns and clusters of flowering plants. From the depths of the huge ravines rises the sound of tumbling waters, but the rivers are hidden from the eye by the mass of tropical growth. These streams give to the rural inhabitants an abundance of fresh potable water, so essential to the maintenance of good health; from them also might be derived much power for running machinery, for while they do at times become raging torrents, they never fall below a certain normal level. Again, much of the wonderful fertility of the lowlands is directly attributable to overflowing freshets, which, several times a year, deposit a mountain-gathered load of rich silt. This one factor alone, of innumerable streams which vivify the air and land alike, makes Puerto Rico a place of habitation preferable to any of the other islands of the West Indies.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—THE PHILIPPINES

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

ALONG THE SHORES OF THE LAGUNA DE BAY IN A DUGOUT

MANILA, *December 30, 1898.*

IN these days, when theoretic and actual jurisdictions are in conflict, any one who travels beyond our lines does so at his peril; for neither the American nor the insurgent authorities will give passes. It was, no doubt, to escape the dull monotony of garrison life, varied only by occasional panic-breeding rumors of impending insurgent attacks on the city, local scandal, and the "Game of Strategy," that, bent on adventure, we started in a dugout up the Pasig River. Our own outposts lounging about the huts at the river's edge hailed us.

"Hullo, there! Any American soldiers in that boat?"

"No."

"I don't see how you can tell whether they are American soldiers or not, Jim," remarked his companion. "Let them pass."

Further up the stream the insurgent guard came hurrying down to the river-bank to jabber with our boatman.

"Man gang dang gavi pi," said the sentinel, guttturally.

"Pang pang dang Americano lang na gang," answered our boatman.

It was some time before we were allowed to move on again. Aguinaldo had issued an order allowing Americans to travel in the interior, it is true, but at the same time forbidding them to make drawings, to take photographs, or in any way to examine the country for military purposes. Although we were allowed to pass through the insurgent outposts, we learned later, to our annoyance, that this order was really intended to prevent Americans from travelling in the interior.

Where the waters of the Laguna de Bay begin to push towards the sea in many slowly winding passages over mud flats and water-covered swamps, finally to join into one stream, is Pasig, the home of the Pasig cabbage and the paradise of the lazy native. Here the native has two occupations—fishing and bathing. He fishes from the windows and steps of his home. He fishes from little bamboo platforms floating in the water, and from dugouts. He even fishes when bathing. Seldom, if ever, does he catch anything, but that does not affect the persistent indifference with which he pursues his occupation. It is as if his embryo conscience were stilled into soporific self-satisfaction by this purely formal imitation of work. When the Tagalo is not perched in some odd spot with a rod and line, he is bathing. We saw family after family wallowing in the water like seals—indeed, their life seemed one long bath. The women do not take off the bright-colored cloth which, wound about their body, takes the place of a skirt, but go into the water dressed in amphibious clothing whose scantiness is its sole excuse.

This people never build their huts on the healthy bluff a little back from the water, but always down in the malarious mud-holes. They are much like snakes in habits and disposition. Forman says that the fish diet—for they hardly know the taste of meat—causes sores to break out on their bodies. To the existence of these skin diseases I can testify, for about the Laguna de Bay there are whole hamlets where no individual is free from running sores, which do not in any way seem to affect the general health or happiness of the people.

We picked out a dry spot near the head of the river to eat our lunch on, but a cheerful old lady with her nose and one eye eaten up with leprosy drove us away. At last we found a secluded spot, and even here, as we put a little ice which we had brought along into some water, a few natives gathered curiously about to watch. They had never seen or heard of ice before, and dropped the small piece we gave them, saying that it burned. One more enterprising boy than the rest, little dreaming that it would melt before he got home, wrapped it up in an old rag to take away.

Beyond the villages, on the edge of the Laguna, where the mud will not bear even the weight of a bamboo hut on stilts, grows the Pasig cabbage—small cabbagelike plants which float in millions on the surface of the water. The Pasig cabbage is the only reliable thing in the island; all the other inhabitants of the Philippines have contracted the mañana (to-morrow) habit. When you have lost your faith in the stability of human nature, go to the Puente de España, the bridge that crosses the river from old to new Manila, and there, whether it be under the hot sun when the rush of men or carriages blocks the bridge, or under the still moon when all the city sleeps and the cool breeze comes softly from the sea, you will always find the Pasig cabbage true to itself and its traditions, floating in small and great colonies, from its home in the Laguna down to the ocean.

We crossed a narrow arm of the Laguna, and stopped at the village of Santa Rosa. The torpid natives awoke to see the Americanos. Had we all been Pied Pipers of Hamelin we could not have excited more interest among the children, two hundred of them surrounding us. At first they were afraid and kept at a respectful distance, looking at us with great black questioning eyes. Their timidity soon wore off, however, and when one of our party made the mistake of patting one little fellow on the head, a pleased shout went up, and women and children closed in about us to examine our clothing, our shoes, and even to feel of our hands. When we stopped at a little booth to buy some fruit, the crowd stopped too, and listened to our broken Spanish with breathless attention. A few of them understood Spanish, the rest did not. It appeared there was nothing to eat in the village except radishes and bananas; at least no one made a move to get us any food, if there was any to be had; so we bought radishes and bananas, and took to our boat once more. The little black children, nearly naked, wading into the water, hung to the sides of our dugout, laughing and shouting, fingering whatever they could lay their hands on, and asking for money. We gave a few cents to a crippled boy, whereupon his mother, seeing her advantage, kept urging the boy forward to ask for more. At last a naughty boy splashed some water on one of the girls. There was a hysterical shriek, and each one began splashing his neighbor. Amid this joyous rollic we shoved off, just in time to escape an involuntary bath. When we were a few rods from shore, the people cried to us that the chiefs or elders of the town had come to find out what we wanted; but as we did not care to see the elders, we moved on.

Afterwards we discovered that in every pueblo (town) there is a military governor, or presidente, with several subordinate officers and a force of soldiers. In the subdivisions of the pueblo there are chiefs, or elders, appointed to represent the revolutionary government. All these men are members of the Catapumin secret society. In this way Aguinaldo and his followers hold the country—at least in this neighborhood—well within their control.

Night was approaching, and the stretch of the Laguna lay before us, with the dark delf-blue hills in the background. The sun dropped on his saffron bed behind the horizon, while the southern clouds, peeping through their great puffy gauze veils, turned crimson. The boatmen would row no farther, and we stopped on the beach to ask the natives for a house to sleep in. The crowd gathered as usual, but this time it was more serious. The excitement was so great that it took us half an hour to get a house, and after that it was impossible to get anything to eat. The people wanted to see us, but they did not seem inclined to do anything for us. At last we got one chicken and some rice, and ate surrounded by little brown natives. They scrambled into the windows, the boys climbed into the rafters of the nipa roof to look down upon us. It was a curious sight in the narrow circle of light given by a single cocoanut-oil lamp. The throng made the air stifling.

"Is it not possible to have these people go away for a few minutes?" we asked.

"Have patience, señor," said our host. "The people wish to see the Americanos."

At last, when the sick people of the village began to come in to be cured by touching us, the nuisance became unbearable. An old man with stomach trouble put his hands on my ribs, and an old woman with a swollen nose wished to touch our noses. The lame, the blind, and, worst of all, lepers pushed their way towards us. In self-defence we had to put an end to our miraculous clinic. With much trouble our host cleared our room, and we stretched ourselves on the floor to sleep. Alas! we had hardly found the soft places in the split-bamboo floor than the door opened and in filed the four elders of the village. They saluted us with their bolos (knives), and, drawing a bench into the room, sat down in a line opposite us. Before this formal display of insurgent authority we gathered up our dignity and our loose clothing.

"Why do you come here?" was the first question.

"To see the people," we answered, honestly.

The elders looked sceptical.

"Have you passes?"

"No."

"It is necessary to have passes to travel."

The moment was critical; something had to be done.

"Passes are not necessary," said our bold man. "We have just come from Malolos, and if you interfere with us we will make it very uncomfortable for you with the Philippine government."

This remark produced a great effect. The elders looked at each other, then the spokesman said:

"Very well. We will not interfere with you. All we want is a drink of wine."

This was a tender point. We only had one bottle of wine, and we were saving that for an emergency. However, we sacrificed it on the altar of diplomacy.

Once more we were left alone, and thought we might get a little sleep. It was getting on towards one in the morning. Suddenly there was a tap at the door of our room, and one of the elders stuck his head through the door.

"Pardon me, señor," he said; "some friends of mine have come several miles to see the Americanos. May I let them in?"

There was no resisting such a complimentary visit, so we held a last levee, and finally fell asleep under the flickering light from a lighted wick swinging in a bowl of cocoanut oil, while the villagers peered at us through the cracks in the bamboo walls.

We got up early to avoid the crowd, but they were up before us. They pushed around us and touched our cheeks, to make sure that the white paint did not rub off.

"Surely they are Castilians, they are so white," said the women.

"Are you glad the Americans have come?" we asked.

"Yes," they all answered, "we are very glad."

About our dugout they were so persistent that they broke down the bamboo out-riggers, and our boatman cleared the situation by getting after them with his paddle. It was evident to us why Aguinaldo does not care to have Americans travel in the interior. He must know how impulsive the people are.

After that we did not stop until we arrived at Calamba. A little experience of Filipino friendliness and curiosity goes a long way. Calamba we found to be a small town of dirty streets and irregular huts. The natives seemed larger and of better physique than in Manila. Their brown arms stood out with great knots of muscles. Here we wanted to hire horses to ride to the volcano of Taal, a distance of three hours, but the price demanded was forty dollars, and we had been told not to pay more than ten. So in anger we decided to return to Manila, and once more took to our "banka." We had not gone far when we were overtaken by two boat-loads of burly natives, who told us that we would have to return to Calamba, as the presidente of the town wished to see us. Unwillingly we returned to meet the presidente, accompanied by his staff, young fellows in neat uniforms, with gilded tassels to their swords.

"What are you doing here?" asked the self-important presidente.

"Seeing the country and the people," we answered.

"Have you passes?"

"No."

"Have you any camera or field-glasses?"

There was the camera in the bottom of the boat, but the bold man of the party was nothing daunted.

"Look for yourself," he said, waving his hand with dignity towards the boat.

Neither the presidente nor his staff knew a camera when they saw one, but they would not betray themselves, and looked knowingly into the boat, then at each other, and said,

"No, there is none."

"How many American soldiers are there in Manila?" was the next question.

"From fifteen to twenty thousand men," we answered.

"We are putting our army on a basis of one million men," said a young insurgent lieutenant.

"It really does not matter," said our bold man.

"Why not?" asked the presidente.

"Because we have seventy-five million people at home."

"But your soldiers here are not brave," remarked the presidente. "They ran away when the Spaniards fired at them on the day you went into Manila."

"Very likely," answered our bold man; "but we have several brands. We can send you over a tribe of Indians, or a colony of Polish Jews, or, if you want a real good fight, we might turn some of the tigers of Tammany Hall loose over here."

As most of this last harangue was delivered in English, the presidente and his staff did not thoroughly understand it, and looking at us suspiciously, finally decided that we had better go up to the government building, where the examination would be continued.

At the government building we were plied with many questions. In vain we said that we were simple travellers seeing the country; the presidente did not believe us. We overheard them saying among themselves that it would be better to keep us and send word of our capture to Malolos. It would take five days to take the news of our detention to Malolos, and then another week of negotiations would be necessary, and we did not care to remain prisoners for eight days in a Philippine village, with nothing but rice to eat. What was to be done? Once more our bold man stepped to the front.

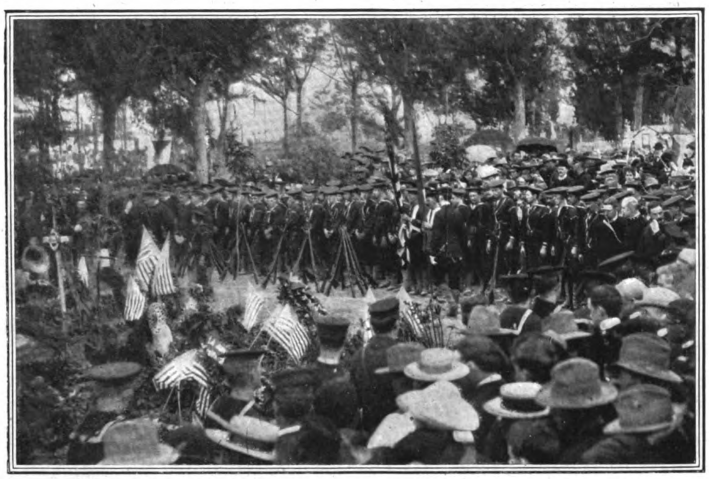
"Señor Presidente, now that we are alone, I don't mind telling you that we are great friends of the Señor Presidente Don Emilio Aguinaldo. Of course we enjoy your hospitality greatly, but if we should be detained much longer, on our next visit to Aguinaldo we might be obliged to report the matter."

The presidente looked at his staff, the staff looked at the presidente.

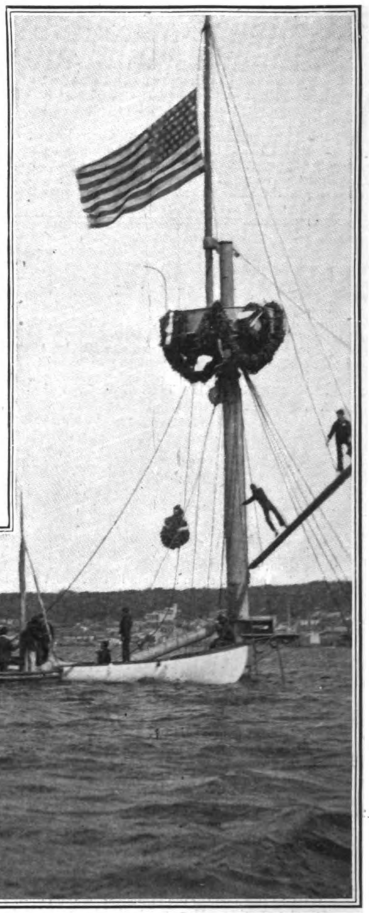
"Señor," said the presidente, "we have no intention of detaining you. Muchacho, bring some beer for the gentlemen. Whenever you wish to go you may; and when you go to Malolos, I hope you will say that you were well treated in Calamba."

Ten minutes later we were on our way to Manila. The name of Don Emilio Aguinaldo is indeed a name to conjure with.

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RELIGIOUS EXERCISES AT THE COLON CEMETERY.



DECORATING THE WRECK WITH FLOWERS.



DECORATIONS IN MERCED CHURCH



CREW OF THE U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" ENTERING COLON CEMETERY TO TAKE PART IN THE SERVICES.



MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AT THE GRAVES OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD.—PHOTO. BY E. C. ROST.



THE GRAVES DECORATED.

HAVANA—THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISASTER TO THE U. S. S. "MAINE," FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

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PARIS

February 18, 1899.

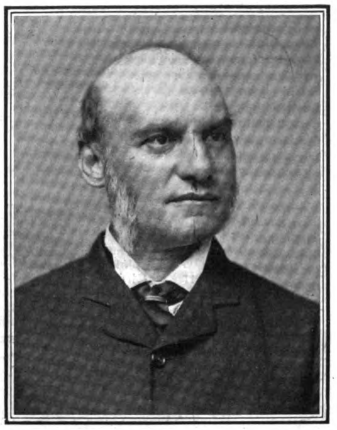
VICTIM of political contentions though she be, France is at least spared the affliction of a prolonged Presidential campaign. It is but forty-eight hours since the news of President Faure's death ran along the boulevards from group to group of pleasure-seekers homeward bound, and already the election is a thing of the past, and Paris has seen the arrival at the Elysée of her new Chief Magistrate—the seventh President of the Third Republic.

All day a ceaseless stream of people has poured through the Elysée, where the body of the late President is lying in state; and now, in the darkening streets around the palace, silent groups are constantly passing and repassing, lifting their hats before the principal entrance, and surveying with curious eyes the privileged few who are allowed to pass the line of gendarmes at the gates. Within, the wide north front of the Presidential residence is draped across its entire width with superb hangings of black and silver, bearing the national monogram, many times repeated, and below these canopies the glass galleries gleam with the light of a hundred tall candles.

The day, however, has been almost entirely free from the disorder which, if one may judge from their astonishing display of force, the authorities seemed to expect. Long before the departure of the Deputies the main points of military centralization were surrounded by gendarmerie and troops, waiting the order to proceed to their various stations; and as, at eleven o'clock, we ran out to Versailles in the special train, every bridge and crossway on the line showed us its guard, standing picturesquely against a background of clear spring sky, like a sketch by Meissonier or Detaille, mutely eloquent of much that might, but fortunately did not, happen.

For this meeting of the National Assembly, which at long intervals transforms a sleepy little suburb into a centre of political activity, Versailles had assumed her holiday attire and turned her entire population into the streets. Train after train brought its quota of curious spectators, who hastened to stow themselves in the trams and omnibuses, which ten minutes later emptied them out upon the wide Place du Château.

Within the palace, as the hour of assembly approached, the scene was one of extraordinary animation, the corridors being filled with a constantly moving throng of public men, eagerly discussing the results of the coming election, even then a foregone conclusion. Here were Méline, earnestly protesting against the wish of his supporters to oppose his candidature to that of Loubet; the sensationalist Paul Déroulède, talking with every feature and with his hands as well; Brisson, Drumont, Cavaignac, Deschanel, Waldeck-Rousseau, and the burly form of Dupuy; Legitimus, the incongruous-looking colored Deputy; and that irrepressible royalist Baudry d'Asson.



BARON HERSCHELL.
Died March 1, 1899.—[See Page 237.]
Photograph by Gutekunst.

The uproar broke out as soon as the President of the Senate, Monsieur Loubet, ascended the rostrum and declared the congress convened. The dignity of the presiding officer and the repose of his strong sad face made a striking contrast to the sea of waving arms and excited faces surging before him, and that he succeeded at any stage of the proceedings in evoking order from the chaos seemed to be little less than a miracle.

The Salle de l'Assemblée Nationale, where the congress met, is not over-large for the purpose. It is hung with tapestries from the famous Gobelins manufactory, and furnished with crimson arm-chairs and small desks ranged in semicircles in front of the rostrum. Two great urns received, one in the form of paper ballots and the other in the shape of balls, the votes of the electors, who advanced, one by one, as their names were called, the monotony being pleasingly relieved by the fact that every fourth or fifth Deputy attempted to make a speech, and was forcibly restrained by the sergeants-at-arms.

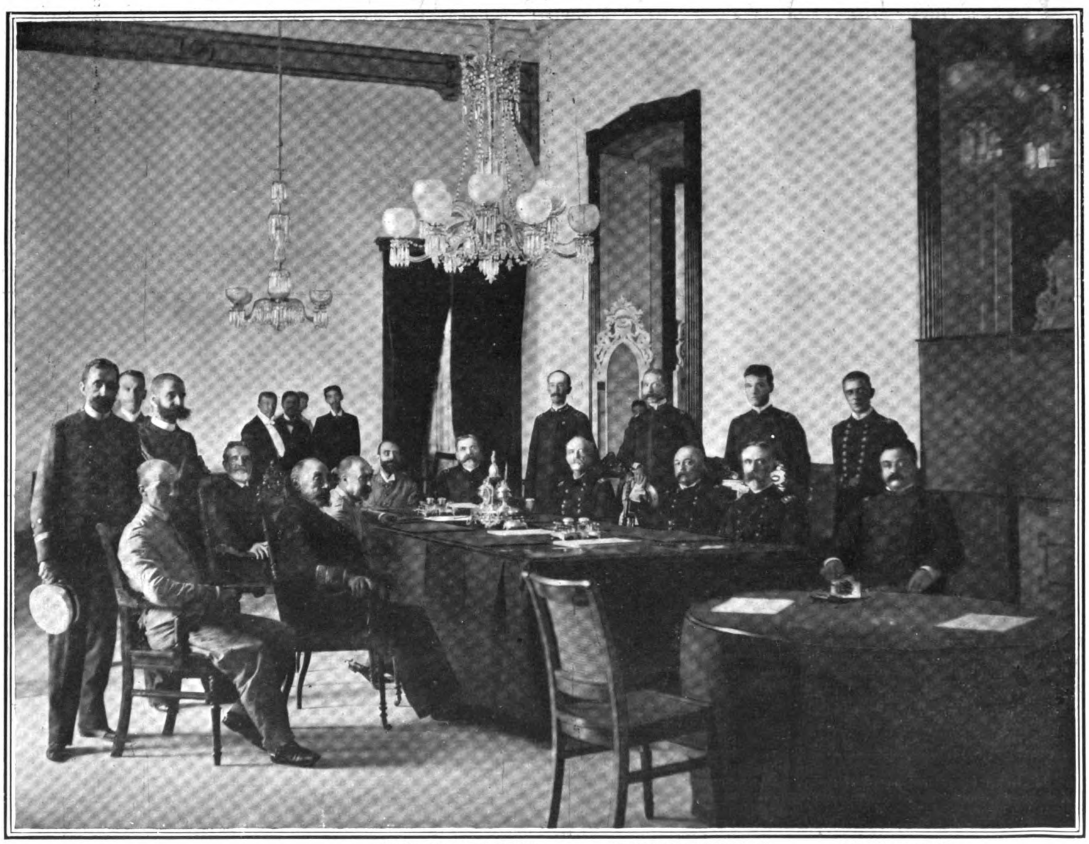
To those of us who saw the election from the gallery it seemed to be hardly more than a meaningless clamor—as when, a letter having been drawn and the announcement made that the voting would begin with D, a veritable pandemonium was started by the cry, "We begin with Dreyfus," very distinctly shouted from one of the rear seats. It was a bewildering picture. The Deputies rose in their places, shouting sentences, of which one heard but a word or two, and altercating with one another over some entirely unintelligible point. The tumult began nowhere, ending in nothing. The cries were surprisingly varied, ranging as they did from "Vive l'armée!" oftenest repeated, to "Vive l'Empereur!" the former being invariably warmly applauded and seconded, and the latter the signal for a storm of hilarious groans. But over eight hundred votes had been cast at three o'clock, and when the President of the Senate had descended from the rostrum, and his place had been taken by Vice-President Franck-Chauveau, we heard the welcome news that the first ballot had been decisive, and that the late presiding officer of this electoral congress had become the Chief Magistrate of France.

It was a relief to find ourselves once more outside the palace gates and able to breathe pure air. During the session of the congress the crowd had greatly increased, and as the result of the election became known, it was soon seen to be far from popular. It was not an enthusiastic assemblage that continued to wait two hours longer for the new President's departure for Paris.

This interval was diversified by the passing of prominent Deputies, each one the object of demonstrations, more or less noisy, according as his admirers numbered many or few. Méline, the first to leave, received, as champion of the army, so great an ovation that one might readily have taken his carriage for that of the President, had it not been for the long line of helmets and cuirasses, motionless and gleaming in the last rays of the sun, at the palace doors. Then, one after another, came Brisson, familiarly hailed as "Vieux brave" by the unceremonious crowd; Cavaignac, walking between two friends, and bowing to right and left with his invariable smile; and, after many others, Paul Déroulède, who plans his exits and his entrances with an eye to dramatic effect, and whose magnificent manner and enormous hat were admirably calculated to throw his admirers into paroxysms of enthusiasm. With the sole exception of Méline, he received the greatest ovation of the day, and it was with an air of unbounded satisfaction that he walked slowly to the railway station, surrounded by the crowd of hoodlums that always follow at his heels. Truly at Versailles the cheers were all for the vanquished, the hisses for the victor.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, when, for the last time, the gates of the palace were thrown open and the Presidential carriage made its appearance. Fresh from his two hours of flattery and congratulation, the President drove down the long court, and, hat in hand, looked out across the square, black with its waiting thousands. As he first came into our view there arose a fierce shout, "A bas Loubet!" followed by the crueler cry of "Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma!" It was a pitiful thing to see this man, newly crowned with the highest honors of a great nation, shrink and draw back before the jeers of the rabble that thronged his way and cried him down in the hour of his success.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



Brig.-Gen. Clous, U. S. V., Secretary. Major-Gen. James F. Wade, U. S. V. Captain Hart, Interpreter.
Major-Gen. Matthew C. Butler, U. S. V. Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson.

THE JOINT AMERICAN AND SPANISH COMMISSION FOR THE EVACUATION OF CUBA.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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LONDON

February 18, 1899.

In my last letter I stated that the things that were talked about in Parliament were not of so much importance as other matters talked about in society. This week, however, an amendment to an Address proposed by Mr. MacNeill, an Irish Nationalist, declaring the position of a director of a public company to be incompatible with the position of a minister of the crown, has engaged general attention, and notwithstanding the pleadings of partisan organs, its treatment by the government has sensibly weakened the position of the ministry. It is true that Mr. MacNeill's amendment has been rejected by a majority of 104, but nobody believes that this division represents with any accuracy the balance of opinion in the House of Commons or in the country. Financial chastity in their rulers is a matter on which the English people feel acutely. The demand for character in public life has increased since Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and in the last five-and-twenty years there has been a marked growth in this healthy instinct on the part of the newly enfranchised people. Her Majesty's ministers are some of them rich and some of them poor. When they take office under the crown, it is often a matter of considerable sacrifice—for some of them, at all events—to lay down the well-paid directorships of public companies held by them. In some cases the acceptance of office is a relief from pecuniary anxiety.

For many generations there has been no financial scandal in connection with the highest office under the crown, though in four instances ministers have had to resign their offices in consequence of financial corruption associated with their names. The younger Pitt first obtained the affection and confidence of the nation by refusing to appoint himself to an office of profit, vacant at a time when he sorely needed the money, and when his private income did not exceed $1500 a year. Lord Beaconsfield, who was denounced from the beginning to the end of his life by his political opponents as an adventurer, and is still habitually spoken of as a Semitic soldier of fortune, was personally a poor man. In November, 1875, when Prime Minister, he secretly purchased from the Khedive of Egypt, through the house of Rothschild, 176,602 shares in the Suez Canal Company for the sum of $19,882,910. This transaction immediately raised the value of Suez Canal shares and of all Egyptian securities to a very large extent, and would have enabled Mr. Disraeli to have enriched himself, if not beyond the dreams of avarice, at all events with a very comfortable fortune, without chance of discovery. It speaks well for the standard of honor and good faith prevalent in English public life that Dizzy's bitterest political opponents never hinted, even in private conversation, that he had used the opportunity for the purpose of enriching himself or his friends. Not a vestige of suspicion rests upon his name.

The country and House of Commons are determined that this standard of financial purity shall be maintained, whoever may suffer; and since the Hooley revelations have drawn public attention to the fact of prominent public men allowing their names to be used as bait on the front page of a prospectus to draw in the gullible and investing public, the undesirability of ministers of the crown retaining directorships of public companies has been further accentuated. The present facts of the case are as follows: Forty-four ministers of the crown constitute the present administration, and twenty five of them hold forty-one directorships in public companies. The annual salaries of cabinet ministers amount in the aggregate to $467,500; the pay of ministers not in the cabinet amounts to $375,000. It is the rule in the civil service that no member shall hold a directorship in a public company, and it is generally felt that ministers of the crown who control the civil service should not be placed in any situation where they would be exposed to the necessity of choosing between public and private considerations—a temptation from which their staffs are compulsorily debarred.

The question is not a party one, and the politician who has brought it forward, though not unpopular in the House, is not specially qualified to take charge of the subject. Mr. Swift MacNeill was the hero of a fracas with Mr. Harry Furniss, formerly a *Punch* artist, in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. MacNeill felt aggrieved at the misrepresentation of his features in *Punch* by Mr. Furniss, and illustrated his power of repartee by striking the genial caricaturist over the head with a cane. It may be gathered from this incident that Mr. MacNeill is not the owner of features which would be earnestly sought after by artists in search of a model for the head of the Apollo Belvedere. Nevertheless, the historical knowledge and genial excitability of the honorable member give him a certain vogue, and his treatment of the question was accordingly accepted by his colleagues in the House of Commons with adequate respect.

It cannot be said that the Tory section of the ministry has improved its position over the debate. Mr. Chamberlain, who has the clearest head and the greatest practical knowledge of any cabinet minister, is not a director of any company. Mr. Chamberlain did not take part in the debate. Mr. Balfour is a child in these matters, and, as he himself has told us, has never made a shilling out of any company. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is a director of an insurance company, defended himself on the plea that, while other ministers might take their recreation at golf, he found rest for a brain wearied in the public service in attending the board meeting of a commercial company. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach further referred, not very happily, and with the vulnerable temper that he possesses, to the importance of being within the charmed circle of the insurance directorate in order to watch over the large family interests with which he was concerned. Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, is a director of the Northeastern Railway. The Duke of Devonshire is a director of three companies, one of which manufactures steel, which may be, and is, used in the construction of ships of war. The Earl of Selborne, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, is a director of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, an undertaking always in close contact with the government of the day, and carrying out mail contracts of great value and importance.

It need not be said that the whole of the forty-one directorships now held by ministers of the crown are concerned with solid business. There is no question raised by anybody of "guinea-pigs," or of selling names for the purpose of attracting the public; but ministers of the crown are highly in request on the boards of great railways, steam-navigation companies, water companies, and chartered companies, because, however little money they bring, and however few attendances they may give to their boards, they establish contact with the government of the day, and if the working management of the companies in question desire to influence the administration, it is advantageous to have among their directors one who is himself a member of the government.

Although nothing was openly said on the matter in the House of Commons, everybody was thinking of a case in which a member of a late ministry signed a contract between the government and a public company a few minutes before he went out of office, and shortly after quitting his ministerial post joined the board of the company in respect of which he had contracted with himself as minister on behalf of the then government. This, coupled with the Hooley baronetcy incident, has tended to make an unpleasant impression on the public mind.

Lord Salisbury is far too busy to concern himself with such things as ministerial directorships. Mr. Gladstone was a financial purist. He insisted on the resignation of ministerial directorships, and he rightly interpreted the profound jealousy of great capitalist undertakings and monopolies which begins to play so large a part in English public life. The general sense of the House of Commons, which is a miniature of the feeling of the country, is that these monopolies, trusts, and industrial enterprises should stand on their own bottoms, and, at all events, should not be represented by advocates and paid delegates in the camp of the administration of the day. The division in the House of Commons represented nothing except that Unionists are not going to turn out Lord Salisbury at the invitation of an Irish Nationalist. The lesson, however, had better be taken to heart by the ministers concerned, and the directorships be resigned, or the thoughtful elector will show at the polls that he will have no paltering with this question of ministerial directorships.

The demand for purity in public life is by no means confined to Parliament. Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, was the spokesman of a very large section of the community in a speech he has this week delivered on the desirability of an alteration in the law relating to the formation of companies. The present system of company-promoting, and the taking of illicit commissions by directors, is a social canker; for capitalist businesses in which the proprietors have escaped with the cash, and cynically left their dupes to their inevitable fate, are unfortunately too common. Lord Russell protests against these processes of robbery, which are eating into the commercial system of Britain.

The anxiety that is felt as to the future of France, now that she is plunged once more into uncertainty, owing to the sudden death of the President, is partly, though not obviously, due to the commercial distrust excited by the cosmopolitan money-lending community, who set the fashion of getting money at any cost. Lord Russell will have nothing to do with the plea of not making provisions too stringent for fear of frightening honest men from serving on boards. England is a commercial nation, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are not commercial men, and hence do not appreciate to the full extent the danger that would follow if certain French practices were introduced into English public life. The government is pledged to bring in a measure dealing with company law, which was introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Dudley, who is not a business man. There is an Augean stable to cleanse, and, in the opinion of the best judges of public affairs whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, the matter is far more important than most of the subjects that occupy Parliamentary attention.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Filipino Leaders

BY FRANK D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, *February 16, 1899.*

When Aguinaldo moved the bulk of his forces out of the province of Cavité, early in September, and established his headquarters at Malolos, it was, in a way, a repetition of the same strategy he had pursued in his struggle against the Spaniards in 1896 and 1897. It might well be asked, Why the province of Cavité at all?—for it is much less favorably situated for offensive and defensive movements than the northern provinces, is open to easy attack from the sea and from the Laguna de Bay, and is, moreover, not a particularly rich or prosperous district. The Filipinos, like all Malays, have a strong love of locality. Aguinaldo was born in the province of Cavité. He is sure of his following there, and he moved away only under pressure of strong necessity, both in 1897 and in 1898. A Filipino out of his own province has neither honor nor renown, as a rule, and the bitterest jealousies and rivalries are said to exist between the self-appointed leaders in the different provinces which are under the domination of the revolutionary party. Following the plan of the Spaniards to a certain extent, each province is under a military chief; but among the insurgents these leaders are self-appointed, and have, by force of character and energetic action, assembled a sufficient strength of followers to be able to subdue any local opposition and to levy contributions on the natives. These leaders pulled together against the Spaniards, in so far that they captured or defeated all the isolated military posts within a few weeks after the occupation of Manila by the United States troops, but there was no concerted action between them, and, indeed, they frequently refused to acknowledge Aguinaldo's authority. In many notable instances this independence of action was very pronounced. Pio del Pilar, a leader of unsavory reputation even among the Filipinos, but a man of great energy and strength of will, absolutely refused to move out of the suburbs of Manila in response to the orders of Aguinaldo, following the ultimatum of General Otis. Aguinaldo asserted that he was unable to discipline Pio del Pilar—but the truth of this statement cannot be vouched for. He did finally succeed in enforcing his orders by gradually withdrawing his troops from the command of Pilar, until his force was too small to be threatening. It was probably the troops of Pilar which opened the recent attack at Santa Mesa, and it has always been with him and his men that the most of the friction has been developed. He sent his emissaries into Manila to collect taxes at the markets, and it was he who appointed civil officers in the town, issued permits to the Filipinos to carry arms, and on various occasions made attempts to kidnap Spaniards within the American lines. His brother, Gregorio del Pilar, is a popular chief in the province of Bulacan, Tomaso Mascardo rules in the province of Pampanga, and Macabulus in the four rich provinces of Pangasinan, Nueva Ecija, Turlac, and Zambales. The last has long been in the north what Aguinaldo has been in Cavité—the people's idol. He is a young man not yet thirty, and has raised the most important part of the insurgent army, besides contributing, at his own pleasure, considerable sums to the treasury—all from the funds captured in the rich monastical institutions in the north. On one occasion, shortly after the first insurgent congress was held at Malolos, Macabulus sent thirty-five thousand dollars in cash to Aguinaldo; probably a very small proportion of what he had sequestered. But Macabulus is even more independent than the others I have mentioned. Aguinaldo, who was naturally jealous of the rising fame and power of the northern chief, proposed on one occasion to transfer him to the command of a detachment of troops in another part of the island; but when Macabulus heard of this, he sent word to the dictator that if he wanted to send him away he would first have to conquer his four provinces. These incidents are only of importance to chronicle because they show how little cohesion there was among the insurgent forces before the open rupture with our troops. Time will show how much the necessities of their new enterprise will serve to hold them together against an active enemy.

The country where the fighting is now going on is far less difficult than the territory south of the town, where for a month our troops wallowed in fetid mud in the height of the rainy season. It is now the most healthful time of the year in the Philippines. There is a steady northeast monsoon, very little rain, a lower temperature, and thus no typhoons are to be feared. At Caloocan the high ground begins, and for a considerable distance to the north the railway runs through pleasant uplands. At frequent intervals there are long lines of intrenchments, which were thrown up by the insurgents as they drove the Spaniards into the town, and at certain points there are strongly fortified posts in good strategic positions. Malolos is about twenty miles from Manila, and is a large rambling market-town, with an enormous monastery and church, situated on an arm of the sea, or shallow river, which is usually packed full of canoes and lighters laden with the nipa thatch, which is shipped from this port in great quantities. The country all about is low and level, and there is no reason to expect that, except perhaps for sentimental reasons, the insurgents would think it worth while to concentrate at the seat of their government. To the east of the railway the hills are not many miles away, and the probability is that if the natives are pushed hard enough they will retire in that direction.

The stronghold of Biacnabató, which they occupied when they made terms with the Spaniards in December, 1897, is to the northeast of Caloocan, on a lofty spur of the hills, and is believed by the natives to be impregnable. At this season of the year it is practicable to move artillery over all the roads, and a few modern guns would undoubtedly make it untenable in a short time. It is impossible to believe that the campaign will be a long one. It was the universal impression among the insurgents that the Americans could not fight—a belief which was started and actively developed by our persistent endeavors to keep the peace at almost any price. Now that they have found that they are not dealing with Spaniards, but with as fine a body of troops as the world has ever seen, they may have a belated appreciation of the folly of resistance and accept the inevitable.

We have been learning something about the Filipino character within the last day or two, and perhaps we may in the future waste less sympathy on the insurgent leader in his ambition to govern the Philippines. He has not consulted the wishes of the people about the government; he has simply established one of a kind by force of arms, and he is entitled to about as much respect and honor as any other half-savage dictator. It is quite true that Aguinaldo is reputed to have miraculous powers: that he is said to be impregnable, that no mortal weapon can harm him, and that his followers, when going into action, often carry in their mouth a slip of parchment with his magic name written on it, which, they believe, will protect them from harm. But it is also true that these superstitions concerning the young leader prevail only among the Tagals, and are scouted at as ridiculous by the Ilocans and other tribes in Luzon. With the people of the north provinces the name of Macabulus is much more potent than that of Aguinaldo, and to him they attribute much of the same magic. The Filipinos are intensely superstitious, inordinately vain, and, like all people of the Malay stock, treacherous—that is, they have no code of honor or morals as regards an enemy. Their superstitions have been largely worked on by the leaders of the rebellion, and every possible means is used to make the armed native believe that his cause is heaven-born. The officers distribute among the men little *ang-ting ang-ting*, or charms, with some image or word or the name of Aguinaldo written on them, and those who can afford to pay for them generally wear on the chest a large piece of cotton or linen, on which is rudely drawn in ink a number of symbols, Christian and heathen combined. The photographs printed last week of two of these large *ang-ting ang-ting* were in the possession of natives of the province of Bulacan. The soldiers have little or no fear of death when provided with a breastplate of this sort, and fight with the ardor and determination of savages. If we have to carry on a campaign against them, it will be found that they are a most harassing and difficult enemy in all the arts of uncivilized warfare—much the same as the North American Indians. They are able to march long distances without apparent fatigue, and the hardships of a campaign have no terrors for them, because they do not materially change their usual mode of life. They exist on rations that would not keep a European

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alive, at the most a handful or two of boiled rice at a meal, sometimes enriched by the addition of mud-fish or by frogs, both of which articles of native diet are abundant in the paddy-fields. One peculiarity I have often observed among the insurgent troops—they never seem to be thirsty. They carry no water-bottles, and in the hot weather apparently do not suffer from the incontrollable desire to drink, which proves so often disastrous to the health of a European. But a campaign against the natives is not a necessity. The simplest way of settling matters, if they do not settle themselves within a short time, is to buy the leaders off. It has been done before at a time when they had everything their own way. Now they have against them a vigorous and effective army and a powerful fleet, and the price would be lower, no doubt, and the bargain would be easily consummated. This suggestion argues that the insurgent cause is a usual one. It proved to be when the natives had real grievances to redress, and when from the stronghold at Biacnabató they dictated terms to the Spanish authorities. One of Aguinaldo's most trusted associates told me that, during the siege of Manila, whenever a Spanish emissary was brought to him to negotiate exchange of prisoners, or the like, he always asked, "Have you brought the money?" (meaning the remainder of the sum due him for selling his cause to the Spaniards). The answer was in the negative, of course, and then these interviews ended, and no negotiations were possible. Serious fighting is said to have taken place at Caloocan, but it was probably at the old Spanish lines, about half-way between the stations at Manila and Caloocan. Here the insurgents occupied the Spanish block-house No. 1, and their own lines about four hundred yards north, and, among other pieces, had two 6-inch smooth-bore ship guns on or near the railway line.

Diary of the Revolt

A PERPLEXING DESPATCH FROM DEWEY—"OUR ABBEYS AND OUR PRIORIES"—A MERCILESS POLICY IMPUTED.

Friday, February 24.—The following official despatches, of this date, were made public:

"*Secretary Navy, Washington:* For political reasons *Oregon* should be sent at once. [signed] DEWEY."

"*Secretary Navy, Washington: Yorktown* arrived. *Charleston* and *Petrel* cruising around Philippine Islands. Affairs more quiet. [signed] DEWEY."

"*Adjutant-General, Washington: Scandia* [which carried the Twentieth Regiment of regular infantry from San Francisco] arrived last night. On nights of 21st and 22d and yesterday morning, insurgent troops gained access to outskirts of city behind our lines. Many in hiding, and about 1000 intrenched themselves. Completely routed yesterday, with loss of killed and wounded about 500, and 200 prisoners. Our loss very slight. City quiet; confidence restored; business progressing. [signed] OTIS."

The first of these despatches was given to the press at a time when the story of German participation in the recent uprising at Apia, Samoa,* had just been told in America, and of course, since the Subig Bay affair of last July, it had been easier for our people to assume unfriendliness on the part our kinsfolk the Germans than to suspect even Japan—although the Spaniards of the Philippines, in their day, used to keep a watchful eye on that "expanding" neighbor. No authoritative explanation of the phrase "for political reasons" was offered or could be obtained. Some of the newspapers did their utmost to make a sensation out of their own conjecture that "Dewey wanted the *Oregon* to fight the Germans." At the time when Admiral Dewey's despatch was sent, the *Oregon* was already four days out from Honolulu, having left that port February 20 for Manila, *viâ* Guam.

General MacArthur's division, north of Manila, was exposed to repeated attacks from the Filipinos at Malabon and beyond.

The church of San Francisco del Monte was used as a fort by a band of Filipinos, who killed several members of General Hale's brigade. It was bombarded by the Utah battery. With a curious modern difference, the words of Shakspere's *King John* will be found to apply to the fighting in the Philippines:

> Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
> This expedition's charge.

Saturday, February 25.—Twelve hundred persons suspected of connection with the incendiary plots were arrested. The threats to burn the old walled portion of Manila, and the business quarter north of the Pasig, were not carried into effect.

A despatch from Admiral Dewey announced that the gunboat *Petrel* had been sent to Cebu to take possession in the name of the United States. The adherents of Aguinaldo had already withdrawn from that city, as is shown by the following message from General Otis, dated at Manila, February 25: "Condition of affairs quiet; progressing favorably. Anxiety need not be felt in regard to the situation. Will send small body of troops to Cebu, where navy took quiet possession." Fifty sailors were landed from the *Petrel*. The native government offered no forcible resistance, but protested that they yielded to superior force, and at the request of foreign residents who wished to prevent a bombardment.

The German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* arrived at Manila.

Sunday, February 26.—Major-General Lawton, *en route* to Manila with the troops on the *Grant*, received a cable message from General Otis at Colombo, island of Ceylon, which was, in the amount of comment and conjecture to which it gave rise, rather like Dewey's *Oregon* despatch. General Otis cabled: "Situation critical. Your early arrival necessary."

The village of Mariquina, seven miles from Manila, was burned by the Filipinos.

A battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, commanded by Major Goodale, sailed on the transport *Pennsylvania* for Cebu.

Monday, February 27.—General Otis declined to receive commissioners who, according to a press despatch, came "from Malolos, the seat of Aguinaldo's government, under a flag of truce," reported that "8000 rebels were anxious to surrender," and expressed the opinion that "Aguinaldo was inclined to accept pacific overtures." A despatch from Washington contained the statement that "the only instructions sent to Otis were to refuse all overtures, but, if the natives continue in a hostile attitude, to pursue them to the death."

It may at least be said that the merciless programme thus attributed to our government was expressed with suitable brutality.

The total losses of the American troops at Manila since the fires were, so far as reported, six killed and fifty-nine wounded.

Filipinos at Malabon fired upon the cruiser *Callao*. The monitor *Monadnock* shelled the Malabon church, demolishing it, and killing or driving out its garrison.

MARRION WILCOX.

* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, February 25, 1899.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

BEAUTY SHOW.

A UNIVERSAL Beauty Show is spoken of. It has often enough been repeated how unfailing and powerful is the influence of perfumes on feminine beauty. It has been remarked that the FUNKIA DU JAPON of ORIZA-LEGRAND is the preferred perfume of the prettiest women. We make incidentally this simple observation. —[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

ONLY one best, and that Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters; benefits both mind and body. Easy to get. All druggists. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's. —[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

NO wine has a purer bouquet than COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. It is the pure juice of the grapes fermented.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps.) Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

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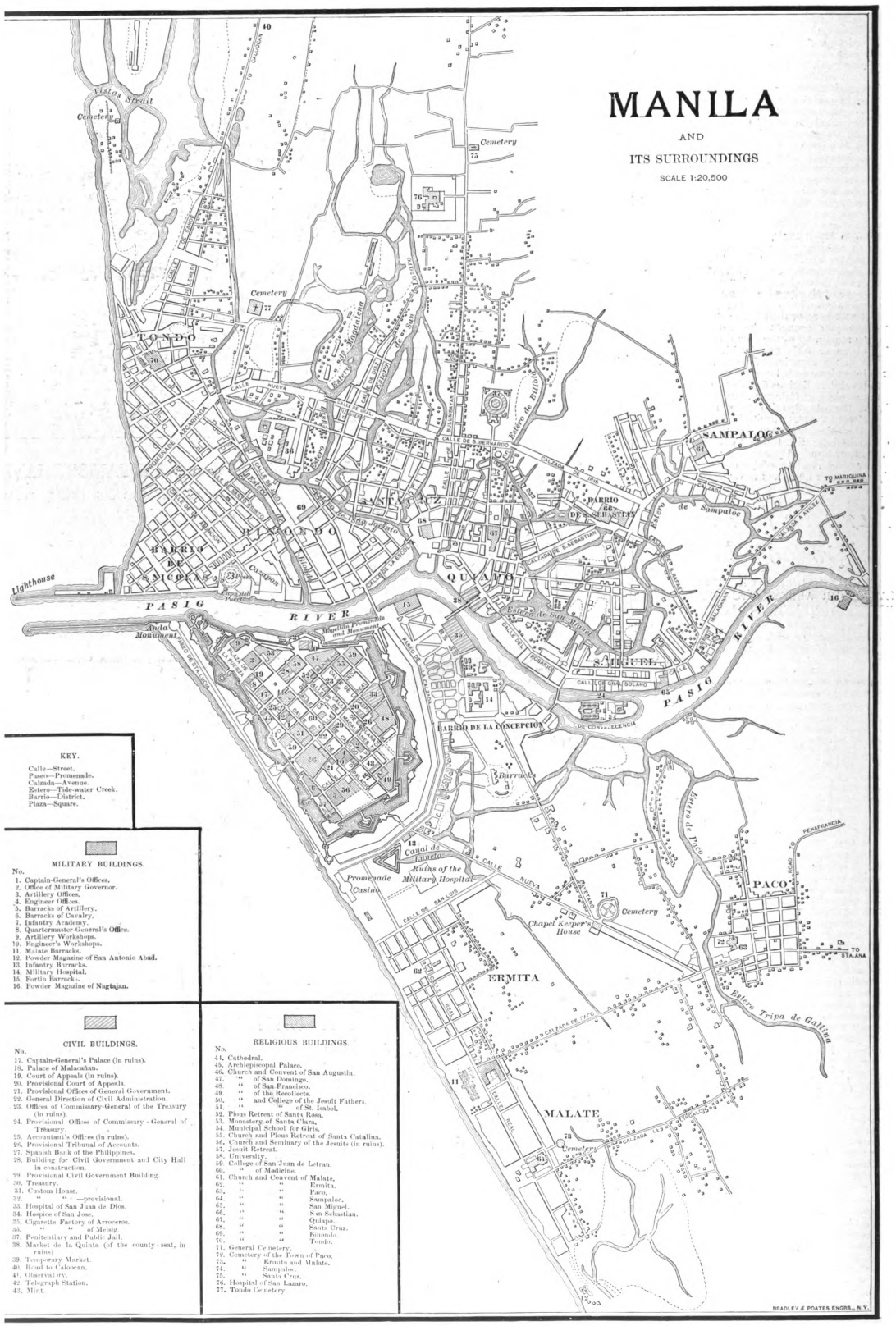
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MANILA AND VICINITY—FROM AN ACCURATE AND VERY RARE SPANISH MAP, OBTAINED BY F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

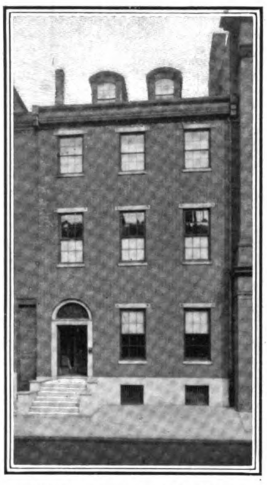
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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLFING interests in America appear nearer sympathetic and intelligent government than at any time since the organization of the United States Golf Association.

Sportsmen are gratified by the evidence, produced last week at the annual Association meeting, that some of the officials at length realize all golfers in the United States do not reside in the vicinity of New York or Boston.

It seems hitherto to have been the conviction of a majority of the U. S. G. A. officers that those having no residence in these favored localities really had no golfing interests worth considering. Through the contribution of two vice-presidents, Chicago has impressed its identity upon former Executive Committees,—from need of the experienced advice of the vice-presidents, perhaps, rather than from regard for Chicago's golfing desires. Elsewhere clubs and golfers have multiplied and thrived, but not because of any paternal solicitude reaching them from Boston or New York.



PHILADELPHIA RACQUET CLUB HOUSE.

Bearing in mind the habitual attitude of other presidents, the sentiments of the recently elected incumbent, W. B. Thomas, urging fulfillment of the Association's mission in American golf, are therefore as comforting to sportsmen as they are unique among U. S. G. A. official utterances.

Because of this, and the glad tidings it conveys to golfers throughout the country, I give space to pertinent parts of the address Mr. Thomas delivered in the meeting after his election.

It seems to me that beyond the ordinary duties of the Association, such as the selection of the time and place for the national tournaments, important questions may come before it from time to time as to the wise treatment of the difficult questions arising from various interpretations of existing rules, the tendency to amend them, or the adoption of new ones. To my mind, it is for the best interest of the game not only to interpret the existing rules strictly, but to be slow in making changes by adding new or amending the existing ones—those that stand to-day being the result of so many years of experience. Our relatively brief acquaintance with it, in my opinion, does not warrant us in making radical changes at the present time, and, in any event, they should never be made without great and careful deliberation.

Another matter which may come up for our consideration is that it may be necessary, in view of the increasing interest in the game, to adopt some just and equitable method of limiting the entries of the championship to the best, and only the very best, players in each club represented in the Association. This undoubtedly can, to a considerable extent, be controlled by the individual clubs. A large field, composed partly of players not in the very first ranks, may render the management of the amateur championship difficult on account of its unwieldiness, and may render it less satisfactory as a test of the skill of the best players. This difficulty we have not yet had to any great extent, but it is likely to arise in the immediate future.

Another subject to which I take the liberty of calling your attention, and the control of which is in the hands of the individual clubs, is the growing tendency of giving prizes in amateur tournaments of considerable intrinsic values. I believe that the best interests of the game are promoted by offering prizes of moderate value, and the intrinsic value should never be so great as to be in itself an inducement to any amateur player to enter any competition. On the other hand, in regard to the prizes for professionals in the open championship, there are some considerations which may make it desirable to moderately increase their value.

I take the liberty of also alluding to the fact that the immense increase in the popularity of the game may render the proper control of it difficult by our Association as now constituted, and some time the new conditions may have to be met by a somewhat different basis of organization from our present one. At the moment I cannot suggest any new definite plan, and it may be premature to do so, but perhaps a satisfactory one may be worked out on the line of subordinate associations organized on geographical or State lines, composed of clubs in those sections, each being represented in the national on some just and equitable basis. Under present conditions the natural increase in the number of clubs, and also delegates, may render our annual meetings too large for the best deliberation, and may hamper the best executive work. It may also be that out of some such plan may be evolved one by which the best players only in these associations will enter for the large national events, and we may thereby avoid the overcrowding of the links at such times.

One more subject, and the last, to which I would call your attention, is that, in my opinion, the existing rules in reference to the standing of the professional and amateur in golf should be construed most rigidly, and if new and more severe rules are deemed necessary, they should be unhesitatingly adopted. The position of golf in this country in relation to this question must be a source of pride to every golf player, and that it should retain its present position should be one of the chief objects of the Association. There is no indication at the present time of any difficulty in connection with this subject, but the retention of the professional in the ranks of the amateur, after he has ceased to be one in spirit and in fact, may take place in golf, and this condition may be reached by insidious and almost imperceptible steps, and in certain instances this condition may even be difficult of demonstration; so that we can only guard against it by constant vigilance, and when necessary act summarily, without temporizing, and without the possibility of misapprehension. The principal safeguard is in the proper attitude of each club towards this question. At the cost of repetition, in order not to be misunderstood, I would say that the preceding remarks in regard to the professional and amateur in golf have no application in the present fortunate and enviable position of the game, and I have touched upon the subject as a possibility of the future, which we must always be prepared to resist.

The views I have expressed are simply those of an individual, and I do not know to what extent you are in sympathy with them. It is far from my purpose to appear didactic, but it seemed to me entirely within the limits of propriety for me to express them to-night. If, however, our views differ, I recognize the fact that your officials, as long as they remain in office, are your representatives, and are to carry out your views as far as they may understand them. Whatever the officers of the Association may do, however, it will be of no avail unless they are strongly supported by all the clubs represented in it, and by every player in those clubs. It is upon the co-operation of the individual golf-player with the Association that the welfare and the best interests of the game in this country rest.

A U. S. G. A. president whose golfing vision is neither astigmatic nor bounded by a few Atlantic coast clubs is indeed welcomed.

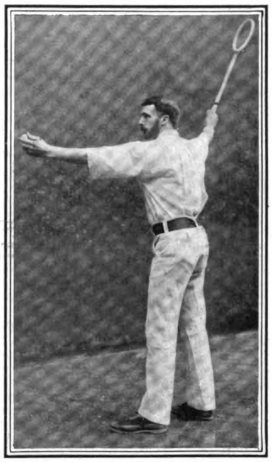
ALL who are interested in the American welfare of golf will commend and endorse Mr. Thomas's suggestions. Not only for their sportsmanly sentiment, but for their unflinching grasp on the requirements of the game, and, too, on the needs of the U. S. G. A., if it would be spared the mortification of being superseded by an organization broader in view and direction.

No game we have adopted in recent years has spread with the rapidity of golf; none represents so much capital invested in club grounds and houses; none costs so much to maintain; none has a higher class of devotees. Is it likely indifferent or provincial legislation will satisfy all these interests and this class of players?

There cannot of course be two national associations. If the U. S. G. A., through neglect of its opportunities, encourages the birth of another organization, the latter must become the national body, and the present association degenerate into a mere local league. Let the U. S. G. A. consider well the very moderate statements of Mr. Thomas; they contain a warning, which may be read by the intelligent, against absorption in local matters to the disregard of the larger field. If heed is not taken, we shall see an end, in a couple of years, of American championships decided under U. S. G. A. auspices. None of us desires this, but it is certain to come, if the U. S. G. A. does not shake clear of its pettiness and follow the broader course pointed out by its newly elected president.

MOST important of the suggestions made by President Thomas is that looking to the abandonment of this narrowness. With the present organization, and the ruling ignorance of its officers and committees on golfing interests generally throughout the country, intelligent legislation is hardly to be expected. The increase of clubs, of players, of delegates, gives an unwieldy whole that results most often in confusion and dissatisfaction. Every club in the Association has the right to be represented at the annual meeting, and every member of every such club has the right to enter the championship tournament. Simplest, wisest, of all solutions is in the organization of subordinate associations on geographical lines. Something in that direction has already been accomplished by the organization of the clubs around New York into the Metropolitan Association. Pursuing the idea farther—there should be association of the clubs in the New England States, Middle-Eastern States, Middle-Western, Western, Northwestern, Southeastern, Southwestern, and the Pacific Coast States.

Each of these sectional associations should have its officers, its meetings, and its annual championship tournament. A resident of one section should be ineligible to championship tournaments of another, and only the winners and perhaps the second and third men of these sectional championships should be eligible to the national championships. College players to be eligible to tournaments in the section where they reside, and also to the intercollegiate tournaments. It is well to encourage college golf.



F. F. ROLLAND, Canadian Racquet Champion.

Under such an arrangement the U. S. G. A. delegates that met annually would really represent the country, rather than a self-opinionated small bit of it, and they would be in position to legislate intelligently and broadly in accordance with the actual necessities of the game.

PRIZES are growing too valuable for the wholesome well-being of golf, despite the statements to the contrary of several club delegates. There is a distinct upward tendency in the matter of prize-valuation, and any one who denies it simply publishes his ignorance or his endorsement. For certainly two years this has been apparent to the most casual follower of club tournaments and match play.

Match play in particular requires severe handling by the U. S. G. A.; the rules are not strict enough in the first place, and in the second a man may just about do as he pleases. So long as he does not interfere with any one's game or rights, or is not too successful, he may play for whatever he and his match-partner agree upon, and nobody will challenge his privilege.

If you ask a U. S. G. A. official how this happens, he will declare the U. S. G. A. no "police board," and refer you to the club for enlightenment. You inquire at the club, and you will be told that it is not the business of club, but of the U. S. G. A., to enforce its rules. Meantime the match-making goes on.

The misunderstanding between the U. S. G. A. and the clubs in this respect is confusing and harmful, but the Association is the more culpable. It has always been vague in the matter of amateur definitions, and timid in enforcing what excellent provisions it has. There were abundant transgressions of U. S. G. A. rules in '98 — and not a man called to account. This jolly-good-fellow manner of governing sport is not satisfying, and it will not answer for golf any longer.

RULES, brief and unequivocal, must be made by the Association, touching value of prizes and match-playing for money, that the clubs may not have the excuse of inadequate instruction. There should be no confusion as to duty in enforcing such rules. It is absurd for the U. S. G. A., in its post-prandial discussions—which just about describes its annual legislative meeting—to excuse itself from unpleasant diligence by deciding it has no control over the clubs. It is an extraordinary constitution which does not give an association control of its members.

The U. S. G. A., of course, has the right to set the value of a prize which may be given in an amateur tournament; to prohibit match-playing for money, or for prizes of greater value than the sum fixed; and it has the power to suspend from tournaments held under its auspices any player who disobeys its rules.

The U. S. G. A. may not fancy the idea of a "police board," but precisely that is needed in every organization governing sport, and none needs it more than the U. S. G. A.

Turning over every matter to the "executive committee" "with power" is lazy but harmful.

S. J. Montgomery. "Father Bill" Curtis, Pres. National Association. Frank P. Good, Champion '89. George D. Phillips, Champion '90, '92, '93, '94, '95, '97. Louis Rubenstein, Champion '98, '99.



W. W. Arnold. Howard R. Ward. A. G. Keane, Champion '98, '99. Irving Brokaw. A. G. Stevens.

CONTESTANTS FOR AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, 1899.

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There should be various committees to see that the clubs do enforce the rules, and to give intelligent instruction when it is sought.

I advise the U. S. G. A. to have a watchful eye on these hotel tournaments. Perhaps some of that "executive committee" have heard of the scandals which resulted a few years ago from hotel baseball with college players as the attraction. If they have not, it will be wise for them to look them up and study cause and effect carefully.

NOTHING was done at the meeting last week, I note, to enlighten us as to the precise meaning intended by "athletic organization" as used in Section 10 of the U. S. G. A. by-laws.

We wait to learn, too, what is meant by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf," as used in the same section.

I disclaim criticism when I write that certainly enlightenment is owing the many friends of golf who are honestly at a loss for the real meaning of this wording.

REFORM is desirable so long as it does not become fanatical; but when loosed from deliberate judgment and urged impulsively, the general harm done is often much more serious to the sport than the amount accomplished for good. To reach a given evil, immature college legislators often propose remedies more menacing than the disease. Fortunately the common-sense at bottom in the average American character usually comes to the rescue before too late.

In my opinion, it would have been a mistake to amend the Inter-collegiate A. A. A.'s constitution so as to forbid Freshmen who had won inter-scholastic honors from competing in the inter-collegiate track athletic championships until they had resided one calendar year at the college represented. It is true that recruiting among the schools is done by some college athletic managers—and they should be expelled and disgraced as rapidly as discovered—but so sweeping a rule was a most offensive imputation on the preparatory schools generally.

There are too many rules. Nothing is lacking in the present letter of the law to keep sport healthful; it is a wholesome spirit at the recruiting colleges that is wanting. This hedging boys about with rules upon rules is sickening to the sportsman's heart, and not at all necessary, I am confident. It is like hanging up a "danger" sign before an exhibit at the bench show—the dog may have the best disposition in the world, but every one views him for a vicious brute and keeps away.

REQUIRING one year's residence as earnest of *bona fides* from a Freshman entering from another college was wise and healthful legislation—but why increase to two years? I cannot see that anything is gained for wholesome sport thereby. On the contrary, I believe it will direct that abhorrent recruiting force toward the schools.

If a student has represented a college in any inter-collegiate track meeting in which more than three colleges or universities participate and has won a point—a point meaning first, second, or third place—in any event, he shall not be eligible to represent any other college he may hereafter attend in the inter-collegiate meeting until he shall have resided two calendar years at the college or university he represents, and has passed an annual examination or two full years' work. This amendment not to be retroactive, but affecting only those who enter college after the date of the adoption of this amendment.

The best thing done by the delegates to the Inter-collegiate A. A. A. at the annual meeting last Saturday was the appointment of a faculty committee:

The president of the association, immediately after his election, shall appoint a faculty committee of four, a member being designated from its faculty by each of the four universities or colleges making the highest scores in points at the previous annual field meeting.

If there is one thing more than another the Association has always sorely needed it is a balance-wheel—and a little mature counsel to temper its discussions.

The most distasteful feature of collegiate track athletics—and the one direction in which nearly all past scandals, so far as the Inter-collegiate A. A. A. is concerned, have arisen—was entirely ignored: viz., attendance at club-training tables by college athletes.

Has the Inter-collegiate Association nothing to say on the subject of college athletes boarded and lodged, free of expense, by athletic clubs for several weeks at a time in preparation for the club's games?

I should say that such men were making their summer's keep out of their athletic skill, and thereby forfeited their amateur standing.

Mayhap the Inter-collegiate Association has no time for such trifling discrepancies—it is too busy hanging danger signals around the school-boys!

If the supply does not run out, perhaps the rule manufacturers will also take up the kindergartens. No doubt there are some babes in attendance simply waiting for time and opportunity to launch upon iniquitous athletic careers!

JUDGING by the play in the championship doubles tournament, held last week in the courts of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, it will be several years before the average form in doubles equals the average skill in singles. The chief reason for the present marked difference is inferiority of team-play—so essential to good partnership work. In any game this is of course attained only by long practice, and in none is the absence of it more fatal than in racquets, where the play is so fast, and the penalty so heavy for failure of either man to equal the requirements of his position.

And yet, considering it was the first doubles tournament in the American history of the game, the showing last week was by no means poor. In fact, there was some exceedingly brilliant play by the Boston champions, and all of the New York teams were steady and workmanlike, Paton and Mackay especially so.

Philadelphia put forth only one of its two pairs entered, and they showed very fair form against their New York opponents, though revealing comparative inexperience, especially in play around the court. One of Canada's two pairs also withdrew, so the tournament, as in the singles championship the preceding week in New York, resolved itself into a contest between Boston and New York—and again Boston proved the winner.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting struggle of the week was that between the Blakes and Perkins and La Montagne, and on this occasion, at least, New York furnished the winners. The pairs were very evenly matched, and from first to last the playing was close and exciting. Indeed, it provided the only real excitement of the tournament. The Blakes for periods perhaps performed more brilliantly, but the steadier work, and particularly the placing of the New-Yorkers, counted in the long-run, and they won strictly on the merit of their play.

The defeat of Perkins and La Montagne by Shaw and Hunnewell was a foregone conclusion, and while the veteran New York pair was outclassed, it must be said they made a better showing against their younger and more brilliant opponents than had been expected for them.

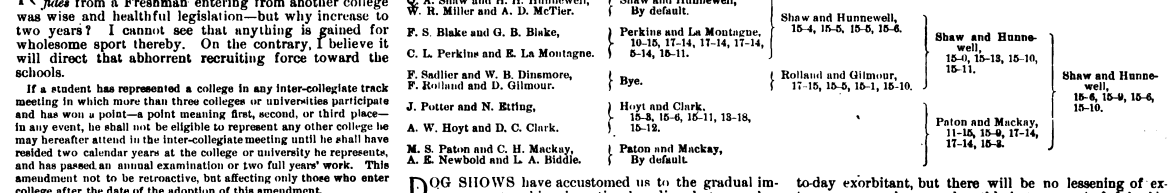
The surprise of the week may be said to have been the ease with which Shaw and Hunnewell defeated the Canadians Rolland and Gilmour in the semi-finals. Although Gilmour is not so strong a player as McTier, who seemed to be the more suitable partner for Rolland, nevertheless it was thought the real struggle of the week would be between these pairs. Yet the match turned out to be very one-sided. Shaw made the remarkable score of 20 aces on service without losing his hand, and the American pair, in fact, played all around the Canadians.

After the consistently brilliant work Shaw and Hunnewell showed during the tournament, none fancied Paton and Mackay to have a chance for even a game in the finals—and so it resulted. The Boston men are peculiarly fitted by their respective styles to make a strong pair—and they entirely equalled expectations.

The feature of the week was the exhibition match between Shaw and the Boston professional Pettit on one side, and Hunnewell and the New York professional Standing on the other—in short, the best four players in America. It resulted in superb racquets, with Shaw showing the best service, and Standing the most skilful placing. Shaw and his partner won, scoring in six games 75 points to their opponents 69.

APROPOS of the suggestion to introduce racquets at our colleges, I shall be happy to secure plans or furnish any detailed information concerning the construction of courts. Should the idea find favor among university men, this department will, if other central deposit is wanting, open a subscription list for each university, and take charge of such moneys as are forwarded by their respective alumni.

AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1899 IN RACQUET DOUBLES, HELD IN COURTS OF PHILADELPHIA RACQUET CLUB, FEBRUARY 21-25.



DOG SHOWS have accustomed us to the gradual improvement making in native breeding, but none has exhibited such practical results as that of the Westminster Kennel Club last week at the Madison Square Garden.

Perhaps this was more evident in the various types of sporting dogs—setters, pointers, retrievers, Irish and fox terriers—than in others.

Ten years ago some of these types, purely bred, were curiosities; now there are clubs devoted solely to their development, and the types we see are of highest quality. Moreover, the native American product has, in a great many cases, turned out to be superior to the English importation.

In other years there have been importations of noted dogs, but this year's new arrivals eclipse, in point of number and quality, the showing of any previous year.

First and foremost of this year's new dogs is G. M. Carnochan's phenomenal wire-haired fox-terrier Go Bang, representing an investment of three thousand dollars, which carried off all honors at the show. Claude Duval, shown by Mr. Raper of England, did equally well in the smooth-coated variety, and finally was sold to Mr. Carnochan for fifteen hundred dollars. John Lorillard Arden, for three thousand dollars brought from England, perhaps the most perfect dog of any breed, Clonmel Marvel, the Airedale terrier; and with Clonmel Veracity and Clonmel Sensation introduced to our countrymen the grandest trio of these terriers to be found in all the world.

J. Pierpont Morgan's new importations, Ormskirk Galopin, Balgreggie Hope, and Beacon Betty, were the centre of an ever-admiring throng of collie-fanciers, and the new blood thus added to his kennels makes them perhaps the most notable in the world. Great Danes were out in large numbers and first quality, while that wonderful mastiff Black Peter carried off the blue ribbon.

Frank J. Gould's exhibit of magnificent St. Bernards took premier honors, while in pointers George Jay Gould showed remarkable specimens.

IN bull-dogs, Joel Rustic went down before Glenwood Queen for the first of either sex in the show, and here again England's first had to be content with a second prize. The French bull-dog classes, with forty-nine entries, formed one of the show's features. In the toy-spaniel and toy-terrier classes the choicest specimens were on exhibition. Like the Airedale terrier, the Pomeranian has come to stay, and one more breed is added to our long list of canine favorites.

From eight hundred entries in 1877, the Westminster Kennel Club's show has enlarged to over two thousand, and with the increase has come the gradual yet lasting education of our people in the various breeds of dogs.

Nowadays only the choicest specimens are sought, and grand specimens fetch very long prices, some reaching even as high as three thousand dollars. As women have become exhibitors of horses, so they have also of high-bred dogs, and it is no longer unusual to see them handling their own dogs in the judging-ring and winning honors. At one time the showing and owning of dogs of high degree was a fad, but that has passed, and in its stead have come proper understanding and a genuine love of them.

ALBION, a Methodist college of Michigan, has recently adopted a new and, to my mind, most wholesome method for the government of its athletics. It certainly contains some features that commend themselves to smaller colleges, East and West.

There has always been a rather confused state of affairs among the smaller collegiate institutions of Michigan as regards athletics since first the various branches of sport attracted attention. At present in Michigan an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, including all the colleges of importance save the State University, holds an annual field day, and promotes a series of games in football and baseball for the championship of the State—the State University omitted.

This association has devoted itself chiefly to track athletics, and its accomplishments in elevating the tone of sport have been inconsiderable. There is a sort of faculty supervisory board connected with the organization, but it has not been prominent; its grasp of the ethics of amateur sport is obviously uncertain. All but the Michigan Agricultural College and State Normal School are denominational institutions, and there is a strong undercurrent of faculty opposition and lack of sympathy with all forms of college sport.

PARTICULARLY true was this at Albion, and I am the more pleased, therefore, to see its faculty this year begin to realize something of its duty in meeting the question. In brief, the system just introduced by vote of the faculty and the students is one to tax all students three dollars, when they pay their fee each term, to support the athletics of the college.

The money thus raised is to be expended under the supervision of a board of faculty and student representation. Admission fee at games is consequently abolished. Excellent plans both.

The matter of admission fees has not yet played so important a part in the West as it has in the East in connection with the big college games. But it is bound to do so the more the big games at Chicago attract public notice.

It seems to me, as often suggested here, that the path to a rational course in the matter of expenditure in college sport lies through a uniform lower admission fee than that which now obtains.

The cost of maintaining football and baseball teams is to-day exorbitant, but there will be no lessening of extravagance so long as the athletic treasury is fed by big gate receipts. The average mortal is loath deliberately to throw aside the chance of making a dollar, but I am convinced the health of college sport would be conserved by diminished gate receipts and a moderation of the business atmosphere that envelopes present-day athletics.

DETAILED results in the amateur figure-skating championship for '99, recently decided in New York:

Plain Forward and Backward Skating in Various Ways—Irving Brokaw, St. Nicholas Skating Club, 5 points; Arthur G. Keane, New York A. C., 4 points; Howard R. Ward, St. Nicholas Skating Club, 3 points; A. G. Stevens, St. John, New Brunswick, 2 points; W. W. Arnold, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, 1 point.

Outside Edge Roll, Forward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 5; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Ward, 5; Keane, 4; Brokaw, 4; Stevens, 3; Arnold, 0.

Inside Edge Roll, Forward—Brokaw, 5; Keane, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold 1.

Figure Eight on One Foot, Forward—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 4; Ward, 3; Stevens, 2; Arnold, 1. Backward—Keane, 4; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2; Arnold, 1.

Cross Roll—Forward, in field and eights, single and double circles—Keane, 5; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2. Backward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 1.

Change of Edge Roll, Forward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1. Backward—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 3; Ward, 2.

Spread-Eagle on Inside and Outside Edges—Brokaw, 3; Keane, 2; Ward, 2.

Curved Angles: threes, single, double, chain, and flying, beginning on inside or outside edge—Keane, 3; Ward, 2; Brokaw, 1. Rocking turns, forward and backward—Ward, 3; Keane, 2; Brokaw, 1. Crosscuts or anvils—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Grape-vines, Philadelphia Twist—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 2.

Toe and Heel Movements—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Single and Double Flat-foot Spins, Cross-foot and Two-foot Whirls—Keane, 3; Brokaw, 2; Ward, 1.

Total scores, Keane 62, Brokaw 58, Ward 39.

GYMNASTIC competitions have, up till now, been matters of dual arrangement solely, and Princeton and Yale have long excelled in this character of work by annual exhibitions that are exceedingly entertaining, not to say instructive. But this winter an inter-collegiate meet is to be inaugurated under the auspices of the New York University, in its gymnasium, March 24.

Apart from first, second, and third places being given in six events—rings, horizontal and parallel bars, tumbling, club-swinging, and the horse—an all-round championship cup will also be presented the contestant making the largest aggregate score. We may tolerate the word champion in this kind of contest, or where the question is one of individual superiority.

The more the athletic work of the undergraduate is diversified, the better for his development and sporting equilibrium. On that account, as well as for the suggested benefit to gymnastics, which have their excellent place, the meeting should be generously supported.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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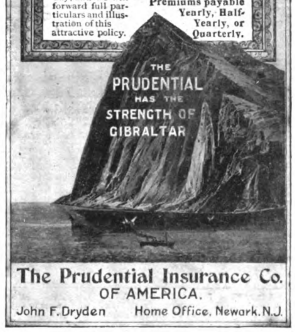
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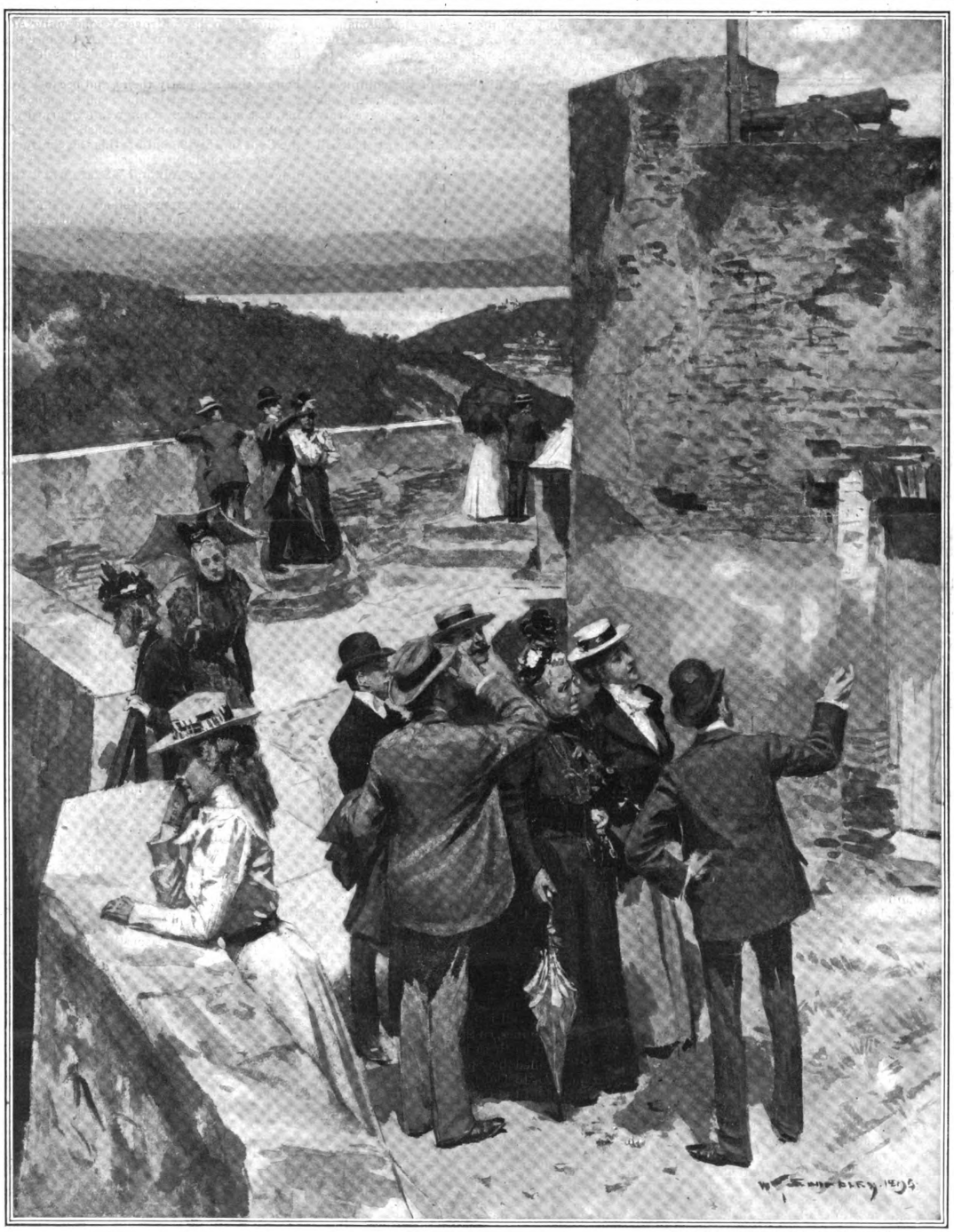
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The Fifty-fifth Congress

IT has not been expected of late years that Congress would advance the public welfare, and the Congress which came to an end on the 4th of March has been no exception to the rule. It is entitled, however, to primacy in wrong-doing, in general incompetency, in reckless extravagance, in disregard of obvious duties, in absolute failure to meet its responsibilities.

The members of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress were elected in 1896, when President McKINLEY was also elected. The Republican members—or most of them—won their places on the sound-money issue. They have failed, however, to fulfil the promise made for them by their party. The President called the Congress to meet in extraordinary session on March 15, 1897, for the purpose of passing a tariff law that should increase the burdens of consumers and further enrich the socialistic beneficiaries of the protective system. This was the response of the party to the demand of the country for currency legislation, for the Congress is now at an end and not a step has been taken towards the accomplishment of the purpose for which Mr. McKINLEY and a Republican majority of Representatives were chosen by the electors. It is apparent now that the men responsible for the conduct of the administration never intended to keep the promise of the campaign. It obtained the votes necessary to success, and was of no further interest to those who had made it. In place of currency reform, we have had protection and expansion run mad. The DINGLEY law is one of the blessings which the country obtained by the election of 1896. It is the crudest tariff law ever written into the statutes. Its authors—not poor Mr. DINGLEY, but the manufacturers who have profited by its extortions—pretended that it was a revenue measure. Time has answered that falsehood, for the act has failed to raise the revenue necessary for the ordinary expenditures of the government. For the calendar year ending December 31, 1898, the customs revenue was less than it was in the fiscal year 1890 by $47,000,000, and the total revenue was less by $21,000,000.

This Congress is also responsible for the war and its consequences. There may or may not have been occasion for war with Spain. That question is out of the realm of discussion. But it was Congress which compelled it, and which is also responsible for its evils. It forced the President into the conflict, and gave him $50,000,000 to expend without limit or direction. Then it declined to give him an adequate army. It preferred untrained volunteers. Why it did so was soon apparent, for the ink on the President's signature to the army bill was hardly dry before his own and Secretary ALGER'S anterooms were filled with Senators and Representatives seeking commissions for their relatives and favorites, as well as contracts for their constituents. The wretched story of the appointment of officers to the volunteer service has not been half told. Young men were placed in positions where the lives of better men were at their mercy, without any examination as to their capacity, or even after they had failed to pass an examination. Officers of the staff corps, who had been trained in staff service, exerted their influence with Congressmen to obtain commands in the field. Their vacancies were filled by other favorites who had had no military experience or training of any kind, some of whom were worse than worthless by reason of their profligacy. The brave and accomplished officers and the trained men of the regular establishment were sacrificed in order that the favorites of Congressmen might disgrace a uniform at the expense of men who adorned it. This was the manner in which the Fifty-fifth Congress prepared for the war which it had compelled. As the war went on, the influence of politics continued to be felt in the army. All efforts to establish a proper regular force were defeated. At the same time, and while they were shouting for expansion, in the face of their declaration that the war was not to be a war of aggrandizement, Congressmen insisted that the volunteer regiments should be discharged. The "boys" wanted to get back home. They found the tropics hot, uncomfortable, and unhealthy. The politicians in Congress were their friends, and they besieged the President to obtain from him the dismissal of the troops whose acceptance as soldiers of the war they had demanded only a few months before. Even when the HULL bill was before the Senate, and when it was believed that it could not be passed, Senators continued to insist on the discharge of the volunteers. Finally the compromise measure was adopted—the crudest, most dangerous, and most expensive army bill that ever passed Congress; and if the conduct of this Congress is indicative of the spirit that will prevail in future Congresses, no army bill will ever pass which does not contain a sufficient bribe for Congressional votes, in the form of commissions for ignorant and inexperienced youth.

The Congress which dealt thus with the army when the country's welfare demanded an efficient force did better by the navy. The politician who does not know on which side his sword ought to hang may feel himself competent to command a regiment, or a brigade, or even a division, but he is likely to be doubtful as to a ship. He knows that he is not familiar with steam and electricity. He thinks of the art of navigation as of an occult science. And he may have had unpleasant hours upon the rolling and upsetting seas. Nevertheless, in the last session he did his best to injure this service also. Congress postponed the passage of the needed personnel bill until the last moment, and then authorized the President to thrust some civilians into the list of officers. Finally, acceding to the proposition that the navy needed more ships, and especially battle-ships and armored cruisers, it pretended to authorize the building of both, but really prevented the construction of either by limiting the price to be paid for armor to a sum for which the steel-makers refuse to supply it.

Finally the closing hours of the session came, and these Congressmen, who eagerly shouted the government into a war which has already cost the country $483,000,000, who had obtained for their constituents places and offices, and contracts for pork, beef, and transportation, who had made out of the war all that there was in it for them, were so busy passing other measures, in which there was more "pork," that they forgot the heroes of the war, and permitted the bills for their promotion and reward to fall. The old pension agent had not been forgotten, nor the public buildings, nor the hungry rivers and harbors, but the soldiers and sailors who had fought at El Caney and at San Juan, and who had put an end to the war by destroying CERVERA'S fleet—all these were forgotten; for there was absolutely nothing that Congressmen could make for themselves or their strikers by simply formulating the gratitude of the country into laws that would comfort the declining days of the heroes who had borne the brunt of the conflict.

The war had put upon the country duties and responsibilities which were for Congress to perform and assume. Hawaii had been annexed, Puerto Rico and the Philippines were about to be ceded, Cuba was under our temporary control. Congress is charged with the task of providing governments and laws for the Territories of the United States. But not a law was passed nor a government established. The President was made temporary despot in Hawaii by a resolution, but no government at all is provided for Puerto Rico or for the Philippines, so that every act performed by the President in these islands, after the treaty of peace is ratified by Spain, must be an act of usurpation. As to Cuba, it would be difficult to say by what right the President and his troops are there to-day. Congress has thrust much responsibility upon the President, but it has denied him the necessary means with which to meet it. It has deliberately abandoned the new possessions to anarchy or a usurped dictatorship, because it either had not the intelligence to meet the emergency, or was so much interested in grabbing plunder and in working for subsidies, that it was indifferent to the interests both of the United States and of the people over whom we have assumed at least temporary government.

Considering all the burdens imposed by the war, it might have been supposed that Congress would practise economy in other directions. But the appropriations made by the Fifty-fifth Congress, excluding the war expenses, which amount thus far, as we have stated, to $483,000,000, exceed those of the Fifty-fourth Congress by $40,000,000. It has been the most extravagant, as well as the most inefficient and indifferent, Congress which ever sat in the seats of our law-makers.

Is there any hope of a better Congress? We trust so most sincerely, and we believe so too, for the thought of a continuance of such ignorance, incompetency, and indifference to the public weal, in the face of responsibilities to which our existing politicians are evidently unable to rise, would be disheartening.

IT becomes necessary to return regretfully for a moment to the controversy concerning Admiral SAMPSON and Admiral SCHLEY, because the conduct of the latter and his friends has deprived all the officers of the fleet in the West Indies of the honors that are justly theirs, and because Admiral SCHLEY'S statement to the Senate committee demands some notice. Congress adjourned without acting upon the promotions made as rewards for the fight of July 3, and for this the controversy is largely responsible. Indeed, it is because of the injustice done to Admiral SAMPSON and the captains that the controversy was ever worth pursuing. Admiral SCHLEY'S defence was said, by those who were determined to say so in any event, to be a fair, straightforward, convincing statement. On the contrary, it was disingenuous, weak, and convincing of nothing but that its writer was bent on avoiding the issue. This defence turns on a personal letter written by Admiral SAMPSON to SCHLEY on May 20. It was charged by SCHLEY'S friends that the department had concealed this letter, but it turns out that SAMPSON had not kept a copy of it, and that the department had had no knowledge of it until SCHLEY himself handed it in three days after Secretary LONG'S first statement to the Senate had been written. Moreover, this private letter contained nothing of importance that may not be found in an official letter, from SAMPSON to SCHLEY, dated May 19, which is published with the other official despatches in the Appendix of the Bureau of Navigation. Assuming, however, that the letter of the 20th was an order that SCHLEY remain at Cienfuegos, a subsequent order, that of the 21st, rescinded that order, and directed SCHLEY to proceed at once to Santiago. In SCHLEY'S statements are two obvious errors. One is that Captain SIGSBEE told him that he did not believe that CERVERA was at Santiago. This has been set right by SIGSBEE. Another is that on the morning of the 3d of July SCHLEY signalled, "Clear ship for action." This must be an error, for at that time all the ships had been cleared for action for weeks. It remains the fact that SCHLEY did not obey his orders to go at once to Santiago; that, once there, he also disobeyed his orders to maintain a strict blockade, since he kept at a safe distance off the harbor by day and fled from twenty-five to twenty-eight miles every night; that he started to go to Key West, contrary to orders; and that while he was in command CERVERA might have escaped at any time. Secretary LONG has greatly complicated the question by promoting SCHLEY for honors. Now that the latter is a rear-admiral by action of the personnel law, the only thing that the President can do to right the wrong to SAMPSON and the captains is to recommend that SAMPSON be made a vice-admiral and to renew the promotions of the captains. It is beyond dispute that SAMPSON'S plans and his blockade resulted in destroying CERVERA'S fleet, thus putting an end to the war. It is also beyond dispute that he was in command of his fleet, for the reason that he was within signalling distance. We are sure that Admiral SCHLEY would willingly see SAMPSON put over him if he could thereby regain the place he has lost in the regard and esteem of his fellow-officers.

ONE of the striking facts, perhaps the most striking fact, in connection with the memorable dinner to Mr. SCHURZ, was the fine Americanism of the speeches, especially that expressed by the distinguished guest of the occasion. Mr. SCHURZ is not a pessimist. On the contrary, he is among the most optimistic of men. He believes in the republic, in its institutions, in its purposes, in its future. He has no sympathy with those who have lost faith in the American people, and his career and the noble speech which he made to those who celebrated his seventieth birthday are fine examples to the men who are eager to abandon American principles, to turn their backs upon the fathers and their institutions, in order to imitate the costly failures of Europe in the business of expansion and colonization.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston is trying to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a bill prohibiting the display of posters and advertising signs in the neighborhood of the public parks. The city of Boston and the commonwealth of Massachusetts have between them spent about $26,000,000 for public recreation-grounds situated within fifteen miles of the Boston State House. A considerable proportion of this money has been spent for scenery, and it is the sentiment of the individuals and organizations who are urging the adoption of the measure stated that the people of the city and State are justified in demanding that the landscape which they have laid in at such large expense shall not be mutilated and disfigured by advertisements. To the general reader their position must seem reasonable, but their bill is sterely opposed by a bill-poster who proposes to put up his boards opposite the park entrances, and he is trying to marshal against it the fence and tree advertisers, so it is not certain at this writing that the bill will pass.

It would be a great relief if the whole swarm of landscape advertisers, and a large proportion of their bill-sticking brethren, could be brought to see the offensiveness of their ways and forsake their obnoxious calling. Public resentment against them is not nearly so strong as it should be. We have got so used to the encroachments of these wretches with their cards, and tin signs, and posters, and painted exhortations, that we take their audacious trespassings too much as a matter of course. A weekly paper of good standing in New York, which would doubtless refuse to publish any advertisement which it believed to be offensive to morals, was lately printing the invitation of some vandal who calls for agents to sell his particular ware, and to promote its distribution by tacking his sign on the trees and posts in their neighborhood. Think of the seared conscience of an advertiser who thus proclaims his infamous intentions! There is a law in New York State against desecrating trees and landscapes by advertisements without consent of the owner, but it does little good, partly because it is seldom enforced, partly because the average owner is prone to consent.

There has been some recent grumbling in New York about the great excess of street-car advertising, and especially as to the bill-boards and signs with which the thrifty Elevated railroad has clogged and disfigured its stations. These things are clearly subject to regulation by law, and may get attention, especially as it is so fashionable just now to attend to the Elevated. In the street cars in all cities available space is so engrossed by paid advertisements that the necessary notices of the companies that operate the lines have to be pasted on the windows, to the grievous limitation of the passengers' right to look out upon the passing street.

There is altogether too much enterprise in the railroad, placard, poster, and handbill advertising business, and altogether too little regard for human rights. The eye has as reasonable a right to be protected against ruthless and unnecessary offence as the ear and the nose. Some time when this important truth has been brought home to boards of health there may be changes for the better.

BUFFALO is to have $500,000 for her fair from her Uncle Samuel, and $300,000 from the State of New York. Uncle Sam, having constitutional or other scruples about giving his money outright, is to have the spending of it himself, but it is all to go into the fair in the form of a government exhibit. The $300,000 subscribed by the State neither satisfies Buffalo's cravings nor affects her hopes of getting more. She welcomes it as a good beginning, and trusts that the State, having made so good a start, will do still better next year.

Buffalo has not yet applied for a special issue of pan-American postage-stamps, or for any variations of the coinage in her favor, but of course she will. Let it be coins this time. The big placard postage-stamps are tiresome and unhealthy to lick, whereas a nice set of coins with scenes from Buffalo's history would be welcome to every one. There are plenty of available scenes—the Opening of the Hamburg Canal, Good-enough Morgan crossing the Niagara River, Millard Fillmore's Triumphant Return, Grover Cleveland's Triumphant Departure; these and many other incidents of striking historical interest could be appropriately delineated on a Buffalo silver dollar.

At this writing the fair is wrestling with the Sunday question, and at last accounts the Senate at Albany had voted to allow the art and educational departments to keep open on the Lord's day.

INASMUCH as the late Congress gave us so little to be thankful for in the matter of naval promotions, there is the more reason to rejoice that it managed to reward Admiral Dewey. Under the act of March 2 creating the rank of Admiral, the President nominated him for that rank, and the Senate promptly confirmed the nomination. So now he is Admiral Dewey, ranking officer of the navy, entitled to fly a blue flag with four stars on it, to wear as much gold lace on his uniform as he can carry, and to draw from $13,000 to $14,500 a year as long as he lives. This is much bigger pay than any other officer of the navy or army at present receives, since it exceeds the remuneration a grateful country accords to General Miles by about $6000. There have been only two American Admirals before Dewey. The grade was created for Farragut, and Porter succeeded to it. After Porter's death it lapsed, and is now revived to express a sentiment of national appreciation to which there is practically no dissent.

IT is not yet entirely clear why the nomination of Congressman Barrows to be Librarian of the Congressional Library failed to be confirmed. The Senate committee to which it was referred disapproved it, and there was so good a prospect that the Senate would reject the nomination that it was allowed to lapse without being voted on. Mr. Barrows was criticised for over-activity in his own interest, and for that or some other reason his chief backers seemed to grow lukewarm. The appointment was again offered to him by the President after Congress had adjourned, but he declined it on the ground that he could not do justice to the Library without the hearty support of the Senate. It is said that the next Congress may be induced to raise the salary of the place, and that then it may be possible to secure the services of Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Library. If the defeat of Mr. Barrows should lead to the appointment of a more experienced person, we shall be reconciled to it, but the possibility of going farther and faring worse warrants considerable disquietude among those who are anxious that the management of the National Library should be in thoroughly competent hands.

THE bills now before the State Legislature to free the Gerry Society from the supervision of the State Board of Charities are of much interest. The Gerry Society, more formally known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, does a great deal of good, and is very favorably regarded. But it is intrusted with extraordinary powers, which are liable to abuse; and when its powers are abused, or exercised in cases in which interference is not fully warranted, great hardships result, which are very hard to remedy. Its agents may arrest any person who seems to them to offend against the statute which defines cruelty to children, may take from its parents any child which they believe to be subject to improper treatment, go with it before a magistrate, and apply to have it committed to their charge. Once the child is committed, nothing but a difficult and expensive legal process avails to restore it to its parents. The Gerry agents are most useful, and no informed person will disparage the importance of their work, or grudge to the society that employs them the authority necessary to carry out its lawful purposes. But the Gerry agents are human and make mistakes, and it is not quite clear why the society should be relieved of the moderate degree of supervision that is felt to be wholesome for all the other charitable institutions of the State. If Mr. Gerry argues that he and his society can do no wrong, the ready answer is that we know better. On the whole, it is a satisfaction to remember that if these bills pass the Legislature, as seems likely, they will come under the eye of a Governor who is particularly well qualified to judge of their expediency, and who will not sign them unless they commend themselves to his conscientious judgment.

THE public mind is pretty much relieved at last about Mr. Kipling, albeit the death of his daughter has touched with sadness a rejoicing that is affectionately sincere. There was a general hope and a desire most eager, though not destined to be fulfilled, that he and his wife might take home no association of lasting sadness with this country.

MR. JOHN M. COOK, who died in London on March 3, was the inventor of the irrepressible and omnipresent Cook's tourist, and the head of the house that for half a century has promoted the peregrinations of inquisitive travellers. Since the days of Peter the Hermit there has been no man whose incitements have been so potent as Mr. Cook's to induce folks to leave comfortable homes and wander over the face of Europe. It is interesting to read that he finally came to what must be regarded as a fitting and glorious end. He had lived by the tourist; he finally died by him. A reputation based on a record of extraordinary efficiency in the care and transportation of wilful nomads finally brought him the opportunity of conducting the Emperor of Germany from Berlin to Jerusalem. He took the job, after some haggling, on his own terms, and accomplished it. It was the greatest undertaking of the sort ever handled, and brought Mr. Cook the applause of mankind and the order of the Golden Crown of Prussia. But it was his crowning achievement. The twenty-seven pashas, with seventy-nine attendants, who unexpectedly hooked on to the imperial party at Constantinople, necessitated feats of provision and management which, though successfully performed, proved too great a strain on powers impaired by age. The Emperor made his trip, changed his plans every day, and got safely back to Berlin. Mr. Cook received his congratulations and sat down to rest. But it seems that his strength did not return. We are told that he never went to his office after the conclusion of the Emperor's tour, and a month ago he formally retired from business. His fame, however, is secure, and the future historian may discuss whether, after all, it wasn't a bigger job to carry the German imperialties and the twenty-seven supplementary pashas to Jerusalem than to steer 25,000 able-bodied soldiers across the desert to Khartum.

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, who died in Brooklyn on March 4, was best known as the artificer of pictures of children poor in raiment and this world's goods, but rich in imagination and highly gifted in language. These pictures by Woolf have been familiar for the last fifteen years or more in the American illustrated papers and magazines. They were comic pictures, but with a streak of pathos in them, and in their endless variety they never grew stale. The expression of grandiloquent sentiments in high-flown periods came natural to Woolf's waifs, for their creator's early calling was the stage. He was born in London sixty-two years ago, came to America when a lad of twelve, and in his youth was an actor in Philadelphia. Some of his first drawings appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, to which he contributed several cartoons at the time of the fight against Tweed, and later in the Hayes-Tilden campaign. Personally he was a kind and genial man, who is affectionately remembered by those with whom he came in contact.

A MEMBER of the Women's Christian Temperance Union sends to the WEEKLY, from Providence, a fervent remonstrance against the "ill-natured things" which sometimes appear on this page about that society. The burden of her letter is that drunkenness is a great mischief and causes profound distress, and that therefore decent people ought not to criticise an organization "which is working to stamp out the evil of intemperance."

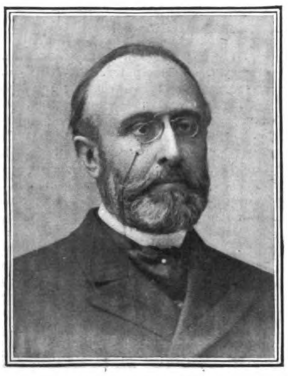
No one doubts that the W. C. T. U.'s aims are good, and not many persons doubt that its influence is valuable. It is a great organization, with an active conscience, and abounding in energy. Its general purpose is the promotion of temperance, purity, and righteousness. But one may sympathize with its general aims, and yet dissent often from the means it uses to promote them. One may realize all the miseries and disadvantages of drunkenness and yet fail to be convinced of the efficacy of prohibition as a preventive of it; one may concede that total abstinence is necessary to the welfare of some persons and expedient for many, without believing that it is a practicable or desirable rule for all; one may believe that a certain amount of instruction about the physiological effects of alcohol on the human system may be good for school-children, and yet realize that there may easily be too much of a good thing, and that school-children may easily be overdosed with anti-alcoholic treatises. One may believe, in brief, that the W. C. T. U. is a valuable force and a useful leaven in the world, and yet be far from persuaded of the wisdom of all its attempts or the strength of all its positions.

It should not look upon all its critics as enemies who want to see it fail. Many of its critics are friends whose bark is largely due to an interest in its welfare. Criticism, and even opposition, can hardly be fatal to any reformatory organization which is really fit to live. What would probably use the W.C.T.U. up quickest would be to have things entirely its own way. If it could come into power, like a political party, pass all the laws it wanted, enforce all the laws it passed, and regulate everybody's habits according to the views of its members, we should see what we should see, but we should not long see the W.C.T.U., for that would pass swiftly out of existence in a tumult of popular execration.

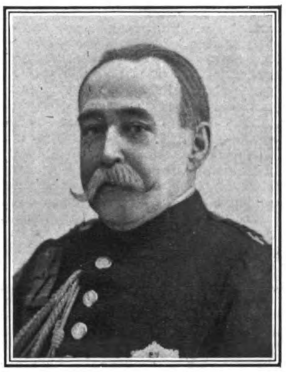
Hence we observe the usefulness of criticism and opposition in keeping the W. C. T. U. alive. It is like all the political parties in being good so long as it does not succeed too much. Every political party that succeeds too much has to be squelched. The over-success of the W.C.T.U. would interfere so much with the personal habits and preferences of so many persons that it would get a much harder setting down than any party of mere politicians. If it is to win us to a belief in temperance induced by prohibition and in purity induced by strait-jackets, it must win us in spite of our outcries and expostulations. A convert that has to be gagged before he will admit conversion will bolt out of the fold the first time the bars are down. The persuasion that lasts is the sort that convinces the remonstrant, not the sort that gags him.

THE amount of temperance instruction administered to the pupils of the public schools in Massachusetts is unsatisfactory to sundry persons, and the legislative committee on education has been hearing the advocates and opponents of a bill to regulate further the prescribed teaching of physiology and hygiene in the public schools by defining more exactly the schools in which they shall be taught, the methods employed, and the text-books used. The first opponent of the bill, heard on February 28, was President Capen of Tufts College, who appeared for the State Board of Education. Denying that the remonstrants whom he represented were in league with the rumsellers, he objected as a teacher and as a parent to the compulsory use in the schools of graded physiological text-books which must give one-fifth of their space to the effects of narcotics and alcoholic drinks. He was against that sort of teaching. "You can't teach a child five years old with a text-book," he said, and declared, too, that the iteration of a thing on the mind of a child day after day makes him abhor it. His protests were supported by others—especially by the Rev. Charles Fleischer, of the Boston School Board, who protested against too much iteration of the same ideas. What the temperance reformers seem to want in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, is to have a certain fixed amount of anti-alcohol and anti-tobacco instruction given to the public-school children in the course of every year of their school life. The general idea of giving this instruction is acceptable to many educators who oppose and resent the laws which seek to override all private judgment of school boards, teachers, and parents in the matter. The desire of the reformers is to create a machine which will teach temperance and morality with the least possible amount of human intervention. The educators doubt the efficiency of such machines, and are sceptical of the possibility of forming character by clock-work.

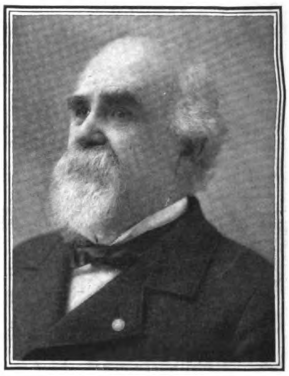
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FRANCISCO SILVELA,
Spain's new Premier.



MARQUÉS DE POLAVIEJA,
Spain's new Secretary of War.



MONROE LELAND HAYWARD,
United States Senator from Nebraska.

The New Spanish Cabinet

THE cry "Down with the Jesuits!" which greeted in the Cortes the new Spanish cabinet, gave pretty nearly the key-note of that cabinet's policy. Its chief, or president, Señor Don Francisco Silvela, was spoken of in the following terms by Emilio Castelar, the greatest statesman of Spain, in an article he wrote quite recently to the Madrid *El Liberal*: "I have to discuss the conduct of Señor D. Francisco Silvela and of Marqués de Polavieja as my political enemies in general; but in the private life they are both my friends, and very good friends; so God forbid that I should offend or illtreat them, thus forgetting their patriotic and correct intentions, and the famous and honorable names they bear. . . All the political tendencies of Señor Silvela are summed up in two—which are ultramontanism and regionalism." A little further on, Castelar, who, after having been a strong radical and president of the ephemeral Spanish republic of 1874, has become a moderate Republican, almost rallied to the constitutional monarchy, says, "Silvela admits himself that he receives his policy and his line of conduct from the Vatican's counsels." The Deputies of the Madrid Cortes who protested against the new cabinet of Silvela by the cry "Down with the Jesuits!" were therefore in unison with the opinion expressed by the moderate and old patriarch of Spanish politics, whose article was written before the accession of Silvela to power.

The two wings of the anti-Liberal army could hardly have found a leader more skilful and able than Señor D. Francisco Silvela, whose talents as a politician and an administrator had been evidenced during his tenure of office as Minister of Gobernacion several years ago. Like Cæsar, Señor Silvela prefers to be the first man in a Spanish village than to be the second at Madrid; and he evidenced this propensity in his relations with Canovas del Castillo, the acknowledged leader for so many years of the Conservative party. Silvela disrupted that party into two factions and placed himself at the head of the ultras, inclined to be more royalists than the King and more clericals than the Pope himself. The formation of that faction often caused great embarrassments to the Conservative ministerial party, and the orthodox Canovists seem not yet to have forgiven Silvela. At the beginning of last January they coldly received him when he delivered a speech at a general meeting of the Conservatives; and more than one of the latter did not stop at declaring Silvela's attitude to be factious. This sentiment explains why he was not generally recognized as leader of the whole Conservative party immediately after the assassination of Canovas by the anarchist Angiolillo. It took nearly two years before the mantle of the murdered statesman could fall upon the shoulders of Silvela; and even now it seems, according to cable despatches, that the Duke of Tetuan, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, with twenty-seven Conservative Senators and Deputies, have decided to oppose the new cabinet and will form a dissident group.

His accession to the Premiership seems, however, to have inspired Señor Silvela with less reactionary ideas than those he entertained formerly. His programme of government is in conformity with the most essential requisites of modern civilization. But all will depend on the manner in which that programme is applied in the practice; and it is to be hoped that the new Premier will not forget entirely that he was at a time a Republican, though a doctrinarian and Catholic Republican. He has surrounded himself, in his cabinet, with men of talent and reputation. Marquis of Villaverde, Minister of Finance, is an able financier, knowing the actual and most pressing wants of unfortunate Spain. He is in favor of an income tax and the recognition and guarantee of the colonial debt. The Minister of War, General Polavieja, has spent his whole life in the army, which he has commanded on the field and as captain-general in Cuba and the Philippines. The Minister of the Interior, Señor Dato, has distinguished himself by his attacks in the Cortes against a municipal council of Madrid which had impaired the public funds. Señor Duran, a Catalan protectionist, and Admiral Gomez Imaz, are respectively Minister of Justice and of the Navy.

F. A.

Senator Hayward

THE election of Judge Hayward, Republican, of Nebraska City, as the successor in the United States Senate of W. V. Allen, Populist, terminated, November 8, a Senatorial contest which had continued for seven weeks, and had been the most stubborn in the history of Nebraska.

Monroe Leland Hayward is a member of a family which has been established in this country since about the middle of the eighteenth century. He was born in Sillsboro, Essex County, New York, December 22, 1840. At the beginning of the civil war he enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Infantry, but was transferred to the Fifth Cavalry, and served with the latter organization until 1862, when he fell sick. Returning to his home, he entered Fort Edwards College and completed the course; then studied law at Whitewater, Wisconsin, and in 1867 settled at Nebraska City, Nebraska, where he has continued to reside and practise his profession. In 1873 he served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and in 1886 was appointed by the Governor to fill out the remainder of a term on the bench. Otherwise he has held no conspicuous offices hitherto. His present success was attained, however, through a recognition of a virtual triumph in the apparent defeat of last autumn, when he was the Republican candidate for the office of Governor, and though he failed of election, cut down the fusion majority from 18,000 to 3000.

Puerto Rico's Cabinet

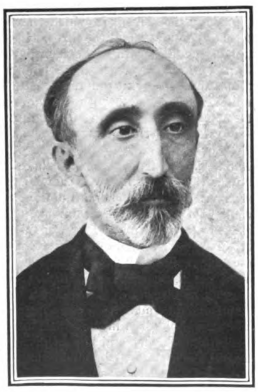
GENERAL HENRY dissolved the Rivera cabinet because of its "incompatibility with American methods"; we may assume therefore that his new assistants—though they represent different professions, and, as their portraits show, different generations—have in common the habit of looking to Washington and New York, rather than to Madrid, for guidance in dealing with New World problems.

The new Secretary of State, Don Francisco de Paula Acuña, was engaged in the practice of the law in Mayaguez from 1862 to 1865. He moved to San Juan after his three years of provincial experience, and in the courts of the capital made an excellent reputation. General Brooke selected him for the office of Attorney of the Supreme Court of Justice. He has been instrumental in stimulating intellectual effort, as the organizer and president of the Literary and Scientific Athenæum and as director of the Economic Society of the Friends of the Country. Upon the installation of the autonomic government, he served as president of the first council.

The Secretary of Justice, Herminio Diaz Navarro, is favorably known for his thorough acquaintance with the laws and institutions of the island. He has occupied judicial positions with credit, and has taken rank as a prominent Liberal. Under the Spanish régime he was twice sent as Representative to the Insular Cámara, and, when Spain granted autonomy to Puerto Rico he was unanimously elected president of that House.

The Secretary of Interior is Don Federico Degetau, author of several novels, tales of travel, and scientific works. In association with Matienzo Cintron, he founded the party of republican principles, first called the "Historic," but now popularly known as the Radical party. A number of American engineers have been assigned to the Department of the Interior, to the end that in future there may actually be internal improvements, and not merely taxation and neglect, as in the past.

Dr. Coll y Toste, Secretary of Finance, is the only member of the lately dissolved cabinet whom General Henry retained. He is the author of a history of Puerto Rico, and (though vowed to the practice of medicine) his devotion to literary and scientific studies has earned for him the sobriquet of "Encyclopædia." His American sympathies are strong; he is opposed to a colonial policy and favors a more intimate union. By conscientious investigations he has brought to light the irregularities of Spanish officials who controlled the finances, and is engaged in the effort to restore order in the affairs of his department.



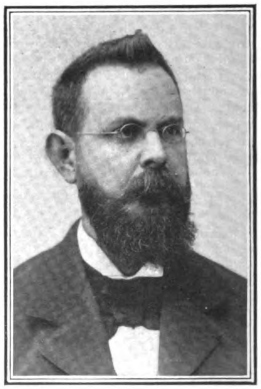
FRANCISCO DE PAULA ACUÑA,
Secretary of State.



HERMINIO DIAZ NAVARRO,
Secretary of Justice.



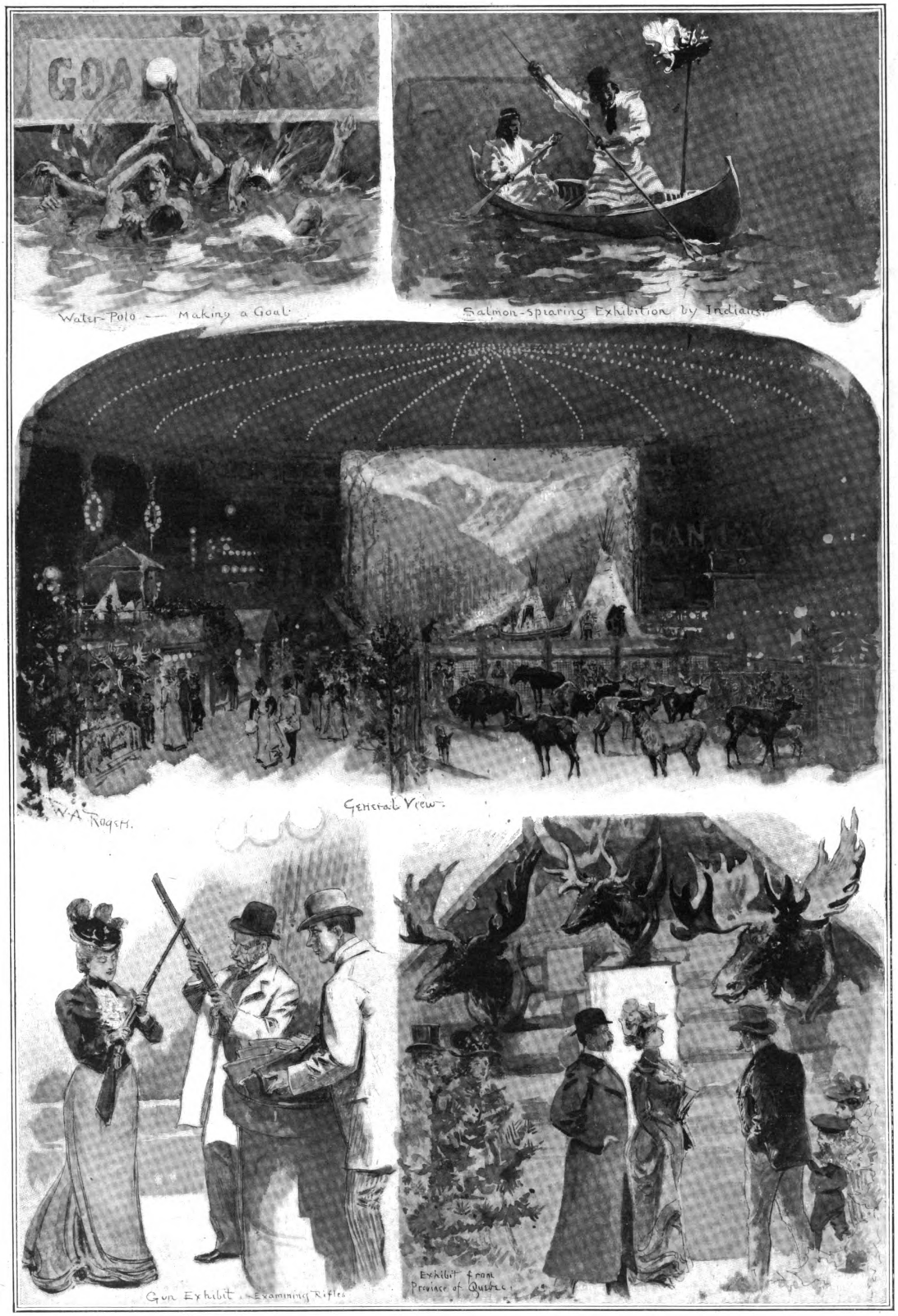
DEGETAU Y GONZALEZ,
Secretary of the Interior.



DR. COLL Y TOSTE,
Secretary of Finance.

NEW PUERTO-RICAN CABINET, APPOINTED BY GENERAL GUY V. HENRY.

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AT THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.

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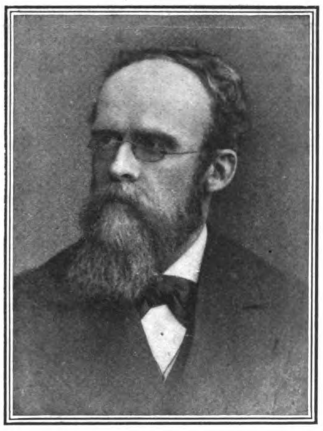
MUSIC

SHALL we confer of operatic matters and things in general yet again? They are inflexible even in their uttermost pulsations, making the most of each moment of their hour with New-Yorkers. Concerts of all kinds confessedly are subject to them. Moreover, these concluding weeks of the Metropolitan's phenomenal season have been marked by incidents of interest, alternately musical and unmusical. The sunny melodiousness of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," Meyerbeer's stately and prolix "Le Prophète" and the first performance of Mancinelli's romantic "Ero e Leandro" (this last novelty, the winter's only one, coming too late for discussion until another issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY) successively have been advertised. "Le Prophète" was sung in French, except as to the chorus parts. It invited the first use here of the original libretto in a long course of years. The production—which hardly could be claimed as a "revival," a word often misused—gave Madame Brema a fine opportunity to show what a powerful singer and actress she can be in other than Wagnerian dramas. Her *Fides* was an uncommon assumption; nobly sung, and tragic throughout in impressiveness. Madame Lehmann, hardly recovered from her illness, made much of the minor rôle of *Bertha*, though her normal flexibility of voice and its full volume were not yet granted to her. Mr. Jean de Reszke is always a poetical *Jean de Leyde*. But he is by no means the peer of Tamagno, whose second best part is met in the Visionary of Munster, with his white robes and dreams, his ambition, and his unfilial denial of his mother. The performance was energetic; but uneven and a poor one spectacularly. "Lohengrin" and "Rigoletto" have been on the bills also. The Nibelungen Tetralogy in a third extra series is now in progress. Next Saturday night ends our season. Therewith Mr. Grau and his tuneful brigade go to Boston for a brief starry sojourn.

"Le Prophète" at the Metropolitan.

The "Nozze di Figaro" evening, when Madame Eames and Madame Sembrich sang the "Sull' ária" Letter Duet and, respectively, their "Dovo sono," and "Deh, vieni" airs, as one hears them sung only by special grace in an opera-goer's whole lifetime, was a reminder that the project of something like a Mozart cyclus has been mooted for next winter. The idea is pleasing. But I fear it is neither practicable nor certain to be paying to the management, even with star casts like those which Mr. Grau probably will offer. Mozart, to begin with, is not really suitable to our large Opera House. In music and action the Mozart operas all beseech restricted—nay, really small—stages. The sense of intimacy between singers and audience is needed, and there must be no straining of ears to

A Possible Mozart Cyclus in 1899–1900.



DR. PAUL KLENGEL,
Conductor of the Liederkranz Society, New York.

listen. Again, a real Mozart cyclus, given as such a thing is given on some of the German stages authoritative in Mozart, would call for more than just the three operas that New York knows best and most affectionately, to wit, "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." To make what is a German Mozart cyclus at Vienna or Carlsruhe, or such as occurs in Dresden or Munich, the management should start out with "Idomeneus"; and included with the other works perhaps ought to appear the lively "Die Entführung," the "Cosi Fan Tutte," and possibly that severe and unequal curiosity "La Clemenza di Tito." This last would be a revival indeed! I fear we would find so much Mozart rather more antiquated than entertaining. To produce in cyclus the first three operas above named, and to add the grave and noble "Idomeneus," might be a middle course of success. It is also worth while to note that a Mozart cyclus with the present scenery and costuming at the Metropolitan is not to be expected with pleasure; and that before it be attempted the stage business needs a great deal of setting to rights. Operatic comedy, like other comedy, depends for effect on detail. Beaumarchais was a meticulous man in theatrical details, and Lorenzo da Ponte transferred the essence of Beaumarchais to the libretti he drafted for Mozart.

The other occurrences calling for a paragraph are not lyrical, though they have much to do with the Opera House being of its pecuniary bone and sinew. The annual business meeting of the Metropolitan's Board of Directors took place last week. The Maurice Grau Opera Company renewed its lease of the theatre for three years beyond the lease now subsisting. There were good feeling, congratulations, an accounting, and a dividend. The season for next winter, accordingly, is already in active contemplation, and it has so far been brought to the definite as to be given an approximate date of its opening—the middle of December. There will be fifteen weeks. The retarded date will enable Mr. Grau to convoy his company as far west as San Francisco, and thence to approach New York by convenient stages, Chicago of course being a special halt. The lease is on the basis of Mr. Grau's payment of $50,000 per annum. The arrangement by which the boxholders in the Metropolitan will have their all-important privileges is on the basis of $67,000, the rent named being deducted from this subscription of those boxholders who are also stockholders in the Metropolitan. Mr. Grau thus has only seventeen thousand dollars over his obligation as lessee—certainly not a large sum. Of course the subscriptions for boxes by many persons not stockholders will be added to the official guarantee, as usual; and the subscription for seats other than in boxes will be a trifle less expensive, as the season is to be shorter than the one now ending.

The Metropolitan Opera House in 1899–1900.

In its estimable work for the cause of grand opera sung in English, the American Theatre Opera Company (to give it the title that seems now to be preferred by the Castle Square Company's management), "Rigoletto" was taken up last week. So far as concerned the cast which presented the work, Verdi was more indebted to Miss Yvonne de Treville (*Gilda*), to Miss Lizzie Macnichol (*Maddalena*), and to Mr. Norman (*Sparafucile*) than to the other protagonists. Mr. Bagway, a barytone new to the troupe, undertook the title part, but, with a fairly robust and tuneful voice, sang in a language merely by courtesy to be received as English. The chorus was, as usual, a trustworthy and discreet factor. The announcement from the American of the establishment of a similar company in Chicago, to begin work at once, has been received with much favor in that city.

"Rigoletto" in English.

There is suitability in every way in the elaborate celebration of the hundredth year of existence of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," taking place this week under the auspices of the rich and vigorous Liederkranz Society of this city. The centenary is curiously exact. "The Creation" was first heard in public on March 19, 1799, in the National Theatre in Vienna—although there had been an aristocratic private performance of it at the Schwarzenberg Palace a year earlier. The Liederkranz certainly has spared no pains to give the oratorio excellently. It should be an unusual as well as an honorable offering and commemoration. Dr. Paul Klengel, the present director of the musical work of the Liederkranz, is a musician of superior gifts, as well as a leader of decision, and he superintends the incident as if it were a labor of love as well as a charge. At this writing, the solo members will include Madame Clementine de Vere and Messrs. Evan Williams and John Dempsey. The concert, to be given in Carnegie Hall, will have occurred when these lines are in print.

Haydn's "The Creation" Centenary by the Liederkranz Society.

We may—indeed, we must—admit that the cadences of Haydn's choral master-work do not rise to the whole duty and majesty of the theme if we happen to go and listen to them with ears reminiscent of even Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; to say nothing of the openly dramatic oratorios which the more ardent temperaments of Gounod and Verdi and Liszt and Dvořák and Franck and Tinel have evolved. With their best works—"The Redemption," "Mors et Vita," the "Gran Cathedral Mass," the "Manzoni" Requiem, "The Nativity," "St. Francis of Assisi," or almost what you will—the theatre over and over again is felt by us to be just around the corner. Sometimes, bag and baggage, the composers bundle themselves and us into it! As a proof of that, Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" is now presented as an opera out and out. I do not bring forward the new oratorio-builder of Italy, the Abbate Perosi. Perosi is not yet a really clear type to most of us, and the enthusiasm of those correspondents at Milan or Rome who write about the young priest-musician who is setting the Emilia afire sounds in many ways intemperate. But we need not be wholly contemporary in comparisons. When the chorales of Bach, and the thunders of the Handelian voice are about us, then, too, "The Creation" does not appear to best advantage. We are amused at its imitations as "programme" music, and I doubt if the famous musical picture of the calm rising of the moon dissolves into tears a fair proportion of New York or Boston or London auditors, as it used of old invariably to do. But "The Creation" remains a monument of loveliness and dignity, in spite of its more vociferous successors. Its religious quality also is far more sincere than many pompous "operas in ecclesiastical costume," as Dr. von Bülow unkindly said of Verdi's "Requiem." Haydn's voice could be, and was, frivolous and unecclesiastical in his masses. Called on their title-pages "solemn," they do not "breathe solemnity all pure" to be desired in compositions for a peculiarly sacred office, and for the public worship of God. Palestrina and the Sixtine Chapel rebuke them forever. In that error, or short sight, Haydn was like Mozart, Rossini, Neukomm, Bellini, and Gounod—like even Beethoven himself in his two noble masses. But "The Creation" was a subject that stirred the heart of the gentle old pietist of the Esterhazy residence. Haydn maintained a style in it that speaks much for his sincere intentions and innermost sentiments. His nature was almost childish, especially as he grew old, in its spiritual transparency; and he spoke of his emotions of faith and reverence and sense of divine love very like a child. There was no pose. Hence there is beauty not only in this, his finest oratorio, which is now a centenarian, but in such remarks as his "When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes run from me as the thread from the spindle; and as God has given me a joyful heart, so am I pretty sure that He will forgive me my sins if I serve Him in a joyful way." A musician's theology is not always as clear, nor as practically followed out, as his hand dots down the notes across the barred page. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Haydn's Old Oratorio, and Newer Oratorios.



YVONNE DE TREVILLE,
Of the American Theatre Opera Company, as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto."

DRAMA

SHAKSPEREAN tragedy, M. Maeterlinck complains, is a mere clash of primitive instincts. As M. Maeterlinck first became known as the Belgian Shakspere, the judgment is not unsuggestive; and whatever one may think of its animus, it is apt enough as a characterization. I was reminded of the phrase lately in renewing my acquaintance with the Yiddish theatres in the Bowery. In an article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last December I mentioned a Yiddish play, "Der Wilde Mensch," by a dramatist of the New York Ghetto, one Jacob Gordin, the theme of which bore a resemblance, apparently unconscious, to the theme of "Hamlet," and the treatment of which shows a simplicity and breadth—a clash of primitive instincts, if you will—that is Elizabethan. I mentioned also a play, "The Yiddish King Lear," in which the resemblance to Shakspere is clearly conscious, and expressed regret that I had not been able to see it. Herr Adler, the leading actor of the Windsor Theatre, has put on the play again, and has done me the honor of saying that he did so in order to let me see what it is like. The treatment of the play, judging from what I was able to glean from the German phrases in the Yiddish and from the garrulous confidences of my Yiddish neighbors, has convinced me that the resemblance of "Der Wilde Mensch" to "Hamlet" is conscious—that in both plays Gordin has translated the clashing primitive instincts into terms of Yiddish life.

Shakspere and Primitive Instincts.

The Yiddish *Lear* is of course not a king; he is a prosperous burgher, with a cast of the prophet, who gives over his estate to his eldest son-in-law because he wishes to end his life in religious contemplation at Jerusalem. In addition to the dignity of *Lear*, he has *Lear's* obstinacy, and quarrels with his youngest daughter, the *Cordelia* of the play, because she is in love with a man of modern ideas of science and religion, and because, with an obstinacy in righteousness worthy of Shakspere's *Cordelia*, she wants to educate herself as a modern woman. In the second act the Yiddish *Lear* comes back from Jerusalem with his wife, a beggar; his grasping and treacherous son-in-law has not sent him the promised money. While his wife and the *Cordelia* daughter are clamoring for food he sits apart patiently and with dignity, chanting to himself a passage from the Talmud that lies open before him. Through his outward calm one sees the fire of passion rising. When the perfidy of his son-in-law is fully shown he gets up, and with the towering anger of a prophet commands obedience. His guilty children cower before him and give up the keys. His wealth is once more his. Then he pauses, and considers that he has given his word. With an anathema he hurls the great keys from him, and declares that though faith is dead in his household, he will be true to his word. In the third act *Lear* again returns to his old home, now not only a beggar, but blind. He meets the *Cordelia* daughter, and discovers that she and her rationalistic lover are faithful to him. In the first act *Cordelia's* lover has recounted the story of Shakspere's *King Lear*, and has warned the aged Jew to avoid a like fate. Now the old man, exhausted by his emotion, gives way to a passion of madness, the burden of which is, "Aye, every inch a King Lear!" and gropes his way off the stage, amid the sobs and cries of his audience. The last act gives the play a happy ending. The old man returns to the house of his youngest daughter, where he finds that his wicked children have overreached themselves and that his estate is again his. A curious character of the play is a servant of the old man's, who is evidently Kent, Edgar, and the Fool rolled into one. No deed of loyalty is too great for

Der Jüdische König Lear.

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him, and his grotesque nonsense affords a comic underplot to the saddest scene, precisely as in Shakspere's "Lear."

It is obvious that we have in this play the qualities of Shakspearean tragedy M. Maeterlinck deplores; and we have also a Shakspearean mingling of the grotesque and the sublime that he would no doubt have deplored if it had occurred to him. For myself, though I find the plays of the Belgian Shakspere amusing in spite of their damnable iteration, I own up to a preference for primitive instincts. I find myself even weighing this primitive Shakspere against the most beautified Shakspere Mr. Daly was wont to give us. And as it is a case of Hobson's choice, since the late invasion of melodrama from Drury Lane, I have much consolation in Shakspere *à la Yid*. It lacks the colossal grandeur of the true Shakspearean play, the splendor of Shakspere's diction, and the infinite wisdom of Shakspere's characterization. Yet this primitive "Lear" of the Ghetto has a certain Shakspearean quality that no one would dare to hope for in a Broadway theatre. Its costume and scenery are as simple and unobtrusive as were those of the original play as presented at the Globe; and the audience of Jewish tailors and shopkeepers is as wholehearted, and no doubt quite as keen and imaginative, as an audience in the little world of Elizabethan London. If any one wants to know what our best plays seemed like to the people for whom they were written, he will find much satisfaction at the Windsor.

Shakspere Unbeautified.

If there are reservations as regards the play, there are none as regards Mr. Adler's acting. Last year, when I saw his *Uriel Acosta* and his *Wilde Mensch*, I fell so completely under his spell that I have since mistrusted my judgment, so I took with me two fellows whose interest in the play was that of intelligent laymen. They could not know that Adler is equally happy grovelling in "Der Wilde Mensch" and towering in "Der Judische König Lear"—his command of character is absolute; yet as regards the present effort there was no doubt. Adler dominated our minds quite as fully when softly chanting the Talmud to himself as when soaring in a frenzy of madness. The strongest effect of all was when, spent by their own fury, his forces were shattered and one saw the blight of old age descend on him. His audience was one palpable mass of sympathy. If he merely stroked his good daughter's hair, gropingly like a blind man, the women in the audience sobbed and the men blew their noses. And he is not only an actor of great temperamental force; he is technically a master. His voice has richness and sonority, and he husbands it well. He makes the slightest gesture count, and his frequent moments of quiet, one is tempted to say, count most of all. His costumes and make-up were as simple and unobtrusive as the setting of his stage; yet, as his clothes grew older and more worn from act to act, and his hair and beard thinner and more thin, the unconscious effect was stupendous. Of all the actors seen this year in New York, only one is to be compared with Adler, Herr Schady of the Irving Place Company, and this comparison is by no means to Adler's disadvantage.

The Best Acting in New York.

"The Last Chapter," which Mr. George H. Broadhurst has produced at the Garden Theatre, has made me very glad indeed that there are times when my morals can be austere. It was a patriarchal Forty-niner who said that hell is paved with good intentions; and Dante anticipated his philosophy by making a particular limbo for the inefficient and indifferent—

A Play with Good Intentions.

> the melancholy souls of those
> Who live withouten infamy or praise.

Mr. Broadhurst's intentions are so excellent that if I were not consoled by the austere philosophy of Dante and the Forty-niner I should try to say pleasant things. But as it is, I am thinking that the good people who make you want to say pleasant things without giving you the chance deserve a very particular hell. "The Last Chapter" is actually an American play by an American playwright. That alone makes one warm to it. Moreover, all the motives of the play, or the supposed motives, are sweet and wholesome in a way that one recognizes as belonging to our own people; but it is all spoiled in the building of the play and the adjustment of motives. The hero is a young man—there are dozens like him, even outside the Sunday-school libraries—who gives up his life to paying off his father's debts, though there is no legal reason why he should, and to buying his mother a new buggy — his magnanimity with regard to the buggy is particularly impressive. Having advised a young woman who is hard up to sell certain shares in a gold-mine, it is discovered that the mine has unexpectedly become valuable, and, with his highly wrought sense of honor, he spends the money that was to have bought the buggy in restoring the stocks to the girl at a highly appreciated figure. All he knows about the mine comes from an enthusiastic adventurer, but that young man believes him and sacrifices the buggy with scarcely a sniffle. It would be well if Mr. Lou Fields might teach him how to investigate in the stockings exchange. Most of the people in the story are more or less like that young man, and if there is any good deed left to do at the end of the play it is only because they didn't happen to think of it. An amusing aggravation lay in the fact that Mr. William Archer, the best of all modern English critics, who has come over to write about our drama, was present at the first performance. It seemed like an indecent exposure of national feeling. Scratch some Americans, and they will bleed milk. When Mr. Presbrey wrote "Worth a Million," he escaped at once to Europe. Might we suggest to Mr. Broadhurst that the rates have since been reduced? That he can write farces has already been shown, and we gladly admit all the sincerity and sweetness of his present attempt at comedy. If he could get a perspective of about three thousand miles on the virtues and limitations of American life and character, he might write a comedy that would reward us for having seen "The Last Chapter."

John Corbin.

India's "White House"

No Viceroy — at least since the time of Lord Mayo—has been received with as much enthusiasm as Lord Curzon. The whole city was astir to receive him. A brilliant and representative gathering had assembled at Government House. The centre of the grand staircase was covered with red cloth, and the veranda immediately before entering the marble hall was reserved for gentlemen who have the private *entrée* to Government House, while the staircase itself on either side of the carpet was set apart for the public. The bright uniforms of the military and their gleaming decorations, the gorgeous and bejewelled costumes of the native chiefs, the dark uniforms of the naval officers, the rich dress of the politicals, and the sombre garments of the civilians combined to make the scene a brilliant and picturesque one, while the tall athletic forms of the Viceroy's body-guard in their striking uniforms, on guard at the foot of the staircase and in the veranda, lent a vivid touch of color to the scene.

On the morning of the 6th of January, Lord Curzon of Kedleston was formally inducted into the exalted office of Viceroy and Governor General of India, taking over his duties from his Excellency the Earl of Elgin. Outside, in front of the grand staircase, was drawn up a guard of honor of two hundred men; on the right and left of the guard were detachments of cavalry from the several regiments stationed at present in Calcutta. This mass of bright-colored uniforms, relieved with flashes of steel, was strikingly set off against the lovely tropical garden which surrounds Government House.

At about twenty-five minutes past nine Lady Curzon entered the Council-Chamber, accompanied by a staff-officer, and proceeded up the room, bowing graciously in acknowledgment of the salutations of those present. She took up her position a little to the right of the dais. Five minutes later the Viceroy-designate came in, escorted by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the members of the Viceroy's council, and the secretaries of the departments. There was, in addition, a very large number of native notables, prominent among whom were the Maharajahs of Kashmir, Gwalior, and Patiala. The rich dress worn by these magnates combined with the bright and varied uniforms of the civil and military officers to give the scene an Oriental picturesqueness.

Lord Curzon ascended the dais and remained standing, while the members of council and the principal secretaries grouped round him. The Home Secretary, standing immediately below and to the right of the Viceroy, read out, in a clear, resonant voice, her Majesty's warrant.

The reading of the warrant was listened to in impressive silence, and at the close Lord Curzon bowed. Simultaneously the troops outside presented arms, and the guns of the royal salute began to boom from Fort William. The bands struck up the national anthem, and the procession of state began to file out again. The whole ceremony was over in five minutes. Lord Curzon went last, repeatedly bowing to the assembly. The Viceroy, the members of his council, and the secretaries having retired, Lady Curzon withdrew, and the company in the chamber then sought the Throne-Room, through which, it was understood, the departing Viceroy would pass out. The staircase was lined by troopers of the body-guard and by the members of the Viceroy's band.

Shortly before ten the state carriages were drawn up at the foot of the grand staircase, and the first detachment of the body-guard fell into line. The ex-viceregal party were accompanied by Lord Curzon. They walked slowly through the Throne-Room, bowing to those present, and pausing every now and then to shake hands with some individuals among the assembly. Lord Elgin appeared profoundly moved. Lady Elgin and her daughters also seemed affected by the heartiness of the farewell greetings which were showered upon them. As the party descended the steps the massed bands again played the national anthem.

The day following Lord Curzon's assumption of the responsibilities of Viceroy he held a grand levee at Government House, at which 1600 gentlemen were presented, a number which has never been equalled at any previous levee; members of foreign legations, civil and military officers, and a large proportion of European and native gentlemen swelled the list.

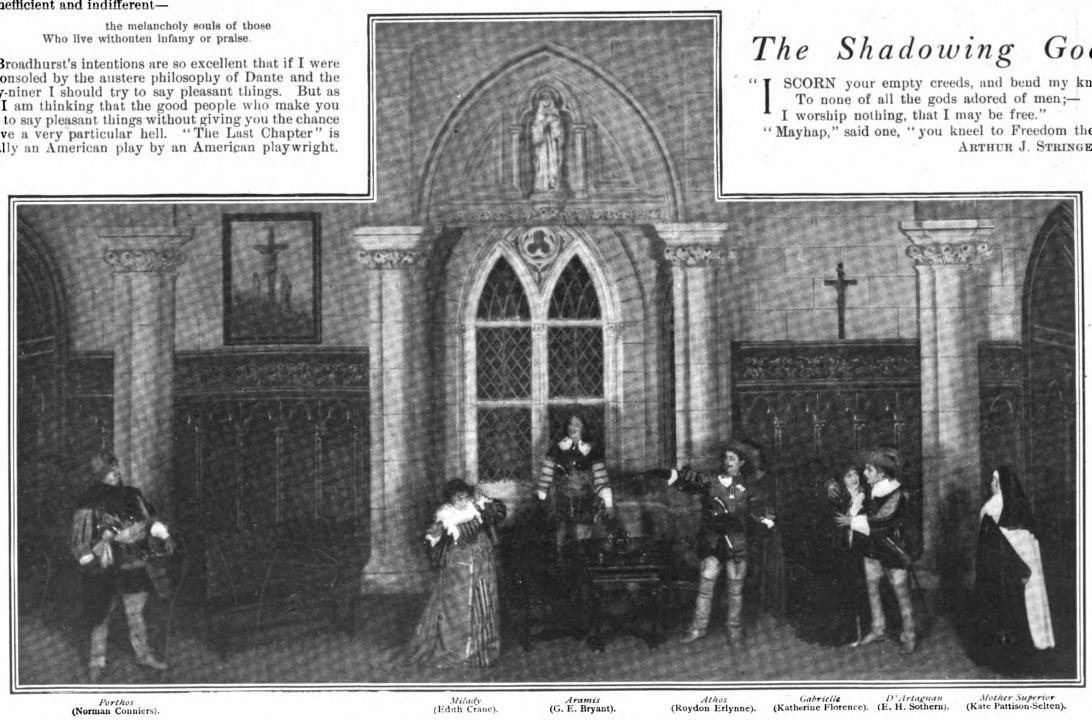
But the Drawing-Room, on January 12, was the event around which shone the real lustre of a viceregal court. It was an occasion that had been looked forward to long before Lord and Lady Curzon arrived, as promising to be an event unique in the history of India—and the reason was never obscure—a lovely American lady, who commanded the admiration of the most distinguished, was to be their chosen queen, binding the East and the West with bonds of deep sympathy, an augury of a happy, peaceful ending of the greatest century the world has yet known.

R. D. MacKenzie.

The Shadowing Gods

"I SCORN your empty creeds, and bend my knee
To none of all the gods adored of men;—
I worship nothing, that I may be free."
"Mayhap," said one, "you kneel to Freedom then."

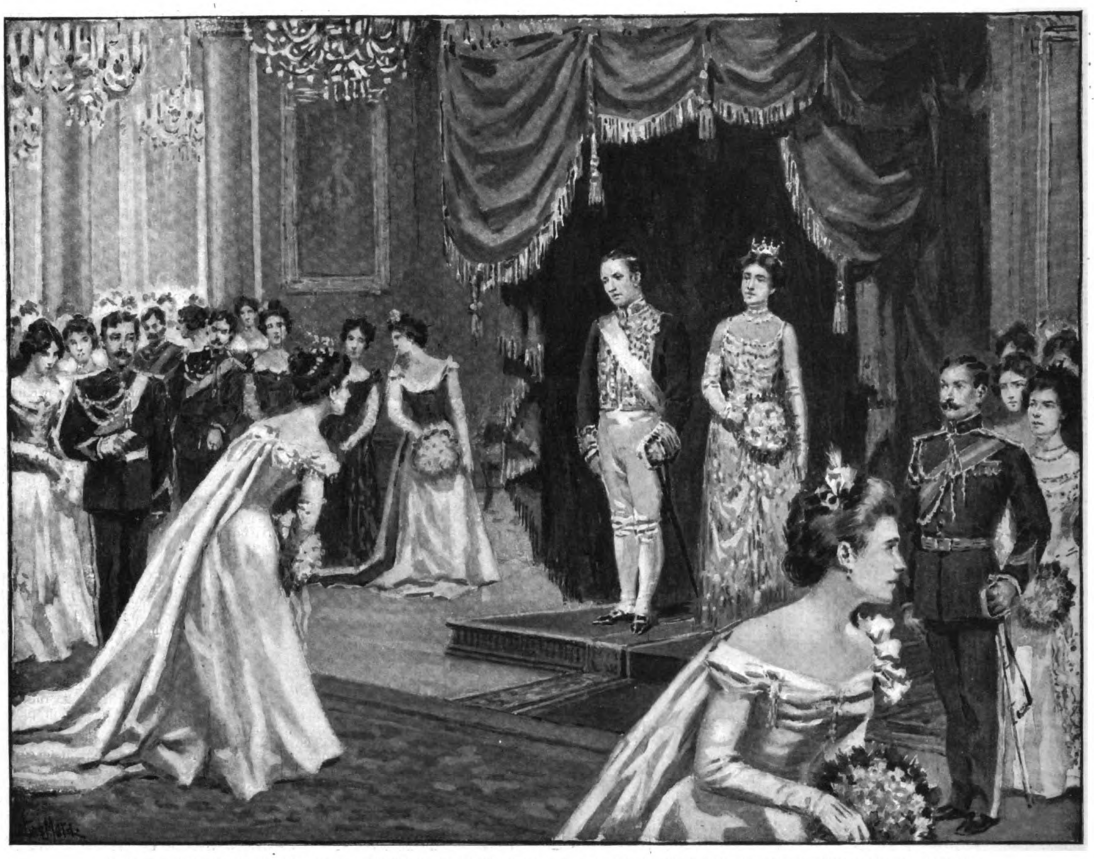
Arthur J. Stringer.



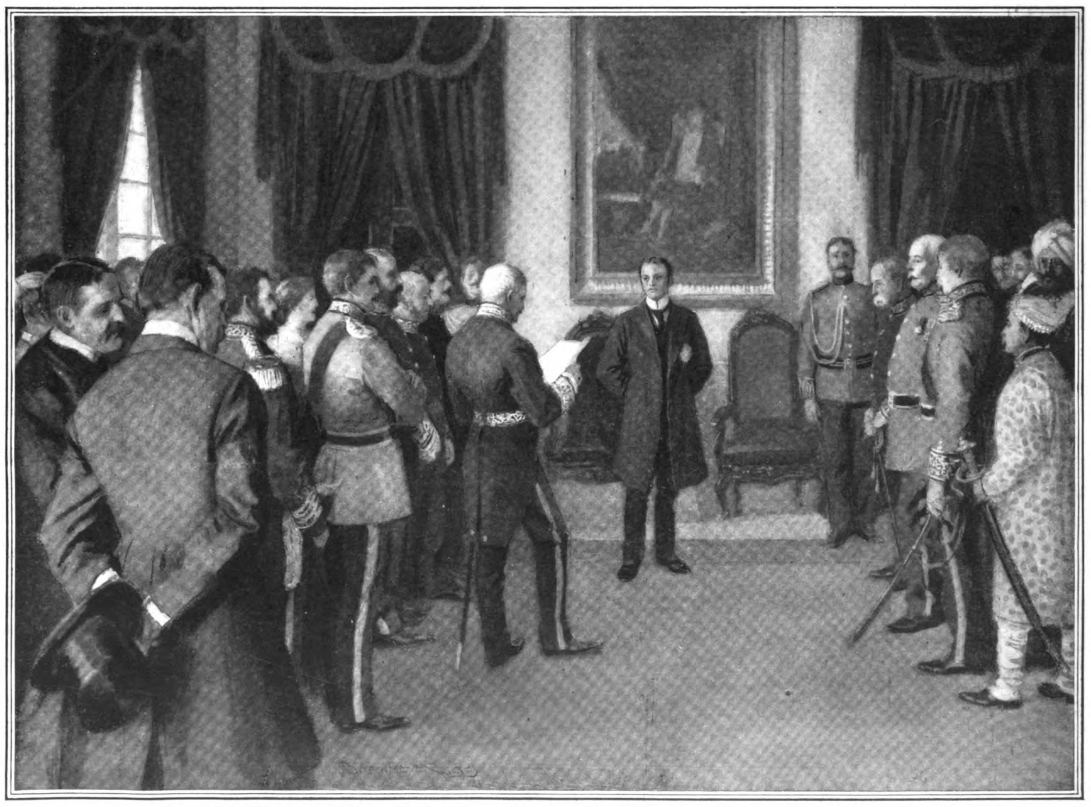
Porthos (Norman Conniers). *Milady* (Edith Crane). *Aramis* (G. E. Bryant). *Athos* (Roydon Erlynne). *Gabriella* (Katherine Florence). *D'Artagnan* (E. H. Sothern). *Mother Superior* (Kate Pattison-Selten).

THE CONDEMNATION OF *MILADY* BY THE FOUR MUSKETEERS, AS PLAYED BY E. H. SOTHERN AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

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LORD AND LADY CURZON RECEIVING PRESENTATIONS IN THE THRONE-ROOM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA AFTER A SKETCH BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

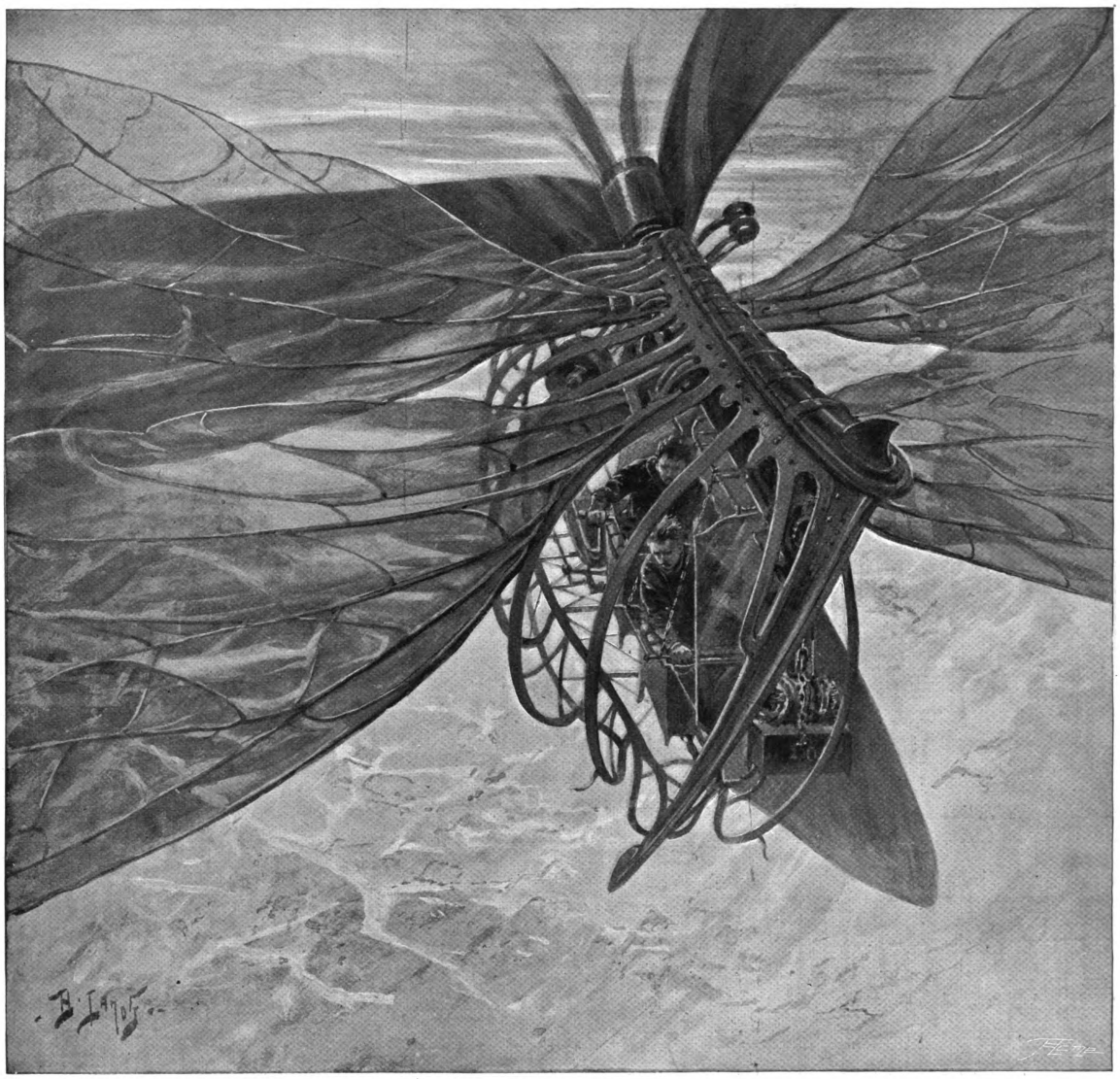


THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CURZON—THE HOME SECRETARY READING THE ROYAL WARRANT.
DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER AFTER A SKETCH BY FRANK CLINGER SCALLAN.

CALCUTTA—SCENES ATTENDING THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD CURZON AS VICEROY OF INDIA.

[SEE PAGE 261.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AEROPILE.

FOR a while, as Graham went through the passages of the wind-vane offices with Lincoln, he was preoccupied. But, by an effort, he attended to the things which Lincoln was saying. Soon his preoccupation vanished. Lincoln was talking of flying. Graham had a strong desire to know more of this new human attainment. He began to ply Lincoln with questions. He had followed the crude beginnings of aerial navigation very keenly in his previous life; he was delighted to find the familiar names of Maxim and Pilcher, Langley and Chanute, and, above all, of the aerial proto-martyr Lilienthal, still honored by men.

Even during his previous life the lines of investigation had pointed clearly to two distinct types of contrivance as possible, and both of these had been realized. On the one hand was the great engine-driven aeroplane, a double row of horizontal floats with a big aerial screw behind, and on the other the nimbler aeropile. The aeroplanes flew safely only in a calm or moderate wind, and sudden storms—occurrences that were now accurately predictable—rendered them for all practical purposes useless. They were built of enormous size, the usual stretch of wing being six hundred feet or more, and the length of the fabric a thousand feet. They were for passenger traffic alone. The lightly swung car they carried was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length. It was hung in a peculiar manner in order to minimize the complex vibration that even a moderate wind produced, and for the same reason the little seats within the car—each passenger remained seated during the voyage—were slung with great freedom of movement. The starting of the mechanism was only possible from a gigantic car on the rail of a specially constructed stage. Graham had seen these vast stages, the flying-stages, from the crow's-nest very well. Six huge blank areas they were, with a giant "carrier" stage on each.

The choice of descent was equally circumscribed, an accurately plane surface being needed for safe grounding. Apart from the destruction that would have been caused by the descent of this great expanse of sail and metal, and the impossibility of its rising again, the concussion of an irregular surface—a tree-set hill-side, for instance, or an embankment—would be sufficient to pierce or damage the frame-work, to smash the ribs of the body, and perhaps kill those aboard.

At first Graham felt disappointed with those cumbersome contrivances, but he speedily grasped the fact that smaller machines would have been unremunerative, for the simple reason that their carrying power would be disproportionately diminished with diminished size. Moreover, the huge size of these things enabled them—and it was a consideration of primary importance—to traverse the air at enormous speeds, and so run no risks of unanticipated weather. The briefest journey performed, that from London to Paris, took about three-quarters of an hour, but the velocity attained was not high; the leap to New York occupied about two hours, and by timing one's self carefully at the intermediate stations it was possible in quiet weather to go round the world in a day.

The little aeropiles (as for no particular reason they were distinctively called) were of an altogether different type. Several of these were going to and fro in the air. They were designed to carry only one or two persons, and their manufacture and maintenance were so costly as to render them the monopoly of the richer sort of people. Their sails, which were brilliantly colored, consisted only of two pairs of lateral air-floats in the same plane and of a screw behind. Their small size rendered a descent in any open space neither difficult nor disagreeable, and it was possible to attach pneumatic wheels, or even the ordinary motors for terrestrial traffic, to them, and so carry them to a convenient starting-place. They required a special sort of swift car to throw them into the air, but such a car was efficient in any open place clear of high buildings or trees. Human aeronautics, Graham perceived, were evidently still a long way behind the instinctive gift of the albatross or the fly-catcher. One great influence that might have brought the aeropile to a more rapid perfection had been withheld—these inventions had never been used in warfare. The last great international struggle—the raiding of the wheat districts of Canada by the American subjects of the Wheat and Oil Trusts—had occurred before the usurpation of the Council.

The flying-stages of London were collected together in an irregular crescent on the southern side of the river.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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They formed three groups of two each, and retained the names of ancient suburban hills or villages. They were named, in order, Roehampton, Wimbledon Park, Streatham, Norwood, Blackheath, and Shooter's Hill. They were uniform structures rising high above the general roof surfaces. Each was about four thousand yards long and a thousand broad, and constructed of the compound of aluminium and iron, that had replaced iron in architecture. Their higher tiers formed an open-work of girders, through which lifts and staircases ascended. The upper surface was a uniform expanse, with portions—the starting-carriers—that could be raised, and were then able to run on very slightly inclined rails to the end of the fabric. Save for any aeropiles or aeroplanes that were in port, these open surfaces were kept clear for arrivals.

During the adjustment of the aeroplanes it was the custom for passengers to wait in the system of theatres, restaurants, news-rooms, and places of pleasure and indulgence of various sorts that interwove with the prosperous shops below. This portion of London was in consequence commonly the gayest of all its districts, with something of the meretricious gayety of a seaport or city of hotels. And for those who took a more serious view of aeronautics the religious quarters had flung out an attractive colony of devotional chapels, while a host of brilliant medical establishments competed to supply physical preparatives for the journey. At various levels through the mass of chambers and passages beneath these ran, in addition to the main moving ways of the city which laced and gathered here, a complex system of special passages and lifts and slides, for the convenient interchange of people and luggage between stage and stage. And a distinctive feature of the architecture of this section was the ostentatious massiveness of the metal piers and girders that everywhere broke the vistas and spanned the halls and passages, crowding and twining up to meet the weight of the stages and the weighty impact of the aeroplanes overhead.

Graham went to the flying-stages by the public ways. He was accompanied by Asano, his Japanese attendant. Lincoln was called away by Ostrog, who was busy with his administrative concerns. A strong guard of the wind-vane police awaited the Master outside the wind-vane offices, and they cleared a space for him on the upper moving platform. His passage to the flying-stages was unexpected, nevertheless a considerable crowd gathered and followed him to his destination. As he went along he could hear the people shouting his name, and saw numberless men and women and children in blue come swarming up the staircases in the central path, gesticulating and shouting. He could not hear what they shouted. He was struck again by the evident existence of a vulgar dialect among the poor of the city. When at last he descended, his guards were immediately surrounded by a dense excited crowd. He believed that some tried to reach him with petitions. His guards cleared a passage for him with some difficulty.

He found an aeropile in charge of an aeronaut awaiting him on the westward stage. Seen closely, this mechanism was no longer small. As it lay on its launching-carrier upon the wide expanse of the flying-stage, its aluminium body skeleton was as big as the hull of a twenty-ton yacht. Its lateral supporting sails, braced and stayed with metal nerves almost like the nerves of a bee's wing, and made of some sort of glassy artificial membrane, cast their shadow over many hundreds of square yards. The chairs for the engineer and his passenger hung free to swing by a complex tackle within the protecting ribs of the frame and well abaft the middle. The passenger's chair was protected by a wind-guard, and guarded about with metallic rods carrying air-cushions. It could, if desired, be completely closed in, but Graham was anxious for novel experiences, and desired that it should be left open. The aeronaut sat behind a glass that sheltered his face. The passenger could secure himself firmly in his seat, and this was almost unavoidable on landing; or he could move along by means of a little rail and rod to a locker at the stem of the machine, where his personal luggage, his wraps and restoratives, were placed, and which also, with the seats, served as a makeweight to the parts of the central engine that projected to the propeller at the stern.

The engine was very simple in appearance. Asano, pointing out the parts of this apparatus to him, told him that, like the gas-engine of Victorian days, it was of the explosive type, burning a small drop of a substance called "fomile" at each stroke. It consisted simply of reservoir and piston about the long fluted crank of the propeller shaft. So much Graham saw of the machine.

The flying-stage about him was empty, save for Asano and their suite of attendants. Directed by the aeronaut, he placed himself in his seat. He then drank two prescriptions, one containing strychnine; the other, ergot—doses, he learned, invariably administered to those about to fly, and designed to counteract the possible effect of diminished air-pressure upon the system. Having done so, he declared himself ready for the journey. Asano took the empty glasses from him, stepped through the bars of the hull, and stood below on the stage, waving his hand. Suddenly he seemed to slide along the stage to the right and vanish.

The engine was beating, the propeller spinning, and for a second the stage and the buildings beyond were gliding swiftly and horizontally past Graham's eye; then these things seemed to tilt up abruptly. He gripped the little rods on either side of him instinctively. He felt himself moving upward, heard the air whistle over the top of the wind-screen. The propeller screw moved round with powerful rhythmic impulse—one, two, three, pause; one, two, three—which the engineer controlled very delicately. The machine began a quivering vibration in sympathy that continued throughout the flight, and the roof areas seemed running away to starboard very quickly and growing rapidly smaller. He looked from the face of the engineer through the ribs of the machine. Looking sideways, there was nothing very startling in what he saw—a rapid funicular railway might have given the same sensations. He recognized the Council House and the Highgate Ridge. And then he looked straight down between his feet.

For a moment physical terror possessed him, a passionate sense of insecurity. He held tight. For a second or so he could not lift his eyes. Some hundred feet or more sheerly below him was one of the big wind-vanes of Southwest London, and beyond it the southernmost flying-stage crowded with black little dots. These things seemed to be falling away from him. For a second he had an impulse to pursue the earth. He set his teeth, he lifted his eyes by a muscular effort, and the moment of panic passed.

He remained for a space with his teeth set hard, his eyes staring into the sky. Throb, throb, throb—beat, went the engine; throb, throb, throb—beat. He gripped his bars tightly, glanced at the aeronaut, and saw a smile upon his sun-tanned face. He smiled in return—perhaps a little artificially. "A little strange at first," he said, before he recalled his dignity. But he dared not look down again for some time. He looked over the aeronaut's head to where a rim of vague blue horizon crept up the sky. For a little while he could not banish the thought of possible accidents from his mind. Throb, throb, throb—beat; suppose some trivial screw went wrong in that supporting engine! Suppose—! He made a grim effort to dismiss all such suppositions. After a while they did at least abandon the foreground of his thoughts. And up he went, steadily, higher and higher into the clear air.

Once the mental shock of moving unsupported through the air was over, his sensations ceased to be unpleasant, became very speedily pleasurable. He had been warned of airsickness. But he found the pulsating movement of the aeropile, as it drove up the faint southwest breeze, was very little in excess of the pitching of a boat head on to broad rollers in a moderate gale, and he was constitutionally a good sailor. And the keenness of the more rarefied air into which they ascended produced a sense of lightness and exhilaration. He looked up and saw the blue sky above fretted with cirrus clouds. His eye came cautiously down through the ribs and bars to a shining flight of white birds that hung in the lower sky. For a space he watched these. Then going lower and less apprehensively, he saw the slender filigree of the wind-vane keeper's crow's-nest shining golden in the sunlight, and growing smaller every moment. As his eye fell with more confidence now, there came a blue line of hills, and then London, already to leeward, an intricate space of roofing. Its near edge came sharp and clear, and banished his last apprehensions in a shock of surprise. For the boundary of London was like a wall, like a cliff, a steep fall of three or four hundred feet, a frontage broken only by terraces here and there, a complex decorative façade.

That gradual passage of town into country through an extensive sponge of suburbs, which was so characteristic a feature of the great cities of the nineteenth century, existed no longer. Nothing remained of it but a waste of ruins here, variegated and dense with thickets of the heterogeneous growths that had once adorned the gardens of the belt, interspersed among levelled brown patches of sown ground and verdant stretches of wintergreens. The latter even spread among the vestiges of houses. But for the most part the reefs and skerries of ruins, the wreckage of suburban villas, stood along their street and roads, queer islands amidst the levelled expanses of green and brown, abandoned indeed by the inhabitants years since, but too substantial, it seemed, to be cleared out of the way of the wholesale horticultural mechanisms of the time.

The vegetation of this waste undulated and frothed amidst the countless cells of crumbling house walls, and broke along the foot of the city wall in a surf of bramble and holly and ivy and teazle and tall grasses. Here and there gaudy pleasure-places towered amidst the puny remains of Victorian times, and cableways slanted to them from the city. That winter day they seemed deserted. Deserted, too, were the artificial gardens among the ruins. The city limits were indeed as sharply defined as in the ancient days when the gates were shut at nightfall and the robber foeman prowled to the very walls. A huge semicircular throat swallowed the shining curves of the Thames, and from one of the archways came and went a vigorous traffic along the Eadhamite Bath Road. So the first prospect of the world beyond the city flashed on Graham, and ran past and dwindled. And when at last he could look vertically downward again, he saw below him the leafless woods of the Thames Valley—a froth of ruddy brown.

His exhilaration increased rapidly, became a sort of intoxication. He found himself drawing deep breaths of air, laughing aloud, desiring to shout. After a time that desire became too strong for him, and he shouted.

The machine had now risen as high as was customary with aeropiles, and they began to curve about towards the south. Steering, Graham perceived, was effected by the opening or closing of one or two thin strips of membrane in one or other of the otherwise rigid wings, and by the movement of the whole engine backward or forward along its supports. The aeronaut set the engine gliding slowly forward along its rail, and opened the valve of the leeward wing until the stem of the aeropile was horizontal and pointing southward. And in that direction they soared, with a slight list to leeward, and with a slow alternation of movement—first a short sharp ascent, and then a long, gradual downward glide that was very steady and pleasing. During these downward glides the propeller was inactive altogether. These ascents gave Graham a glorious sense of successful effort; the descents through the rarefied air were beyond all experience. He wanted never to leave the upper air again.

For a time he was intent upon the minute details of the landscape that ran swiftly northward from beneath. Its minute, clear detail pleased him exceedingly. He was impressed by the ruin of the houses that had once dotted the country, by the vast treeless expanse of country, from which all farms and villages had gone, save for crumbling ruins. He had known the thing was so, but seeing it so was an altogether different matter. He tried to make out places he had known, within the hollow basin of the world below, but at first he could distinguish no data, now that the Thames was left behind. Soon, however, they were driving over a sharp chalk hill that he recognized as the Guildford Hog's Back, because of the familiar outline of the gorge at its eastward end, and because of the ruins of the town that rose steeply on either lip of this gorge. And from that he made out other points—Leith Hill, the sandy wastes of Aldershot, and so forth. The Down escarpment was set with gigantic slow-moving wind-wheels. Save where the broad Eadhamite Portsmouth Road, thickly dotted with rushing shapes, followed the course of the old railway, the gorge of the Wey was choked with thickets.

The whole expanse of the Downs escarpment, so far as the gray haze permitted him to see, was set with wind-wheels, to which the largest of the city was but a younger brother. They stirred with a stately motion before the southwest wind. And here and there were vast patches dotted with the sheep of the British Food Trust, and here and there a mounted shepherd made a spot of black. Then, rushing under the stern of the aeropile, came the Weakdon Heights, the line of Hindhead, Pitch Hill, and Leith Hill, with a second row of wind-wheels that seemed striving to rob the downland whirlers of their share of breeze. The purple heather was speckled with gold, and on the further side a vast drove of black oxen stampeded before a couple of mounted men. Swiftly these swept behind and dwindled and lost color, and became little scarce moving specks that were swallowed up in blue haze.

And when these had vanished in the distance Graham heard a peewit wailing close at hand. He answered it by a loud cry. He perceived he was now above the South Downs, and staring over his shoulder, saw the battlements of Portsmouth towering over the ridge of Portsdown Hill. In another moment there came into sight a spread of shipping like floating cities, the little white cliffs of the Needles dwarfed and sunlit, and the gray and glittering waters of the narrow sea. They seemed to leap the Solent in a moment, in a few seconds the Isle of Wight was running past, and then beneath him spread a wider and wider extent of sea, here purple with the shadow of a cloud, here gray, here a burnished mirror, and here a spread of cloudy greenish-blue. The Isle of Wight grew smaller and smaller. In a few more minutes a strip of gray haze detached itself from other strips that were clouds, descended out of the sky and became a coast-line—sunlit and pleasant—the coast of northern France. It rose, it took color, became definite and detailed, and the counterpart of the Downland of England was speeding by below.

In a little time, as it seemed, Paris came above the horizon, and hung there for a space, and sank out of sight again as the aeropile circled about to the north again. But he perceived the Eiffel Tower still standing, and beside it a huge dome surmounted by a pin-point Colossus. And he perceived, too, though he did not understand it at the time, a slanting drift of smoke. But he marked the minarets and towers and slender masses that streamed skyward along the city wind-vanes, and knew that in the matter of grace, at least, Paris still kept in front of her larger rival. And even as he looked, a pale blue shape ascended very swiftly from the city, like a dead leaf driving up before a gale. It curved round and soared towards them, growing rapidly larger and larger. The aeronaut was saying something. "What?" said Graham, loath to take his eyes from this. "Aeroplane, sire," bawled the aeronaut, pointing.

They rose and curved about northward as it drew nearer. Nearer it came and nearer, growing, growing. The throb, throb, throb—beat, of the aeropile's flight, that had seemed so potent and so swift, suddenly appeared slow by comparison with this tremendous rush. How great the monster seemed, how swift and steady! It passed quite closely beneath them, a vast spread of netted translucent wing, soaring silently, a thing alive. Graham had a momentary glimpse of the rows and rows of wrapped-up passengers slung in their little cradles behind wind-screens, of a white-clothed engineer crawling against the gale along a ladderway, of spouting engines beating together, of the whirling wind-screw, and of a wide waste of wing. He whooped the exultation of the sight. And in an instant the thing had passed.

It rose slightly, and their own little wings swayed in the rush of its flight. It fell and grew smaller. Scarcely had they moved, as it seemed, before it was again only a flat blue thing that dwindled in the sky. This was the aeroplane that went to and fro between Paris and London. In fair weather it came and went four times a day.

They beat across the Channel—slowly, as it seemed now to Graham's enlarged ideas—and Beachy Head rose grayly to the left of them.

"Land?" said the aeronaut.

"Not yet," said Graham, laughing. "Not land yet. I want to learn more of this machine."

"I meant—" said the aeronaut.

"I want to learn more of this machine," repeated Graham.

"I'm coming to you," he said, and had flung himself free of his chair and taken a step along the guarded rail between them. He stopped for a moment, and his color changed and his hands tightened. Another step and he was clinging close to the aeronaut. He felt a weight on his shoulder. The wind came in gusts over his wind-screen and blew his hair in streamers past his cheek. The aeronaut made some hasty adjustments for the shifting of the weights.

"I want to have these things explained," said Graham. "What do you do when you move that engine forward?"

The aeronaut hesitated. Then he answered, "They are complex, sire."

"I don't mind," said Graham. "I don't mind."

There was a moment's pause. "Aeronautics are the secret—the privilege—"

"I know. But I'm the Master, and I mean to know." He laughed, full of this novel realization of power that was his gift from the upper air.

The aeropile curved about, and the keen fresh wind cut across Graham's face and his garment lugged at his body as the stem pointed round to the west. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Sir, there are rules—"

"Not where I am concerned," said Graham. "You seem to forget."

The aeronaut scrutinized his face. "No," he said. "I do not forget, sire. But in all the earth—no man who is not a sworn aeronaut—has ever a chance. They come as passengers—"

"I have heard something of the sort. But I'm not going to argue these points. Do you know why I have slept two hundred years? To fly!"

"Sire," said the aeronaut, "the rules—if I break the rules—"

Graham waved the penalties aside.

"Then if you will watch me—"

"No," said Graham, swaying and gripping tight as the machine lifted its nose again for an ascent. "That's not my game. I want to do it myself. Do it myself if I

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smash for it! No! I will. See! I am going to clamber by this—to come and share your seat. Steady! I mean to fly of my own accord if I smash at the end of it. I will have something to pay for my sleep. Of all other things— In my past it was my dream to fly. Now—keep your balance."

"A dozen spies are watching me, sire!"

Graham's temper was at an end. Perhaps he chose it should be. He swore. He swung himself round the intervening mass of levers, and the aeropile swayed.

"Am I Master of the earth?" he said. "Or is your Society? Now. Take your hands off those levers, and hold my wrists. Yes—so. And now, how do we turn her nose down to the glide?"

"Sire," said the aeronaut.

"What is it?"

"You will protect me?"

"Lord! Yes! If I have to burn London. Now!"

And with that promise Graham bought his lesson in aerial navigation. "It's clearly to your advantage, this journey," he said, with a loud laugh—for the air was like strong wine—"to teach me quickly and well. So I pull this? Ah! so! Hullo!"

"Back, sire! Back!"

"Back—right. One—two—three—good God! Ah! Up she goes! But this is living!"

And now the machine began to dance the strangest figures in the air. Now it would sweep round a spiral of scarcely a hundred yards diameter, now it would rush up into the air and swoop down again, steeply, swiftly, falling like a hawk, to recover in a rushing loop that swept it high again. In one of these descents it seemed driving straight at the drifting park of balloons in the southeast, and only curved about and cleared them by a sudden recovery of dexterity. The extraordinary swiftness and smoothness of the motion, the extraordinary effect of the rarefied air upon his constitution, made Graham a different man. In spite of the protests of the aeronaut, he attempted more and more daring things.

But at last a queer little incident came to sober him, and send him down once more to the crowded life and all its dark riddles below. As he swooped, came a tap and something flying past, and a drop like a drop of rain. Then, as he went on down, he saw something like a white rag whirling down in his wake. "What was that?" he asked. "I did not see."

The aeronaut glanced, and then clutched at the lever to recover, for they were driving low. When the aeropile was rising again, he drew a deep breath, and replied. "That," and he indicated the white thing still fluttering down, "was a swan."

"I never saw it," said Graham.

The aeronaut made no answer, and Graham saw that, spite of the keen air, there were little drops upon the man's forehead.

They drove horizontally, while Graham went back to the passengers' place, out of the lash of the wind. And then came a swift rush down, with the wind-screw whirling now to check their fall, and the flying-stage growing broad and dark before them. The sun, sinking over the chalk hills in the west, fell with them, and left the sky a blaze of gold.

He heard a noise coming up to meet him—a noise like the sound of waves upon a pebbly beach, and looking, saw the roofs about the flying-stage were dark with his people applauding his safe return. A dark mass it was, stippled with faces, and quivered with the minute oscillation of waved white handkerchiefs and waving hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

PREVALENT DISEASES IN THE ISLAND, AND HYGIENIC PRECAUTIONS

IT is customary to suggest hygienic rules and regulations by which the traveller in the tropics should be governed, but in practice he seldom lives up to the strict limitations of these formulæ; the army in Cuba and Puerto Rico, even where it was possible, never did, and, further, it is feared it never will.

The most common physical ailments which overtake the unacclimated, as well as the native population, are, first, dysentery, sometimes of so persistent a type as to cause death; second, malarial and pernicious fevers, which take intermittent or malignant forms; third, colds, catarrhs, pneumonia, and consumption.

Dysenteries, mucous-membrane affections, and lung troubles may usually be, in large measure, prevented by simple methods of taking care of the person. Never eat fresh fruits with which you are unfamiliar, is one rule, if dysentery is to be averted; this rule is broken by nine out of every ten persons who are of an inquiring turn of mind, the rare and delicious fruits being a sore temptation to the appetite. Mangoes, bananas, and nisperos, while fine flavored and tempting, produce great distress in the average stomach by fermentation. Lemons (sweet and sour), limes, and oranges are considered safe, though the natives will never eat an orange after meals, nor for an hour after using alcoholic beverages of any kind. The too constant or frequent use of lemon or lime juice is not beneficial to some systems, as it brings on a chronic acidity of the stomach. Dysenteries, which arise from malarial or bacterial poisoning of the intestinal tract, may be alleviated by strict dieting, but not prevented. Such diseases can be overcome by medical aid only.

Malarial affections are universal, and those who make their homes in tropical countries are never immune for long periods against the visitations of this stealthy foe.

The germs of malaria are no doubt oftenest carried into the system by drinking water, though the exact method or means of transmission is a much-mooted question with the medical fraternity. Habitation near swamps, morasses, or cesspools, and in streets where sanitation is poor, where decaying garbage is carelessly thrown and effluvial emanations are constantly rising, produces malarial affections, even where boiled or distilled water is used for drinking purposes. Prevention, to a large extent, lies in using boiled drinking water, in never living near marshy ground, in sleeping elevated above the earth (second-story rooms being preferable), and in keeping away from contact with the great unwashed and their homes.

After the system has started a malarial culture, exposure to draughts, chilling of the body, eating of fermented or fermentable foods, excessive exercise, overheating, or, in fact, any act which may suddenly disarrange the functional system, will, in a few hours, manifest itself in an attack of malarial fever, which will be more or less severe, depending upon the type and the strength of the culture preying upon the body.

Cognizance should be immediately taken of the slightest fever; and faith may be placed in the ability of the average native doctor, for if there is one thing he well understands it is the treatment of fever troubles. It is not wise to suggest personal medical treatment to the reader, though the writer has found, in practice, that a diet of one grain of red pepper and two of quinine, in capsules, taken at his limit of twelve grains a day, will hold a system filled with malaria at the normal. Quinine is the only known antidote which will finally kill and eradicate the malarial germs from the system, and its use becomes almost habitual to the dweller in tropical countries.

It is believed that no one is proof against malarial poisoning, and sooner or later, excessive care delaying, not preventing, the man of temperate climes will be overcome with fever.

The "tropic liver," or chronic enlargement of this organ, is an outcome of many attacks of fever, and is not only distressing, but a constant source of menace in after-life, for its possession means a chronic unbalancing of the abdominal functions. It can best be relieved by a lengthy sojourn in more northern regions.

The worst foe of equatorial countries is undoubtedly malaria, and its after-effects show themselves in a generally broken-down condition of the constitution. Anæmia is the direct product of a severe attack of malaria, for the red corpuscles of the blood are destroyed by the malarial plasmodia. Once in the clutches of this archenemy to health, the best remedy, again, is to leave the country temporarily; the next is carefully to diet the system and restore the blood by known medical remedies and nutritious food.

It makes the heart heavy to see the hundreds—nay, thousands—of native poor struggling through their daily avocations with transparent flesh and white, bleached faces—victims of malarial diseases, which might be eased by better diet than plantains and sweet-potatoes, and cured if quinine and other medicines were not, through excessive tariff, placed beyond the reach of their slender pocket-books.

Colds and allied diseases are so easily induced in a hot climate, which keeps the pores of the skin constantly open, that few people escape being afflicted for many weeks at a time by some form of these distressing attacks; and once having contracted cold in the head, sore throat, or inflamed lungs, it is difficult to assuage the trouble. The hot moist air in sunshine changing to a subtle chilliness under a heavy shower, or to positive darkness during the clear nights, constantly adds to the inflammation of the membranes, unless the utmost caution is exercised. A susceptible person or a victim to colds must take prompt measures to alleviate the simple trouble, or it may be followed by pneumonia, or by the far worse and more invidious disease consumption. Woollen abdominal bandages are advocated as a means of reducing the danger of rapid changes in the surface temperature of the body, and are undoubtedly worthy of consideration. The writer, however, prefers to dress with a fair degree of warmth, generally wearing thin cotton under-clothes, protected by light woollen over-clothes. While in this way one may become overheated, the cooling-off process is not nearly so dangerous with a complete covering of non-conducting woollen materials as it is with the thin cotton and linen clothes affected by the native population. It is a good plan always to put on heavier clothes at night. If you feel the slightest chilliness, exercise, or put on a light overcoat. By following these suggestions, the grave afflictions of local congestion may be largely prevented.

Yellow fever need hardly be dreaded in Puerto Rico. It has never taken the form of an epidemic, and but few cases are reported from year to year. It has made itself more apparent, perhaps, in the barracks of the Spanish soldiers and in the prisons than elsewhere. It has been confined mainly to the coast towns, and is not heard of in the interior towns of high altitude. It is well to remember, however, that yellow fever is a disease of night, and that by taking the precaution of not going out until after the sun is well up in the morning, and being in the house when the shades of evening fall, and living in upper-story rooms if possible, one runs little risk of being smitten by this dread disease. Yet no rule holds good during an epidemic, and avoidance of the fever-infected districts is the only safe recourse. Always keep away from sections of a coast town in the tropics where the poor, degraded, and vicious live; keep the person clean, change the clothing often, and live among cleanly surroundings.

On the whole, Puerto Rico has the most salubrious climate and engenders the smallest number of physical ailments among the unacclimated of all the regions of the Western Hemisphere within the torrid zone. In any country where vegetation grows rank and luxuriant, where the suns are hot and the rainfalls frequent, disease is necessarily more prevalent, but Puerto Rico has been remarkably free from the scourges which afflict the people of adjacent isles; moreover, it should be remembered, in summing up the situation, that this fair condition exists on an island where the population is, and has been for centuries, more dense than that of almost any other purely agricultural section of the New World.

GEOLOGY.

The great Antillean mountain range embraces Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the smaller islands to the eastward, and includes a great submerged mountain chain connecting the islands and extending westward toward the isthmian region of North America. It is, in general characteristics, the most wonderful folding on the earth. It rises at Brownson Deep, a little north of the shore of Puerto Rico, almost vertically from the depths of ocean, 27,000 feet to sea-level, its highest elevation above the surface of the water being 11,300 feet in Mount Tina of Santo Domingo. In other words, the West-Indian islands are only the protruding tips of the mightiest and most precipitous mountain range in the world. If it could be pushed up above the surface of the water, it would reach heavenward nearly ten thousand feet higher than Mount Everest in the Himalayas.

The immense depths of water on either side of this wonderful range are the deepest known in the Atlantic. The islands which rear their crests above their surface rise abruptly from the sea, with only scanty flood plains on their margins, formed chiefly of terraces of coral rock of late geologic time.

The history of the geologic oscillations of this region is best told by Robert T. Hill, an eminent geologist of the United States Geological Survey, who has devoted many years to the unravelling of earth problems relating to the West Indies. The submergence of the original land area—thought by some writers to be the lost Atlantis—took place in early geologic time, and while the waves of ocean rolled for ages over this sunken land, it was heavily laden with a calcareous deposit of shells and sea animals. Again, in the upheavings of the earth, it was reared high above the pounding surf, much higher than it is to-day, so that the solid land possibly extended from the present limits of southeastern United States to the mainland of South America, though there is much difference of opinion among geologists regarding this phase. Scientists who favor this idea have called the large area of land then exposed and connecting the two continents, the Windward Bridge. The Isthmus of Panama may have had no existence at this time, and the broad Pacific possibly surged freely against the steep shores of the eastward land.

Then came a second period of subsidence, until the largest islands were but tiny pinnacles above the deep; following this was another long period of calcareous deposition, and the ultimate uplifting of the islands known to us to-day.

During the first great uplift the wonderfully folded mountain ranges, encased in massive fossiliferous limestones, were formed, and from the crumpled crests of the giant peaks craters poured forth tuff and liquid lava, and the great subterranean caldrons filled every crack and fissure with melted igneous material.

The secondary sinking encrusted the entire surface with another layer of heavy limestones, thought to be somewhat softer, and filled with much later fossils.

At a late period of the last uplifting the coral polyps made their appearance, and, skirting every shore-line, zealously built their rocky homes, even reaching out and throwing up their stony fortresses on the tops of sunken ridges. The elevation still continuing has created a series of coral terraces which gird the major portion of all West-Indian islands, and reach for a considerable distance inland.

This is at best but a crude and rough outline of the wonderful past history of the Antillean range.

Puerto Rico has no known extinct craters, and it is unlikely that it was ever the seat of active volcanic disturbance.

The geology of the island is practically unknown, for it has almost always been neglected by students of nature and scientific men, whose attention has been given with considerable care to the geologic features of the other and larger islands of the group. There is little reason to believe that it materially differs either in stratigraphy or mineral constituents from those known in Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Jamaica, as Puerto Rico is merely an extension of the same mountain range which with lowering elevations extends eastward, and finally sinks into the blue ocean beyond the island of St. Thomas.

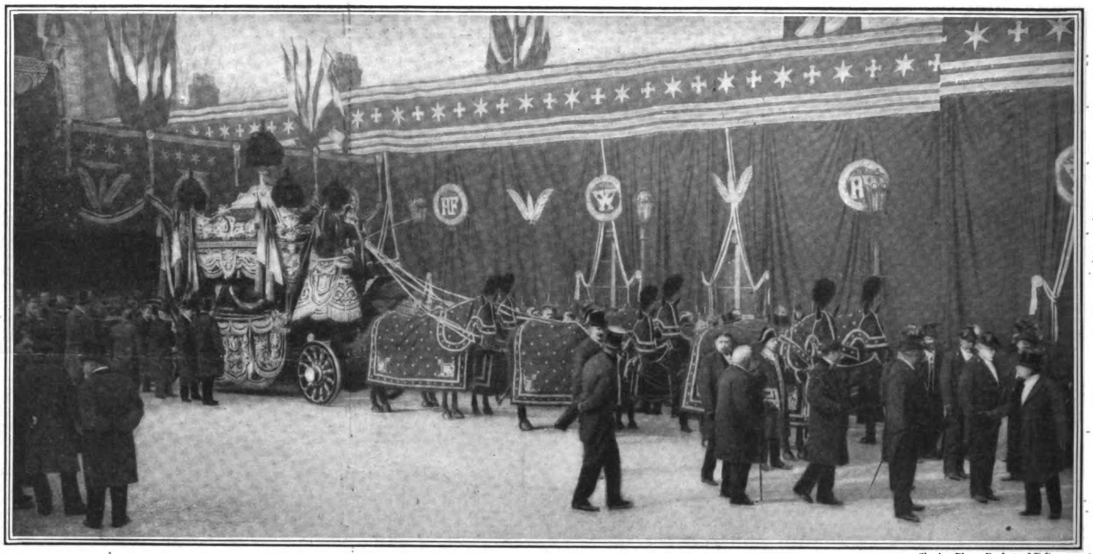
Massive limestones, deeply carved by rivulets and rivers, cover the mountains to their very tops. At a few points are seen the older basic rocks from which primeval land was derived. Near Lares, running east and west, is a beautiful castellated ridge, some thirty miles in length, of this older conglomerated and metamorphic rock, capped apparently by remnants of the harder limestone; but beyond these there are few indications of the original superstructure upon which the later island deposits were laid down.

The limestone varies greatly in quality and somewhat in color, changing from soft white, with almost straight fractures, to a cold gray and blued steel coloring, with a hard, fine-grained texture and a highly conchoidal fracture. All varieties seem to make fine building-stone, produce macadam roads cemented almost as hard as the original rock itself, and burn in kilns to lime of great beauty and strength.

The mineral possibilities of the island are yet unsolved problems, but the known factors do not hold forth great promise to the speculator or investor. Viewed in the light of scanty discoveries made on the other islands, where the earth disturbances took place on a more gigantic scale, and where—if at any point in this great range—valuable minerals should have formed in nature's crucible, the possible resources in rare minerals are not promising.

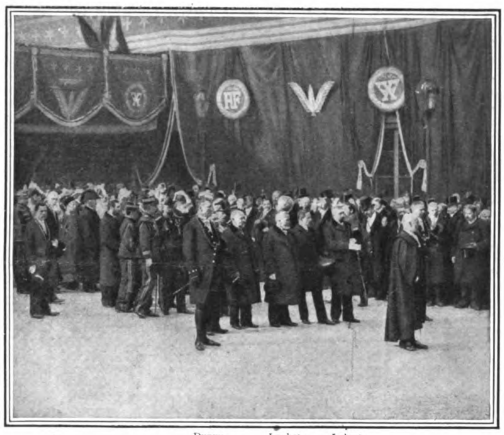
Iron ore of good quality has been found at several

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THE FUNERAL CAR LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE.

Charles Blanc, Prefect of Police, giving final instructions.

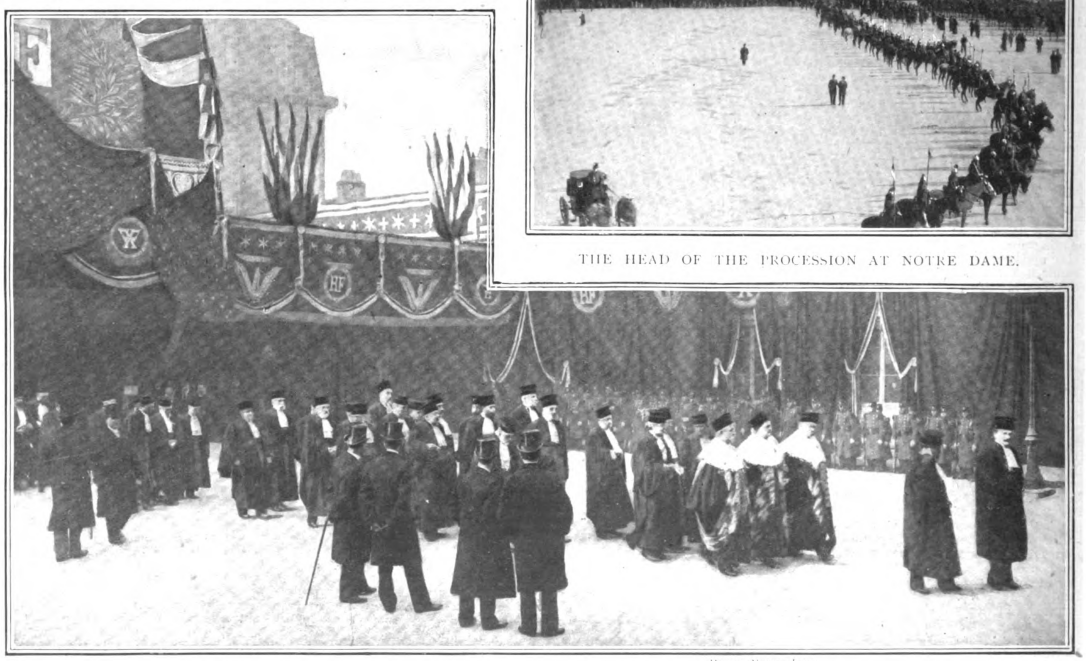


Dupuy. Loubet. Lebret.
Frank-Chauveau. Deschanel.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION AT NOTRE DAME.

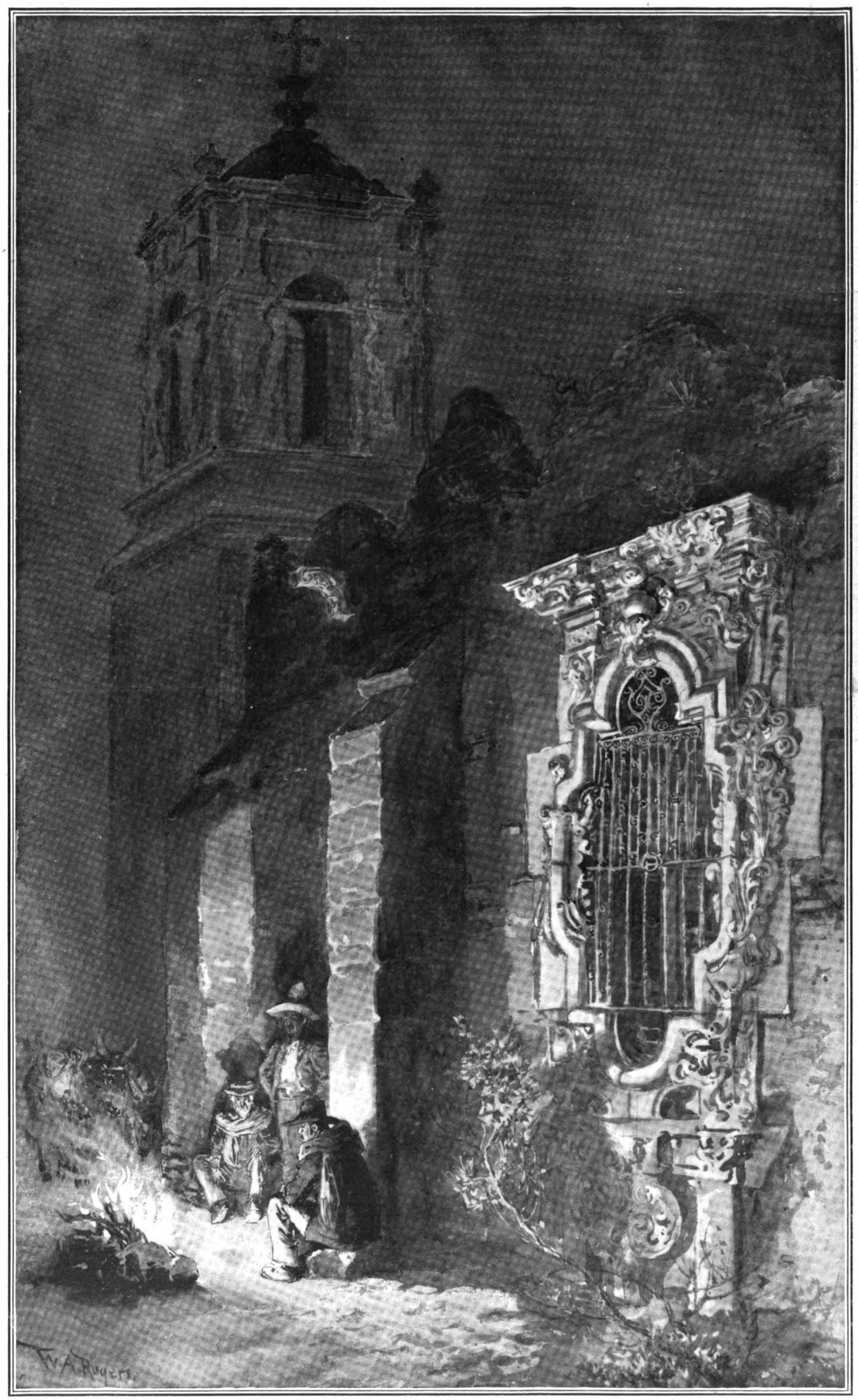


Manau. Mazain. Loew.

JUDGES OF THE COUR DE CASSATION LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE—THE THREE PRESIDENTS LEADING.

PARIS—THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.

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MEXICO IN THE UNITED STATES—THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ, NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 274.]

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places on the island. It may be that asphaltum will be discovered in paying quantities. Coal is said to occur in the western ranges, but closer scrutiny will very likely prove it to be lignite. A mineral fuel, it may be said incidentally, located in this region, would be a great industrial blessing, for the scanty supply of wood at the prevailing high price will make it necessary to import coal in great quantities, if the present industries are to make much expansion in the future.

Gold has been found in many of the mountain streams, notably in the Loquillo Mountains in the northeast, under the towering peak of El Yunque. In the seventies a French company secured privileges from the Spanish government to wash gold from the streams near Rio Grande, but the work was soon abandoned—it is said, because of failure to find placer gold in paying quantities. No mother-lode has so far been located in this range, which may yet disclose wealth under the searching eyes of prospectors. This year a number of parties have been scouring the upper heights of El Yunque, and rumors of finds are in the air. In the tributaries to the Rio Cibua, near Corozal, some fifteen miles southward of San Juan, gold has been washed from the streams by the natives, and often the San Juan merchants purchase very small amounts of gold-dust in exchange for store goods. The method pursued by the natives in securing this gold, it is related, is primitive in the extreme, being obtained by diving into the water and bringing the sand from the bottom in their clinched hands, panning it out afterwards on the banks of the stream.

Numbers of other minerals are named—none of them, so far as known, appearing in paying quantities. Copper, lead, garnet, and others of lesser importance are enumerated. Fine quartz crystals and agates have been picked up in many stream beds, and small blocks of mica are said to occur in the streams of the southern water-shed of El Yunque.

A geologic survey of the island would, in a year, settle most of the mooted questions as to the mineral resources of Puerto Rico, and would most likely save much foolish expenditure of capital by individual seekers after wealth. The Spanish laws, which reserved all rights in mineral lands for the government, deterred individual investors; but the government, like the dog in the manger, has never taken advantage of the power vested in it to make either mineral or general geologic surveys.

While every possible avenue to wealth in Puerto Rico will be exploited within the next few years by Americans with money and without money, as a generalization based upon the evidence of small mineral finds in the past, and the known geologic formations which promise little for mineral resources in the future, it may be suggested that there are many far more promising roads to fortune in industrial and agricultural pursuits than in the quest of a new El Dorado—that phantom which has lured the Spanish race, in centuries past, to its ultimate destruction.

Our New Possessions—*The Philippines*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

GENERAL MILLER'S EXPEDITION TO ILO ILO

Ilo Ilo Harbor, *January 5, 1899.*

It is the usual boast of Americans, when speaking of the dilatoriness and red-tape of older nations, that the United States would soon replace the slow and cumbersome machinery of old governments with new time and labor saving engines running at full speed with a minimum of coal and friction. American promptness and energy have become proverbial throughout the world. Whatever may be true of the individual today, our government has proved in the management of the Philippines that the boast has no foundation in truth. For the last six months we have been unable to get away from our narrow hide-bound methods, or to deal promptly and energetically with an emergency. The expedition to Ilo Ilo brings matters well before the public eye, and the following questions will be difficult for any one to answer satisfactorily: Why, if we were not ready to act and had no definite plan for the islands, did we start an expedition for Ilo Ilo? Why, if we were going, did we not start in time to relieve the Spanish garrison? Why, when once started, did we not land, instead of making threats and then lying inactive in the bay? American prestige is gone in the Philippines, and it will take bloodshed to re-establish it. All foreigners say, "What a mess your government is making of this affair!" All natives say, "The Americans are afraid of us!"

The story of our expedition to Ilo Ilo is not pleasant to tell about. The merchants of Ilo Ilo petitioned General Otis to send an expedition to relieve the Spanish garrison, no longer able to hold out against the insurgents. At that time the insurgents were crying out for the Americans to come. Then it was that we might have taken Ilo Ilo with the hearty consent of the people. But General Otis, not free to act on his own initiative in the smallest details, was obliged to get permission from Washington. It was eight days before an answer came, and in eight days the Filipino mind can change many times. Why it took eight days to decide a question where delay meant failure it seems impossible to tell. It is whispered here that President McKinley was on a Southern tour, and could not be troubled with so small a matter. Whether that be true or not, we started December 26; the object of the expedition was already defeated, especially with such orders as General Miller was bound down with—to take Ilo Ilo, but do nothing that would bring on a conflict with the insurgents.

In the mean time the Spaniards in Ilo Ilo were checkmating us. General Rios received a telegram from Spain saying that the islands had been ceded to the United States. There was no reason why he should expose his troops further to insurgent attacks. On December 21 he called the alcalde, or mayor, of the town, a Spaniard, and the consuls, to a meeting, and delivering the town over to the alcalde, asked the foreign consuls to protect foreign interests. Had General Rios believed that Spain had actually sold the Philippines to the United States, it would have been his duty to hand over Ilo Ilo to the United States consul, who was present.

On December 24, according to agreement with the insurgents, the Spaniards evacuated the town and sailed for a port in Mindanao. Next day, December 25, the insurgents marched into the town with two thousand organized troops armed with rifles. They kept out the wild hillmen armed with bolos, or knives, and in every way conducted themselves better than could have been expected even of a civilized army. No houses were looted and no individual revenges were taken. On the following day the shops of the town opened, and business was better than it had been for months before. The Spanish alcalde met the troops and the insurgent officials as they came up to take formal possession of the government building, and presented the town to them. He said "that he hoped the insurgents would be able to defend the city against all invaders." The trick was well planned and worked admirably; for the insurgents, under this treatment, gained confidence, and began to think that they could very well manage affairs without the aid of Americans.

When the *Newport*, the headquarters of General Miller, sailed into Ilo Ilo Harbor, we were surprised to find the town in the hands of the insurgents. We were further surprised when a delegation of insurgents came on board and asked why we had come to Ilo Ilo, and what recognition we were going to give to the Filipinos. General Miller promised to send a letter on shore explaining his position. I went on shore, and found only a few soldiers in the town. The old fort was unoccupied. Certainly, had we landed then and asked permission afterwards, our explanations would have received more serious consideration than they did. Nearly all the insurgent troops were two miles distant, across the river, at Jaro. The insurgent flag was down, and the insurgents evidently expected us to land. I am persuaded that we made a mistake in not landing then and there; for while it may be important for political reasons that no conflict be brought on with the insurgents until we have fully determined what we are going to do with the islands, it is of far greater importance for our future here that whatever our government does be done with force and decision. No mistake is so grave, in a situation like the present, as the mistake of indecision. When I landed at Ilo Ilo, I think a dozen men might have raised the United States flag without much difficulty. I staid in the city five days. At first I was treated with respect and allowed to go wherever I pleased. Little by little a change came about. With every communication we sent, with every evidence of hesitation we showed, the insurgents gained confidence, until at last I was obliged to leave the town on account of their hostile attitude. At first they made no preparations for resistance, but gradually they took heart and began to fortify the town. They took possession of the old fort, and threw up earth-works along the strip of beach on which our troops were likely to land. On the second day after our arrival, hearing that all foreigners were to be held as hostages, and that there was a strong guard on the quay, I walked down along the quay at midnight, and for the stretch of half a mile there was only one sentinel, with whom I chatted in a friendly way. When I left Ilo Ilo for the *Newport* there were two thousand armed men in town, who patrolled the place constantly. The streets were being barricaded, and there was not the slightest doubt that we should have to fight to take Ilo Ilo.

After the insurgent commission left the *Newport*, General Miller sent on shore a letter which strictly conformed to his orders. It declared that we had come expecting to take the town from the Spaniards, and did not wish to have any trouble with the insurgents. It ended by stating that we had come on an errand of peace, and we wanted to know what the insurgents would do if we landed. This letter was in itself a confession of weakness. I have no doubt the insurgents were astonished at our attitude, for our force of twenty-five hundred was larger than had ever been seen before in the harbor of Ilo Ilo. The native, however, was quick to take his cue. The committee stated that they belonged to a federation of states, and could not decide such important questions without instructions from Aguinaldo. They promised to consult the president of the insurrection in the island of Panay, General Lopez, and report to the *Newport* next day. That night great fires burned on the hills back of Ilo Ilo, a signal for the gathering of the hillmen who had been disbanded after the taking of Ilo Ilo. At noon on the following day fifteen thousand mountaineers, armed with knives, are said to have collected in Jaro. When the insurgent committee came to see General Miller next day, they demanded time to send a messenger to consult Aguinaldo. General Miller, an old Indian-fighter, who had chafed under his restricting orders, now openly declared that he had come to take Ilo Ilo, and was bound to do it; that he wished to avoid bloodshed, but as the insurgents were not open to advances, they must take the consequences. Thereupon the insurgent committee showed its hands. American soldiers landing without arms the insurgent government could not guarantee against attacks by the people. American soldiers landing with arms it would not guarantee against an attack by the insurgent forces.

Immediately after the conference, General Miller prepared to land his brigade. The guns of the Sixth Artillery were lowered into boats; the Eighteenth United States Infantry was in marching order, ready to land; the Iowa volunteers prepared to follow. Then occurred an unforeseen incident which changed the whole situation. A committee of the foreign merchants came on board the *Newport* with a petition signed by nearly all the merchants in Ilo Ilo, begging General Miller not to land until the insurgents had had time to consult with Aguinaldo. These were the same men who had begged General Otis to send down the expedition, and it was on account of their original petition that General Miller felt justified in landing to protect life and property in the face of insurgent opposition. This new petition took the ground from under his feet. The fact of the matter was that the merchants had heard the threats of the insurgents that they intended to burn the town in case the Americans landed. We did not land that day, nor the next day, nor the day following.

So far the attitude of the insurgent government was that of being unable to guarantee the safety of any troops that landed. Now a new step was taken—a meeting of the citizens of Ilo Ilo was called. Some of the foreign merchants attended, and President McKinley's proclamation, that had been brought down from Manila by the *Bonaventure*, an English cruiser, was presented. The extracts read did not produce a favorable impression.

First, we had come on an errand of peace.

"Why, then, did they bring a larger army than had ever been seen in the harbor of Ilo Ilo before?" asked some one.

Slavery had been abolished in the United States, and every individual was a free citizen.

"That is all very well about the United States, but what about slavery in the Philippines?" shouted some one else.

Then came an extract relative to the right of trial by native courts, and the right of natives to hold office—all in very general terms, promising nothing definite, but suggesting possibilities. After the reading was over, an insurgent officer arose and said:

"This town was officially handed over to us by the Spaniards, after we had besieged it for several months and lost many men. We are tasting the sweets of liberty for the first time, and now we are asked to give up the town to a strange people, who will not tell us what they intend to do after they are the masters. Shall we give up Ilo Ilo?"

The answering shout of "no" might have been heard half a mile away. An old man, in his enthusiasm, got up and shouted, "We will fight them in the bowels of our mountains."

Here at last was what we had brought on ourselves—a determination to fight us. From that moment the insurgents made every preparation to fight us if we landed. This was on the third day after our arrival; and when General Miller sent Colonel Potter back to Manila for orders, he sent word at the same time that Ilo Ilo would have to be taken by storm. All non-combatants left the town, taking with them all their household goods. The merchants loaded as much of their property as they could on lighters, and towed them out of danger across the bay. They themselves took up quarters on the various steamers in the bay.

To the expectant crowd on board the *Newport* the fresh orders that came from Washington showed the absurdity of managing the details of a Philippine campaign at such a great distance. In effect the orders were not to bring on a conflict with the insurgents; to land the troops, if their health required, somewhere and go into camp. The orders further asked if the President's proclamation could not be circulated in Ilo Ilo.

There was General Miller, sent to occupy Ilo Ilo, who, after declaring his determination to land, was forced to remain inactive in the bay. The effect on the natives will be incalculable all over the Philippines. To them it means that we are afraid. As to the proclamation of the President, it was with difficulty that any one could be found to translate it into the native language, and, after it was translated, no printing-press would print it. Copies were at last made on the type-writer of the *Newport*, and sent on shore. Whatever effect it had was unfavorable, for it stated that the islands were American property, and the army would at once proceed to take possession of them. Any one who resisted would be brought into subjection. Now the Indian is very proud of his flag and of his vague ideas of national independence. Consequently there is nothing that will excite him more than to tell him that the islands are American property. Again our action belied the proclamation, for our forces did not proceed at once to take possession of Ilo Ilo, but lay powerless in the bay. The insurgents, who know nothing about not bringing on a conflict before the Senate passes the bill ratifying the treaty, had another reason for believing that we were afraid. So there we lie before Ilo Ilo, an exploded bluff. Moreover, we cannot return to Manila, for if we do, the Germans have declared their intention of landing marines in Ilo Ilo, on the ground that neither Spain nor the United States can protect property there. There are only two reasonable courses open to us at present—either to remain completely inactive and stop talking until we know what we are going to do, or to go ahead and act without saying anything about it.

A little incident occurred on the water-boat, alongside of the *Newport*, which exemplifies native character. Our quartermaster seized the small water-boat, which gets its supply from a spring on the island of Guimeras. This water-boat is the only means of supplying ships in the harbor with water. The owner of the boat demanded sixty dollars a day, which was refused by the quartermaster. The owner went away, saying that he would get even with us. No one objected when a new crew of three natives came on board the water-boat. We had two American guards on the boat, who got on splendidly with the new crew. The captain of the crew was especially pleasant to the Americans—tried to talk with the soldiers, and in every way endeavored to make himself agreeable. That evening at dinner-time, just as dusk was fading into night, the two sentinels were eating their dinner at one end of the water-boat; the three natives were at the other end. The native captain got up and came towards the American

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guards, asking for a cigarette. Both Americans were sitting down, one of them threw his package to the captain. The next moment the native crew made a rush at the two guards. They were so taken by surprise that they did not have time even to draw their revolvers. One American was stabbed in the arm and shoved overboard; he was afterwards picked up by a life-boat, little the worse for his adventure. The other guard was found on the deck of the water-boat with his head split from ear to ear. There is little chance of his recovery. Two of the native crew did not attempt to escape, and were found in the water-boat. They strongly assert that they are innocent. The captain jumped overboard and escaped. The whole affair was a cold-blooded and treacherous murder, planned with utter disregard of consequences. No doubt the idea was to get possession of the water-boat.

STRAINED CONDITIONS IN MANILA

MANILA, *January 25, 1899.*

I returned to Manila, well knowing that there was nothing more to be done in Ilo Ilo until the Senate voted on the treaty of peace. In Manila American stock was below par.

"Why, if you went to take Ilo Ilo, did you not take it? You cannot treat the Indians in this way," said all the foreigners.

Meantime the Tagalos have grown impudent. They elbow our generals off the sidewalks. They openly threaten to cut all our throats. They laugh at us. Jimmy Green bites his lip, hangs on to himself, and finds comfort in the idea that his turn will come sometime.

Manila is panic-stricken, but panic-stricken to a degree. Each day brings some new story of insurgent plans to wipe the American forces in Manila out of existence. These plans are met each time with counter-preparations by our army. As a result the town is in a turmoil the whole time. Hardly an officer but sleeps with his revolver under his head and his boots on. Our sentries at night challenge and fire with little hesitation. Already two of our sentries have killed natives who were trying to steal upon them unawares to stab them and take their rifles. In both cases the sentries were slightly wounded. Since this occurrence natives are very careful how they approach our outposts.

To-day the rumor has spread that after attending church, where they will be armed, the natives in town will rise. It is claimed that they have smuggled large quantities of arms down river into town. Peaceful people stick the end of their noses out of their windows and watch with anxiety the street corners. Many native servants have gone over to the insurgent army, taking with them as much of their masters' personal property as they could carry. My own boy left two days ago with my revolver, my watch and chain, my purse, and several minor articles. I felt grateful that he left me my tooth-brush. I have no doubt that, arrayed in his new splendor, he will get a commission in the insurgent army. I have obtained a new revolver, and hope to see my boy again before I leave the islands.

A few days ago there was a stampede on the Escolta. Men, women, and children ran for their lives; soldiers rushed to their barracks; carriages and horse-cars galloped at a breakneck speed towards the outskirts of the town. On investigation, it was found that the cause of all this turmoil was one drunken soldier who ran after one Filipino. The strain of constantly expecting something that never comes is really very trying, especially at night, when every creaking of a board suggests the stealthy pace of the midnight murderer.

General Otis did not issue President McKinley's proclamation, but one of his own, which was dated Manila, January 4, and was substantially to the following effect:

The United States forces came to give the blessings of peace and individual freedom to the Filipinos; all natives honestly endeavoring to co-operate with the American authorities will be rewarded; the municipal laws of the country will continue in force in so far as they may be applicable to a free people, and will be administered by officers chosen, in so far as it may be practicable, from the inhabitants of the islands; public property, revenues, etc., will be managed by the United States military authorities until a civil administration can be established; private property will be respected, and, if taken for military use, will be paid for at a fair valuation; the ports of the islands will be open to the commerce of all foreign nations, and goods will be admitted on payment of such duties as may be in force at the time of importation; and the aim of the administration will be to prove, in the language of President McKinley, "that the mission of the United States is one of beneficent assimilation, which will substitute the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule." General Otis, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that it was the intention of the United States government to appoint the men forming the controlling element among the Filipinos to civil positions of trust and responsibility; to draw from the Filipino people as large a proportion of the military force as possible, and to increase the privileges of the people until their government should eventually become "as free and independent as is enjoyed by the most favored provinces of the world."

Aguinaldo's protest appeared some days later.

"The government of the Philippines," said the dictator, "has come to the conclusion that its duty is to explain, before all the civilized powers, the facts bearing on the rupture of amicable relations between the Filipinos and the army of the United States of America in these islands." He accordingly explained that, after the naval battle of May 1, Admiral Dewey consented to his (Aguinaldo's) return to his country, and supported the revolution by a distribution of arms. The Americans, he asserted, took no part in the military operations which resulted in the expulsion of the Spanish forces from Luzon, the Visayas, and a part of Mindanao, though they contributed "to some extent" to the Filipino success; they availed themselves, however, of the insurgents' trenches constructed about Manila, and captured the city. But "the Spaniards would never have surrendered if my forces had not closed every road of retreat into the interior." Admiral Dewey seized the Filipino launches; General Otis insisted upon the withdrawal of the Filipino forces beyond a certain line "marked on a plan"; commissioners who sought to put themselves in communication with the American authorities were treated very cavalierly; the "complete independence promised by United States Consul Pratt in Singapore" was not obtained, but, on the contrary, forces were sent to Ilo Ilo by General Otis to take possession, "in the guise of conquerors, of that nation occupied by my government. . . . a violent and aggressive usurpation of a portion of our territory." And the proclamation closed with the words, "On their heads be the blood that will be spilt."

Aside from minor details of disagreement, the ground of difference is plain enough. Aguinaldo demands the recognition of his government, and will be satisfied with nothing short of national independence with an American protectorate. The American government will not recognize the insurgent government, nor will it promise Philippine independence. To prevent bloodshed if possible, General Otis appointed a commission of Brigadier-General Hughes, Colonel Smith, and Colonel Crowder to confer with a commission of Filipino citizens appointed by General Aguinaldo, for the purpose of promoting peace and good-will between the people of the United States and of the Philippines. These commissions met, and it at once came to light that, beyond the vague idea of national independence, the Philippine commission could formulate no definite ideas as to what they actually desired. They attempted to conjure with that very elastic word "protectorate" (which we might use with such effect were we less honest), but were nipped in the bud by demands for an explanation. By far the most important statement that the Filipinos made, however, was that the people were out of hand, and even if the government at Malolos was inclined to give in to the United States, the people were determined to fight. In other words: We have spent six months in the Philippines; we have actually made all manner of concessions to the insurgent government; after taking Manila we have in no way encroached on their territory; but so bungling has been our management, that at the present moment, when we are about to take up the administration of the islands, we have the enmity of the whole population. This state of affairs does not promise well for the future.

Colonel Crowder spoke very plainly to the commission. He pointed out to them that no foreign nation recognized them even as belligerents. That our presence in the islands was the only barrier which prevented foreign nations from swooping down and gobbling up the islands without any conferences or parleys with the insurgent government. We certainly would not stay unless we obtained some benefit for the United States for so doing. The ignorance of the Philippine government and people on these points proved satisfactorily enough their present incapacity for self-government. Colonel Smith then took a hand in the matter, and by close questioning brought out the fact that the present insurgent government was not representative of the people, but was largely appointed by a few men. The government was therefore merely provisional. General Hughes wound up by talking on broad, general grounds. It was all very well to talk about the Philippine victories over the Spaniards; the crushing blows the United States had inflicted on Spain were the only true reason for all the insurgent successes. The aid furnished by the Filipino army to the United States was of doubtful utility, for when all had been said and done we had really bought the islands from Spain, and all military movements in and about Manila, after the destruction by Admiral Dewey of the Spanish fleet, did not count. The American army was constantly hampered by the unreliability of the so-called insurgent assistance around Manila, and would have been able to deal with the Spaniards much more satisfactorily if the insurgents had not been present. The Filipino commission were sent home, to bring back at an early date more reasonable and definite demands from their government. A few days later another meeting was held, and the Filipinos brought a final proposal. This proposal, of course, was unreasonable. Its details are not made public, but this much may be said, that they ask that the United States shall first declare the independence of the Philippine Islands, and afterwards establish a protectorate. That we should want the control where we are responsible they cannot be made to understand. Colonel Crowder apparently suggested a new idea to the insurgents when he asked them what would become of the Philippine hopes of independence if Germany, with her present Hong-kong fleet, should occupy Cebu? At present there seems little hope of a peaceful settlement.

There are elements of extravaganza in the situation. A manifesto has appeared, no one knows from where, written in pidgin-English, supposedly by an American soldier. It consists of a long tirade in favor of the insurgent position, and winds up by a seditious appeal to American soldiers. "Our officers," it says, "are keeping up the war for personal ends of self-aggrandizement. American soldiers, if we fire on the Filipino patriot, let us fire high so as not to hit him." The perpetrator of this joke is now in prison.

Every night with darkness come alarming orders, troops are confined to barracks. Timid people seek the refuge of the walled city or the fort to sleep. If one takes a walk in the beautiful moonlight, sentinels crouching at every corner lower their bayonets and glare at one with the glittering eyes of a maniac. I begin to think the insurgents are right—we have actually come to fear them.

One yarn in closing this letter. It concerns the prison and two Tennessee volunteers. A Filipino convict had climbed the prison wall and was running for dear life through the open. Two long-legged Tennesseeans were on guard duty. They kneeled to fire.

"I don't guess it's more than three hundred yards," said one, quietly.

"I reckon it's most five hundred," said the other, as if he were discussing the weather.

The prisoner was running like a deer, and rapidly approaching the undergrowth around innumerable little huts, where he would be safe.

"Call it four hundred," suggested the first Tennesseean, in a conciliatory tone.

They adjusted their sights, aimed, and fired. The escaping convict fell, and the two Tennesseeans went out to bring in what was left of him.

"If he's hit in the head, it's my shot," said one.

"I aimed low, acco'din' to a'my regulations," drawled the other.

The convict was found with one bullet through the back of his head and another through the lower end of his spine. They know how to shoot in the mountains of Tennessee.

PARIS

February 24, 1899.

TO-DAY, for the second time in five years, the French capital has been the scene of the funeral of a President of the republic. Such an occasion brings vividly to the surface the wonderful capacity of the French people for elaborate display, and the result of the preparations of the past week was something to which it is difficult to do justice. The day was one of peculiar significance, aside from its main interest, touched as it was with an apprehension of danger and disorder, for it is not too much to say that the authorities confidently expected outbreaks along the line of march, and the measures taken to suppress any such manifestations lent an added picturesqueness to the military brilliance of the pageant.

This morning, as we passed along the quays from the Palace of the Elysée to Notre Dame, the sight was inspiriting. The army was everywhere. Columns of infantry filled the side streets and lined the entire route on both sides, and above the heads of the crowd we could see the constant gleam of helmets as troops of cuirassiers and light cavalry galloped to and fro. The Place de la Concorde was covered with people as with a black robe, its statues lost to view, its fountains buried under a deluge of spectators. All the approaches to Notre Dame were guarded by lines of infantry and gendarmes, and by the contrast the great space of the Place du Parvis in front of the cathedral was impressive in its emptiness.

The ceremony had the virtue of promptitude, for it was barely half past eleven when a long double line of gendarmes swept down the square, followed by a squadron of the 1st cuirassiers and a battalion of chasseurs. As these passed the square was empty again, except for the Military Governor of Paris, General Zurlinden, and his brilliant staff, superbly mounted, and advancing slowly toward the cathedral. But only for a moment. Six huge cars covered with funeral wreaths rolled into view, and after these the catafalque itself, surrounded by its escort of dignitaries and by its military guard, moving like a mountain, its six horses caparisoned with trappings of black studded with silver stars, and led by grooms in cocked hats and long black cloaks.

Then came the picture of the day. The square filled rapidly with battalions of the republican guard, with regiments of the line, with dragoons with drawn sabres, with cardinals and bishops, ambassadors and diplomats, officers and their staffs, members of the legislative bodies, and delegations from all the cities of France. Above us was an absolutely cloudless sky, and to the left the huge gray front of Notre Dame, draped with heavy hangings of black and silver. Back of us, and to the right, the stately façades of the Prefecture of Police and Hôtel Dieu loomed up, hung with crape and furled flags, and across the gardens and the river was a wall of humanity banked up blackly against the buildings that line the opposite quay. From the four corners of the square there came a ripple of little red and white pennons from the stationary lances of troops of light cavalry, and the air vibrated with the deep tolling of the cathedral bells, punctuated at intervals of one minute by the detonations of heavy guns. Every imaginable hue showed itself in the dazzling whole. With black and bay of hundreds of horses, with bronze and silver of helmets and cuirasses, with the rich red of the robes of the cardinals and the Cour de Cassation, with the myriad tints of mammoth funeral wreaths, with splendor of diplomatic and military uniforms, with ermine and satin and gold lace, the great assemblage blazed and burned in the warm spring sunshine, halted for an instant, like a human rainbow, before the doors of Notre Dame.

Then came the flash of swords and sabres and the sharp rattle of rifles as the troops came to "present arms," and all the multitude uncovered as the coffin, draped with the tricolor, was carried into the cathedral.

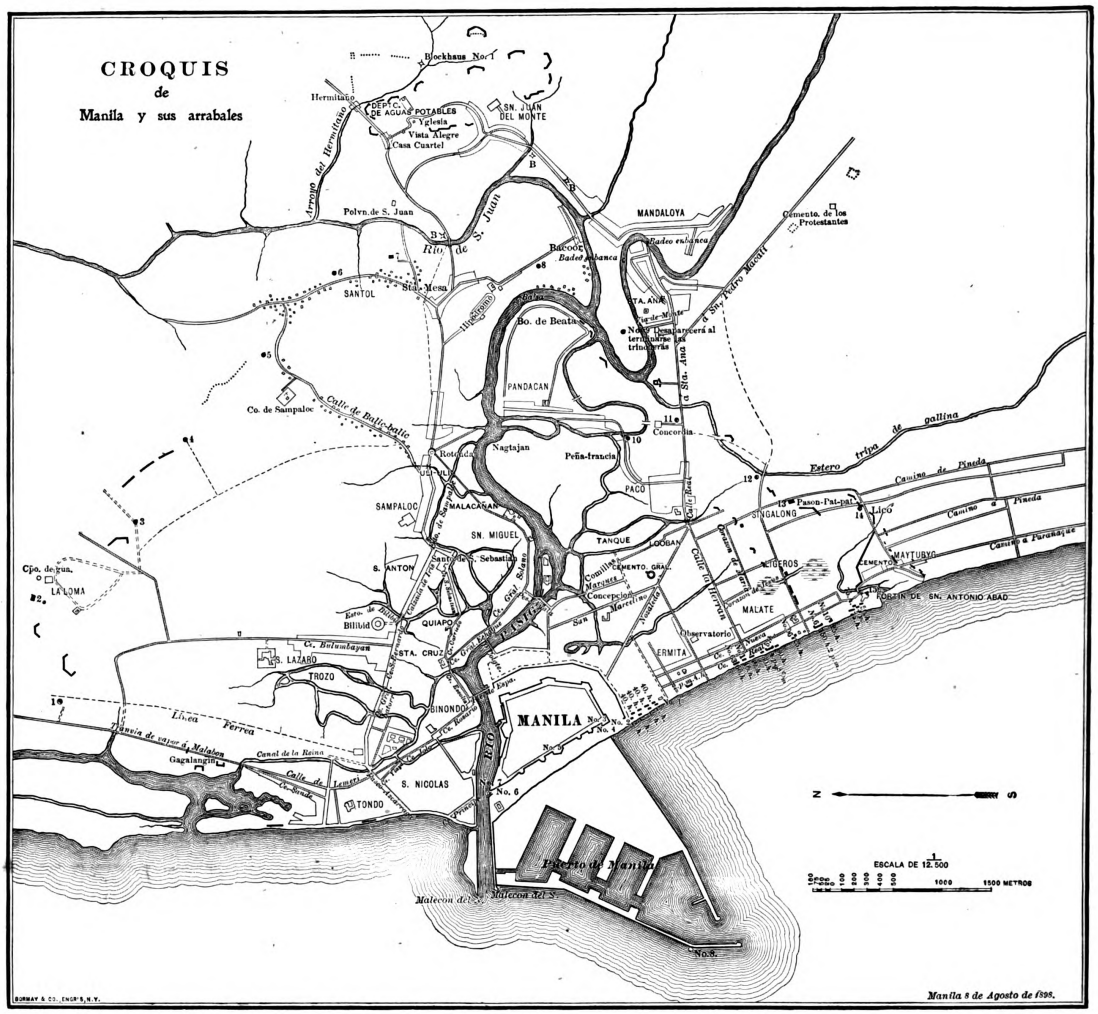
Inside Notre Dame a huge catafalque was reared in the nave, and heavy hangings of black and silver hid the pillars, and lent an extraordinary atmosphere of grandeur and solemnity to the dim interior. Forty candelabra, each bearing three hundred candles, flooded the cathedral with soft light, and from tall cressets lining the nave funeral fires flared fitfully against the darker background of the side aisles. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, presided at the mass which followed.

In less than an hour the bells of the cathedral boomed out once more, this time in a chime, and the funeral car rolled heavily from before the doors on its way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the funeral orations were delivered, and the body of Félix Faure was laid to rest in his family plot. For two hours the procession unrolled itself upon the square, made a magnificent sweep before the cathedral, and disappeared to our right down the rue d'Arcole. To American eyes the great funeral wreaths, marching like strange monsters across the plaza, were far from beautiful. The majority were of yellow immortelles or artificial flowers, and, considering their significance, curiously gaudy. Each bore bows of crape and ribbons, with the name of the city or organization whose tribute it was, and each was surrounded by its delegation. One delegation was especially interesting—that of Alsace-Lorraine. Two girls in peasant costume carried banners of black satin, on which in silver letters were the words "Metz" and "Strasbourg." The people uncovered at the passing of these banners as they had at that of the catafalque; and one thought of the Strasbourg statue on the Place de la Concorde, and realized afresh that the wound is still open, and that France does not forget.

But of all figures in the pageant the most significant was that of President Loubet, as, on foot and with bowed head, he followed the body of his predecessor to the grave. The metropolitan press comments to-night upon the reserve of the multitude, and the consideration shown to the new executive; but surely it would have been a strange thing if at such a time any had been found to repeat the jeers which greeted him last Saturday on the way from Versailles. Nevertheless, one cannot admit the boast of the French papers, "Paris respects her dead," as heartily as, what was far more evident, the fact that Paris respects her police.

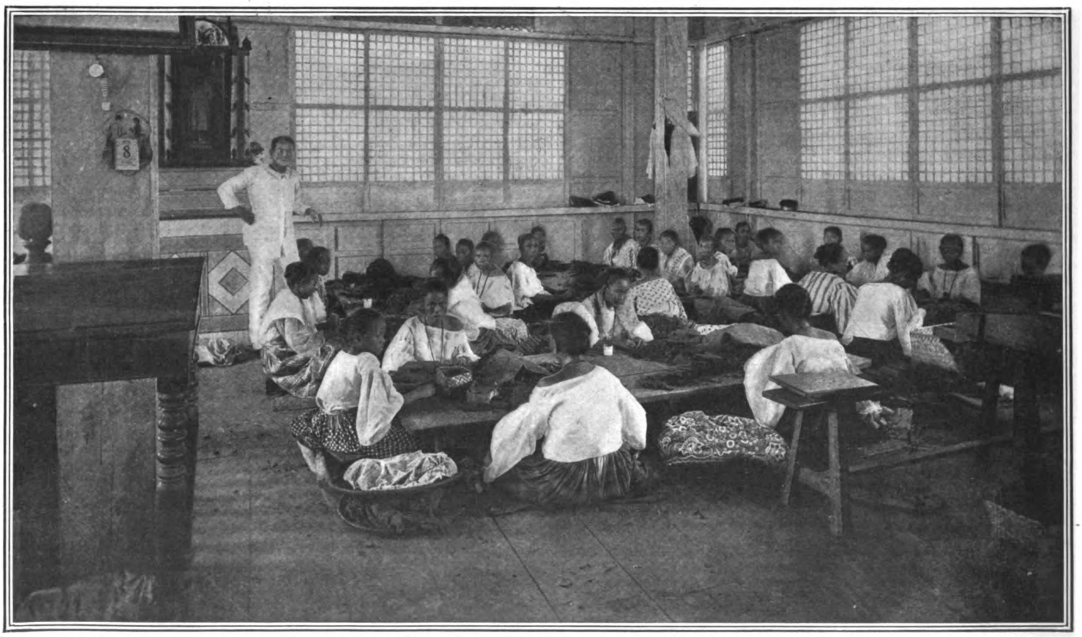
GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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MANILA AND ITS DEFENCES.

From a Tracing made of an Official Spanish Military Map by Frank D. Millet, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.



MANILA—A CORNER IN A CIGAR-FACTORY.

Photograph received from Oscar King Davis, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

I.—HAVANA UNDER AMERICAN MILITARY RULE

WHATEVER shall be the final outcome of the military occupation of the island of Cuba by the United States—whether complete or temporary independence of the people of the island, or annexation in some form to the United States—the first sixty days of that occupation will always probably remain its most interesting and important part. During the first two months of the stay of the American army in the island, for the declared purpose of pacifying the country and establishing a stable government by the people of Cuba, a vast and extensive governmental machinery was set in operation. It involved enormous labor and great tact. It required patience, courage, and a shrewd business foresight.

In those two months the momentous task of reconstructing a foreign land was begun. It was a land cursed by centuries of misrule, whose chief characteristics were corruption, disease, and filth, and this misrule was practised upon a nervous, volatile people, polite and in most respects gentle, and as keen mentally, from the most intellectual and refined to the most ignorant and brutal, as probably exists anywhere in the world. It is of these first few weeks of American occupation that I intend to write, as seen in a month's journey throughout the island where the chief railroad systems run. The story to be told comes from the lips of men of every degree, from American major-generals to the peasants that live in huts, from pro-Spaniards, from annexationists, from advocates of complete Cuban independence, from merchants, professional men, and laborers in the fields.

It is a story that will probably reveal to Americans something of the tremendous labor that our army officials have had to undertake, and something of the fidelity, under a strict compliance with the idea that American military occupation of the island was to be only temporary, with which they began their task. Not until one visits the island and examines minutely into the work that was established in these first sixty days can he understand thoroughly the extent of the labor involved, and not until then can he appreciate the devotion to duty of our officials—a devotion that required the burning of lamps by hundreds of men night after night until long after midnight—and what it has meant, and will mean, for the island of Cuba.

Interest in American military occupation of Cuba centres first of all and chiefly in Havana.

The moment I stepped upon the wharf at the landing I needed no visual proof to know that I was in Havana. An odor, which only such a city could produce, and a description of which need not and should not be given, reached my nostrils. It came from a sewer which runs directly under the Custom House, and which has been one of the most deadly agents of infection in the city. Then came a dash in a carriage through the narrow streets of the older part of the city, past warehouses, the captain-general's palace, up one of the chief business streets of the town with its glittering shops, and then I came to the attractive park in the centre of town, about two-thirds the size of Union Square in New York city, called Central Park, alongside of which the celebrated Prado runs, and around which centres the life of the city at night. Electric lights made the place very bright, and the garish colors of the buildings accentuating the arcades and columns and arches and barred windows, with the lights of hundreds of cabs speeding in various directions, and the babel of voices from the crowded cafés, made a night-picture such as probably only Havana can show.

Two sentries in the uniform of the United States soldiers stepping smartly down a side street gave me my first glimpse of the meaning of American occupation of a foreign land, and then I stopped at my hotel just as the notes from a chorus in "La Traviata" rang out upon the air from an adjoining theatre. I had caught a glimpse of no less than three balls on my way, and as I stepped to the sidewalk and bumped my way into the hotel, I realized that the walks in the central part of town were crowded with pedestrians, and the city seemed to have the gayety of a Paris and the activity of a London. A mere glance showed that it was frivolous and happy, and that the scars of war, if there were any, were hidden. Up a marble staircase I was escorted, and through a Cuban parlor with four rocking-chairs on one side of a rug facing four other rocking-chairs on the other side, and then down a long narrow hallway with pink and blue doors that must have been fifteen feet tall, with little numbers tacked on them so high that one could scarcely read them. One of these barn doors was unlocked, and I found myself in a narrow room, with marble floor, scant furniture, and a canopied bed decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons—colors that were plainly a concession to the new order of things in the town.

Fifteen minutes later I was out upon the streets. They were lined with sidewalk cafés; throngs were passing up and down; one caught the sound of more English than Spanish in the hum of conversation; hundreds of men in the American army uniform were seen, and soon the notes of a bugle in the camp of half a dozen companies of the Tenth regular infantry, encamped upon the promenade of the Prado directly in front of my hotel, told me that American occupation of Havana was not semi-commercial, as it seemed at first, but strictly military. The voices of street fakirs filled the air; bootblacks were crying "shine" and "polish"; a man in a doorway next to the great Tacon Theatre was shouting through a monster megaphone, in English, the merits of his "magnificent Trilby show, boys not admitted." A crowd stood about the doors of the central fire station on Central Park, the modern fire apparatus and American horses to draw it being a constant source of wonderment and pride to the citizens.

It was a busy night in the well-known café of the Inglaterra Hotel. At one table were Captain Sigsbee and a party of friends; at another sat Robert P. Porter, fresh from his interview with General Gomez, in which he won the famous old man over to the idea of temporary occupation of the island by the Americans, and proudly exhibiting to his intimate friends a telegram of congratulation from the President and Secretary Hay over the success of his mission. Senator Proctor passed through with another party of friends, and there were generals and colonels and captains and lieutenants enough for a small army seated at the tables or passing in and out. Over in Central Park hundreds were seated in chairs, from which the city collects a revenue of ten cents a sitting, listening to the music that came from the ball-rooms of two of the clubs that face upon the park. Newsboys were darting about, cabs were hurrying hither and thither; and as one walked about, dozens of little wizen-faced children, scantily clad, but with the air of professional beggars stamped upon their manners, thrust their hands into one's face and asked for pennies. Every kind of head-gear was in evidence, from the Derby and tall hats of perspiring Americans to the light straw hats of the natives and the helmets of the tourist in the tropics. Here and there professional beggars carried naked babies about, in the hope of catching pennies from Americans overladen with riches, and occasionally a woman in widow's weeds passed along, telling a story to the imagination of the horrors of reconcentration under the butcher Weyler. Ticket-speculators were selling admissions to the separate acts to the opera in the Theatre Payret, and snatches of conversation were heard of Americans planning to get an option on this or that public works, or arranging to enter into some business venture, provided there was assurance of a stable government. There were said to be no fewer than eight thousand Americans in town.

The first thing to impress an observant visitor to Havana as he goes about the town is the fact that the streets are really clean. In the first week of February, when I first saw them, one month after American occupation, I found them as clean as the streets of New York, especially under Tammany rule. Another thing that was a great surprise was to find that the water of the harbor seemed even cleaner than that of New York Harbor. I remember that I spoke especially of this to General Ludlow, the military governor of the city and suburbs. I said,

"General, I crossed the harbor this morning, and was surprised—"

"You expected to find the water of Havana Harbor," interrupted the general, "precisely like the Chicago River."

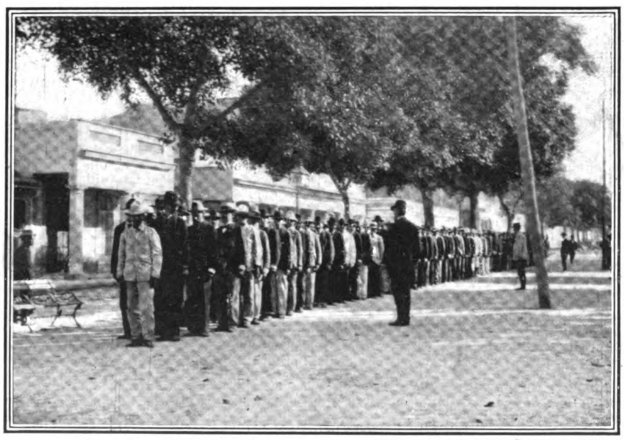
"Exactly!" I exclaimed.

"And you found it as clean, if not cleaner, than the water in New York Harbor," was his response. And it was true. And, in passing, it may be proper here to remark that the amount of exaggeration in public print regarding affairs in Cuba has not been confined by any means to the city of Havana. Another thing to attract instant attention in the city was that our soldiers, who were doing police duty with loaded rifles temporarily, were respected everywhere and obeyed instantly. The duty was irksome to them, and they rebelled inwardly against it, but on all sides there were quiet and order and a full disposition by all the people to make the best of the new situation. Still another thing to arrest instant attention was the fact that the horses, and even the dogs, of the street were in good physical condition. By nine o'clock in the morning the streets were lively with drays that were ungainly and unwieldy, and that filled up almost the entire narrow highways in the business part of the town. The mules which drew the drays were wiry little animals, and looked as much out of place drawing those enormous carts as a boy does in his father's clothes. A bunch of sleigh-bells attached to the collar of each harness, and long thick tassels of bright colors depending from the necks and flanks of the mules, were fitting accompaniments to the gaudy red Tam o' Shanters of many of the Canary-Islanders who drove the carts. The combination of noise and color accomplished the object of the drivers, which was to attract attention to themselves, and fulfil that ardent desire, met everywhere in Cuba, to occupy the centre of the stage, so to speak. As the hot sun sent its beams down through the narrow streets, with sidewalks just wide enough to be simply a stepping-stone from a carriage to a shop, clerks and porters appeared at doorways, and began to stretch the awnings across the ropes and wires that ran from building to building, thus shading the highways, a sight common in many old tropical and semi-tropical cities. All about the open space near the Custom House drays were drawn up in large numbers, and in every quarter business dealings were in full operation.

The only sign that there had been a war was the American and Cuban flags flying from hundreds of buildings, and American soldiers going about the streets on their sentry beats. In walking down to the water-front on my way to General Ludlow's headquarters I passed into a foul-smelling narrow highway within three minutes' walk of the centre of the town, and soon



10TH REGULAR INFANTRY, HAVANA'S TEMPORARY POLICE DEPARTMENT IN CAMP ON THE PRADO.



LICKING HAVANA'S NEW POLICE FORCE INTO SHAPE—DRILLING AN UNUNIFORMED BATTALION ON THE PRADO.

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an armed United States sentry, with his rifle at port arms, stopped me, and said,

"Americans cannot go through here, sir."

"Why not?" said the rapidly rising independent spirit of the American citizen.

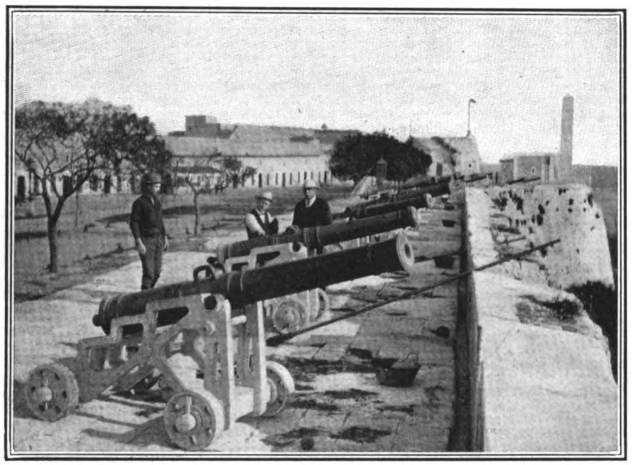
"General's orders, that's all."

"Yellow fever?" was the inquiry.

"No, sir; simply because this is the one place in Havana where no American can possibly have any business."

I took one glance down the street, and saw that the general was right. The heart of the sentry softened, and he let me walk with him to the corner of the next block, and I have to say that if there is a viler place this side of Port Said I don't know where it may be found. The episode was a good illustration of what our military occupation of Havana means, and it is mentioned here for that reason.

During the first two months of our occupation—and it is probably true at this writing—there were few busier places on the Western Hemisphere than the headquarters of General Ludlow, down in the palace of the city governor on the water-front; a fine building in a beautiful location, opposite old Cabañas, and commanding a splendid view of the harbor and its narrow entrance. The corridors were thronged, one might say, with hundreds, all desirous of an interview with General Ludlow himself. There were army officers, syndicate-hunters, dozens of persons seeking passes to Morro Castle, scores of impoverished people asking for food, city officials, personal friends of the general, priests, and tourists. Every one seemed to understand that General Ludlow was struggling with the most difficult problem, not purely military in character, that had probably ever been given to a United States army officer, but each also seemed to think that it would be a welcome respite to an overworked official if the general would give up a few minutes of his time for a conversation on this and that topic, and especially on the political conditions in Cuba. It was necessary for the general to hide himself up a narrow winding staircase, with two sentries at the bottom, and an aide in an outer office, whose chief business it was to act the part of a private secretary and keep callers away from his superior. This aide was a volunteer captain from a Massachusetts regiment, a man whose independent means permitted him to be seen on Sunday afternoons occasionally driving a tandem about town, and who was in the army from a patriotic sense of duty and a love of the soldier's life; and so thoroughly did he accomplish his duty as a buffer against the onslaught on General Ludlow that I may mention that although I was the bearer of a personal letter from Secretary Alger to General Ludlow, and although General Ludlow had marked on my card, "O K, at any hour. W. L.," I was more than three days in reaching the general's presence. It is only fair to the aide to remark that on my second call on the general I was able to see him in fifteen minutes.



AMERICAN VISITORS TO CABAÑAS FORTRESS.

A cursory examination of General Ludlow's task was sufficient to show that if he succeeds in his work of regenerating Havana he will leave for himself a monument that will last for all time. It was also sufficient to show that he has the work well in hand, and that if he is left alone he will accomplish it. He not only had to attend to his military duties as Governor of the city, but he had to feed the starving, to clean the city outside and inside, to take the responsibility of putting off for nearly a year the work of sewering the city, to disarm the volunteers of Havana, to study the problem of reform of taxation, and to keep the city municipal machinery in motion, so as not to permit the military occupation of the city to become offensive to the people. How well he was accomplishing this task will be seen in detail in other chapters of this story of reconstruction.

In common with a host of other American citizens, I had felt a sense of disappointment that General Fitzhugh Lee had not been placed in direct charge of affairs in Havana. Without any disparagement to General Lee, it is proper for me to remark that, after studying General Ludlow's work, I am convinced that no mistake was made in placing this reserved, keen, apparently unsympathetic army engineer, than whom there was probably no better equipped expert in sanitary matters in the United States, in charge of this momentous work. It was evident at the time of my visit that the work was wearing on him. His face was drawn and almost haggard, but his mind was as alert and quick in its action as that of any man I ever met. So patient and courteous was he, despite reports to the contrary, that he even gave up part of his dinner hour to talk over the situation with me, in order that the people of the United States might form some accurate and clear conception of what was really going on in Havana. He was bearing the hardest kind of a "white man's burden," and if, in addition, he was playing for the stakes of lasting reputation in the esteem of his countrymen and in history, it was that laudable kind of ambition that springs from a lofty sense of duty, and a willingness to sacrifice health and life if necessary to accomplish it. Good luck to General Ludlow! If he accomplishes his work, and I believe he will, future generations in Havana will speak of him in gratitude. The administration of William McKinley can do no better work for Havana than to support him to the last ditch.

It is pleasant to write that the people of Havana were co-operating with General Ludlow to the fullest extent. There was friction here and there, of course, but there was no disposition not to obey his wishes in every respect. The people of Havana accepted the new order of things without murmur. There was no sign, as one went about the streets and attended places of public amusement and talked with merchants and other citizens, that they resented the domination of a so-called "conquering army." There was no drawing of skirts by women as they passed American soldiers, no lofty tone of superiority by men as they went about their daily tasks. And on the part of General Ludlow and General Brooke, the military Governor-General of the island, as well as every other military commander in Cuba, there was the manifest disposition to make the military occupation as light a burden as possible, and in no sense that of a conquering nation. Our army was everywhere playing the consistent part of a sincere ally.

It is fair, however, to remark that there was one discordant element in this acceptance of the situation. It came from irresponsible, and sometimes from responsible, journals published in the city. The spirit of yellow journalism seems to have descended upon the town. There was a disposition constantly to forget that the island was under military rule, and to nag and peck at the military authorities. In some cases outrageous criticism and assaults were made upon our generals—assaults that would justify the immediate suppression of the publications; but it is a tribute to the patience and good sense of our generals that they ignored them publicly, although privately they chafed a good deal under them, and chose to regard them as mere mosquito or flea bites, the most common causes of personal irritation in the island.

Probably the most striking signs of American military occupation, outside of the actual presence of our soldiers, were the placards posted up in every café and drinking-place in the city to the effect that by order of General Ludlow positively no alcoholic liquors were to be sold to our soldiers. The order was obeyed almost literally, but occasionally a soldier could be seen under the influence of liquor—the only drunken persons to be seen on the streets, for the people of Cuba do not get drunk; and it is not pleasant to say it, but it is said to be true, that since our occupation of the place more Americans—soldiers and others—have been placed in jail than any other class of citizens. On the other hand, that tells its own story of law and order in the city.

Everywhere in Havana there were brilliant lithographs advertising various brands of American beer. It is a wonder that some enterprising agent had not plastered the sides of Morro Castle with these signs. One would think, from the number of them in town, that we were simply a nation of beer-guzzlers. One noted with satisfaction, to offset this, that in many of the shops there were signs, "English Spoken Here," and American bicycle-stores, type-writing establishments, haberdashery stores, were a pleasant relief to "Greater New York Cafés," "St. Louis Cabinets," and "Chicago Retreats" that had sprung up on all sides. The American occupation of Havana came home to me with a jar one day when I was passing through busy Obispo Street, as I read this sign:

STOP AMERICANS!

CHEWING-GUM SOLD HERE!

Ten Cents a Package!

It will not do to take too seriously the sign "English Spoken Here." The interpreter frequently lives or does business half a block away, and sometimes he cannot be found. When he does arrive his English is likely to correspond to an advertisement that I saw at the entrance to a barber shop. It read, "Very good works made here." Here is the advertisement of an "American restaurant," taken from its business card:

> This first class of establishment offeir the public, rooues with every confort and convinience for accommodation of permaent anf trancient guest.

It will be observed that there is more trouble with spelling than with syntax in that sentence. Here is an extract from a circus handbill printed in "English":

> Special collection of train dogs introducing Dommestical Dogs and ETC presented by Mr. Antoni Pubillones.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the dogs were not responsible for that advertisement.

And so the American military occupation of Havana unfolded itself to a visitor. Americans were to be seen everywhere. There were adventurers, visitors, business men, investors, men and women of every kind, from the United States, but actual crooks—John McCullagh sent home the first arrivals of American crooks, and the word was passed to the others to stay away. Then there were the sights of the town to be looked after. The bullet-hole in the mirror of the Inglaterra Hotel, where the correspondent of an American newspaper was shot at just before the Spanish evacuation, and the famous "dead-line" at Cabañas fortress, were alike the source of great interest to Americans. The bootblack who sat down and smoked as he polished your shoes, and then rang a little call-bell three times to announce that he was through, and afterward, to amuse you, puffed out his cheeks, bowed his arms far out in front of him, and jolted himself up and down on his bench, as he shouted "General Lee!"—it would have made the general himself laugh—did a thriving trade. The drilling of the new police by John McCullagh attracted hundreds to the Prado daily. There was guard-mount to be seen every morning. One of the most beneficent results of our occupation was the fact—marvellous to be told of Havana!—that not an immoral book was on sale in any of the book-stores. Four wagon-loads of them had been seized and burned by American soldiers. Here and there a long train of army wagons, laden with provisions, was starting out for a trip in the surrounding country to feed the starving, and in five army depots in town hundreds of the hungry were to be seen drawing rations until they could find means of subsistence themselves. Every tobacco factory was running in full blast, and there was not a cigar-maker in town able to work who was not making at least four dollars a day—a circumstance which accounted probably for the crowded condition of the cafés in all parts of the town. Now and then one caught a glimpse of a carriage with coachman and footman, and occasionally some of the aristocratic ladies of the city were to be seen shopping at night. On every side the American soldier was in evidence, and it did the average American citizen good to note his uniform dignity and the respect in which he was held. The buildings, every window barred with thick iron rods, the interiors disclosing a lavish use of marble, seemed to make the place a city of jails and fortifications.

And as night fell with a sudden blanket of darkness, and the lights on the streets, in buildings, street lamps, and hundreds of cabs dashing about like so many fire-flies, came out; as the throngs appeared on the streets, and the sound of music reached the ear from the public square—one of the most unattractive of all the plazas in Cuba—and scores of masked women were seen riding to a dozen balls, it was interesting to stand on some balcony, like that which opens upon the rooms of the special deputy collector of customs, Mr. Walter A. Donaldson, at the northwest corner of the plaza, or Central Park, and watch the attractive and seductive life of the place. The light on old Morro, across the entrance of the harbor, shot its beams up the Prado, over the long rows of Indian laurel-trees that line the promenade of that famous street, and it was easy not to notice the beggars, who, after all, the children eliminated, were not more numerous than along Park Row in New York in the summer-time at night, and it was difficult to realize that the city had felt the horrors of war in the starvation of thousands in its streets and public places only a few months before. The city was brilliant, happy, and there was only a faint odor here and there to remind one that it was not yet entirely clean.

Whatever shall be the result of the American military occupation, this much may be said truthfully, that if that occupation takes no harsher form than it did during its first two months, Havana for generations, and probably for centuries, will be glad that it existed.

Diary of the Revolt

GERMAN COURTESY—RESIGNATION OF THE SAGASTA MINISTRY—THE ARMY BILL—ADMIRAL DEWEY—NATIVE POLICE—PHILIPPINES COMMISSION—MAUSERS AGAINST SPRINGFIELDS—SEVERE ENGAGEMENTS EAST OF MANILA

Tuesday, February 28.—General Otis cabled, "Everything quiet here past three days," and stated that, in addition to the troops sent to Cebu, he was about to send a battalion of California volunteers to the island of Negros, with the returning Negros commissioners.

The Madrid *Reforma* asserted that large quantities of arms and ammunition, sent from Japan, had been landed on the west coast of Luzon. Its comment was, "Japan evidently intends to act towards the Americans in the Philippines as the Americans acted towards the Spaniards in Cuba."

The German government notified the State Department at Washington of the withdrawal of the cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* from Manila, expressing confidence in the ability of the American military and naval forces to care for the lives and property of German subjects in the Philippine Archipelago.

Wednesday, March 1.—The Filipinos at Malabon constructed earth-works and prepared to mount a battery in front of the church which the *Monadnock's* shells had destroyed.

An attack was made upon the Nebraska volunteers stationed east of Manila at the reservoir. It was easily repulsed.

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The captured Spanish gunboat *Laguna de Bay* and a battery of the Sixth artillery bombarded Guadalupe (on the Pasig River). About fifty Filipinos were killed.

General Rios, in charge of the negotiations for the release of Spanish prisoners still held by the Tagalogs, cabled his government that the $500,000 offered as a ransom had been refused, and the sum demanded was $7,000,000.

At Madrid, Señor Sagasta handed the resignation of the ministry to the Queen-Regent. This step was taken in consequence of an effort of the Opposition groups in the Spanish Senate to defeat the government's bill providing for the cession of the Philippine Islands.

At Washington, the Senate army reorganization bill was passed without amendment by a vote of 203 to 32. This measure provided that until July 1, 1901, the President might maintain the regular army at a strength not exceeding 65,000 enlisted men, and raise a force of not more than 35,000 volunteers —the enlistments in the volunteer force to be for the term of two years and four months.

Filipinos in the neighborhood of Manila were busily preparing their defences in anticipation of an attack as soon as the re-enforcements for General Otis should arrive.

Thursday, March 2.—General Otis reported the arrival of the transport *Morgan City*.

Friday, March 3.—President McKinley sent to the Senate his nomination of Rear-Admiral George Dewey to be Admiral, in accordance with the provisions of an act approved March 2, creating the grade of Admiral in the navy. The nomination was confirmed, and through this appointment the commander of the United States squadron off Manila became senior to Major-General Otis, the commander of the army at Manila—the office of Admiral corresponding to that of General, which is two grades above Major-General.

A despatch from Berlin stated that the appointment of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, to the command of the German squadron in Chinese waters, had distinct political significance. The Prince replaced Admiral Diederichs, whose attitude towards the American officers at Manila had given offence on several occasions.

At Madrid, the Queen-Regent accepted Señor Sagasta's resignation, and requested the Conservative leader, Señor Silvela, to undertake the formation of a ministry.

A despatch from Manila contained an item the importance of which was not generally recognized. It was to the effect that the Colonel of the First California Infantry, commanding the sub-district of Negros Island, had been ordered to organize an armed native police and put them under military discipline—an effort to carry out the sensible plan suggested in General Otis's proclamation of January 4, and perhaps the first step towards drawing from the Filipino people as much of the military force of the islands as possible. It should be added that an order issued by General Otis had established a Visayan military district, comprising Panay, Cebu, Negros, and other islands of the central Philippine group, under the command of General Miller.

Saturday, March 4.—At Washington, the Fifty-fifth Congress adjourned *sine die*.

At Manila, the cruiser *Baltimore* arrived from Hong-kong, having on board the civil members of the United States Philippines Commission, namely, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University; Colonel Charles Denby, ex-minister to China; and Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan.

The transports *Senator* and *Ohio* arrived from San Francisco with the Twenty-second Infantry.

There were two engagements during the day. The gunboat *Bennington*, replying to a challenge of the shore battery at Malabon, silenced the enemy's guns, and set a portion of the town on fire. At San Pedro Macati, General Wheaton's left was attacked, and the firing continued for an hour; re-enforcements for the Filipinos were repulsed while attempting to cross the Pasig; one of our men was killed and two were wounded. (Note: General Wheaton relieved General Charles King, when the latter fell ill, in the command of the brigade immediately south of the Pasig River.)

Sunday, March 5.—One band of natives fired on a boat's crew from the *Bennington*, wounding the assistant engineer in charge; another burned a village southeast of Manila. Throughout the day the men in our lines exchanged shots with the Filipinos, some of the latter using Mausers, which were accurate to twelve or fifteen hundred yards, and effective to two thousand, while the Springfields with which our volunteers were armed were scarcely accurate beyond five hundred or effective beyond eight hundred yards. In other words, Filipino sharpshooters could pick off our volunteers with impunity by taking positions of attack discreetly within a belt of country, say, seven hundred yards wide and twenty-five miles long. There seemed to be more than one reason for the anxiety of short-shooting troops to "catch the enemy with their hands," and the impression was received at Washington that our plendid fellows were getting nervous and restless under the annoying sharpshooting of the Filipinos.

Within the city of Manila, the arrival of re-enforcements had produced a good impression. Numbers of people were seen in the streets, and social life began to resume its usual course as in a time of peace.

MARRION WILCOX.

Manila's Defences

THE map which appears on page 270 of the WEEKLY shows the defences of the city proper and its immediate suburbs against a land attack. That part of the city called "Manila" on the map is what is known as the "old city." The points marked by heavy dots and numbers are outposts and block-houses, where, under the Spanish rule, small detachments were maintained for the purpose of overawing the natives. The short heavy lines indicate trenches or redoubts. Caloocan lies about one mile north of the end of the "linea ferren," or railroad, on the map. San Pedro Macati lies somewhat less than two miles south of San Juan del Monte, just at the end of the road marked "á San Pedro Macati" on the map. The numbers along the shore line from Manila to San Antonio Abad indicate block-houses and redoubts erected by the Spaniards as a protection against the turbulent Tagals from southern Luzon. The numbers "40 h.," "50 h.," etc., indicate the number of *hombres*, or men, each was meant to hold; "2 p. m." means two pieces of artillery mounted. Santolan is some two miles east of San Juan del Monte, on the Mariquina or San Mateo River, a branch of the Pasig. Mariquina is a mile north of Santolan, on the same river. *Camino* is the Spanish word for road.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.
VETERINARIES of the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co. examine cows supplying milk for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother.—[*Adv.*]

THAT ORIGINAL MARRIAGE.
THE last echo of the six days' race, which caused such a commotion in the press circles—during the marriage ceremony celebrated on the track one could have fancied themselves in a chapel, such warm perfumes filled the air. It was the bridemaids of the lovely bride, who were all decorated with FLEURS NACHETS of ORIZA-LEGRAND. An original idea, is it not?—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

To ladies suffering from sick-headaches valuable information will be given. Address, with stamp, JESSIE DE FOREST, Janesville, Wis.—[*Adv.*]

AMERICA makes the finest brand of champagne. COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY. It is delicious, fruity, and pure.—[*Adv.*]

SECURE a sound mind and sound digestion by using DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

A BRAIN and body bracer—ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. All druggists' and grocers'.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On a Buffet
In a Twilight Room
The glow of a
Low Fire Reveals
Hunter
Baltimore
Rye
THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
The Bottle Gleams
Hunter is
Comforting
If you need a stimulant it will comfort you



Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

The name of quality
Swift
and Company
Swift's Premium Hams, Swift's Premium Breakfast Bacon, Swift's Silver Leaf Lard, Swift's Beef Extract, Swift's Jersey Butterine, Swift's Cotosuet.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.
Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,929.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,343.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

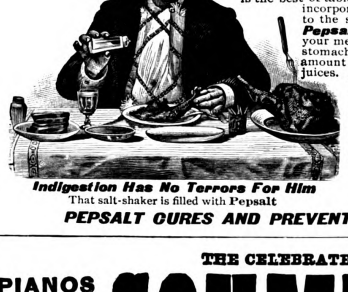
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

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Beeman's

The Original
Pepsin
Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.


Pepsalt...
is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with *Pepsalt* and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. *Pepsalt* taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.
Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.
Price 25 cents, postpaid.
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,
45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt
PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist. SOHMER PIANOS and the refined musical public
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

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The Mission San José

WHILE San Antonio is not offensively a health resort, many Northern people who are not particularly robust, or who object to cold weather on general principles, are to be seen sunning themselves on Alamo Plaza during the winter months.

The main points of interest for a stranger in San Antonio are the old Spanish missions. With the exception of the Alamo, which stands in the heart of the modern town, these old buildings are strung along two or three miles apart on the river.

The Mission San José de Aguayo, about six miles out, is one of the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of all. It is an enormous rambling old building, partly in ruins. Originally it was surrounded by houses built in the form of a hollow square. A few of these houses still exist, and are occupied by Mexican Indians, who quarter their cattle and mules in a part of the old church. The windows and doorways are richly sculptured in a light soft stone, which is particularly effective set in the old gray stucco walls. The Mission San José was built, or at least begun, about 1720. It must have taken many years of patient work to finish it. The doors are of panelled cedar elaborately carved. Two of these doors remain, and are in very good order except for the scribbling and chipping of tourists.

The remarkable thing about the sculptured work on San José is its marvellous freedom. There are good strong lines underneath, but the sculptor has played with his design with such evident joy that his happiness is communicated to whoever has the good fortune to look on his work.

Now that these old buildings have fallen into decay, they still afford shelter from an occasional cold norther to the Mexicans who cling to the old neighborhood.

W. A. ROGERS.

LONDON

February 25, 1899.

THE extraordinary reception given to Lord Charles Beresford by the Chamber of Commerce and other prominent and representative Americans is not without its effect on English politics. The man in the street is gratified that a popular English sailor should be thus honored in the United States. Lord Charles Beresford, however, is a thorn in the side of officialdom and constituted authority in this country. Copious telegrams have been received detailing his progress from San Francisco to New York, and his speeches and those of his principal entertainers are reported almost as fully as if they were delivered in London. This publicity and the distinction with which he has been received enhance Lord Charles Beresford's importance as a politician, and as he is an extremely independent Conservative, and has the courage of his opinions, it is tolerably certain that the question of the Far East will occupy a more prominent place after his arrival in this country than if he had come home *viâ* the Suez Canal and the dozen custom-houses referred to by Mr. Whitelaw Reid in his speech at Delmonico's on the subject of the open door. Lord Charles Beresford's hospitable reception in America, besides being gratifying to the great majority of the British public, has enabled him to act as a sort of informal ambassador on a subject of great importance to both the peoples concerned. In the highest administrative sphere, however, Lord Charles does not inspire enthusiasm. He is a possible minister, and bureaucrats rarely feel kindly towards their likely successors. American hospitality has greatly helped Lord Charles at a critical moment in his political career, but it could scarcely be bestowed upon an English politician who is less besmirched with selfish aims. The opinion of people in government circles, however, is that, notwithstanding his almost royal progress from California to Washington and New York, Lord Charles will not succeed in persuading Parliament to take the action in China which he considers the necessities of the case demand. Whether this be so or not, all the precedents point to the fact that a few years hence every one will agree that Lord Beresford was right in his insistence on the reality of an open door in the Far East. I hear, by-the-way, that one of the first results of the attempt to maintain the unclosed portal is the establishment of a golf links at Peking. Another member of Parliament, Mr. Cumming Macdom, who has also been in the Far East, found Peking without a course. He left it with a fully established golf club and a playable round laid out on the race-course on the outskirts of the city. The British ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, has become a convert to the game, and the Chinese caddies are described as being excellent of their kind, but somewhat too adroit in the discovery of lost balls.

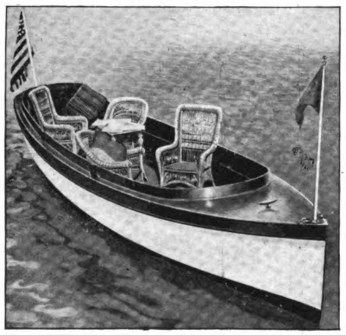
THE adjournment for six months of the Anglo-American Commission has not surprised those in the habit of following Anglo-Canadian interests. As I said in my letter to the WEEKLY of July 9 last:

"I gather that anxiety is felt, not least in government circles, as to the composition of the Anglo-American Commission for the arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Canada. I may perhaps record the conviction entertained here that, unless the commissioners appointed on both sides are qualified by their antecedents and opinions to come to an early arrangement, a favorable issue is scarcely to be expected." It cannot be denied that if Mr. Foster's appointment to the commission was not altogether significant of the successful achievement of its labors, Lord Herschell's nomination also left something to be desired. Lord Herschell is not a lucky man. The enterprises with which he is connected have a knack of failure. He consented to become Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's brief government when Lord James, to his eternal fame, declined the honor. He is the chairman of the Imperial Institute, which, if not a complete failure, has not added to the strength of the imperial movement. Then, again, Great Britain, when acting on behalf of Canada, is in the position of a trustee administering a cestui que trust on behalf of an exacting ward. It cannot be denied that the refusal of the American commissioners to adopt the terms of the reference of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission excites comment here. It may be recalled that in the spring of 1896 an eminent American writer pointed out, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that President Cleveland, by his action regarding Venezuela, had given away the whole American case regarding the Alaskan Panhandle. The friendly spirit, however, which animates both London and Washington, and—what is of more importance—the nations behind, is of good augury for the success of future negotiations. It is a pity that for political reasons enemies of an Anglo-Saxon friendship should devise plausible fictions with the view of embittering international relations. It is to be supposed, however, that the authors of these falsehoods agree with the English school-board child who recently defined a lie to be "an abomination to the Lord, but a very present help in the time of trouble."

I MAY mention on authority, that the rumors in circulation about Sir Henry Irving's financial position and ill health are destitute of foundation. The sale of the Lyceum Theatre and of Sir Henry's acting rights in certain plays to a limited company has been accomplished. He is now hard at work at Margate studying the book of Sardou's new play, which is to be produced at Easter. Sir Henry Irving is the only living actor who has received honorary degrees at the universities of Cambridge and Dublin. He is about to have conferred upon him the doctor's degree at Glasgow University.

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Safe — No Heat
Simple — No Smoke
Reliable — No Smell

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Can't Explode — Can't Sink

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USED EVERYWHERE
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Health Cigars

Are Made of the Finest Imported and Domestic Tobacco

which has first been treated to a solution discovered by Prof. HUGO GEROLD, of the University of Halle, Germany, accredited with being the greatest authority in Europe on nicotine poisoning. In these cigars the

Nicotine is Rendered Harmless by Being Neutralized

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Flavor or Aroma is Not Affected

Recommended by Physicians Everywhere.

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AMATEUR SPORT

IN a small square room of deep corners and high ceiling, with doors barred and fear of interruption removed, I want, some day before I "shuffle off this mortal coil," to stand face to face with the athletic freebooter.

I want to lay hold of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of college sport where no escape by transformation will be possible.

I want to analyze, where to dissemble is unavailing, the hypocritical spirit which calls loudly on the public to bear witness to its virtue—the while its agents are industriously looting the dearest traditions of wholesome sport.

I want to lay bare the soul of the marauder who justifies his pillage by a professed belief in degrees of amateurism.

And I want, above all else, to run to earth the contemptible wretch who preaches his accursed belief to schoolboys.

I want to drive the athletic impresario into chancery,



THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB'S ENGLISH HOUNDS.

and dispel the "business" atmosphere that envelops amateur sport.

I want to stake out on the campus for university condemnation the sensation-seeking newspaper correspondents who put lies in the mouths of their victims and a professional coloring into the college atmosphere.

I want X-ray photographs of the minds of the disingenuous faculty athletic committee-man and of the disingenuous amateur.

THESE sentiments are not new to the readers of this department. I have uttered them before; but some of the communications in the budget of mail collected during my absence last week in Chicago prompt the reiteration—and with added fervency!

Here is an indignant protest against my challenge of the amateur status of a golfer who was written down as playing for a purse of fifty dollars. The gentleman denies he is a professional—the purse, he says, was for twenty-five dollars, not fifty!

A hockey-player whom I had arraigned for unsportsmanlike, not to say foul, work, disputes the justice of my criticism, but adds that perhaps he was a little "too open" in his tripping and hacking of opponents!

A retired club-manager pleads devotion to his club's success in extenuation of unwholesome methods employed, and adds that "anyway" the season turned out "poor," and the players "divided very little money"!

Several pages filled with protestations of purity come to me from a faculty member whose university athletic managers have repeatedly and flagrantly offended the ethics of amateur sport.

And, last and most surprising, I find from Harvard sources letters and despatches and editorials bristling with defence of preliminary practice, and indignant to suffocation over my statement, in the issue of March 4, that Harvard "permits its football-players to be gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded a couple of weeks before term opens"—whereas they are gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded as "guests" at the country place of some Harvard alumnus a week or so before term opens.

TRULY I regret my Cambridge correspondents should not have read a clearer lesson in my lines of two weeks ago. My admiration for Harvard's general attitude in sport is too patent and has been expressed too frequently to permit of the petty twistings of my words or misinterpretation of their spirit. My comment stands without bracing, and requires no explanatory key.

Harvard has exerted a potent influence for wholesome sport in the last eight years, and, on the whole, has come nearer, in my judgment, the ideal of sport for its own sake than any other university in America. But that is not to say Harvard has no shortcomings.

Curiously, Harvard was slowest almost of all Eastern colleges in officially outlawing the "summer-nine baseball-player," who infested college baseball a few years ago.

And now, when all friends—unprejudiced friends—of college sport are united in condemning preliminary football practice, behold! Harvard defends it! 'Tis not that Harvard is more to be criticised than Yale, Pennsylvania, or Princeton, but she has given us reason to expect in this direction more than we do of the others.

PRELIMINARY practice is a feature of football, at the four large Eastern universities, against which there are unremitting opposition from fair-minded *alumni*, and strongest aversion by all sportsmen. Official opinion at the universities appears to be about evenly divided.

There are the Pharisees who ostentatiously beat their breasts and call upon sportsmen to bear witness that they are not as other college athletes, faculty members, graduate advisers—needing prompting in the interpretation of the spirit of the athletic law.

Then there are those others who, unmindful of the spirit, turn the letter over and over, seeking its weakest point.

Thus we have the breast-beaters and the rule-beaters; one party stands on the house-tops expounding the ethics of sport, while the other party is busily at work in the cellar, planning a means to circumvent the good gentleman on the roof. A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde combination that is responsible for many inconsistencies, not to say hypocrisies.

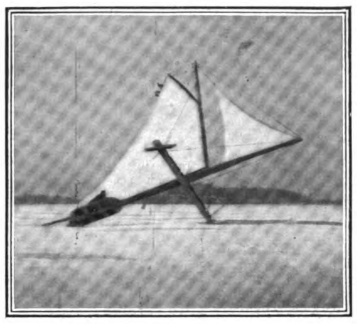
Dr. Jekyll, in the person of some university official, or other, promises an end of preliminary practice, or a reduction of gate charges, or some like reform; and, lo! even while the tomtoms and the cymbals are sounding on the house-tops, Mr. Hyde, in the person of a football or baseball manager, sand-bags and spirits away Dr. Jekyll, and we hear of the good doctor no more until after the playing season.

DR. JEKYLL appears to have no difficulty controlling Mr. Hyde when the point at issue is not one of material importance, but on any question touching alleged aids to athletic success the worthy doctor seems unable to hold his double in reasonable check.

This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde exhibition in college sport is humbuggery, of course. It is within the absolute power of the Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania faculties to forbid preliminary practice. That they do not forbid it is evidence enough they believe in it, or at least have no objections to it.

Therefore I say no President or faculty member of any one of the colleges endorsing preliminary practice can command respectful attention or expect our confidence when he publicly deplores "excessive training," and prescribes remedies of intricate formula and trifling practical value. He is not sincere. If he were, he would begin by forbidding preliminary practice at his own college; for if there is any feature in college sport more suggestive of "excessive training" than getting football-players together in preliminary practice a couple of weeks before term opens—I should like to have it pointed out.

NO present feature of college sport has more of the spirit of professionalism than "preliminary practice." It is absurd to talk about its benefits in moderation. Season after season has demonstrated the fallacy of those benefits. And who is to set the gauge of moderation? Who is to decide between the two if Harvard, for instance, takes only her half-backs and full-backs for a ten days' preliminary practice, and Yale takes all her candidates for two or three weeks? Who shall say what is moderation and what is not? Who is to deny Pennsylvania's or Princeton's right to get all her candidates together and send them to a mountain hotel for the entire summer vacation?



ICE-YACHTING IN A STIFF BREEZE.

What is the difference, in principle, between two weeks and four weeks? between eight men in preliminary practice and eighteen—between six players training as "guests" of an alumnus, and twenty-three training as guests of a club of alumni?

The argument that "the two weeks of practice just before the opening of the year are necessary to get the players into condition for the opening games" is ingenious, but really very weak if carefully considered. The simple reply is—not to schedule games so early in the season.

REAL fact is, football has become such a money-maker that managers crowd in as many games as they can, with an eye to the profits of the season.

Increased gate and the hope of getting something of an advantage over an opponent—this is what preliminary practice is really for.

Preliminary practice and the "business" of money-making go hand in hand. It is this that the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Princeton endorse by permitting the gathering and training of football candidates before the opening of term-time.

The fact as to whether a regular training-table is established, similar to the one run during term-time, or whether the men are entertained as guests by an alumnus, is beside the question. But, considering that feature alone, in my opinion it is less an offence against the ethics of college sport to have a regular training-table established by the college athletic association, and the men contributing their share as they do in regular term-time—than to be the guests of an alumnus.

The danger lies in the advantages that might be taken of such guest privileges. Sadly enough, we must always provide against the vicious. The object with which the football men are brought together as guests at some alumni's house is not their entertainment, but for preliminary practice in the game. Therefore the term guest, as usually understood, is misleading. The men are guests for the purposes of football. And it is quite apparent how this privilege could be abused were it taken up by a college with a less wholesome conception of amateur sport than Harvard. Here is a possible result against which we must guard.

W. L. Barnett. J. P. Brock. A. C. Coxe. H. Palmer. S. Campbell.



G. C. Walworth. F. E. Seeley. S. S. Stoddard, Capt. G. S. Mittendorf, Mgr. R. E. Smith.

YALE'S HOCKEY TEAM—WINNER OF INTER-COLLEGIATE SERIES.

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AND is this the sort of spirit—this spirit that so emphasizes the need of winning—to be encouraged in amateur sport?

The true end of amateur sport is not victory, but the thrill of honorably, resolutely contending for it. Higher than sport are self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and conscience of the sportsman. Which breathes the spirit of sport for its own sake,—and may the best man win.

When the spirit of gain, by either direct or indirect methods, is permitted entrance in our recreations, they lose their amateur significance and cease to be healthful. This is why university athletic committees and college faculties should never relax their vigilance nor rest in their endeavors until the highest ideal is established and maintained. We want healthful rivalry, and scientific, rigorous competition; but, above all, we want the highest tone to rule in our athletic relations. We want vigorous, healthful sport, and manly, honest athletes. All the world may love a lover, but it loves, too, a sportsmanly valiant fighter.

Harvard and the other universities afflicted with preliminary practice would better etherize Mr. Hyde.

PITY it is that Harvard and Yale, arranging for their boat-race on the Thames, cannot settle their business matters with the New London Board of Trade without the mercenary flavoring we find in the despatches from New Haven and Cambridge.

Every undergraduate manager should, on election, be taken into some dark corner and earnestly instructed in the ethics of college sport. Perhaps then we should be spared these comments of this manager or that manager, which read precisely as we should expect Sharkey's manager to declare himself—to wit—We're out for the money—see? If youse don't come up with the green, why, we'll chuck yer for the Slugger Club, what 'll give us more stuff—see?

Coming on top of their declaration for the Thames as the most fitting rowing-course, the newspaper statements of the Harvard and Yale managers that other cities have made "handsome financial offers for the race," and that some of them will get it unless the New London Board of Trade "puts up"—grate most unpleasantly on the sportsman's ear.

It sounds very much like a case of mild blackmail.

Why should the New London Board of Trade, or any other commercial organization, give Harvard and Yale a guarantee for rowing a boat-race on their local waters?

In Heaven's name, does not the football season make money enough to support the crews in sportsmanly fashion? And if not, are there lacking Harvard and Yale men to contribute the deficiency? It is a disgrace to college sport that these two universities should be haggling with a town Board of Trade for part payment of their crew's training expenses.

What has college sport in common with boards of trade?

THE Sportsman's Show may primarily be a huge advertising scheme, but it certainly affords pleasing, healthful, and instructive entertainment, such as cannot be found anywhere else for the same money. And I doubt if an entertainment is provided in the year whose influence reaches farther and with more wholesome results. It would be interesting to know how many converts to fishing or shooting or canoeing, or one or another of the forms of out-of-door recreation, follow upon a first visit to these annual shows. Truly they are beneficial. To the untutored they are an interesting object-lesson in the many various and wholesome ways a man or woman may drive dull care away. And they are a boon to the sportsman, who can escape the hum of the city and once again sniff the fragrant balsam and the familiarly insidious odor of buckskin and spruce. Not to mention the renewal of old sporting friends and the stirring of old yarns and scenes half-forgotten.

The show this year was an improvement on every one that has preceded it, and was generously patronized, as it richly deserved. The display of sporting paraphernalia was complete and of highest quality, while an excellent beginning was made in the exhibit of wild-fowl and game fish. This feature should be developed.

COMPLETION of a two years' football contract between Michigan and Wisconsin marks a new era in Western football. It is even more significant to the West than the resumption of football relations between Princeton and Pennsylvania would be to the East. Wisconsin, Michigan, and Chicago have held in the last three years the same dominance over Western college sport that was accorded Harvard, Yale, and Princeton before Pennsylvania took her undisputed position as their peer.

But between Wisconsin and Michigan there have been no athletic relations for now five years, and Chicago has had disproportionate benefits through the simple policy of keeping on friendly terms with both and by having for her playing-ground a field whose gate is worth four times that of any other Western college. Chicago has, in my opinion, taken no more advantage of her fortunate position than either of her sister institutions would have done, though the shifting student managements of the latter would have lost them the advantage far sooner.

On the other hand, Stagg, in his permanent directorship at Chicago, has developed a policy which has given athletic prominence to his institution more rapidly than was ever before attained by an American college.

Wisconsin and Michigan are to play at Detroit in 1899 and at Milwaukee in 1900, feeling themselves forced, through need of the larger gate, to violate all good traditions by going a half-day's journey from home to meet on mutually foreign territory.

Thus does the almighty dollar influence the destiny of college athletics.

WHEREIN lies this necessity of maintaining college athletics upon a basis which local patronage and the loyal zeal of the campus alone cannot sustain? Are we justified in seeking place for sport which the college interest does not warrant?

The late hurry of arrangements between Eastern and Western managers for games which require a week's absence from home, and a season's training in the same proportion of expense, furnishes an easy answer to the first query. Just so long as the more important Western teams believe that to array themselves formidably against the great teams of the East is absolutely the most creditable thing they can do, just so long must Michigan and Wisconsin play at Detroit and Milwaukee, and by their sorry example cloud the real significance of college athletics for all who follow in their wake.

Are we to lose all the traditions of the contests of a few years ago, when the very shadow of the college buildings seemed a part logically inseparable from the whole spectacle? Have the teams of to-day, in the glory of public adulation, found a seemlier arena remote from the campus?

TRUE, they are athletically stronger than their predecessors, but do they any the less belong to the sod of their college town? Are they the less one with their *alma mater*, for all their greatness? Are they to be put so much upon the basis of business and so little on that of college tradition?

Having caught the public fancy, is the debt of our college teams any greater to the public for her dollars than to the institution whose end is the symmetrical development of her young men, and whose allotment of a place in the system which works for that end gave these teams their very *raison d'être*?

With all the advance which has been made in the West in the way of playing a better game and more honest teams, this great ambition for Eastern matches indicates there has been no change in one mistaken idea at least. Perhaps Wisconsin's recently arranged game with Harvard, and Michigan's with Pennsylvania, and the desire of both to play at New Haven, is no indication of retrogression, but it certainly suggests that increased proficiency at the game is bearing fruit in the wrong direction.

FACULTY suppression, sooner or later, is inevitable so far as these seven-day trips in mid-term are concerned, and the pity is that a bit of foresight had not stopped the business before it began.

Firstly, even victory over the Eastern teams would by no means carry the laurels they are supposed to by Western men, since at the dates made the Eastern elevens are certain to view the contests as practice for their subsequent "big" games.

Secondly, for such a match there must be preparation, which entails just that great expense which, I have been saying, enforces an artificial and most regrettable condition, to wit, the primary consideration of the gate.

And lastly, and most important of all, these Eastern engagements are a wide step farther afield from the rational course to which student athletics should be confined. Already eight men out of every eleven on our football teams are dangerously near overdoing their sport, and there is every indication that faculty interference must intervene to get things into right proportion before student common-sense asserts itself.

VISITING the Middle West last week, I made careful study of the rules, recommended by the faculty conference of last November, recently adopted by Wisconsin, and more recently rejected by Michigan. Studying these rules by the light of situations peculiar to Middle-Western sections impels the conclusion—the only one apparent on such reading—that in the main they are good, and should be adopted.

My opinion on this question was persistently misquoted during my trip. I certainly consider the spirit of the rules wholesome, and the letter perhaps a bit intricate here and there, but, on the whole, forceful and comprehensive. And I do not approve, as has been wired around the country I do, Michigan's rejection of them.

Unquestionably, simpler rules would be nearer the sportsman's heart, but the involved sport situations in the Middle West, and the ethical ignorance, do not permit of simplicity.

Agreement on rules by Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Purdue, Minnesota, and concerted action along single lines of ethical endeavor, more than anything else, is responsible for the splendid accomplishments the last four years in the Middle West. In my judgment, it will be most unfortunate if now that harmony is disturbed. It is not yet the time to switch in pursuit of individual ideals, be they never so æsthetic.

Michigan has advanced no convincing reasons—no tangible reasons, indeed—to support her in rejecting the rules that the others have accepted. Fair reading of them reveals no favoring of any one college more than another.

CRITICISM I have but little to make, and that little would touch exception *a* of Rule 4, which excludes from the one year's residence, necessary to all men coming from another college before they are eligible to athletics, "a student who obtains an academic degree before leaving his college." Perhaps I do not exactly understand what is an "academic degree" in the Middle West.

I think, too, that, after all, it will be wisest to abandon all idea of a Board of Appeal such as was contemplated. It would, I fear, be simply impossible to retain it and maintain harmony. Sooner or later there would be accusations of prejudice, and if not so much as that, the trial of an athlete of one college would be pretty sure to plunge the several universities into profitless discussions, if it did not, in fact, find them arrayed for even more acrimonious contest, on one side or the other.

The spirit of this Board was of the best, and the mission it was to serve just and deserving. I am entirely in sympathy with both spirit and mission. It was intended to provide a method of recovering lost amateur standing; to deal intelligently with men who are sentenced to-day for acts committed several years ago, and disqualified because the law-makers have made new and more stringent rules than those in force at the time of the transgression. It was intended to deal fairly with those who in thoughtless, unlearned schoolboy days crossed some of the narrow lines dividing amateur and professional.

It was a Board with not only a worthy object, but it breathed a sentiment that the Middle West must recognize, and recognize immediately.

THE unpardonable sin in amateur sport is competition for money, and no plea of ignorance is tenable. If there are any so benighted as not to know that the jingle of the shilling separates the professional from the amateur—well, let them go to Northwestern for enlightenment. Faculty members there will interpret the ethics of amateur sport in convincing and masterful manner.

But there are a number of college men in the Middle West to-day whose amateur standing was most unjustly taken from them, and to whom reinstatement is as unjustly denied. For instance, in 1894 and previously the rules of the Middle-Western colleges expressly or impliedly stated that coaching, refereeing, or umpiring for money would not affect a man's amateur standing. In 1895 these colleges revised their rules, and agreeing with Eastern colleges, as expressly decreed that coaching for money is not allowable for an amateur.

Now the mistake would appear to have been in making the 1895 rule retroactive; but a thorough knowledge of the much-mixed conditions of Middle-Western amateur sport at that time is convincing that the very best thing was done for its welfare. It was well to take a strong unequivocal stand; indeed, it was absolutely necessary if material progress was to be made in purification.

There should have been some provision that left the disqualified athlete his amateur standing, but it would be hypercritical to hold the legislators of those days to account for incidental failings, when the end sought was so praiseworthy.

EXCEPT where the unpardonable sin is concerned, I am opposed to retroactive rules that take from the college man his amateur standing. In such cases as, for example, those in the Middle West who coached for money when the college rules permitted it—my judgment would be to declare them ineligible to the teams of their colleges (unfortunate and hard luck for the men, though a necessary safeguard), but not to take from them their amateur standing.

This was the purpose, as I understand it, of the Board of Appeal recently proposed. I believe the same end may be reached with equal despatch and perhaps a bit more directly. Let such a rule be added to those recently promulgated, as—a student who coached athletic teams for money previous to 1895 is ineligible to the teams of any college subscribing to these rules, but he shall not forfeit his amateur standing for such offence alone.

And there should be added a line declaring that it is the sense of the rule and the wish of the conference to restore the amateur standing of every man who has been disqualified for that offence and under such conditions. It seems to me this is a duty which the faculty-conference members cannot too soon discharge.

PROSPERITY, healthful and permanent, is sure to come to the Chicago Athletic Association if it holds to the platform on which the present administration was elected. The change in athletic policy of the C. A. A. was certain to encounter opposition and misconception of intention. For instance, no comment has been so general as that the new platform signified for the C. A. A. complete elimination of athletic interests and substitution of social features. This was the theme of the major portion of my Western mail and the text of the criticism I heard while in Chicago. And it starts from an entirely mistaken basis.

The C. A. A. has no intention whatever, so far as I could discover, of discontinuing its interest in amateur athletics. But it is going to institute a search for amateurs for whom it may show that interest. Nor is there any intention of abolishing athletic memberships, but there is firm resolve to put an end to the abuse such privileges have endured since almost first the club entered upon its athletic life.

INVESTIGATION of the athletic membership disclosed offence against the ethics of amateur sport and abuse of the club's good-nature. It was decided best to enter upon its new course from a fresh start.

The obvious intention to keep away from professionalism of even the mildest type is very gratifying. My opinion, which is rather confirmed by decreasing attendance at club games, is that under the previous policy the club pursued general interest in the athletic events in which the C. A. A. participated was being killed—because of the suspicion (often just, sometimes unjust) attaching to the amateur status of the C. A. A. teams. Certainly the majority of the C. A. A. members were not in sympathy with the old course—if their absence from club games bore any significance.

From the present outlook it seems as if the Association was fitting itself to be heard from later in the field of sport for sport's sake. Far from meriting criticism, the C. A. A. has finally got started on the right tack, which, if held, will bring results mutually satisfactory to the C. A. A. and to amateur sport.

The Association has a tremendous opportunity in the great Middle West. It ought to have the finest athletic field and the strongest teams of all kinds of any athletic club in the United States.

APROPOS of my comment on "touring," a couple of weeks ago, I am most pleased to learn that, after all, the Yale faculty did not grant the hockey team's application for extra "cuts," to be used up on the trip to Pittsburg. And I must confess that this particular trip reveals the sportsman's love of his sport for its own sake as much as any instance I have recently run across. These boys left New Haven Washington's birthday, a holiday, and returned Saturday, losing two and a half days of college work. A lightning trip, sure enough. They used on the trip the regular cuts which are allowed every student for social, athletic, and other duties, thereby sacrificing pleasure and convenience at another time that they might participate in this contest between an Eastern and a Western hockey team.

As a student at Yale in the two upper classes is allowed eight, and in the two lower classes six cuts each term out of 150 class-room exercises, and as each athlete must maintain a scholarship rank of 2.25, or $\frac{75}{100}$, above what the non-athletic student is obliged to maintain—we get some idea of the quality of love for its sport the hockey team holds.

On personally conducted tours of this character I have no criticism to make.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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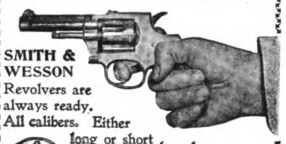


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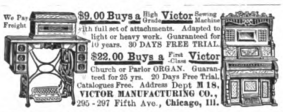
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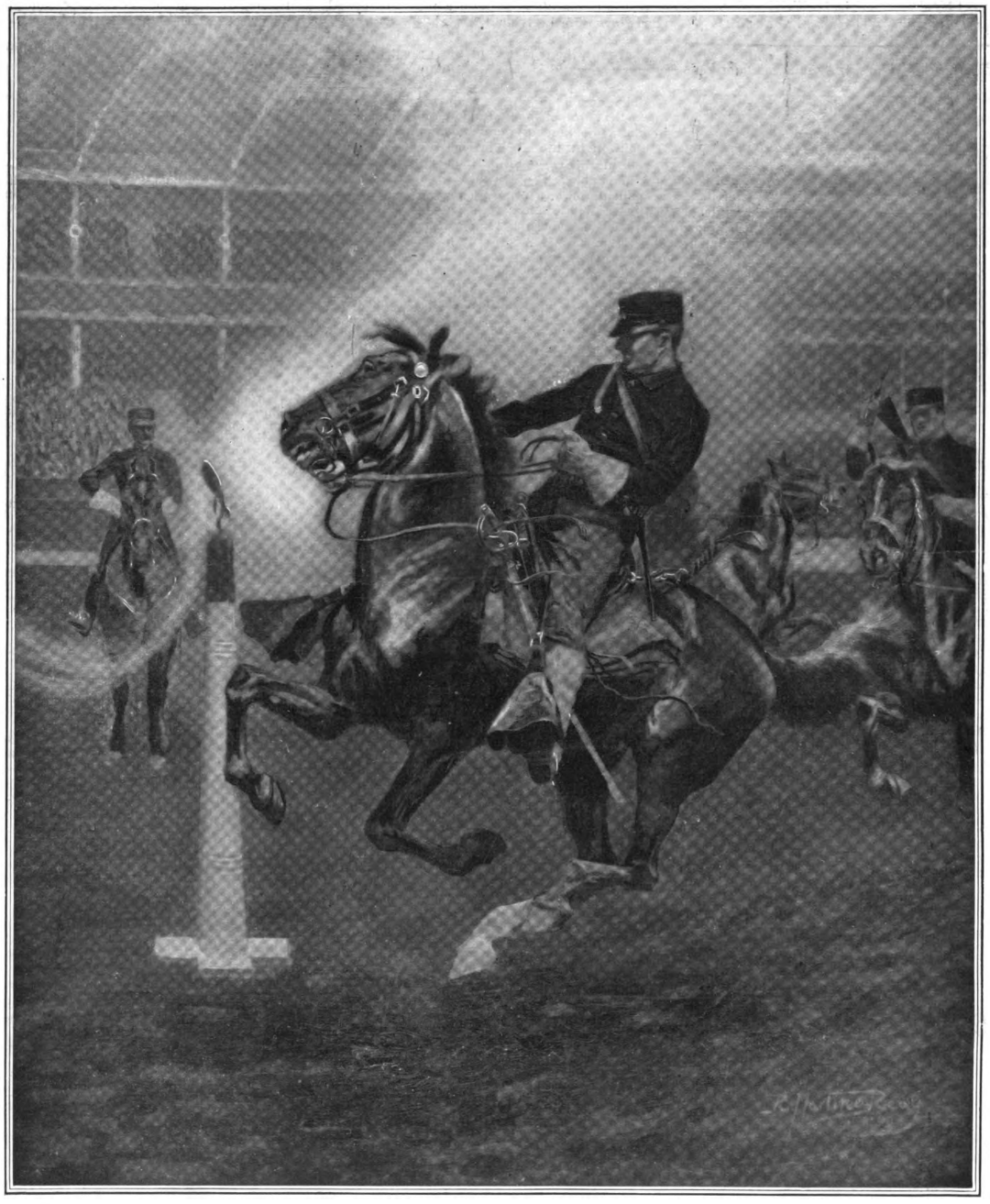
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Trusts and Socialism

IN the introduction to his *Democracy in America*, DE TOCQUEVILLE asked: "Is it credible that the democracy which has annihilated the feudal system, and vanquished kings, will respect the citizen and the capitalist? Will it stop now that it has grown so strong and its adversaries so weak?" We are inclined to think that the answer to the question depends upon the citizen and the capitalist themselves. They may escape an experience with tyrannous socialism if they will, but they can do so only by bending the law of natural selection by whose action men of the best trading attainments gain the largest wealth and reach the highest power. The evolution of the best men—the best economically and commercially—must not be permitted to go to the point where capital becomes the tyrant, for such a tyranny will surely be followed by the tyranny of the community, or by socialism.

It is time to consider the question of trusts carefully. During the winter which has just passed, the newspapers have contained, almost daily, numerous accounts of the formation of trusts. Never before in the history of the country have so many powerful combinations of corporations and capital been brought into existence. It is safe to say that the manufacture and sale of nearly every article of common need and convenience are controlled by a trust, as transportation is largely, and as labor is almost entirely. Millions of dollars are congregated together and organized for the purpose of monopolizing trade. This enormous power may be, and generally is, productive of great good. It is a wonderful labor-saving machine, and therefore a reducer of the cost of production, and the consumer reaps the benefit in lower prices, in increased comfort, and in a large saving of time in travelling. It not only puts money in the pocket of the shareholders, by making capital safer and its earnings surer, but it vastly increases wages and their purchasing power. The mere momentum of capital, as it flows forth from these mighty reservoirs which we call trusts, brings material blessings to the whole community. But there are evils as well, not to speak of the sense of injustice which is inseparable from the general consciousness that, great as are the benefits to the consumer from combinations, he nevertheless does not get what he believes to be his due.

Modern industrial life is greatly changed by the trusts. We have not only new business methods, but new social and political conditions, on account of the growth of this new power. Capital not only controls the business of manufacturing and distribution, but it has entered politics, and it often stands for the government. Here in New York, for example, the citizen has little to hope for when a great corporation or a trust joins with the politicians of Tammany Hall to transform an avenue, daily crossed by thousands of school-children, into a four-tracked railway, menacing to life and injurious to property. We have had a startling charge made within a few days to the effect that the Standard Oil Company offered a bribe of hundreds of thousands of dollars to an Attorney-General of Ohio, in order, it is presumed, that it might enjoy the opportunity of defying the law. We do not know whether this charge be true or false, but we do know that the country has got into the habit of believing that corporate wealth buys what it wants from the politicians. We know, for instance, that commercial and transportation corporations are stronger than unorganized society; we even know that one railroad corporation is stronger at Albany than this great municipality; that the rights of the individual are often ignored or outraged, either by corporations and trusts themselves, or by government acting under the influence, sometimes by the bribes, of corrupt corporations. The officers of corporations have confessed more than once that they bribe the bosses of both political parties, sometimes in order to secure immunity from breaches of the law, sometimes to procure the right to violate the law systematically, sometimes to secure protection against striking law-makers or blackmailing policemen. It is a demonstrated fact that corporations and trusts are the natural prey of the thieving and blackmailing politician, and that, on the other hand, these corporate creatures of the law are prone to use the power of wealth to secure undue advantages. Besides, the trusts often exercise a most tyrannical power over the individual, especially in driving him out of business.

In a word, the tendency of these great accumulations of capital is toward the danger which DE TOCQUEVILLE pointed out. The annihilation of the feudal system and the vanquishment of kings were due to the revolt of the individual, and all the blessings of democracy are due to the dominance of the free citizen in the state, in society, and in trade and business. The organization of capital was wise and inevitable. It was a necessity of modern development, and has often been called the leading characteristic of the nineteenth century. In many respects it has been the most beneficent of our material characteristics, for it has certainly given to all, to the humblest and poorest as well as to the powerful and rich, the industrial advantages of the age far in advance of the time when the world would naturally have enjoyed them if it had been obliged to wait on the efforts of single individuals. Combination has worked marvels, but it is in danger of going beyond bounds and inviting revolt. It seems as if all modern life, except the law, had changed itself to harmonize with the new power; but if the law does not assume the responsibilities which are thrust upon it by new conditions, there is nothing so likely to promote the ultimate triumph of socialism as the huge trusts, which are commanding every avenue of trade—including the labor trust, which denies to the individual the right to earn his living except as a member of a union and in obedience to its laws. It is evident that we cannot depend upon the trusts themselves to be continent. They follow the law of their nature ruthlessly, and unless they are checked by law before the community turns and demands its own, we shall have a hard experience; for it will not, probably, be the individual who will insist effectively on his rights against the oppression of trusts. The community is likely to demand that all shall share alike in the benefits of capital, before the individual can learn that the tyranny of the community will be more oppressive even than the tyranny of the trusts themselves.

What we need more than laws which restrict and prevent the formation of trusts are laws and courts that will hold them to a high standard of honor, that will prevent misuse of their power, and that will especially prevent their oppression of individual competitors. There is no valid argument against trusts if they stick to their proper work, do that work honestly, treat the individual justly, and keep corrupting hands off of politics. It seems to us time to say these things while so many trusts are forming. The individual who overthrew kings and the feudal system will not remain forever under the yoke of any power. It then behooves the state to change its laws to meet the new social and economic conditions, to the end that organized capital shall be restrained by the government instead of constraining its legal organizer. The most serious threat at present of socialism lies in the possible and sometimes actual tyranny of trusts. As DE TOCQUEVILLE said also: "The Christian nations of our age seem to me to present a most alarming spectacle. The impulse which is bearing them along is so strong that it cannot be stopped; but it is not yet so rapid that it cannot be guided. Their fate is in their hands. Yet a little while and it may be so no longer."

ADMIRAL SCHLEY and his friends having deprived Admiral SAMPSON and the captains of their rewards, the real gentlemen of the navy are coming to the front, and showing the fine metal which goes to the making of a thoroughly sound American. In some way Admiral HIGGINSON'S promotion for honors was confirmed, while the nominations of his fellow-officers were not acted upon simply because of the shameful conduct of some Senators representing SCHLEY'S interests, and of other Senators too intent on canal, or river and harbor, or public-building booty to spend any time in doing honors to mere heroes. The failure to reward the fighting-men of the army and navy shows precisely how much regard our politicians have for men who devote themselves with singleness of purpose to the welfare of their country. The Senate having done its worst, having kicked out of its doors the President's attempt to reward the heroes, Admiral HIGGINSON, Admiral SAMPSON, and Lieutenant WARD give to these politicians a lesson in high-minded patriotism and in noble gentlemanhood which will meet with a warm response from their fellow-countrymen, but which may not teach anything to those who most need the lesson. Admiral HIGGINSON asks to be restored to his old number on the navy list; that is, he asks to have his reward for honors withdrawn—"because," he says, "I do not regard my own services as so conspicuous as to warrant my advancement while some other commanding officers nominated at the same time as myself go unrewarded." He adds, still speaking of his neglected comrades, "If their services are to be unrecognized, I desire to have the same fate." Lieutenant WARD also declines advancement, because such advancement would work injustice to other officers. Admiral SAMPSON writes, speaking of the injustice done by the Senate, as follows:

> It now appears that the Senate, though well disposed to most of the names on that list, has, for reasons not necessary to be here discussed, objected to my promotion, and has similarly failed to confirm the deserving officers about whose merits there has been no doubt or discussion. Hitherto, Mr. President, undisturbed by any eager desire for advancement, or any other form of reward for doing my duty, I have not specially concerned myself with matters outside of that duty. I have felt that I have done my duty in the conduct of the West Indian naval campaign to the utmost extent of my ability, as thoroughly as I was able, and if no reward should come I could be satisfied with the consciousness of having done my best.
>
> I did not, however, anticipate that dissatisfaction with any act or acts of mine would cause the Senate to withhold from other officers a promotion which they have well deserved, and which has been promptly granted in similar circumstances to others. Therefore, I respectfully suggest, Mr. President, that your appointment of these officers, about whom there is no discussion, should at once be renewed, in order that they may thus secure their promotions under the personnel bill to which they are entitled, and without creating confusion.

These are incidents of a sort that make men proud of American citizenship.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is experiencing the futility of executive power when the politicians who own the Legislature are against him. The question is whether he can secure the passage of a good civil service law, a good police bill, and the adoption of the resolution providing for a constitutional amendment making the legislative sessions biennial instead of annual. The bosses seem to be able to beat him, although we are glad to note, especially in the Amsterdam Avenue case, that popular wrath is beginning to frighten CROKER, and perhaps PLATT. The WEEKLY supported Governor ROOSEVELT during his campaign because it thought him the most likely man of the two principal candidates to smash his machine. He seems in a fair way of meeting our expectations. It is true, no doubt, that the "organization" regards his term as an interregnum, but if the Governor follows out his nature it need not be that at all. The more obstreperous he is in behalf of the right, the more likely is he to win popular favor and arouse popular indignation, and in that way to hasten the time when ROOSEVELTS in public office will be usual and when PLATTS and CROKERS will be memories. We trust that the Governor will neither compromise nor be silent. The times call for pugnacity and noise on the part of the virtuous.

NOW that Italy is demanding her coaling-station in China, and Great Britain is backing her, it is clear that the civilized world is making one more step towards the partition of corrupt and imbecile old China. Somehow or other, however, our politicians at Washington are not so eager as they might be to join in the division of the plunder. A copartnership in Asia would necessarily mean an army from two to three times as large as Congress refused to give the President for his present needs. It may be possible that the administration has come at last to the wise conclusion that an imperial enterprise cannot be safely undertaken until Congress provides the means. Perhaps, too, the President has discovered that we have already a task on hand that is not likely to aid him next year. Whatever be the reason of our self-restraint, we have declined to become a partner in the China job.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE stock of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue is not listed, and we cannot tell with certainty what its fluctuations may have been during the past three months. It must have wobbled a good deal under the influence of the overtures which have been made to Dr. Henry Van Dyke to labor in other fields. When he finally declined the invitation of Johns Hopkins to be its Professor of Literature, he allowed his disposition towards literary employments to be so evident that his flock must have felt that their hold on him was not very secure. It cannot cause them much surprise that he has now apparently agreed to fill a new professorship of literature which has been created and endowed for his benefit at Princeton. It is understood that the duties of this new professorship will not be so engrossing as necessarily to detach Dr. Van Dyke from his pastorate, and at this writing he has not said he would give up his church, but intends, apparently, to continue his connection with it for the present. But as running a successful New York church is mighty hard work, and as Dr. Van Dyke wants to devote his energies to writing and lecturing, it is generally inferred that New York and the Brick Church will lose him presently, and that a new light will shine in the Princeton constellation.

There are critics who have censured his apparent intention of leaving his pulpit, but they are all persons who have never experienced the strain of pastoral labor in New York, and whose activity in their own callings is probably not embarrassed by a strong and increasing desire for another sort of work. Dr. Van Dyke ought to be a competent judge both of his duty and of the field in which his abilities can be most effective. The Brick Church is a large field, but he has served the Brick Church well for sixteen years, and if his present desire is to reach the vastly greater congregation of persons who read books, it seems somewhat presumptuous to suggest that it is any other than a lawful and worthy desire, and in keeping with the loftiest grade of pious aspirations.

He is too good a preacher to give up preaching, and there is no reason to believe he will give it up, but with pastoral work and the labor of church administration it is probable that he has nearly finished.

THE current excitement in Boston, succeeding the Sargent picture show, is the war upon the English sparrow. A petition was sent to Mayor Quincy setting forth, as matter of general knowledge, attested by eminent ornithological authorities, that the sparrows defile buildings, harbor insects in their nests, have harsh voices, and drive off all other birds, and begging that measures be taken to abate them. The petition was endorsed by John Burroughs, and half a dozen eminent scientists in Washington, Ithaca, Boston, Amherst, and other places. The Mayor, being thus besought, and having no views or sentiments of his own about sparrows, hearkened to the voice of wisdom and respectability, and gave out that he would do what he could to expel the sparrows from town, and would begin by a raid on their tenements in the Common and public garden.

Forthwith public opinion in favor of the sparrows crystallized with a click, and protests began to bloom in the *Transcript*. Judging from the tone and volume of the communications to that paper, Boston feels just as strongly about the destruction of the sparrows as about the conquest of the Philippines or the nebular hypothesis. Dozens of letter-writers have protested that the sparrows have been maligned and slandered; that they are useful, gentle-mannered, cheerful little birds, whose habits are clean and their twitter melodious; that to destroy them would be contrary to law, gospel, kindergarten teachings, and enlightened self-interest, besides being impossible. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals promptly started a petition against the massacre, and asked to have it postponed until the opposition could show its strength; but the Mayor said that ample notice had been given, and that a little preliminary destruction of nests might as well be going on. So on March 13 five hired men, with ladders, began cleaning the nests from the Common. If the war is not stopped, an effort will be made to trap and kill off a few millions of the Boston sparrows, so that there may be room in the town for a few native birds.

THE ruling local agitation in New York of late has been the fight over Amsterdam Avenue. As the roar of this conflict has extended far beyond the borders of the town, and even of the State, it is worth while noting that the matter in dispute is whether this avenue shall have electric cars running on four tracks from Seventy-second Street north. The avenue had four tracks for horse-cars, and bore it pretty well. Two of them belonged to the Metropolitan Railroad Company, two to the Third Avenue Railroad. Then the Metropolitan put in electricity. Now the Third Avenue is also putting in electricity. But Amsterdam Avenue is not a very wide street, and is bordered by schools, churches, charitable institutions, and retail stores. There is a constant passing of folks afoot across the street, and the people of the West Side say that to run electric cars on four tracks on such a street is a preposterous outrage, and that the two railroads must find some basis of agreement by which they can use the same tracks and have only two of them. It is, of course, an unheard-of thing for a street railroad to abandon its tracks in a public thoroughfare. The Third Avenue road has shown profound respect for its own vested rights, and profound indifference to the prejudices of the public, and has gone ahead changing from horse power to electric power with all the haste it could. The West-Siders have fought it with mass-meetings, newspapers, injunctions, monster delegations thousands strong to Albany, and bills in the State Legislature. Public sympathy has been overwhelmingly on the side of the remonstrants, for though it is possible that the danger of four electric roads on the avenue has been somewhat exaggerated, and though it is possible that a good many of the children who have to cross the street daily might live to grow up, there is no reasonable doubt that the public would be better served by having all the cars run on two tracks. Inasmuch as railroads exist in the streets solely for the public convenience, it is right in this case that the two rival companies should be compelled to use the same tracks.

There is fair promise at this writing that they will be so compelled, though the two great surface-railroad corporations of New York have so many wires underground nowadays, and can pull them so adroitly, that prophecy about the outcome of any matter in which their concerns conflict with the public interest is not a simple matter. Then, too, between Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Croker, and Mr. Platt and Mr. Lauterbach, and Mr. Whitney and the rest, authority is so divided in a matter like this, where two strong corporations are interested, that it has been very difficult to find out what the orders to the State Legislature really were. A bill providing for two tracks passed the Assembly at Albany, and was amended into impotence in the Senate. The aim of the bosses seemed to be to have four tracks and no one to blame for it. But that doesn't suit the West-Siders a bit, and they are making so hard a fight and have so good a case that the feeling is that they will win.

IN a recent allusion in the WEEKLY to a lecture by Miss Lilian Bell, of Chicago, she was spoken of as the author of two works of humorous fiction. Miss Bell, as many readers of the WEEKLY probably know already, has written *five* books, all of note in their field, and all published by the Harpers.

In the same paragraph Miss Bell was described (on the strength of contemporary newspaper testimony) as a "constant correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal*." An inaccuracy appears in that also, since it is nearly a year since a contribution of hers appeared in Mr. Bok's periodical.

Her contention that the growth of literature in this country is hampered by undue regard for the interests of the American girl, and by undue toleration of the prejudices of Mr. Anthony Comstock, is strongly supported in a letter which comes to the WEEKLY from Mr. C. L. James, the only surviving son of the late G. P. R. James. Writing from Wisconsin, Mr. James reminds us that a work of Tolstoi was excluded from the mails by John Wanamaker, that Osgood & Co. were forced by threats of prosecution to cease publishing Walt Whitman's poems, and that a responsible official censorship has been seriously proposed in America as an alternative to the somewhat irresponsible suppressions of Mr. Comstock.

In reply it might be stated that there is now a remarkably full and satisfactory edition of Walt Whitman on the market, which seems to be generally tolerated; and as for Tolstoi's book, though everything that Tolstoi writes is important because he wrote it, it seems fairly doubtful whether the total loss of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, if that was the book in question, would have been a damage to literature, truth, Tolstoi, or the American people. However, the book has not been lost or suppressed, and is easily procured by readers who want it.

GREAT regret is felt and expressed, particularly among the firemen of this State, at the death of Hamilton S. White, of Syracuse, who was overcome by smoke and poisonous gases at a fire in Syracuse on the evening of March 13. Mr. White was a man with a hobby, which he pursued with such devotion that it brought him wide reputation. He was a member of a well-known, well-to-do family in Syracuse, and was a cousin of Dr. Andrew D. White. He inherited a fortune, business responsibilities, and an aptitude for affairs, and when he died was president of a gas company, director or trustee of several banks, and a moving spirit in several other business enterprises. But for thirty years he has been best known as an amateur fireman. While he was still a young fellow he developed a strong interest in putting out fires; and finding excellent sport in that industry, he indulged his taste for it to the extent of building and equipping an engine-house and paying the salaries of the men whom he put in charge of it. For twelve years—from 1871 to 1883—he maintained this interesting toy, which he finally gave to the city of Syracuse. He was then appointed honorary assistant chief of the Syracuse fire department, with authority to take an active part in all conflagrations. Later he became president of the Fire Board, which office he held at the time of his death.

He made a thorough practical study of the methods of the fire department of New York, and in his travels, which were extensive, he sought out the head firemen wherever he went, and learned any points that they had to impart. He was so incurably daring in his own proceedings at fires that his friends have long feared that he would get his death in pursuit of his hobby; and, indeed, his health is said to have been permanently injured by the effects of running off in evening dress from a ball to a fire on a cold night two years ago.

He had a funeral that Syracuse will not soon forget, and he will be long remembered and sincerely mourned. We may learn from his career that, after all, war is not essential to the development of daring, and that a man who looks about him carefully enough can find in time of peace the means to stir his blood to good and useful purpose.

WORD comes from Philadelphia that in that city, up to March 10, there had been 3232 cases of typhoid fever since the beginning of the year, which had yielded 341 deaths. Last year there were 6097 cases and 639 deaths. A fortnight ago there were 600 cases in the Philadelphia hospitals, and 227 new cases were reported in three days. The prevalence of the disease is attributed to the notorious unwholesomeness of the Philadelphia water, which cannot be improved, because the city government is in such bad hands that proper steps to procure good water cannot be taken. More than a year ago a loan of $3,200,000 was authorized for the improvement of the water-supply of Philadelphia, but the expenditure of the money is in litigation, and nothing has yet been done. A typhoid epidemic is rather a costly remedy for municipal rottenness, but no doubt it will prove effectual if carried far enough. Enough funerals in the streets and enough typhoid cases in hospitals and homes are sure to have an effect in time, even upon such local politicians as are intrusted with the management of Philadelphia's concerns.

ON March 11 one hundred volunteers, drawn from four companies of the Twenty-fourth Infantry (colored), started out from Fort Russell, Wyoming, to dig out a train on the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad, which at that date had already been snow-bound for two weeks. These volunteers are from one of the regiments that made so fine a record last July on San Juan hill. From fighting Spaniards in Cuba in July to fighting snow in Wyoming in March is a considerable change, and the story of the attack of these veterans on the snow-drifts at Iron Mountain, fifty miles from Cheyenne, ought to be worth reading. Moreover, to be snowed up in a railroad train for three weeks and dependent for food on stray cattle is a severe experience, and the forty-two passengers on the Cheyenne and Northern who at this writing have just reached Cheyenne will have stories to tell too when their powers of narration are restored. They finally abandoned their train, and walked ten miles to meet the rescue-party.

Theirs is the most serious case of railroad hardship that has been reported, but there have been direful happenings at sea within six weeks, the worst of which no survivor will recount. Besides all the vessels wrecked or abandoned which have been heard from, there are ten freight steamers, plying between American and European ports, carrying between three hundred and four hundred men, and merchandise worth $2,500,000, of whose fate nothing is known. They were out in the great February storm, and probably foundered at sea. Eight of them were British, one American, and one German.

MR. BARROWS declining to have his name submitted again to the Senate as the President's choice for Librarian of Congress, the office was filled on March 13 by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library. By general consent Mr. Putnam is the fittest person for the place in the country. He is thirty-eight years old, the son of George P. Putnam, of New York, who founded the publishing-house that bears his name. Mr. Herbert Putnam, after graduating at Harvard (1883) and spending a year in the Columbia Law School, went to Minneapolis to practise law, but very soon became the librarian of the Minneapolis Athenæum, a stock corporation library, with a fund of $10,000 a year to spend on books. His hand being so directed to the plough-handle, Mr. Putnam interested himself earnestly in the organization of the Minneapolis (free) Public Library, and when its prospects became definitely assured he passed into its service. By the aid of subscriptions and bonds authorized by the city it bought land and put up a four-hundred-thousand-dollar building. The Athenæum Library was merged into it, and it had an annual income of $50,000 to $75,000. For this library Mr. Putnam, in the seven years of his charge of it, gathered upwards of 50,000 books, going abroad for that purpose while the building was going up. He made it one of the best and most useful libraries in the country.

In December, 1891, he resigned his place and came to Boston, where he practised law, until, in February, 1895, he was chosen librarian of the Boston Public Library.

IT is pleasant to be able to announce, on the strength of assurances and a picture received from Dr. Frank Van Allen, medical missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., that the new American mission hospital at Madura, South India, is in good running order, and that its hospitalities are very much at the service of Americans or Europeans who may happen to fall ill while on their travels. Madura is on the South Indian Railway. Travellers on that line who feel the cholera coming on should ask to be put off at Madura.

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UNITED STATES TROOPS AT GIBRALTAR—OFFICERS OF THE 3D U. S. INFANTRY AND THEIR FAMILIES FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN," ON THEIR WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES, INSPECTING THE DEFENCES.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

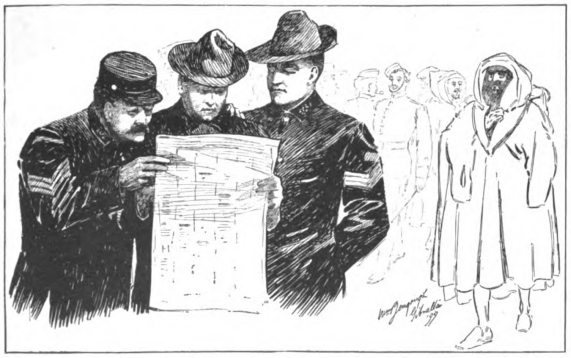
At Cadiz and Gibraltar

THE drawings which Mr. Bengough has sent to the WEEKLY from Spain, and which are reproduced in this issue, acquire additional interest from the circumstance that they are shown together; for the return to Cadiz of the last Spanish troops from Cuba brings to mind the withdrawal from Gibraltar—perhaps the most impressive single fact which stands at the beginning of the story of Spanish decadence. After the capture of the Rock by the English and Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke in 1704, the inhabitants of the town of Gibraltar, rather than recognize the new masters, abandoned their homes, and many took refuge in the neighboring city of Cadiz. Now, on the same stage, a situation is shown which contains new elements of quite incalculable importance—the home-coming of defeated Spaniards at Cadiz; the tarrying of victorious troops at Gibraltar, on their way to new, outlandish experiences in the Far East; and the promise of friendship between the soldiers of America and England.

The correspondent of the WEEKLY writes from Gibraltar that when the United States troop-ships which were sent to the Philippines by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal stopped at Gibraltar for supplies, some of the soldiers and all of the officers were permitted to land; and naturally, after the stormy passage from New York, all who were free to do so made the most of this opportunity to enjoy themselves ashore, in company with the English troops. The garrison, on their part, did all that lay in their power to make the short visit of the Americans a pleasant one. "It was an object-lesson in the popularity of the Anglo-American alliance," he says, "to see the speed with which the soldiers got together and exchanged stories of their recent campaigns, and talked about the hoped-for alliance," which, he asserts, is regarded by intelligent Englishmen resident in the Peninsula as practically existing. A favorite resort for those who took part in these fraternal gatherings was the café, shown in one of our illustrations, whose patrons are drawn from all classes of the mixed population of Gibraltar, though the entertainment is furnished, as might be expected, by Spaniards exclusively, and consists in the main of Andalusian songs and dances. No Spaniard, it is true, may be permitted to live in Gibraltar, but the rule which excludes Spanish subjects does not keep out natives who change their nationality in order to do business there. As a matter of fact, the language most in use by the inhabitants is still Spanish, though the mixed population includes Moors, Maltese, Portuguese, Hindoos, true Spaniards, and the "Rock Scorpions," as the Gibraltar-born Spanish-speaking British subjects are named by contemptuous Tommy Atkins. The appreciation that Tommy Atkins manifests when visitors arrive from any white man's land, by-the-way, is due, in part at least, to his hatred of the Rock and everything connected with it—a hatred born of the heat, hard drill, and rock-climbing.



GIBRALTAR—TOMMY ATKINS FRATERNIZES WITH HIS AMERICAN COUSINS.



GIBRALTAR—AMERICAN SOLDIERS FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN" READING THE FIRST NEWS FROM MANILA.

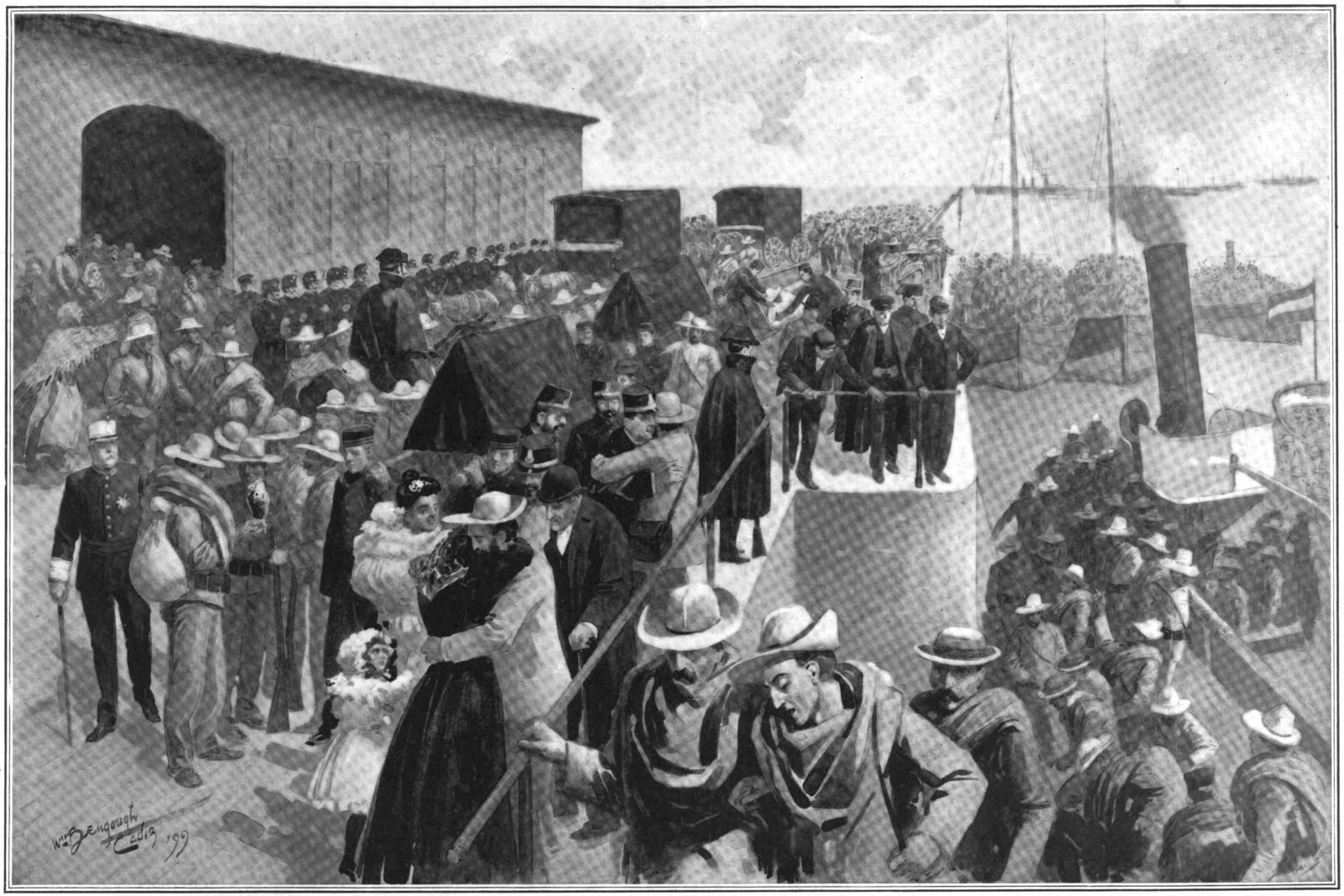
When the transport *Sherman* arrived at Gibraltar, the troops on board received the first news of the fighting around Manila, whither they were bound. There was great curiosity to get particulars of the revolt which had broken out while they were at sea. The local English paper was eagerly bought by those on shore leave, and the details were read aloud and commented upon by this uniformed addition to the picturesque throng in the streets. The *Sherman*, which had on board the Third and four companies of the Seventeenth Infantry, stopped for coal and provisions on February 14.

All the officers, availing themselves of this opportunity to see the world-famous garrison town, were recipients of cordial attentions from the English troops, and were shown the barracks and fortifications, to the limit prescribed by the rather stringent rules. In this instance the privates had to content themselves with gazing from the decks at the mysterious tunnelled cliff and at the fringe of green foliage, which was a novelty to those who had sailed in zero weather. To the non-commissioned officers ashore the Moors, with their bare legs, loose blouses, and turbans, were objects of special curiosity; but nothing could compete in human interest with the solitary Spanish soldier, just returned from Cuba, who still wore his familiar light blue uniform, as at Santiago.

Colonel Duboce

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL VICTOR D. DUBOCE, on February 5, led the daring attack on the fortified church held by the insurgents. Along the village road leading to Paco, the insurgent stronghold, the rebels had secreted themselves in their native huts, keeping up an annoying fire on our troops. To this fire the First Californians were peculiarly exposed. Colonel Duboce ordered the huts cleared and fired. The insurgents scattered, sought refuge in the church and convent of Paco, and here made a determined stand. It was then that Colonel Duboce, with a handful of volunteers, dashed into the church, scattered coal-oil around, and set fire to it. In a minute the church and convent were in a blaze. Fifty-three of the rebels were captured.

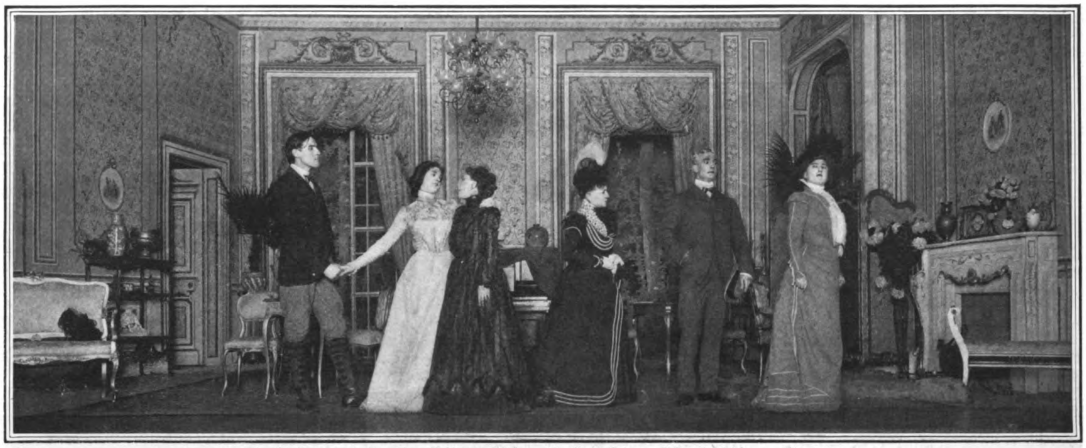
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CADIZ—THE RETURN FROM CUBA OF ONE OF THE LAST DETACHMENTS OF THE SPANISH ARMY.

Drawn from Life by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

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Edward J. Morgan. Mary Mannering. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Mrs. Charles Walcot. William Courtleigh. Hilda Spong.

DANIEL FROHMAN'S LYCEUM COMPANY IN "AMERICANS AT HOME"—ACT I.: THE BETROTHAL.

MUSIC

A NEW OPERA: MANCINELLI'S "ERO E LEANDRO"

"So great that old-time love which now I speak,
That lightning, sea, and death it could defy."
—Borro.

BETWEEN the beginning of the year 1894 and the date at which these lines are written (a term slightly exceeding four years) the successive official seasons at the Metropolitan have acquainted New York with four new operas. I do not include scores that merely in a local degree are new. The four, all unsuccessful, are Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," Bemberg's "Elaine," Massenet's "La Navarraise" (which last work somewhat strains courtesy in being called an opera), and Scharwenka's "Mataswintha," sung under the composer's direction, as a postscript to a German season, given by the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis. The weakness of this catalogue is clear. In a contrast therefore all the pleasanter comes the last incident of the seventeen weeks of the Metropolitan's brilliant winter's work for 1898-9: the production of an opera genuinely new and of indisputable merit, "Ero e Leandro," by Luigi Mancinelli, better known to New York opera-goers as a conductor than as a composer; but to whose creative abilities we are debtors for a première advancing much further than toward a success merely of personal esteem.

New Operas sung at the Metropolitan since 1894.

"Ero e Leandro"—to be called by the English equivalent, "Hero and Leander"—was framed by Mr. Mancinelli as a dramatic cantata, on a command from the management of one of the more important "musical festivals" of Great Britain, that of Norwich. As a cantata it was produced in Norwich with decisive favor in 1896. Either its exposition at Norwich or some earlier doubts gradually convinced the composer toward turning his work into an acted lyric drama. Accordingly, as an out-and-out opera, "Ero e Leandro" made presently a second public appeal. It was heard at Covent Garden last spring, and a reference to it was made in this journal at the time. The major cast was the same as that which now has been presenting it here. One circumstance or another, and the varied cross-currents of operatic policy, have postponed it from month to month; until, somewhat abruptly, it was taken up, hurriedly rehearsed, and well presented in the last fortnight of our long season.

Data of the "Ero e Leandro."

The libretto is by Arrigo Boito (under his literary anagram of "Tobio Gorrio"). That remarkable musician, the composer of "Mefistofele" and the writer of several superfine libretti, has retold, with a good deal of poetic beauty, and enough dramatic force for climaxes that are classical and Hellenistic in their essence, a tale that indeed is old and tragic. We have as heroine the fair Hero, priestess of Venus, whose athletic lover Leander used nightly to swim across the Hellespont's swift strait to breathe his vows to the lonely and gentle vestal, until a storm overcame his strength, and cast his body at the foot of her tower. For further particulars see analysts of Oriental myths and folk-tales, see Museus, see Ovid and other later authorities; or open any good dictionary of Classical Antiquities—which Hero and Leander by no means were. Boito has added to the cart of this pretty tale a third wheel, that makes it run faster—to wit, a rival, *Ariopharnes* of Sestos, a base-minded Thracian priest, whose heart is set on *Hero*. Boito neatly makes *Hero's* scorn of *Ariopharnes* the cause of his banishing her to the Tower of Sestos. I may add that the libretto is extremely ill-translated. Boito, by-the-bye, does not drown his *Hero*, though legend does so. Here she dies of the shock of seeing her lover's fate completed. We have three or four episodes of "subdued movement," several little tableaux that have color and statuesque grace, a splendidly spirited ballet, being an "orgy" in the Temple of the Venus Aphrodite, and there is a management of simple effects that attains a climax quite sufficient for the average opera-goer. The scenery, costumes, and ballet at this production have all been excellent, except the actual scene and stage effect of the Tower, and the appearance of the storm-tossed corpse of *Leander*—which more suggested a bather at Bar Harbor taking a sun-bath on a rock than a lamentable catastrophe. The pictures of the Portico of the Temple in the moonlight and of the Aphrodisium were really admirable.

An old Tale of Greece and of Love well retold by Boito.

As for the music of "Ero e Leandro," it brings to us in no case a great opera; but it brings us a good one—quite worth hearing and enjoying and respecting. The music voices no new Italian call of the spirit. It amounts to a score of a reserved but sufficient inspiration, quite in the Neo-Italian vein. This means that now Meyerbeer, now Wagner, now Ponchielli, now Puccini, now Massenet, now Goldmark, is reflected. But the reflection comes in an eclectic and sincere way, especially in rich orchestration and in freedom of keys and progressions. Mr. Mancinelli has kept remarkably clear of real quotations. He has his own operatic accent, if not actual operatic voice. His opera stands on its own feet most of the time. In "Ero e Leandro" are passages of true lyric beauty, such as *Hero's* fanciful "Song of the Shell," beginning, "Conchiglia rosea, del patrio lido—piccolo nido del vasto mar"; the two love-duets, where occur some eloquently fine phrases; the Torch Song in the Tower Scene, and the really beautiful concerted number, for the principals and chorus in the second act, "O sacra vergine, le chiome d' oro . . . spargo." Dramatically the composer is fettered to a statuesque libretto—just the kind of book that Cherubini would have made much more austere. But in part of the music for wicked *Ariopharnes*, in the duets I have alluded to, and certainly in the choral scene, with its thrilling effect on the cry "Io, pæan," and in the last act, where there occurs a magnificent bit of programme-music, the storm, Mr. Mancinelli is a writer of truly dramatic Italian opera. Again, the composer manages a neatly artistic contrast in the growth of the work, by writing the first two acts with a certain simplicity of rhythms, harmony, and of linear purity in the melody that is almost monotonous; reminding us of the Greek conception and Greek mannerism in musical art. This he does even to the keeping in his chorus parts an effect of unisons, again and again, and employing something like a Hellenic orchestration, till we half wonder at such an angular and thin ensemble. But as the opera advances this is skilfully changed. The last act is rich, especially casts aside archaic suggestion. It brings modern instrumentation and firm polyphony. There is one deficit in the meat of the score. That lack is in strong, straightforward melody—the "square touch," as painters say, in tune. There is chromatic dilly-dallying rather than directness of invention. Moreover, the spirit of cantata rather than of opera yet hovers over many pages in "Ero e Leandro."

The Score of "Ero e Leandro."

But, all things duly weighed, "Ero e Leandro" compresses into two hours and a half—ample time for an opera to say all that one opera need say, and nowadays is aimed to say—an interesting, winning, and superior Italian opera. It should be good for at least three or four performances in any season of Italian or French singers; a score not of robust strength, but never feeble; never prolix nor obscure; producing an excellent impression, and of enough individuality to do credit to its author. And it was most beautifully sung on this occasion, when the composer led it. Madame Eames was a vision in her Greek dresses, and her voice was like the lyre of Erato. Mr. Saléza was faultless vocally as *Leander*, and in the duets as fiery as a Greek lover or anybody else could be. Mr. Plançon, arrayed as so often is that stately barytone, in a vast, appalling aggregate of robes, overwraps, and flowing draperies—seemed to be in his finest voice. A classical sort of vocal prologue, written in sixteen *stanze* of grave verse, beginning and ending "Canto la storia d' Ero e Leandro," is delivered by a Muse, before the opera's first scene, and takes the place of an overture. This prelude fell to Madame Mantelli, and it was sung with taste. As for the public reception of the new opera by the Metropolitan—which was only two-thirds full—it may be recorded as immediately and uninterruptedly cordial. This aspect obtained outside of the energies of a superfluous amateur claque. Altogether, it was a cheerful and deserved first night of a new work, whether length or shortness of days may or may not follow its present American publicity.

A superior Work, sung in superior Performance.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DRAMA

WITH Mr. James O'Neill's production of the Grundy version of the "Three Musketeers," at the Broadway, a theatrical war is declared beside which the late war of the Irish comedians of Fourteenth Street was a skirmish. We have sown the wind of realism and modernity so lavishly of late years that a whirlwind was sure to come, and it has come in the way of a revival of romanticism. Until the end of the season at the very least, we shall be more or less under the reign of the Dumas musketeer, and the Dumas musketeer is the sort of a person that never reigns but he pours. Sooner or later, I suppose, we shall all be obliged to take sides as clearly as in the days of the King and the Cardinal; nor is the decision one whit more easily made.

The Reign of the Musketeer.

In the Hamilton version, which Mr. Sothern is playing, as I have pointed out, the dramatic motives are not at all clearly developed, and there has been small pains to preserve what literary quality the original possesses: to a person unfamiliar with Dumas the play must appear to be largely sound and fury. This fact, however, suggests Dumas in a way that nothing merely literary could; and in comparison with the Grundy version the scenes of swashbuckler comradeship, such as *d'Artagnan's* first encounter with the three musketeers, and the multiple duel with the Cardinal's guard, appear highly effective. More than this, by sacrificing the strongly individualized character of *d'Artagnan*, Mr. Hamilton has given his version a strong love motive not in Dumas, and this is especially valuable from the point of view of popularity when Mr. Sothern is the *d'Artagnan*. Moreover, though not at all dramatic in the true sense of the word, it has been very skilfully calculated for theatrical effects of the more obvious sort.

The Swashbuckler Play.

Mr. Grundy's *d'Artagnan*, like Mr. Hamilton's, lacks the heartless immorality of the original; and even the brutal scene in which the musketeers murder *Miladi*, which Mr. Hamilton has retained in a modified form as shown in our illustration of last week, is lacking. In most other respects, however, his *d'Artagnan* closely follows the book, and as scene follows scene many different sides of his character are shown. Mr. Grundy's has given us his father's advice: "Fight every chance you get, and fight all the more because, since duels are forbidden by law, it requires a double courage to fight. *M. de Treville* fought five duels between here and Paris, and afterwards he fought hundreds—look where he is now." That advice was well followed. He has also given us *d'Artagnan's* dear old nag, and he has made the escape from *Miladi's* dagger almost as ridiculous as it is in the novel. We see, too, how his episodes of gallantry transformed the awkward provincial lad into a man of the city, and how his sword, and his eye for the main chance, brought him into prominence in the court. In the end, though one is perhaps not dazzled by romance and heroics, he feels that he has made the acquaintance of a well-rounded and interesting character. The weak point in Mr. Grundy's version is in the adaptation of the story to the stage. Many of the scenes are only slightly varied from the old version last played in America by the younger Salvini, notably that in which the musketeers cross swords and exclaim, "All for one and one for all!" in the manner of melodrama now relegated to the Bowery. The opening scenes of the play, however, reach a higher level of dramatic effectiveness than anything in the Hamilton version. This is notably the case with the prologue showing the branding of *Miladi*, the action of which is wholly of Mr. Grundy's invention. This prologue takes place during a thunder-storm, and in a room lighted by a fire on a great stone hearth; as the curtain rings down, *Miladi* is grovelling in rage and pain, while the *fleur-de-lis* of the felon is being branded on her shoulder. It is a great pity that the strongest scene in the play should be the first. Full of quality as the Grundy version is, and dramatic as it is in spots, its lack of good fighting and of a sympathetic love interest makes it unlikely to outlast the play at the rival house.

Mr. Grundy's Version.

If the acting of Mr. O'Neill's company strikes one as better on the whole than that of Mr. Sothern's, it is per-

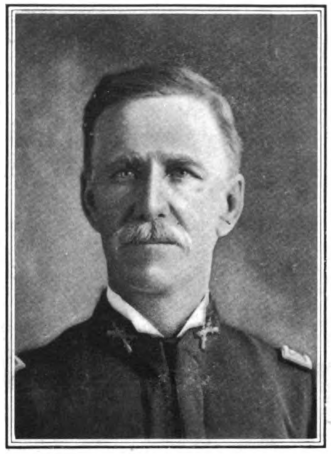
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BRIG.-GEN. LOYD WHEATON, U. S. V.
In command of the Advanced Line in the recent Operations against the Filipinos.



LT.-COL. VICTOR D. DUBOCE, U. S. V., 1st California Volunteers.—[See Page 282.]
Hero of the Assault on Paco Church.



MAJOR EDWARD McCONVILLE, U. S. V.
1st Idaho Volunteers.—[See Page 286.]
Born June 25, 1846. Killed at Manila, Feb. 5, 1899.

haps owing to the fact that the lines in the Grundy version are better in the main, and the characters are so drawn as to give scope to variety of effect. Mr. O'Neill's attitude toward his part was intelligent, and by the time he has had Mr. Sothern's experience in it he will, no doubt, give a highly workmanlike and effective reading. Though the trio of musketeers is less prominent in the action, the parts were taken, on the whole, with more dignity and force: if Mr. Lackaye was less imposing as *Athos* than Mr. Erlynne, the fault lay in the fact that he did not look the part so well, and that he had less opportunity. The *Cardinal* of Mr. Henry Saint Maur had far more finesse than that of Mr. Lawrence, though it lacked the touch of cold cunning to make it adequate. The lines set down for *Anne of Austria* recall Mrs. Telfer's saying that as parts queens are not worth a tinker's oath; but this did not prevent Miss Judith Berolde from giving a performance that was clear and dignified. The part of *Constance* was so circumscribed that any one who had seen Miss Margaret Anglin's *Roxane* in "Cyrano" must have felt personally defrauded.

Mr. O'Neill and his Company.

The most interesting part in the performance was *Miladi*. The lines give scope for almost every variety of malignity and allurement, for suffering, rage, and triumph; and Miss Blanche Bates accepted each opportunity with intelligence. Though her methods still lack variety, they have the directness and sincerity of a craftsman. If she appeared too winsome and too womanly to be the very wicked person she pretended, it was because she has not yet reached the detachment of the best histrionic art. She showed no disposition to be charming at the expense of the required effect; I am sure that we were all more willing that she should be pleasing than she was to be so. By-and-by she will be able to make effects so artistically that we shall not care whether she is charming or not.

Miss Blanche Bates.

"Americans at Home," which Mr. Daniel Frohman has dignified by giving it to his Lyceum company to produce, is by Miss Abby Sage Richardson and Miss Grace Livingston Furniss, whose "Colonial Girl" Mr. Sothern produced last autumn. It has much the same plot, and much the same qualities and limitations. The falsity of its characters and situations, however, is more damaging than in the "Colonial Girl," because it is a comedy of contemporary life. It has been so universally condemned that it would scarcely be necessary to dwell on its faults if it were not presented so admirably and were not an American play. The main situation is that of a young man (Mr. Edward Morgan) who, having been jilted, marries a young woman who has accidentally disclosed her love for him. This betrothal is managed rather plausibly, but with it the virtues of the play cease. The rest of the action is occupied with comic scenes so elaborately false that they rouse one to an anger of disappointment, and melodramatic scenes so bald that they make one sigh for the liberty to hiss. One of the comic scenes concerns a West Point cadet who during a love-passage is suffering from a tight shoe. The speeches are so arranged, of course, that they fit equally well his feet and his heart. In "Lord and Lady Algy," at the Empire, there is a similarly false situation, in which a young woman is laced too tightly. If there is anything to be grateful for in the Lyceum play, it is the fact that the West-Pointer is spared the old jokes about military stays. The alleged Americans of the play do not get anywhere near home; they are all puppets of stageland. This again is a matter for congratulation, because it makes it unnecessary to take the play with the seriousness accorded to "The Last Chapter."

Not at Home.

As the play has in all only three weeks to run, it is probable that it has been produced merely to serve as an alternate to Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells" during the approaching tour of the Lyceum company. It will be interesting to note whether "Trelawny" requires an alternate. It is perhaps the best play of its sort produced this season, and, more than that, it is probably one of the best of the present generation of English comedies. Its success in New York has been far greater that its success in London—a fact which is the more remarkable because the strong local flavor of the play more or less fails of effect with us. I have been inclined to attribute its success, like that of Pinero's "The Amazons," to the fact that the literary and dramatic finesse of the play is such as an American audience is especially fitted to take hold of; but Mr. William Archer, who ought to know, if anybody does, attributes its success to the fact that it is acted much better here than in London. Certainly the Lyceum company is the best of its kind we have. If the play is not strong enough outside of New York to go by itself, it will be very surprising, for in spite of the assumptions of metropolitan journals, intelligence as to the drama exists in several places outside of New York. JOHN CORBIN.

"Trelawny" on the Road.

The Perfect Hour

BE it on my blazon shown
How I fought the fiends alone,
Ere I rose to this content,
Open, true, magnificent.

My heart from the underworld
Rides the bright sea-foam upcurled;
My heart suns in air between
Medlar-pear and nectarine;

Terrors run to me at dawn,
Tamer than the velvet fawn;
Not to me hath Love denied
His great star of eventide.

Fate, where is thy splintered spear
Met me in the tourney year?
Once thou wert in overthrow,
Then I laughed, and let thee go.

Wouldst thou yet make sport of me,
Find me Kingly, fervent, free!
Though there come the foreordained,
In thy citadel I have reigned.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Diary of the Revolt

GENERAL WHEATON AT PASIG—"THE GREATEST VICTORY SINCE FEBRUARY 5"

Monday, March 6.—A force of natives, said to be the largest body yet encountered in this quarter, resisted an advance by General Hale's brigade on Santolan and Mariquina. The Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Utah regiments, and two companies of the Oregon regiment, were engaged, the infantry having the support of artillery, and of a gunboat on the river. Eight of our men were wounded; the hostiles retreated. This was not an effort to extend the American lines farther inland, as it might appear to be; but the natives had taken a commanding position, from which it became necessary to dislodge them. The fighting spread to General Wheaton's brigade.



MAP OF THE OPERATIONS AROUND MANILA.

Tuesday, March 7.—The Twentieth Regular Infantry, which had been held in reserve, took part in an attack of General Hale's brigade upon several thousand natives near the Pasig. It was a continuation of the fighting east of Manila, which, with occasional pauses since February 5, had gradually become more and more serious. The Wyoming regiment advanced from the west, the Twentieth Infantry and the Nebraskans on the north. The natives, in their earth-works, were almost enclosed, when an impulse to reach the enemy, who had so long kept out of range, seized the volunteers. Company C of the Wyoming regiment sprang from the line with a cheer and dashed toward the Filipinos' trenches. Then the other companies of the same regiment joined in the charge, which of course became a chase, though the fighting lasted two hours. The natives, driven towards the river, were exposed to the gunboat's fire. About two hundred and fifty were killed. Of our men, three were wounded and a number prostrated by the heat. During a renewal of the attack, later in the day, six Americans were wounded, including a major and two captains, and two privates were killed. Finally General Hale withdrew his lines to the position they had occupied in the morning, and the hostiles followed in force, reoccupying their lost ground.

Thursday, March 9.—A despatch from Manila contains a report of progress in the Visayan group: all quiet at Ilo Ilo, although skirmishing "was frequent in the outlying districts"; the Negros commissioners doing excellent work at Bacolod, a battalion of our troops landed in Negros on March 4 being "magnificently received and entertained by the natives," etc.

A number of native houses at Pandacan, a suburb of Manila, were destroyed by incendiaries.

Friday, March 10.—The transport *Grant*, having on board Major-General Lawton, the Fourth Infantry, and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry, arrived at Manila. The opinion was expressed that a forward movement would at once be begun, and that General Lawton would command at the front, while General Otis would direct the advance from his headquarters at Manila.

At Washington it was stated that the administration had decided to enlist native troops, and that, by way of experiment, General Otis had been authorized to organize a battalion of Filipinos.

Saturday, March 11.—At Caloocan the Filipinos were driven from a trench they had begun to construct; at San Pedro Macati there was desultory firing.

A new brigade was formed for General Wheaton, General King having recovered his health sufficiently to resume his former command.

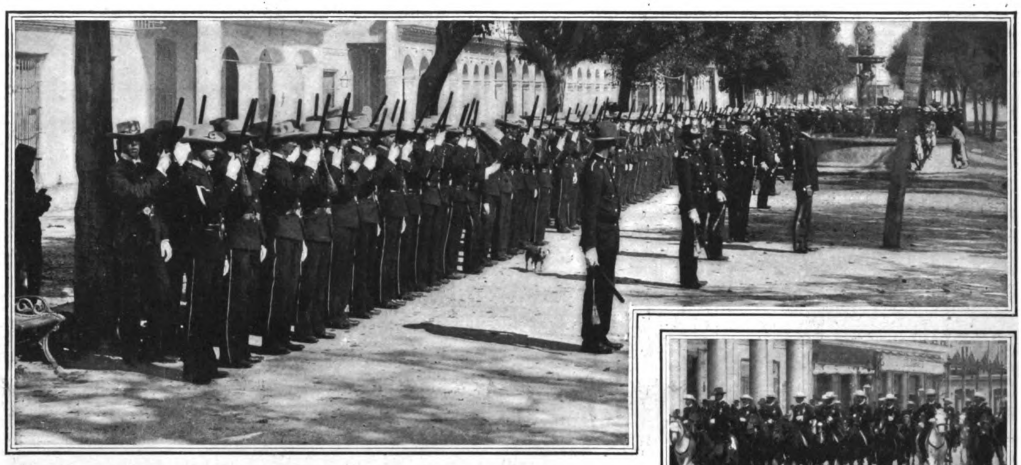
An order from the War Department at Washington was sent to all generals commanding departments of the army in the United States, withdrawing permission for families of officers or enlisted men to accompany troops to Manila, and forwarding the advice contained in the following cablegram from General Otis: "Manila not safe place for officers' families. Great difficulty experienced in caring for women now here, and their safety one of the chief causes of anxiety. Officers' families should remain in the United States."

Sunday, March 12.—General Otis forbade the Spanish commissioners, who have been negotiating for the release of prisoners held by the Filipinos, to pass the American outposts, or to treat further with the natives, who were demanding a large indemnity, and were encouraged by the prospect of securing substantial aid for their cause.

Monday, March 13.—General Wheaton's Provisional Brigade (Twentieth and Twenty-second Infantry, eight companies of the Washington and seven of the Oregon volunteers, three troops of the Fourth Cavalry, and Scott's battery of the Sixth Artillery) set out from the neighborhood of San Pedro Macati at 6.30 A. M. This was the beginning of a movement to extend the American lines eastward to the shores of Laguna de Bay, and thus to cut off the hostiles of the provinces of Cavité and Batangas, on the south, from easy communication with those at or near Mariquina, Caloocan, Malabon, and the capital, Malolos, on the north.

The first point of attack was Guadalupe. The hostiles

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CLUB DRILL OF THE 4TH BATTALION—"PRESENT ARMS!"



THE MOUNTED POLICE.



GENERAL REVIEW OF THE FORCE—GENERAL CARDENAS AT THE HEAD.



GENERAL MARIO MENOCAL,
Chief of Police of Havana.



JOHN McCULLAGH,
Organizer of the Police Force.



MAJOR EVANS, U. S. V.,
Organizer of the Criminal Court.

HAVANA'S POLICE FORCE AND THE MEN WHO RULE IT.

made a determined stand at the church, but were driven out; the battery shelled the trenches, and from the river a gunboat "poured a terrific fire from her Gatling guns into the brush"; the left of the column advanced towards Guadalupe, firing volleys, while the right pushed on towards the town of Pasig. The extreme left resting on the bank of the stream below Guadalupe, the entire column then wheeled towards the river, forcing the enemy to retreat eastward; then Guadalupe was captured, and the artillery was moved to a ridge commanding Pasig and Pateros. Pasig was bombarded. From time to time, as the Filipino lines were driven steadily backward, our men were halted to make their firing more accurate and decisive. The heat was almost intolerable and the country very rough.

Tuesday, March 14.—General Otis's despatch of this date to the Adjutant-General, Washington: "Until yesterday field operations here, since capturing Caloocan, were of minor nature, consisting of driving back small bands of insurgents, with considerable loss to the latter. Yesterday General Wheaton . . . attacked large force of enemy, drove them back, and took line of Pasig River, which he now holds. Two improvised gunboats on the lake have captured considerable property. Insurgent loss heavy; our own killed and wounded slight, aggregating thirty-five, mostly slightly wounded. Insurgents made no determined stand." Some of the press despatches, however, stated that a "fierce opposition" was offered by the Filipinos. Three members of the Twenty-second Infantry were killed.

The natives who had been driven out of Pasig by shells from Scott's battery returned during the night. At daybreak the artillery and gunboats renewed the bombardment, with the inevitable result. But as soon as the firing ceased about one thousand hostiles returned to the town, replying to Gatling guns with their rifles, and suffering heavy losses.

In the delta at the head of Pasig River the towns of Pateros and Taguig were also shelled, but the river intervened and they could not be captured immediately. Some of the Filipinos on the west bank of the river were dislodged by a cavalry charge. (One killed and five wounded on our side.) Three barges loaded with provisions for the hostiles were captured, and their guard of seventy-six made prisoners. Orders were given to Major Grant to take one of the gunboats and destroy all of the vessels in Laguna de Bay, the largest body of fresh water in the archipelago.

As a matter of record, for the historian's use, these synchronous paragraphs should be brought together here:

An appeal to the people of the United States, urging all lovers of freedom to co-operate in an attempt to induce the government to suspend hostilities in the Philippines and confer with Filipino leaders with a view to preventing further bloodshed by recognizing their independence, etc., was issued over the signatures of many prominent Americans.

It is the purpose of the administration to pursue the rebellious Filipino army until either its effectiveness is destroyed or Aguinaldo is compelled to sue for peace without conditions. The attack begun by General Wheaton was the opening of a determined campaign, which will be carried on without cessation until the authority of the United States in the Philippines shall be, as far as the natives are concerned, undisputed.

Wednesday, March 15.—A portion of General Wheaton's command crossed the river, drove the enemy from their trenches, and took possession of Pasig; and meanwhile some of the volunteers and the Fourth Cavalry attacked and captured Pateros (which was burned) and Taguig. In a despatch of this date General Otis said: "Three thousand insurgents moved down last night to towns of Pasig and Pateros on shore Laguna de Bay, fronting Wheaton's troops on Pasig River line; by heavy fighting Wheaton has dislodged and driven them back, taking 400 prisoners and inflicting heavy loss in killed and wounded; he reports his loss as very moderate. He now occupies these towns with sufficient force to hold them." In conversation General Otis referred to this action as "the greatest victory since February 5." MARRION WILCOX.

Major Edward McConville, who was killed at the head of the Idaho troops in the charge on the insurgent bastion, February 5, was born at Cape Vincent, New York, June 25, 1846, and during the rebellion was a drummer-boy in the Twelfth New York, and served with distinguished gallantry in the Nez Percé war in 1877, in command of the North Idaho volunteers, as Colonel. In 1891 President Harrison appointed him Superintendent of the Indian Training School at Fort Lapwai.

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE DAYS.

LINCOLN awaited Graham in a suite of apartments beneath the flying-stages. He seemed curious to learn all that had happened, pleased to hear of the extraordinary delight and interest which Graham took in flying. Graham was in a mood of enthusiasm. "I must learn to fly!" he cried. "I must master that. I pity all poor souls who have died without this opportunity. The sweet swift air! It is the most wonderful experience in the world."

"You will find our new times full of wonderful experiences," said Lincoln. "I do not know what you will care to do now. We have music that may seem novel."

"For the present," said Graham, "flying holds me. Let me learn more of that. Your aeronaut was saying there is some trades-union objection to one's learning."

"There is, I believe," said Lincoln. "But for you—! If you would like to occupy yourself with that, we can make you a sworn aeronaut to-morrow."

Graham expressed his wishes vividly, and talked of his sensations for a while. "And as for affairs," he asked, abruptly—"how are things going?"

Lincoln waved affairs aside. "Ostrog will tell you that to-morrow," he said. "Everything is settling down. The Revolution accomplishes itself all over the world. Friction is inevitable here and there, of course; but your rule is assured. You may rest secure with things in Ostrog's hand."

"Would it be possible for me to be made a sworn aeronaut, as you call it, forthwith—before I sleep?" said Graham, pacing. "Then I could be at it the very first thing to-morrow again. . . . This is a wonderful time."

"It would be possible," said Lincoln, thoughtfully. "Quite possible. Indeed, it shall be done." He laughed. "I came prepared to suggest amusements, but you have found one for yourself. I will telephone to the aeronautical offices from here, and we will return to your apartments in the Wind-Vane Control. By the time you have dined, the aeronauts will be able to come. You don't think that after you have dined you might prefer—" He paused.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We had prepared a show of dancers—they have been brought from the Capri theatre."

"I hate ballets," said Graham, shortly; "always did. That's not what I want to see. We had dancers in the old days. For the matter of that, they had them in ancient Egypt. But flying—"

"True," said Lincoln; "though our dancers—"

"They can afford to wait," said Graham. "There are questions I want to ask some expert—about your machinery. I'm keen; I want no distractions."

"You have the world to choose from," said Lincoln. "Whatever you want is yours."

Asano appeared, and under the escort of a strong guard they returned through the city streets to Graham's apartments. Far larger crowds had assembled to witness his return than his departure had gathered, and the shouts and cheering of these masses of people sometimes drowned Lincoln's answers to the endless questions Graham's aerial journey had suggested. At first Graham had acknowledged the cheering and cries of the crowd by bows and gestures, but Lincoln warned him that such a recognition would be considered incorrect behavior. Graham, already a little wearied by his civilities, ignored his subjects for the remainder of his public progress.

Directly they arrived at his apartments, Asano departed in search of kinematographic renderings of machinery in motion, and Lincoln despatched Graham's commands for models of machines and small machines to illustrate the various mechanical advances of the last two centuries. The little group of appliances for telegraphic communication attracted the Master so strongly that his delightfully prepared dinner, served by a number of charmingly dexterous girls, waited for a space. The habit of smoking had almost ceased from the face of the earth, but when he expressed a wish for that indulgence inquiries were made, and some excellent cigars were discovered in Florador, and sent to him by pneumatic despatch while the dinner was still in progress. Afterwards came the aeronauts, and a feast of ingenious wonders in the hands of a latter-day engineer. For the time, at any rate, the neat dexterity of counting and numbering machines, building-machines, spinning-engines, patent doorways, explosive motors, grain and water elevators, slaughter-house machines, and harvesting appliances was more fascinating to Graham than any bayadere. "We were savages," was his refrain; "we were savages. We were in the Stone Age, compared with this. . . . And what else have you?"

There came also practical psychologists, with some very interesting developments of the art of hypnotism. Their science was now in general use; it had largely superseded drugs, antiseptics, and anæsthetics in medicine; was employed by almost all who had any need of mental concentration. A real enlargement of human faculty seemed to have been affected in this direction. The feats of "calculating boys," the wonders, as Graham had been wont to regard them, of mesmerizers, were now within the range of any one who could afford the services of a skilled hypnotist. Long ago the old examination methods in education had been destroyed by these expedients. Instead of years of study, candidates had substituted a few weeks of trances, and during the trances expert coaches had simply repeated over all the points necessary for adequate answering, together with the suggestion of a post-hypnotic recollection of these points. In process mathematics, particularly, this aid had been of singular service, and it was now invariably invoked by such players of chess and of games of manual dexterity as were still to be found. In fact, all operations conducted under finite rules—of a quasi-mechanical sort, that is—were now systematically relieved from the wanderings of imagination and emotion, and brought to an unexampled pitch of accuracy. Little children of the laboring-classes, so soon as they were of sufficient age to be hypnotized, were thus converted into beautifully punctual and trustworthy machine minders, and released forthwith from the long, long thoughts of youth. Aeronautical pupils, who gave way to giddiness, could be relieved from their imaginary terrors. In every street were hypnotists ready to print permanent memories upon the mind. If any one desired to remember a name, a series of numbers, a song, or a speech, it could be done by this method, and conversely memories could be effaced, habits removed, and desires eradicated—a sort of psychic surgery was, in fact, in general use. Indignities, humbling experiences, were thus forgotten, amorous widows would obliterate their previous husbands, angry lovers release themselves from their slavery. To graft desires, however, was still impos-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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sible, and the facts of thought-transference were yet unsystematized. The psychologists illustrated their expositions with some astounding experiments in mnemonics, made through the agency of a troupe of pale-faced children in blue.

Graham, like most of the people of his former time, distrusted the hypnotist, or he might then and there have eased his mind of many painful preoccupations. But in spite of Lincoln's assurances he held to the old theory that to be hypnotized was in some way the surrender of his personality, the abdication of his will. At the banquet of wonderful experiences that was beginning he wanted very keenly to remain absolutely himself.

The next day, and another day, and yet another day passed in such interests as these. Each day Graham spent many hours in the glorious entertainment of flying. On the third day he soared across middle France, and within sight of the snow-clad Alps. These vigorous exercises gave him restful sleep, and each day saw a great stride in his health from the spiritless anæmia of his first awakening. And whenever he was not in the air, and awake, Lincoln was assiduous in the cause of his amusement; all that was novel and curious in contemporary invention was brought to him, until at last his appetite for novelty was wellnigh glutted. One might fill a dozen inconsecutive volumes with the strange things they brought to him. Each afternoon he held his court for an hour or so. He speedily found his interest in his contemporaries becoming personal and intimate. At first he had been alert chiefly for unfamiliarity and peculiarity; any foppishness in their dress, and discordance with his preconceptions of nobility in their status and manners, had jarred upon him; but it was remarkable to him how soon that strangeness and the faint hostility that arose from it disappeared; how soon he came to appreciate the true perspective of his position, and see the old Victorian days remote and quaint. He found himself particularly amused by the red-haired daughter of the manager of the European Piggeries. And after that, more hypnotic wonders. On the third day Lincoln was moved to suggest that the Master should remove to a Pleasure City, but this Graham declined; nor would he accept the services of the hypnotists in his aeronautical experiments. The link of locality held him to London; he found a perpetual wonder in topographical identifications that he would have missed abroad. "Here—or a hundred feet below here," he could say, "I used to eat my mid-day cutlets during my London University days. Underneath here was Waterloo, and the perpetual hunt for confusing trains. Often have I stood waiting down there, bag in hand, and stared up into the sky above the forest of signals, little thinking I should walk some day a hundred yards in the air. And now, in that very sky that was once a gray smoky canopy, I circle in an aeroplie."

During those three days Graham was so occupied with such interests that the vast political movements in progress outside his quarters had but a small share of his attention. Those about him told him little. Daily came Ostrog the Boss, his Grand Vizier, his mayor of the palace, to report in vague terms the steady establishment of his rule; "a little trouble," soon to be settled, in this city, "a slight disturbance" in that. The song of the social revolt came to him no more; he never learned that it had been forbidden in the municipal limits; and all the great emotions of the crow's-nest slumbered in his mind. But on the second and third of the three days he found himself, in spite of his interest in the daughter of the Pig-manager, or, it may be, by reason of the thoughts her conversation suggested, thinking of the girl Helen Wotton, who had spoken to him so oddly at the wind-vane keeper's gathering. Her beauty came compellingly between him and certain immediate temptations of ignoble passion. He wondered what she had meant by those broken half-forgotten sentences; his memory of her eyes and the earnest passion of her face became more vivid as his mechanical interests faded. But he did not see her again until three full days were past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GIRL WITH THE EAGER FACE.

It was in the little gallery that ran from the wind-vane offices towards his state apartments that Graham met Helen Wotton for the second time. The gallery was long and narrow, with a series of faithful reproductions of the Briar Rose and Perseus series of Burne-Jones on the right-hand side, and on the left arched fenestrations, a recess with seats below each, looking out upon a large hall, wherein a slender fountain played incessantly amidst the fronds and palms. Graham came upon her suddenly. She was seated in one of the recesses, and she had turned at the sound of his footsteps. She started when she saw him.

He stopped, then advanced and seated himself beside her. "I have wanted to see you," he said, as he did so. "A few days ago you wanted to tell me something—you wanted to tell me of the people. What was it you had to tell me?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

"You said the people were unhappy?"

For a moment she was silent still.

"It must have seemed strange to you," she said, abruptly.

"It did. And yet—"

"It was an impulse."

"Well?"

"That is all."

She looked at him with a face of hesitation. She spoke with an effort. "You forget," she said, drawing a deep breath.

"What?"

"The people—"

"Do you mean—?"

"You forget the people."

He looked interrogative.

"Yes. I know you are surprised. For you do not understand what you are. You do not know the things that are happening."

"Well?"

"You do not understand."

"Not clearly, perhaps. But—tell me."

She turned to him with sudden resolution. "It is so hard to explain. And I am not ready with words. But about you—there is something. It is wonder. Your sleep—your awakening. These things are miracles. To me at least—and to all the common people. You who lived and suffered and died, you who were a common citizen, wake again, live again, to find yourself Master almost of the earth."

"Master of the earth," he said. "So they tell me. But try and imagine how little I know of it."

"Cities—trusts—the Labor Company—"

"Principalities, powers, dominions—the power and the glory. Yes. I have heard them shout. I know. I am Master. King, if you wish. With Ostrog, the great Boss—" He paused.

She turned upon him and surveyed his face with a curious scrutiny. "Well?"

He smiled. "To take the responsibility."

"That is what I have begun to fear." For a moment she said no more. "No," she said, slowly. "*You* will take the responsibility. You will take the responsibility. The people look to you."

She spoke softly. "Listen! For at least half the years of your sleep—in every generation—multitudes of people, in every generation greater multitudes of people, have prayed that you might awake—*prayed!*"

Graham moved to speak, and did not.

She hesitated, and a faint color crept into her cheek. "Do you know that you have been to myriads—King Arthur, Barbarossa—the King who would come in his own good time and put the world right for them?"

"I suppose the imagination of the people—"

"Have you not heard our proverb, 'When the Sleeper wakes'? While you lay insensible and motionless there—thousands came. Thousands. Every first of the month you lay in state with a white robe upon you, and the people filed by you. When I was a little girl I saw you like that, with your face white and calm."

She turned her face from him and looked steadfastly at the painted wall before her. Her voice fell. "When I was a little girl I used to look at your face. . . . it seemed to me fixed and waiting, like the patience of God.

"That is what we thought of you," she said. "That is how you seemed to us."

She turned shining eyes to him; her voice was clear and strong. "In the city, in the earth, a myriad myriad men and women are waiting to see what you will do, a myriad myriad children are lisping strange expectations."

"Yes?"

"Ostrog—no one can take that responsibility."

"Do you think," she said, "that you have lived that little life so far away in the past, you have fallen into and risen out of this miracle of sleep—do you think that the wonder and reverence and hope of half the world have gathered about you only that you may live another little life? . . . That you may shift the responsibility to any other man?"

Graham looked at her in surprise—at her face lit with emotion. She seemed at first to have spoken with an effort, and to have fired herself by speaking. Now she was eloquent.

"I know how great this kingship of mine is," he said, haltingly. "I know how great it seems. But is it real? It is incredible—dreamlike. Is it real, or is it only a great delusion?"

"It is real," she said; "if you dare."

"After all, like all kingship, my kingship is belief. It is an illusion in the minds of men."

"If you dare!" she said.

"But—"

"Countless men," she said, "and while it is in their minds—they will obey."

"But I know nothing. That is what I had in mind. I know nothing. And these others—the Councillors, Ostrog. They are wiser, cooler; they know so much—every detail. And, indeed, what are these miseries of which you speak? What am I to know? Do you mean—?"

He stopped blankly.

"I am still hardly more than a girl," she said. "But to me the world seems full of wretchedness and oppression. The world has altered since your days, altered very strangely. I have prayed that I might see you and tell you these things. The world has changed. As if a canker had seized it, and robbed life of honor and freedom."

She turned a flushed face upon him, moving suddenly. "Your days were the days of freedom. Yes—I have thought. I have been made to think, for my life—has not been happy. Men are no longer free—no greater, no better, than the men of your time. That is not all. This city—is a prison. Every city now is a prison. Mammon grips the key in his hand. Myriads—countless myriads—toil from the cradle to the grave. Is that right? Is that to be—forever? Yes, far worse than in your time. All about us, beneath us, are sorrow and pain, and the perpetual tragedy of ineffectual lives. The light, the space, the music—all the beauty and splendor and shallow delight of such life as you find about you is separated by just a little from a life of wretchedness beyond any telling. Yes, the poor know it—they know they suffer. These countless multitudes who faced death for you two nights since—for you and hope! You owe your life to them."

"Yes," said Graham, slowly. "Yes. I owe my life to them."

"You come," she said, "from the days when this new tyranny of the cities and of the rich man was scarcely beginning. It is a tyranny—a tyranny. The feudal warlords had gone, and the new lordship of wealth had still to come. Half the men in the world still lived out upon the free country-side, as men have lived for endless years. The cities had still to devour them. I have heard the stories out of the old books—there was nobility! Common men led lives of love and faithfulness then—they did a thousand things for love of honor and love of country. And you—you come from that time."

"And now?"

"Gain and the Pleasure Cities! Or slavery—unthanked, unhonored, grudging slavery."

"Slavery!" he said.

"Slavery."

"You don't mean to say that human beings are chattels."

"Worse. That is what I want you to know—what I want you to see. I know you do not know. They will keep things from you; they will take you presently to a Pleasure City. But you have noticed men and women and children in pale blue canvas, with thin yellow faces and dull eyes?"

"Everywhere."

"Speaking a dull dialect, coarse and weak—the English of their misery."

"I have heard it."

"They are the slaves—your slaves. They are the slaves of the Labor Company you own."

"The Labor Company! In some way—that is familiar. Ah! now I remember. I saw it when I was wandering about the city, after the lights returned—great fronts of buildings colored pale blue. Do you really mean—?"

"Yes. How can I explain it to you? Of course the blue uniform struck you. Nearly a third of our people wear it—more assume it now every day. This Labor Company has grown imperceptibly."

"What *is* this Labor Company?" asked Graham.

"In the old times, how did you manage with starving people?"

"There was the workhouse—which the parishes maintained."

"Workhouse! Yes—there was something. In our history lessons. I remember now. The Labor Company ousted the workhouse. It grew—partly—out of something—you perhaps may remember it—an emotional religious organization called the Salvation Army—that became a business company. In the first place it was almost a charity. To save people from workhouse rigors. Now I come to think of it, it was one of the earliest properties your trustees acquired. They bought the Salvation Army, and reconstructed it as this. The idea in the first place was to give work to starving homeless people."

"Yes."

"Nowadays there are no workhouses, no refuges and charities, nothing but that company. Its offices are everywhere. That blue is its color. And any man, woman, or child who comes to be hungry and weary, and with neither home nor friend nor resort, must go to the company in the end—or seek some way of death. The Euthanasy is beyond their means—for the poor there is no easy death. And at any hour in the day or night there is food, shelter, and a blue uniform for all comers—that is the first condition of the company's incorporation—and in return for a day's shelter the company extracts a day's work, and then returns the visitor's proper clothing and sends him or her out again."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps that does not seem so terrible to you. In your days men starved in your streets. That was bad. But these people in blue— The proverb runs, 'Blue canvas once and ever.' The company trades in their labor, and it has taken care to assure itself of a supply of that labor. People come to it starving and helpless—they eat and sleep for a night and day, they work for a day, and at the end of the day they go out again. If they have worked well they have a penny or so—enough for a theatre or a cheap dancing-place, or a kinematograph story, or a dinner, or a bet. They wander about after that is spent. Begging is prevented by the police of the ways. Besides, no one gives. They come back again the next day or the day after—brought back by the same incapacity that brought them first. At last their proper clothing wears out, or their rags get so shabby that they are ashamed. Then they must work for months to get fresh. If they want fresh. A great number of children are born under the company's care. The mother owes them a month thereafter—the children they cherish and educate until they are fourteen, and they pay two years' service. You may be sure these children are educated for the blue canvas. And so it is the company works."

"And none are destitute in the city?"

"None. They are either in blue canvas or in prison."

"If they will not work?"

"Most people will work at that pitch, and the company has powers. There are stages of unpleasantness in the work—stoppage of food—and a man or woman who has refused to work once is known by a thumb-marking system in the company's offices all over the world. Besides, who can leave the city who is poor? To go to Paris costs two lions. And for insubordination there are the prisons—dark and miserable—out of sight below. There are prisons now for many things."

"And a third of the people wear this blue canvas?"

"More than a third. Toilers, living without pride or delight or hope, with the stories of the Pleasure Cities ringing in their ears, mocking their shameful lives, their privations and hardships. Too poor even for the Euthanasy that opens its doors as the rich man's refuge from life. Dumb, crippled millions, countless millions, all the world about, ignorant of anything but limitations and unsatisfied desires. They are born, they are thwarted, and they die. That is the state to which we have come."

For a space Graham sat downcast, overwhelmed by this sudden darkening of the spacious vision of the crow's-nest. Presently he had a thought.

"But there has been a revolution," he said. "All these things will be changed. Ostrog—"

"That is our hope. That is the hope of the world. But Ostrog will not do it. He is a politician. To him it seems things must be like this. He does not mind. He takes it for granted. All the rich, all the influential, all who are happy, come at last to take these miseries for granted. They use the people in their politics; they live in ease by their degradation. But you—you who come from a happier age—it is to you the people look. You are the last hope left to common men."

He looked at her face. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears. He felt a rush of emotion. For a moment he forgot this city, he forgot the race, and all those vague remote voices in the immediate humanity of her beauty.

"But what am I to do?" he said, with his eyes upon her.

"Rule," she answered. "Rule the world as it has never been ruled, for the good and happiness of men. For you might rule it—you could rule it."

She rose up and stood before him, appealing, magnificent. And it came into his mind that she was born to be a queen—perhaps the last of queens.

She spoke again. "The people are fermenting," she said. "All over the world the people are stirring. It wants but a word—but a word from you—to bring them all together. Even the middle sort of people are restless—unhappy.

"They are not telling you the things that are happening. The people will not go back to their drudgery—they refuse to be disarmed. Ostrog has awakened something greater than he dreamt of—he has awakened hopes."

His heart was beating fast. He tried to seem judicial, to weigh considerations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

II.—AN HONEST CUSTOMS SERVICE IN CUBA.

ONLY a few days had elapsed after the Spanish evacuation of Havana, and after the United States army officials had taken charge of the government in all its branches, when the merchants of the city began to realize that the strangest thing in all the world had happened. The Custom House was being run honestly. Even money collected in overcharges was being refunded, and the fortunes of war could have brought about nothing so unexpected. It was almost impossible to believe that it was true. Tests had to be made. A blackmailer made one of the first of these tests. That man will never make another. Corrupt officials still in the service made another test. It took the form of a real strike, but it was nipped in the bud in a flash. Merchants who preferred evil ways to those of honesty tried to force a return in part to former crooked paths. A show of firmness and the turning of the light upon them sent them scurrying away. Attack after attack was made in the dark to reveal weak spots in the system of honesty, and every man left in Havana of the gang of thieves, blackmailers, pilferers, and plunder-sharers that infested the Havana Custom House turned away discouraged and forlorn. The last refuge of such men, the dissemination of plausible lies, seemed to have no effect. Alas for the stupidity of American officials! Would they never learn the lesson that they could not become rich by being honest in custom-house dealings! And such a chance as they had!

The astonishment of the people of Havana over the new situation centred upon two men. The first man was Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, Collector of the Port of Havana, and in charge of all the other custom-houses in the island, reporting directly to the Secretary of War. The other man was Walter A. Donaldson, special Deputy Collector of the Port, of many years' experience in custom-house matters in various parts of the United States, familiar with the Spanish language and Spanish customs, able to guide his chief, Colonel Bliss, who had never had experience in collecting revenue from customs duties through devious ways hedged about with technicalities. Colonel Bliss, as might be expected from an efficient officer of the army, had an idea that the way to collect was to collect. He set himself about finding out what he had to collect, and then about doing it in the most direct and straightforward way. He had another quality, found always in the best type of American army officers—true courtesy and regard for the rights and feelings of others. In Mr. Donaldson, who had had more than twenty years' experience in such work, a large part of it being in New York city, and who had already reorganized the customs service in the province of Santiago, he had a most efficient and loyal assistant, a thorough believer in the methods of civil service reform, a man who held that the public service of the country should be administered solely for the benefit of the people, and not for the political fortune of some party hack, and whose ideas regarding public office and politics had a rock-bottom basis of common all-around honesty. Between them they arranged it that there could be no stealing except by collusion with the collector.

These two men not only had to put in force a new schedule of duties and straighten out its problems and puzzles, but they had to begin work with a force reduced by one-third, owing to desertions for fear of losing Spanish pensions, and used only to the corrupt methods of the past—a force fearful lest its members should lose their places; almost incapable of any initiative of its own. There were no blanks and rules for management of details. Records left behind were valueless. There was not even a pay-roll, and there was nothing to do but to plunge right in and evolve a new order of things, little by little, out of the confusion that resulted.

What the Custom House in Havana was under Spanish rule need not be told at length. Every one knows that it was the place from which corrupt captain-generals and other high officials were supposed to obtain the largest share of their stolen wealth, some of which undoubtedly went to Spain for division with other men. If there was any strictly honest transaction within its walls it was the exception, not the rule. The place had a withering influence upon morality in business life. It was unclean, in more ways than one, from top to bottom. Mr. Robert P. Porter, who drew up the new tariff, said of the so-called tariff which was in force that it "was made by Spaniards for Spain, in the interests of the Spanish. On any other theory it was inexplicable."

What the tariff receipts meant for Spanish officials in Cuba may be inferred from the following letter, written to the Collector of Customs by General Castellanos on the very last day of his term as captain-general of the island, and found later in the Custom House; it has never been made public before, but the signature has been fully identified, and I have it on the authority of Mr. Donaldson that the letter is genuine:

El Gobernador-General,
Capitan-General
de la
Particular. Isla de Cuba.

Sr. Dn. Aníbal Arriete:

MI DISTINGUIDO AMIGO,—Pueden Vds. seguir cobrando en esa Aduana hasta las siete de la noche. Para recibir lo recaudado hoy estará la pagaderia abierta hasta las diez.

Cualquier hora es buena para venir Vd. a verme, pues hoy no pienso salir de casa. De Vd. affmo amigo S.S.,

HABANA, *31 Diciembre, '98.* ADOLFO J. CASTELLANOS.

This translation has been furnished to me by the customs officials in Havana:

The Governor-General,
Captain-General
of the
Private. Island of Cuba.

Mr. Aníbal Arriete:

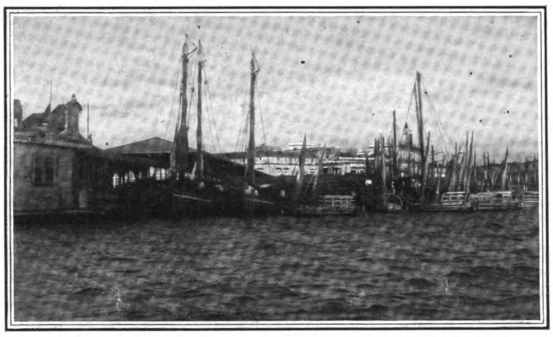
MY DISTINGUISHED FRIEND,—Your people can keep on collecting in the Custom House until seven o'clock in the evening. In order to receive to-day's collection the Treasury will be open until ten.

You may come to see me at any time, as I do not intend to go out of the house to-day. Sincerely, your friend,

HAVANA, *December 31, 1898.* ADOLFO J. CASTELLANOS.

That letter seems to be of some historical importance. I have no knowledge that General Castellanos and his "distinguished friend" Señor Don Aníbal Arriete, the last Spanish Collector of Customs in Havana, were corrupt, and I do not so charge; but it is unnecessary to call attention to the construction that would be placed upon that letter of General Castellanos, with its direction to "see me," in any country where a Latin race does not rule. What the construction must be in countries where officials are expected to steal as a matter of course, can also be conjectured. The original, which would seem to be of vital interest to the reputation of General Castellanos, can be produced at any time, and it is only fair to remark that the general opinion in Havana regarding Castellanos seems to be that he was the most "reasonably honest" of all the captain-generals they had had in a long time.

It was in such an atmosphere and under such conditions that Colonel Bliss took hold of his work. He kept the old force at work so far as possible. He opened a new bureau of audit at once. With the advice of Mr. Donaldson he established an entry division, a liquidating divison, an exporting division, and several minor divisions and departments, one of which was a bureau of statistics. He placed the bookkeepers in a different room from the cashiers; he set up gates in the place so that the clerical force should not come in contact with the merchants and their agents, who overran the place. He opened the doors of his own office, so as to be accessible to every man who could have any business with him. He set up checks and balances to prevent stealing. He started in to collect the duties in the very first case that came up. He worked from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night. He and Mr. Donaldson saw every merchant who came to them. With their own hands, more than once, they went over the routine of passing a consignment of goods through the custom-house. They drilled the clerks—and it was such a task!—and they saw that the money received was counted every night and locked up with half a dozen big keys in an antiquated safe, but with a squad of soldiers near by to guard it night and day.



HAVANA—CUSTOM-HOUSE WHARVES AND LANDING-STAGE.
Photograph by E. C. Rost.

The first rule, one might say, that Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson set up, was that no man should be discharged without cause, and no man should be hired without merit and especial fitness for the work. It was real civil service reform, and there was the right kind of "starch" in it. This was shown by probably the most interesting episode that took place under the new management within the first six weeks. An official in the cashier's department came to Colonel Bliss one day in a state of great perturbation, and wanted to know if it was true that he was to lose his place, or if any man who had a "pull" could bring about his discharge. He protested that he was doing his full duty, and was serving the United States honestly. Colonel Bliss told the man that he was secure in his place so long as he was efficient and honest. Then the colonel asked why the man, whose name I do not print, by request, had come to him. The employé handed the colonel a letter without signature, which he said came from the editor of a small afternoon newspaper, and of which this is a translation:

O'REILLY, *38, Feb. 1, 1899.*

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been waiting for you in my house, as you suggested, but I have not seen you. They are making the appointments at this moment. Though you are well supplied with money, you would not be pleased to lose your job. Let it be known that neither would I. I expect you this evening up to five o'clock.

Colonel Bliss questioned his employé closely. The latter was sure that a man named Robert, the editor in question, had written the letter. It was a case of blackmail, he said, and he would not submit. Colonel Bliss was puzzled. He decided to send for Mr. Robert. A polite note from the collector himself soon hurried Mr. Robert jauntily to the doors of the Custom House. It was evident that he thought he was going to "do business" with the Collector himself. Truly the Americans were not so bad, after all. The glitter in the eye of Colonel Bliss alarmed him a little, and so when Colonel Bliss asked him if he wrote the letter in question, he answered, no, as a matter of course. He had to feel his way as to why the Collector had sent for him. He had not the faintest idea that he had done anything worthy of censure. Colonel Bliss asked him if he was sure that he had not written the letter, and followed this up by what experts, and especially army experts, would call "chucking a bluff," and by pretending that he had the man cornered; and Mr. Robert surrendered. "Yes, I wrote that letter," he said, defiantly. He then said that the employé had been paying him tribute for years, and he had a right to a share of the man's salary. Colonel Bliss sat there amazed. Robert did not seem to have the vaguest idea that he had done wrong. Colonel Bliss could stand it no longer. The man wanted to explain further.

"Not another word!" thundered Colonel Bliss, and then he called in witnesses and denounced the man; told him that he would prosecute him or punish him in some form; pictured the contempt which Americans have for a blackmailer; summoned many of the employés, and proclaimed then and there that no man could cause their dismissal without just reason, and that they were to be accountable to no person for their places except himself; and then dismissed Robert in scorn.

To his still greater amazement, Colonel Bliss received this letter from Robert half an hour later:

O'REILLY, *38, Feb. 1, 1899.*

SIR,—I pray you not to blame me for my note; it was not anonymous, because it was united with my card, and because that gentleman well knows that it belonged to me. This gentleman is indebted to me for some money, and if you want to get a good information in this matter, I have no objection to be submitted before him to a cross-examination.

Some years ago I used to publish all the proceedings of the cash, and Mr. —— came to me imploring my silence. He promised spontaneously to pay twelve subscriptions every month for the time he could keep his employment, and that is the amount I claim from him; because he is indebted to me for three or four months. Passing to any other question, it would be wise, when you make your complaint against me to General Brooke, to tell him that there is no Cuban in Cuba who may claim more distinction with respect to the United States, as I can prove by all my publications since the year 1884—the last one I enclose to you. Yours, respectfully,

ESTABAN A. ROBERT.

The next day Colonel Bliss was surprised again by finding two letters enclosed in a copy of Robert's newspaper, *La Tarde*, and lying on his desk. One letter was to the Collector, and said:

COLONEL BLISS,—I take the liberty to enclose an open letter to Mr. —— for your perusal.

I remain, Yours, respectfully,

ESTABAN A. ROBERT.

The other letter read:

DEAR FRIEND EDUARDO,—What a devil of idea you had to show to Mr. Bliss my last letter! The consequence of it all is that I have had to tell him everything, because I am not a man to lie. Mr. Bliss knows already that you offered me spontaneously twelve subscriptions. It is more than seven years ago, and payment had been declined.

Remember, if you are inclined to do it, that on San Ignacio Street you offered to pay me the amount of twelve subscriptions should I not write a word about the cash, because there was injury for you making those matters public. It was for you not to have uttered a word to anybody, because it is understood that there may be underneath this affair something deserving to be silenced. (Colonel Bliss evidently couldn't take a hint.) You ought to have in your pocket at least 200 letters in the same terms, and you only produced my last one, because it was not safe for you in other days to do the same thing, because there was danger impending. ESTABAN A. ROBERT.

The case of Mr. Robert was attended to, but with what result I do not know, inasmuch as I left the island while its final consideration was pending. It had its effect, as did another incident that occurred about the same time. An agent of one of the largest importing-houses in the city forced himself through the gate and undertook to take charge of affairs at a certain clerk's desk, just as the agent had done frequently before. He represented a merchant who had had a big "pull." The clerk remonstrated, and sharp words followed. There was an exchange of blows, and soon Colonel Bliss had a complaint from the merchant that his agent had been assaulted grievously in the Custom House by a certain clerk. Colonel Bliss investigated, and found that the agent had been very offensive in manner, had broken the new rules wilfully, and had actually struck the first blow. He called in the clerk, commended him before others, and gave notice publicly that he would stand by his employés constantly. It was a matter of amazement to Colonel Bliss that in view of past associations the clerk had the courage to strike the agent at all. The merchant was notified that that agent could no longer do business for him in the Custom House.

The management of the new system did not devolve so much upon the "avistas," or appraisers, as in the Spanish régime, but still it was concerning them that the most critical situation in the control by Americans occurred. In the old days the "vistas," as they were called, were what in slang parlance would be termed "the whole thing. They received very small salaries; they made an enormous amount of money. A merchant importing flour went down to the docks, "saw" a certain vista, had the cargo passed as cement, paid the duty on the spot, got an order for the release of his flour, and the vista "saw" his superior officers, and the share in the bribe that the merchant had paid for his "smuggling" did not stop until some of the money finally reached Spain. There were many advantages in this kind of an arrangement, not

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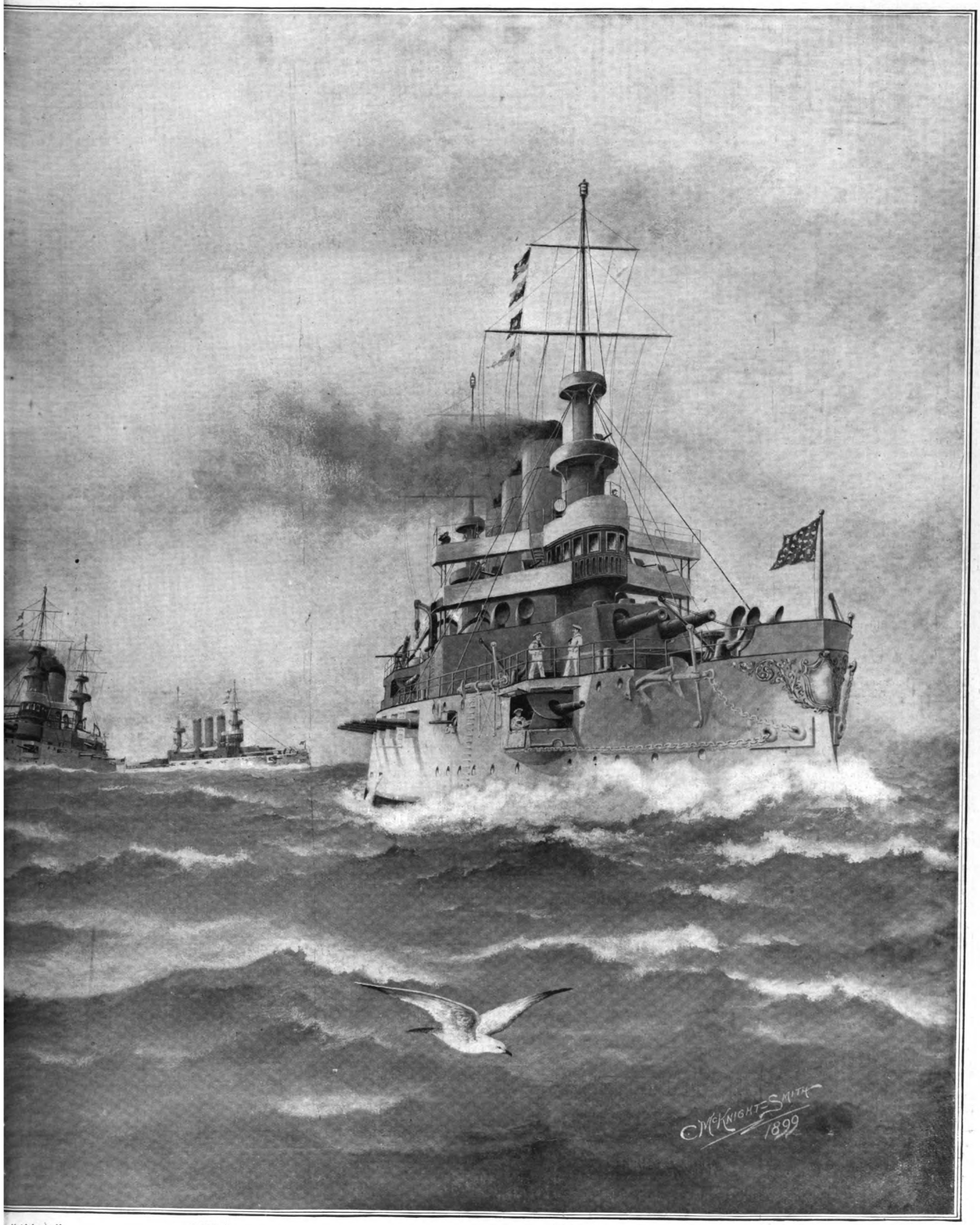


"Kentucky." "Wisconsin." "Missouri." "Kearsarge." "Illinois."

THE EIGHT BATTLE-SHIPS NOW BUILDING FOR THE UNITE

DRAWN BY C. MCKNIG

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"Alabama." "Ohio." "Maine."

STATES NAVY, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

ITH.—[SEE PAGE 292.]

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the least of which was that a merchant got his goods promptly.

It was not long before the vistas were in revolt. Collector Bliss and Mr. Donaldson found a strike of vistas on their hands one morning down on the Custom House landing. Mr. Donaldson strolled down there, apparently unconcerned, asked what the trouble was, peremptorily discharged a couple of the ringleaders, and called for the resignations of several others, and the strike was over in less than ten minutes.

Not so easy to manage, however, was the next strike, that of the merchants. It is probable that they were inspired as to their action by some of the vistas whose sources of revenue had been curtailed. Word reached Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson one morning that the merchants were refusing to apply for their goods, and would not do so until there was a return to the old system of doing business directly with the vistas. It was inconvenient, the merchants said, to take a paper and go from one clerk to another, at least five, and get signatures before one could get a release of his goods. The old way was much the better. Probably then and there occurred the most critical day of Colonel Bliss's régime. He knew it, and Mr. Donaldson knew it. Colonel Bliss, with the fullest confidence in Mr. Donaldson's ability to deal with such a crisis, told him to see what he could do in the matter. The custom-house wharf could only hold so much freight; there was no system of bonded warehouses; the commerce of the port could not be tied up.

Colonel Bliss could have taken drastic measures. He could have hired buildings, locked the importations up, and told the merchants that they could get their goods at his convenience. It would have been a wholesome lesson, but it would have left sores. He told Mr. Donaldson to use tact, and the latter did use it. He strolled down upon the dock smoking a cigar. "Going to be a fiesta to-day?" he inquired, as he noted with apparent surprise that no work was going on, and that the merchants were standing around doing nothing. No fiesta? What was the trouble? Oh yes, he could understand. Probably some little hitch owing to lack of familiarity with the way of doing business. He asked for the entry blank of a merchant, offered to show him how to get his goods out, started half a dozen other men on the road in the same way, asked that a committee of half a dozen merchants be appointed to examine into the details of the new system with its checks and balances, and received the promise that that afternoon they would go into details with him; got this man and that man stirred up, and soon had all the employés engaged in work, and that strike was over, to the amazement of the strikers. That afternoon Mr. Donaldson took several entries and went through them with a committee, and then he asked them to make suggestions. Wherever it was possible to modify little things, such as placing more clerks in the cashier's department, it was done, and a permanent understanding was reached that at a certain hour each day Mr. Donaldson would show the workings of the Custom House to all who had a right to inspect them.

But there was to be still more trouble with the merchants. They complained of needless delay in some schedules, and they thought that in certain lines they should be permitted to do business with the appraiser, liquidate the duties then and there, and get their goods at once. There was too much running around to this and that clerk. Colonel Bliss invited the representative merchants of the city to meet Mr. Donaldson in conference. I had the pleasure of attending the meeting. There were about twenty-five merchants present, some of whom were millionaires. Mr. Donaldson chose to speak in English and have his words translated. He told them that the first idea of the new management, after protecting itself by modern business methods, was to help the merchants in their business, to regard them as customers of the custom-house. Recognizing this fact, Colonel Bliss had already established an order that ninety per cent. of any cargo could be taken away at once upon arrival, the duties to be adjudicated later. Mr. Donaldson was willing to answer any question, to explain the reason for any step, and would be glad to consider suggestions of any kind.

But before this was done, he wanted to say that there were three or four vacancies among the vistas. Would the merchants be good enough to recommend good men for the places, so that Colonel Bliss could appoint them? Then Mr. Donaldson started his callers off for a conversational gallop. They talked and gesticulated, and finally, after they had wandered over the entire range of custom-house business, Mr. Donaldson said,

"As I understand it, gentlemen, you would like to return to the system of liquidating your entries right beside the appraisers downstairs?"

They protested that they were satisfied with the new system in the main, but they thought that in certain schedules—hardware was one—they could make better time by the former system.

Mr. Donaldson repeated their remarks, and asked if he understood them correctly. Then he paused, and, with great deliberation, said, in a quiet but most serious tone,

"Gentlemen, do I understand that you want to return to the old system of fines as well?"

A shriek of concerted and long-sustained noes went up from that room that could have been heard half-way across the harbor. Mr. Donaldson had them on the run. He followed up his advantage by asking,

"Do I understand that most of you would prefer to return to the old" (marked emphasis on the word, with a significant look) "system of doing business in the Custom House?"

Another shriek went up. "Americano! Americano! Americano!" was the cry. Donaldson had won.

One of the most puzzling problems with which Colonel Bliss had to deal was the flag for Cubans engaged in their own coastwise trade. The flag of the United States could not be used on such vessels, and neither could the Cuban flag. The Spanish flag was banished forever. To meet the situation the President ordered that a blue flag with a white field should be used for such vessels. Owners were required to take an oath renouncing allegiance to all former governments. Some of the skippers of the vessels thought they had a right to fly the United States flag. It took a long time to convince them that the only flag they could fly would be that blue rag with a white patch on one corner, and that the forces of the United States would be used, if necessary, to protect them from being considered as pirates or as belonging to a fictitious nation. That flag is the only flag of Cuban sovereignty or semi-sovereignty which the United States, up to this writing, has recognized, and, so far as this country is concerned officially, that is the present Cuban flag. It was impossible to find all the owners of these small vessels so that they might renounce their former allegiance, and Colonel Bliss, in order not to impair commerce, had recourse to the issue of temporary permits for each voyage. The other collectors on the island soon got to understand the new order of affairs, and Colonel Bliss had rounded another sharp corner.

This matter of coastwise commerce brings up another question, that of an "open door." Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson, as well as Mr. Porter, saw that if Cuba would be rehabilitated the ports must be open to ships of all nations. There were not enough ships under the American flag to deal with its commerce as if the island were our own possession. Had it not been for the open-door policy, the mines at Santiago could not have started up, and commerce at most of the ports of the island would have stood still. In a report, as far back as December 1, 1898, to General Wood at Santiago, Mr. Donaldson said:

> It is to be remarked that the policy of non-discrimination in intercourse extended to the vessels of all nations, in the matter of entering and clearing at this port, as well as at the various other ports within this province, has greatly facilitated the re-establishment of commercial relations.

The same policy has been extended since then to all ports, and the "open door" has been of immense value in the restoration of the island. It is unnecessary to point out the lesson involved.

The story of the first sixty days in the collection of customs duties by the United States under Colonel Bliss could be extended at great length. The incident of the payment of the first refund would make a long story of itself. Word was passed that it was really going to happen. The merchant interested, and nearly all of his employés, gathered to receive the money. Word of what was going on spread, and soon the corridors of the Custom House were jammed to see money that was paid into a custom-house through a wrong valuation actually paid back. It was received with cheers, and the sensation lasted fully a week, and still exists, two months later, to some extent. Oh, what queer people those American officials were, to be honest like that!

Then there was the matter of readjustment of salaries and the difficulty of making out a pay-roll. The employés did not use fixed names. One day they went by their father's name, and the next day by their mother's. Gradually Colonel Bliss got their signatures, and as long as they remain in the custom-house the names they signed are to be their official names. That the readjustment of salaries was imperative may be judged from the fact that the head of one division received $2000 a year, while the head of another, equally important, received only $600. Then there was the matter of renovating the building, cleaning the sewer that ran under the building directly under the Collector's office, and that occasionally drove him from his work. This, with the daily routine of signing permits, reports, listening to complaints and suggestions, settling disputes as to valuations, supervising the business of other ports, planning for bonded warehouses, drilling the force of clerks, occasionally descending upon the vistas to see if their appraisement had been honest, locking up the cash and transferring it to the officer designated by the authorities—all these and a score of other things kept Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson busy.

So far as the new tariff was concerned, its operation had had little effect upon prices at the time of my visit. Large stocks had been imported under the old corrupt system, just before the Spaniards left. The competitive spirit as it is known in the United States does not obtain in business in Cuba to a great extent. Importations from Spain had not lessened materially, nor had those from this country increased to a marked extent. The people of Cuba are used to Spanish goods put up in Spanish ways, and it will take a long time for them to get used to new preparations. In time lower prices are bound to come and American goods will gradually displace certain importations from Spain, purchased simply because they are Spanish preparations. The official in Washington most directly concerned with the preparation of the Cuban tariff declared to me that there was no thought of exploiting the protection system. The plan was to secure about $15,000,000 in revenue, and to reduce the Spanish rates fully 60 per cent. In actual operation the reduction has ranged from 30 to 60 per cent., and, judging from the returns of January and February, about $1,500,000—in a dull time—the revenue may not run above $12,000,000 for the year.

One great lesson to be learned from American administration will be that of integrity in business affairs and the value of honesty in public office. It will cause stability in business. This administration will also furnish an object-lesson in the sacredness of public trusts. The Spanish officials simply could not understand why Colonel Bliss kept a force of men on duty until after eight o'clock one night to rectify a discrepancy of six cents. That was some more American foolishness.

Another great lesson—and perhaps the most important—relates to the civil service reform side of the American management. It would simply have been impossible to conduct business had the old idea of loot in public place by spoils politicians been put in force in Havana. Doubtless many Cubans, who had their eyes on the custom-house as a field for loot, as it existed under the Spanish régime, were disappointed at the new state of affairs. It was well for this country that it had this necessary reform in actual existence when it went into what might be called the colonial experiment. Mr. Donaldson pointed out to me that England had to learn the value of such a system after she began her colonial work, and at fearful cost. I violate no confidence when I say that it is the firm conviction of Mr. Donaldson that if the system of fitness and merit, without regard to politics, works well in the civil administration of affairs in Cuba at a time when the eyes of the world are on that management, it must have a reflex action upon such matters at home. It will not be necessary for Secretary Alger to send men to Cuba to work in the customs service for the sake solely of satisfying some man's political pull. One of the officials sent down there was brought back under criminal charges, Colonel Bliss and Mr. Donaldson can get along very well with honest help that can be secured on the ground.

I do not give statistics of the operations of the new service in Cuba, largely because the daily newspapers have already done that, and because such material will add very little to the real story that I have tried to tell. The clerks that have been retained have been tractable, energetic, and honest in the main. When military occupation ends, probably some attention will be called to the faithful service of civilians during the trials of this reconstruction period. More than one civilian from the States has died heroically in the public service in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, as Mr. Donaldson pointed out in a speech at a dinner in Havana, and there has been no pension, no salute at the grave; and for those who face danger now there has been no advancement in rank and no increased pay from time to time. Truly there is a civilian side to the military occupation of the island of Cuba.

Meanwhile Havana rubs her eyes and marvels at the sight of honesty in the custom-house. That is really the only complaint to be made against the new management and against the hard-worked, patient, straightforward army officer that supervises it.

New Battle-Ships

THE collective group of new battle-ships shown in our double-page illustration gives not only the number, but the technical points and difference in construction and appearance of the ships. The eight ships shown represent three distinct and separate types of vessels.

Taking the ships of each class as the contracts for their construction were awarded, we have the sister ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* first. In these two ships the main batteries are placed in double-deck turrets forward and aft, the lower turrets (elliptical in shape) mounting the four 13-inch guns in pairs, surmounted by the circular turrets of the 8-inch guns. The secondary batteries of these ships comprise fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire guns, placed seven in each broadside, mounted on the gun-deck within the superstructure, and a secondary rapid-fire battery of twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Colt machine-guns, and two field-guns, with four torpedo-tubes.

In points of construction these two ships show their weakest feature in the low freeboard, which is little more than that of the *Oregon* class. These two ships were contracted for by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company in 1895. The contract for these splendid vessels calls for a speed of sixteen knots, developed by two sets of triple-expansion engines driving twin screws. The armor belt of these ships is 13½ inches and the turrets 17 inches thick, with a displacement of 11,525 tons. Both the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky* have had dock trials of their engines, and their official trial trips will be given them in the course of a few weeks.

In the following year, 1896, the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin* were contracted for, the Cramps of Philadelphia receiving the contract for the *Alabama*, that for the *Illinois* going to the Newport News Company, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco being awarded that for the *Wisconsin*. These three ships, built on the same plans, identical one with the other, are a decided advancement over the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky*. With a spar-deck added, and running two-thirds of their length, these ships are far superior to their predecessors in their increased freeboard.

Four 13 inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in elliptical turrets forward and aft, are carried as a main battery, with a secondary battery of fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns mounted on either side of the ship—two on either side in the superstructure with end fire forward and aft, four mounted on the gun-deck, with direct broadside fire on either side, and one in each bow mounted in sponsons—supplemented by a rapid-fire battery of sixteen 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, one Colt machine-gun, two field-guns, and four torpedo-tubes.

Although of the same tonnage displacement and speed, the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* classes differ widely in appearance, the latter being the first ships in the American navy to carry their funnels athwart ships, as do many of England's sea fighters. The ships in this class are widely apart as to their advancement in construction, the *Alabama* being well in hand, having been launched in the early part of 1898, while the *Illinois* and *Wisconsin* did not take the water until November 1898, and the first of the present year, in the order named.

In the *Maine* class, which comprises also the *Ohio* and *Missouri*, many points of advantage and defect were added and omitted through the lessons learned in our late war. Twenty feet amidships was added to the plans of the *Alabama* type when the new ships were laid down—this lengthening being necessary for the more powerful machinery required to develop the eighteen-knot speed called for in the contract. This additional length gives them nearly a thousand tons more displacement than the five new ships before described. The contracts for these three seagoing first-class battle-ships were awarded last fall, the Cramps building the *Maine*, the Newport News Company the *Missouri*, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco the *Ohio*. When completed these ships will carry a main battery of four new-pattern 12-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs in elliptical turrets forward and aft; a secondary battery of sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns mounted on either side of the ship—two in the superstructure with end fire forward and aft, five in direct broadside, and one forward in sponson. The quick-fire battery will have twenty 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, two smaller guns, and two torpedo-tubes of the submerged type.

In these ships the funnels (of which there are three) are set forward and aft, thus making a very pronounced point of identity. Of the advancement in construction of these ships little can be said, as the first keel-plates of the *Maine* were only laid on the first anniversary (February 15) of the destruction of the old ship that bore the name. Of the three ships of the *Alabama* class, the spring or early summer of 1900 should see the *Alabama* in commission, and the *Illinois* and *Wisconsin*, in the order named, in the fall or winter of the same year. As for the *Maine* class, 1901 should see the *Maine* in commission during the summer, and her sister ships *Missouri* and *Ohio* in the early part of 1902. In all these battle-ships triple-expansion engines driving twin screws will be the motive power.

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MANILA

THE TRIAL OF THE DONS

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

January 12, 1899.

IN one of the upper rooms of the Treasury Building, within the walls of old Manila, sat the military commission. The picture was an odd one. Seated around a long table at the extreme end of the room were the American commission, with Colonel Smith in the chair. Before them sat the judge-advocate, the attorneys for the defence, stenographers, and interpreters, all ordinary good citizens, such as one meets every day at home, and feels proud to know. But the commonplace American part of the picture faded into insignificance before the mastering individuality of the five central figures—the three Spanish prisoners, Don Carlos Aymerich y Muriel, Lieutenant José Ruez y Sunico, Captain Branlio, and two witnesses, a fat Chinaman and a thin native. Lieutenant José Ruez had a remarkable head. It was unnaturally small. The forehead, if such it could be called, formed a straight line with the top of his head, and met the boardlike flatness of the back of the head at an angle of sixty degrees. At the apex of this angle the head ended in a round lump. Was it the bump of self-conceit, or merely a misplaced one of covetousness? Don Carlos, a fat man with a pointed head which grew gradually larger towards the lower part of the face, until it ended in a great chin and huge neck enveloped in triple overlapping folds, sat surveying with little half-closed eyes every detail of the room, as if he intended to build one like it at some future day. Captain Branlio was a soldierly-looking man with a grizzly pear-shaped head. The Chinaman, Santiago y Chintiaco, was big and round and fat, with a little short queue, and looked thoroughly frightened. Mariano Monas, the native, was thin and nervous.



LIEUT. RUEZ Y SUNICO.

The case before the commission proved interesting, and one likely to attain international importance, for Don Carlos is a cousin of Primo de Rivera, and Lieutenant José is a cousin of General Azcarraga. All three prisoners were on trial for defrauding the United States of money. The case was a plain one—much plainer, no doubt, than pleased the three Spaniards at the bar. They had had charge of the Spanish prisons, and when the Americans took possession of Manila they consented as a favor to remain in charge of the prison for the time being. Now it so happened that they had a little agreement by which they were able to clear more money than came to them as a salary for the discharge of their ordinary duties. In order to carry out their system it was necessary to have a confidential clerk, and Mariano Monas was the very man.

Mariano Monas had once been sub-treasurer to the district of Dagupan. Some years ago it was discovered that the accounts of the treasurer of that district were three hundred dollars in arrears. The treasury at Manila notified the Spanish officials at Dagupan of the shortage, and demanded an explanation.

"Let it slide," said the treasurer of Dagupan. "I need the money to pay my debts."

"Can't be done," answered the official. "The error has been discovered and must be reported."

"Let it go till next year," suggested Dagupan, hopefully, "and I will make up the amount later out of my salary."

"Won't do," answered the head of the department, firmly.

So it happened that the treasurer of Dagupan suddenly discovered that his assistant Monas had made away with public money to the amount of three hundred dollars.

"He was very sorry to be obliged to report this," admitted the treasurer, "because Monas was one of the best men in the service."

However, Monas was condemned to seventeen years in the penitentiary, and became private secretary to Lieutenant José Ruez y Sunico, who was adjutant of the prison.

A certain sum was allotted by Spanish law for fuel, oil, rice, etc., for the maintenance of each prisoner. Now the three Spaniards conceived that it would be foolish to use all this money on prisoners. After all, men are not sent to prison to grow fat. Accordingly they got the Chinaman, Santiago, to sign vouchers for twice the amount of oil, rice, and fuel that he actually delivered to the prison. Santiago was perfectly willing to do this, provided he was paid the amount of his true bill. So each month receipts for twice the amount of money expended on the prison were handed in to the treasurer, and Don Carlos drew out the whole, and divided the difference between the actual expenditure and the false receipts with his two accomplices. The prisoners might grow thin, but Don Carlos grew fat.

When the Americans came into Manila there seemed no particular reason why the change of sovereignty should force the Spaniards to give up their little system. But Captain Moffat, a prim-looking man, who had managed a newspaper somewhere out West with the aid of a revolver, was made superintendent of prisons, and, as he said, "did not propose to have his department done up." He discovered that something was wrong, and reported the matter to General Hughes. Together they laid their plans; they won the confidence of Mariano Monas by promising to release him if the charge against him proved to be false.

Monas readily fell in with their plans, and soon a trap was laid. One night, after Don Carlos and Lieutenant José had gone home, Captain Moffat entered their office and took possession of the receipts and all the books. At this time he made two new and interesting discoveries. One was that at the time the Americans came into the city there was in the prison twenty-one thousand dollars, whereas Don Carlos only turned into the American treasury nineteen thousand dollars. The second was that Don Carlos, Lieutenant José, and Captain Branlio were in the habit of drawing up an account of their little gains, and signing each month this account to signify that they considered the division fair. That night Captain Moffat went to the house of Don Carlos with a squad of men. He found the three Spaniards together.



DON CARLOS AYMERICH.

"I arrest you," said Captain Moffat.

"This is an insult!" cried Don Carlos, jumping to his feet.

"Insult or no insult," said the captain, "it is the law."

"And pray," exclaimed Don Carlos, folding his arms and shaking his head violently, "what is the cause of our arrest?"

The captain explained, and all three Spaniards burst out laughing.

"Why, *hombre*," said Lieutenant José, "that is nothing but our beneficio."

"We call it robbio," said the captain.

As we entered the court-room the Chinaman, Santiago y Chintiaco, was on the stand. He did not come voluntarily; indeed, he sent word that he was ill and wished to be excused.

"You will come voluntarily or be brought by force," was the answer.

He gave his evidence hesitatingly, with an occasional glance at the three Spaniards behind him. The judge-advocate, Lieutenant Hildreth, and the American lawyers for the defence examined and cross-examined the witness, quarrelled over the admission of evidence, and politely blackguarded each other. Occasionally the president, Colonel Smith of the California volunteers, would call them to order. All this time the Spaniards sat and shrugged their shoulders, and seemed to say:

"Why all this fuss? Why does not the American judge tell us in a quiet, gentlemanly way what his price is and be done with it? We are willing to pay."

Monas next went on the stand. With clear-headed accuracy he testified to the whole conspiracy to defraud the United States. The books of the prison backed up his assertions, and no amount of cross-examination would shake his testimony. We happened to know a Spanish gentleman present who was a friend of the prisoners.



SANTIAGO Y CHINTIACO.

"Is it true," we asked, "that these officers have taken the money?"

"You see for yourselves," said the Spaniard, shrugging his shoulders, "but it was so badly done."

The case against the prisoners was so strong that the American lawyers appointed to defend them squirmed and twisted in vain to find some plausible defence. The commission have sent their decision to Washington sealed, but it is understood that the prisoners were found guilty. The decision involved a point of law which may make the case an international one. Did title to public property vest in the United States by virtue of the capitulation, or only after actual possession was taken?

In the mean time will Primo de Rivera and General Azcarraga make no effort to save Don Carlos and Lieutenant José from the terrors of an American dungeon? Time will tell.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE GREAT CAVES OF PUERTO RICO

IT is astonishing how little is known about the geology of the island of Puerto Rico, and the profound manifestations which Nature has there made of her power in earth-making.

At Ponce, San Juan, and Cayez no one knew of caves in the land; the people had all heard rumors of mineral wealth, but could not definitely state the localities.

Even at Caguas, six miles away from a great cavern which may develop into as much of a wonder as our own Mammoth Cave, few people have ever heard of it, and no one has ever seen the interior of its expansive chambers.

At Aguas Buenas, which lies five miles to the westward from Caguas, the people of the little village were aware of great holes in the mountains toward the south, but only two negroes had ever explored them, and they only to a limited extent.

The owner of this unknown marvel of Puerto Rico is Señor Muñoz, a large coffee-planter. He told us that several years ago an Englishman, a member of some British scientific society, had paid a short visit to the cavern and was much interested, and it is quite likely that a report of its wonders has been published in the scientific journals of Great Britain.

The expedition to this cavern, known as the "Dark Cave," is filled with almost as many surprises to the explorer as the actual finish of the journey, environed in walls of white and pendent stalactites, a mile beneath the earth's surface.

The trip proper begins from Aguas Buenas, after a five-mile ride over a bit of military road leading out of Caguas. This road is excellent—not as good as the main highway between San Juan and Ponce, though having a solid bed. It winds around the strongly eroded mountain steeps, always climbing higher and higher, until one looks back into the fair valley of Caguas a thousand feet below, with its miles of rustling sugar-cane fields just tasselling into purple brushes, which foretell the coming of the cane-cutting season. Over the wide expanse are dotted the long low buildings of the factories, relieved in their flatness by the towering brick chimneys, from which curls a thin blue smoke, produced by the test-heating of the pans. It is a fair scene, as are all landscape vistas in Puerto Rico, which recall more and more strongly, as they become familiar, the contours of Arizona and New Mexico in a new and strange dress; the rich reds and browns of the desert are clothed in one lovely gown of green, with settings of palms and bananas in place of the gaunt and wrinkled cacti.

Before us, around a turn in the road, perched high on the mountain-side, lies the little village of Aguas Buenas, with its weather-worn and battered church prominently in sight; from the tower the early morning hour is struck in cracked tones, which reverberate among the houses of the scarcely awakened town, and float still further out to the clustering thatched huts of the poor, clinging to the hill-sides in defiance of the laws of gravitation. The cool morning air, the sky filled with fleecy clouds, through which the slanting sunlight streams in moving patches over the surface of the landscape, the women trudging with heavy loads of dirty linen on their heads to a near-by stream, the white-clothed barefooted men astride of panniered shambling ponies, the well-dressed planters and shopkeepers yawningly opening their closely barred windows, combine to make a new stage-setting, part Eastern, part Spanish, part Mexican, and, last of all, part American—for over many houses floats our decorative flag.

Nine men with American uniforms, part of the First Kentucky volunteers, protect the American interests of the town, under a lucky second lieutenant, who lives at the judge's house as his valued guest. We breakfast in the barracks, for a second time, on oatmeal, coffee, bread, and bacon. The two guides to the cave are found, and, with several more volunteers, we start for the cavern, which is said to be the distance away of that elusive Spanish measure "an hour's ride."

In an air-line it is hardly a mile, but there is no telling how far it really is by trail, measured by any former training in covering space, as the way is narrow and tortuous. It goes up hills steeper than the roofs of shingled houses, it travels down declivities only short of actual precipices, and it winds into curves and S's and circles, until the body is racked with the slipping and sliding and the mind has lost all sense of direction.

When the blasé man seeks new sensations let him travel over the every-day trails of the interior portions of Puerto Rico.

Rolling one's horse down the high bank of a dry-wash in Arizona, riding through the deep forests of the northern sierras, and forcing one's way foot by foot through jungle mazes are old and commonplace experiences and without joy as compared to the scaling on horseback of a knife-edged ridge on a narrow clayey path, always damp enough to make it an even wager whether one's horse will either slip down one side or stumble headlong off the other.

Here one strikes a fairly level stretch, a veritable corduroy-road, filled in between the hard-earth ridges with soft sticking mud ten inches deep; the short-stepping native ponies walk in each other's tracks, until deep holes are formed in mud between the earthen railroad ties of drier earth. Our larger, clumsier American horses stumble and snort with fear as they go through these new feats of stair-climbing.

Up one ridge we go, not wider certainly than four feet, for a two-hundred-foot rise, and every saddle has gone backward to the horse's rump; one man even rides in front of his saddle, clinging vigorously to his panting horse's mane. On both sides the coffee-bushes, filled with purpling berries growing under the shade of the guava-trees, brush against our horses' sides.

There a green but luscious orange strikes a traveller on the head as he passes by; here a man ducks to miss the outspreading branches of the mocha-tree; and then, again, another man has nearly been swept from the saddle by a huge bunch of bananas swung fairly over the trail.

Below us, on the right, lies the quite modern frame house of the coffee-planter, with its tinned roof. Around his narrow yard—for his home is on a rounded knoll—are spread the coffee-cloths, deep covered with drying coffee,

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while not far away four peons struggle with the handled fly-wheels of the crude berry-breaker, from whose shaking wire screens rolls a hail of green-hulled coffee.

From the summit of a sharp-pointed hill, after an hour's struggle of ups and downs, through stony creek-beds, along steep grassy slopes, and under shady bowers of trees and pulpy plants, we have obtained our grandest view of the valley.

Far to the east, over the valley of Caguas, lies the Luquillo mountain range, and through the banks of heavy clouds which screen its crest Mount Yunque dimly looms, the highest point on the island. To the north a second chain of mountains, five miles away, cuts off the view of the ocean and the city of San Juan. On the west we look through long narrow valleys for miles away. On the south, right at hand, is the white, precipitous bluff of limestone, under which lie the caverns. Clinging to every tiny patch of earth are the vegetal growths of a tropical clime; and at least a thousand feet below, in the narrow gorge, rushes a mountain stream, the sound of whose waters comes faintly to our ears, as it leaps over great bowlders and down creamy-faced walls of stone.

A mile more of down hill in a wind-about fashion, and horses are left at last, tied to calabash-trees laden with their huge green globes. A few yards to the right is a great opening in the wall of rock, but we are told that this passage is unknown, and that the main entrance is down the jungle-covered hill two hundred feet lower.

The natural entrance to these caverns is very beautiful. It is down a narrow gorge, whose walls are the sides of great falls of rock. Over the uppermost end of this passage, which must be scaled with hands and feet, hang banana and orange trees. Between, and reaching out toward the cool moist air which rushes upward, are the tropical ferns, with their leaves of filigree-work five feet in length. On every side and from every cranny spring soft-leaved vines, and yet further toward the bottom pendent roots swing in great coils like inanimate snakes.

Forty feet down through this passage is the bottom, or rather the top, of the great rock-fall, and opening from it at each side are great yawning black holes, the mouths of the "Dark Cave."

Our guides are carrying a big roll of native pitch lights, the ignitible material being a sweet odoriferous gum, which is poured into the hollow end of a dried and rolled banana sheath, the whole being tied together with binding-cord from a cocoanut-palm. These lights burn fitfully, sputtering and red, sending up clouds of incense, very pleasant to the nostrils in small quantities. A little dark-faced native had scrambled down the rocky entrance with a calabash shell filled with water balanced on his head, and after we have all drunk we start into the left-hand cave.

The guide warns all of us against too near an approach to a great black spider which lives in this dark world, but we need no further cautioning after having seen him once. With a body as large as a silver quarter, and long, thin, wiry legs, stretched out four inches in length in a full-grown specimen, he may be as vicious and as poisonous as he is represented to be; we do not experiment.

The first passage of a hundred yards is not very high, not more than fifteen or twenty feet. The floor is muddy and slippery, and the condensed water from the moving air, which nearly extinguishes our primitive lights, drips steadily from the ceiling. We are all visibly disappointed in that the hanging stalactites are covered with dirt or vegetal fungus of dark brown, which makes the first gallery a dungeon, even with the flaring lights.

Now the chambers are opening out, and the sound of rushing water above our heads among the thickening mass of lighter-colored stalactites strikes our startled ears. We peer upward, and, as we strain our eyes, see a thousand, a million, fast-moving shadows. They are bats, with rushing, fanning wings, whose lightning flight gives out the sound of mountain torrents. They thicken as we move inward, until the air is filled with them a few feet above our heads; then one, then another, of us is struck by them in their panic-stricken flight. Their skin-like wings and soft furred bodies produce an uncanny thrill as they brush by our bare faces and necks, and it is quite impossible to repress a cry of alarm when the soft pulpy bodies strike one fairly in the face. They are really harmless, but the incessant roar of their wings almost drowns our voices for the first five hundred yards.

These upper rooms, which we traversed for fully two miles, without seeing probably a tenth part of the surface meanderings, are all the native guides are familiar with. Every deep hole which leads downward is an unknown world to them, and many were their expressions of horror when we crowded to the brinks and cast stones into the depths, listening to the reverberations as they bounded from ledge to ledge, the returning sounds growing fainter as they sped downward.

Unfortunately we did not carry any rope, and not a foot of it was to be had at Aguas Buenas or in the country-side, so we were stopped at this level. This detracted from our enjoyment of the great chambers, with their overhanging decoration of marble icicles, and walls fluted into beautiful solid forms by the trickling lime-impregnated waters.

The floor everywhere was covered with black water-soaked earth, full of patches of mushy mud, over which crawled the loathsome, heavy-clawed land-crab of this region. Our guides seemed more interested in crab-hunting than any other feature of the cave, and chased them through the slimy mud to a capture; and when at last we saw daylight again, they dangled a great string of the unsightly creatures before our eyes, with smiling faces, assuring us that they were "muchos buenos" to eat.

When we were at least two thousand yards from the entrance our guides became alarmed for fear our lights would not last, so we made our way hurriedly toward daylight again, passing ramifying hallways without examination.

It was a weird flight, in which the dark shadows of the manlike stalagmites fled backward as we passed out, and the great tessellated ceilings danced a red flame-lit fandango to the music of the fanning wings of countless bats.

The entrance to the right was even more interesting, as the windings of the cave were more sinuous, breaking into great halls from passages through which we crawled on our hands and knees.

At one point we discovered a passage downward which our guides had never explored. It was very remarkable, as on one side was a highly inclined mass of blue, shaly rock, almost black in color, while on the other was the creamy white of a finely crystalline and metamorphosed limestone, which gleamed and scintillated in the flaring light.

Through this line of demarcation between two deposits, which had once been bedded on each other in a horizontal position, and then lifted high by a great earth-flexure which probably raised the island of Puerto Rico from out of the depths of the ocean, we travelled for several hundred feet, letting ourselves down yard by yard, until we could hear the babbling of a subterranean brook still many hundred feet below.

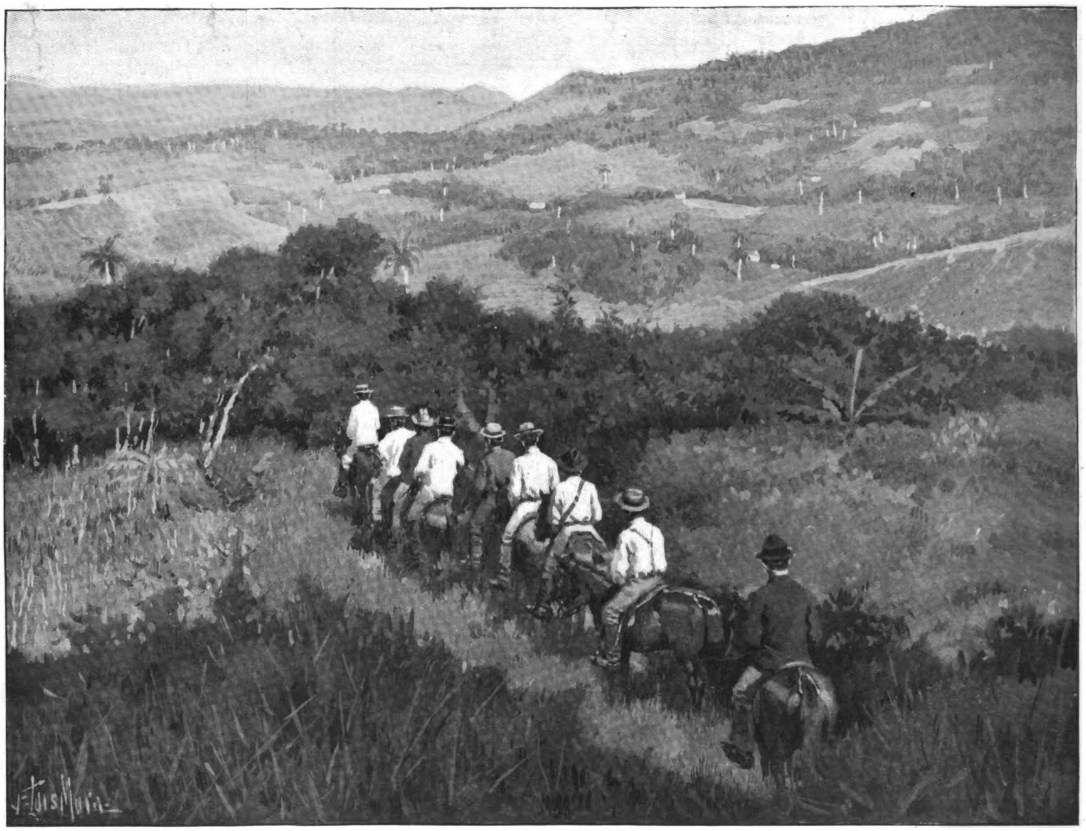
Two smooth solid walls, four feet apart, with a drop of thirty feet to the next ledge, kept us from going lower. It was tantalizing to hear the hollow musical echoes which came back from falling stones, but without ropes we could go no further.

From the second cave there are many exits—in fact, our guides became lost through our enterprising explorations; and after we had gone into many new chambers, and admired the spectral effects of sifting daylight from the high domes mixed with the red tinge and smoke of our crude lamps, they were afraid to turn back to hunt for the original entrance, so we were obliged to clamber out through a narrow opening on the opposite side of the mountain, and toil and scramble over the broken rocks toward the summit of the ridge, embowered in the wildest maze of tropical luxuriance that can possibly be imagined.

Many of the stalactites and the limestone rocks are stained with blue and green mineral salts, which would be very beautiful under the electric light, but which seem only darkened and dirty patches under the feeble light of torches. Their colors are exquisite when seen by daylight.

At the entrance to the cave we were met by the chief functionaries of the town of Aguas Buenas, the alcalde, the judge, and a horde of servants, who invited us back to Señor Muñoz's hacienda to lunch. The lunch consisted of rice, eggs, and chicken cooked in the same vessel, coffee, red wine, and bread, and after eight hours within the confines of the dark caverns this simple repast seemed royal—its chief charm being the constant thoughtful hospitality extended by the Puerto-Ricans to the Americans.

When our new island becomes a great winter resort for the people of leisure in the United States, these caves—situated as they are between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet above the sea, amid unsurpassed luxuriance of vegetation—will gain the renown which they merit, and become a Mecca for the seeker after new sensations.



ON THE WAY TO THE GREAT CAVES OF PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE ISLAND.

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EARLY STAGE OF THE FIRE—RESCUING GUESTS.



THE FIRST PORTION OF THE FRONT WALL FALLING.



FALL OF SECOND PORTION OF FRONT WALL.



THE MAIN FRONT WALL FALLING.



Home of Miss Helen Gould where many of the Injured were taken.

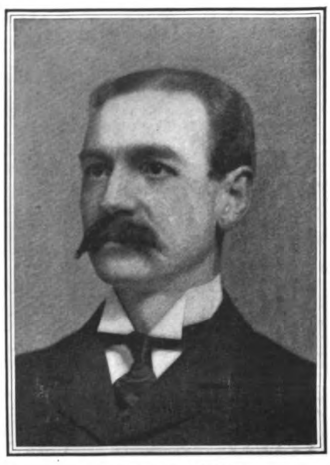
THE NEXT MORNING—WATCHING FOR THE DEAD.



RESCUING GUESTS BY EXTENSION LADDERS.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1899.

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HERBERT PUTNAM,
New Librarian of Congress.—[See "This Busy World."]

LONDON

March 4, 1899.

THE death of Lord Herschell spells political disaster to the Opposition. The late Lord Chancellor was the only Radical of real intellectual distinction in the House of Lords, and the only critic of government policy and declarations who seriously counted for anything at all. He enjoyed a greater reputation in Parliament than with the general public. There is a curious test of the esteem in which a public man is held by the country which roughly, but not inaccurately, assesses his true influence. I refer to the length at which his speeches are reported in the press. The oratory of great men is worked on commercial lines. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery are the only statesmen fully reported. In the second class are Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Edward Grey. There are the speeches of many distinguished noblemen and commoners who have served the Crown which are not saleable to the newspapers by the news agencies who undertake the traffic in great men's oratory. Lord Herschell fell into this category. In his own political and legal circle, however, he enjoyed a deservedly great reputation. He was the son of a Polish Jew, who was converted to Christianity and became a non-conformist minister. Although patriotic and always ready to give his energy and time to a good cause, it cannot truthfully be said that Lord Herschell was popular, either in his profession or with the general public. He was an overworked man, and he was quick to seize opportunities rather than lucky. He had never been to Oxford or Cambridge, and his intellectual ascendancy emphasized a somewhat brusque and arrogant manner. Now that he is gone, the weakness of the Opposition in the House of Lords is without parallel or precedent. The marked decline in the prestige of Parliament in this country is increased. Lord Herschell, as British commissioner in Washington, was a much greater man than as home-rule Lord Chancellor—a post refused by the late Lord Selborne, one of the few great lawyers of this century, and by Lord James of Hereford, a Parliamentary gladiator of the type of Bayard. Lord Herschell's death has also attracted great attention to the fact that in this country talent opens the door to every career. The late Lord Chancellor was, as I have said, the son of an alien immigrant.

THE alien immigrant is now becoming a political factor. A debate on the subject will take place in the House of Commons next week. When the present government came into power, the restriction and regulation of alien immigration, more especially of those destitute and incapable immigrants who are excluded from the United States, formed a plank in the party platform. Last year a bill on the subject was named in the Queen's speech. Lord Salisbury quickly found his mistake. This year legislation on the subject is not mentioned in the Queen's speech, and there is now no prospect whatever of the question being seriously tackled by the ministry. The reason is not far to seek, although the newspapers and the politicians either agree to ignore or fail to appreciate it. Alien immigration into Great Britain is, for all practical purposes, the immigration of destitute Jews. If Lord Salisbury were to attempt legislation on the subject, he would unite against his government the whole force of Jewish influence and opinion. On other matters Jews differ among themselves. On free entry of aliens they are solid. In addition to Hebrew hostility, all those who consider that the traditions of England's hospitality to oppressed races would be broken by a refusal to receive the overflow of Russian and Polish slums would be up in arms if the government were to regulate immigration as it is regulated at Ellis Island. Furthermore, the shibboleth of "free trade" is invoked against any measure for dealing with the alien invasion. Free importation of disease, incapacity, and mendicancy is considered by the school of humanitarian economists referred to as essential to the nation's reputation. And lastly, the alien immigrants who leave the slum cities of the Russian ghetto for the Jew colonies of London, Leeds, and other great cities do not come into collision with powerful interests on their arrival. The trades they enter are, for the most part, poverty-stricken, with weak unions, and therefore the misery caused by savage competition among the newcomers for work is inflicted mainly on women and weak men, who have little power of combination or means for exercising effective political influence. Besides, unrestricted immigration facilitates "sweating," and the sweating system is cherished in the cheap boot, clothing, and other trades.

ON the other hand, it is indisputable that the bulk of those Jewish immigrants do not enter and enrich the community and become English in the sense that the Huguenots did after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They remain aloof. Intermarriage between poor Jews and poor English rarely occurs, and the aloofness of the alien immigrants continually grows as the foreign Jewish community increases in numbers and influence. They insist on a separate diet, maintain separate customs, ignore the Christian Sunday, and transplant the habits and sanitation of the ghetto to quarters in most of the great cities of the kingdom. If they are sober, industrious, dishonest, and untruthful, the reason is clear. Occasionally a genius appears in the second or third generation, and a halo of romance is then thrown over the myriads of alien immigrants who will neither eat nor intermarry with the over-crowded and common English. Politically these aliens are becoming a serious force to be reckoned with. The growing influence of the Jewish community in England begins to attract attention from statesmen who abhor the anti-Semitic frenzy of France, and who deem the tyranny exercised by Russia over the Jewish subjects of the peace-loving Tsar as devilish.

WHEN Lord Salisbury was in Opposition he brought in a bill to restrict alien immigration. If ever a man was in earnest it was he when he submitted his bill to the Peers. I heard his speech. Now that he is in power, and could presumably pass any measure on the subject through this Parliament, with his commanding majorities in both Houses, he hesitates, and declines to act. He recognizes his own impotence. His government is strong, but not strong enough to flout the Jews. To regulate alien immigration in England would offend the great cosmopolitan Hebrew financial houses, and accordingly alien immigration is left alone. "Her Majesty's government," writes a distinguished Conservative member of Parliament to me this week, "has behaved disgracefully." Possibly; but, after all, it has only obeyed the first law of nature—self-preservation.

THE Jews of England may be roughly, but not inaccurately, divided into four classes. The aristocracy, who differ only from other aristocracies in the fact that they never make mistakes. The Jewish aristocracy are extremely popular. The recent death of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild evoked from all classes expressions of respect and affection which were as sincere as they were deserved. The virtues and public spirit of the Rothschilds and other great Jewish families have done more than aught else to prevent the outbreak of anti-Semitism in England. Below the princely Jewish aristocracy comes the Anglicized and well-to-do Jewish community, which accepts fully, in everything but intermarriage with Christians, the burdens of English citizenship. This is the class which supports the communal charities, and sets an example to the country of sacrifice, good administration, patriotism, and generosity. The unpaid work of the Jewish Board of Guardians and of the committee of the Jews' Free School in London is a model to the civilized world. The third class into which the Jewish community may be divided consists of well-to-do but purely selfish foreigners, mostly Germans and Ashkenazim, who ignore national and civic responsibilities, contribute nothing to the communal charities, and live only to amass money and get comfort. This cosmopolitan division is a really dangerous element. It is far more numerous than the two classes just referred to, and it is from the cosmopolitan German Jew, who has renounced Germany without accepting England, that such antipathy as exists towards Hebrews in this land may be said to arise. And fourthly, there are the multitudes of destitute aliens and immigrants. Their type is well known in New York, although England, in addition, receives those who are not good enough for admission to the States. The chief feature about these immigrants is their impregnability to British influence. As fast as one poor family is partly Anglicized by the splendid efforts of the Russo-Jewish Committee half a dozen more arrive. It is not difficult to perceive that a new problem in the great cities is arising, which, though it does not yet clamor for solution, will be solved by other means than legislation in an over-populated country like England, unless the government and the Anglicized Jewish community can come to some reasonable agreement in the matter.

WHEN Lord Kitchener razed the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman to the ground, dug up the body of the false prophet, burned it on board a gunboat, and cast the ashes into the Nile, it was inevitable that awkward questions would be asked in Parliament as to the complicity of her Majesty's government in such an act of barbarianism. Mr. Labouchere, the privileged jester of the Radical party (whose powers, however, are visibly waning), supported by many Radicals, has announced his intention of opposing the grant of $150,000 to Lord Kitchener, on the ground that the act of defiling the mortal remains of a dead foe should debar him from receiving pecuniary reward at the hands of Parliament. Nobody is enthusiastic about the treatment accorded by Lord Kitchener to the remains of the murderer of Gordon. It savors of revenge. Nevertheless, there was —I am assured by one who knows the facts—no trace of vengeance in Lord Kitchener's act. As the responsible man on the spot, he was inspired purely by reasons of policy, and merely desired to prevent the tomb of the Moslem Pretender from becoming a shrine to which the disaffected might resort for generations to come, thus forming a focus for disturbance and intrigue. Still, the average man is disturbed at the discovery that the extension of empire requires a brave man's body to be torn from its grave and cast to the crocodiles. Oliver Cromwell's tomb in Westminster Abbey was, it is true, similarly defiled, and his body was dug up, hanged, quartered, and burned by the Imperialists of the Restoration. And Oliver Cromwell was a puissant prince in his way. In India, too, the bodies of religious fanatics who have run *amok* are cremated in order to demonstrate their terrestrial origin, thus preventing the sepulchres of madmen from becoming rallying-points for murderers and dacoits. When all is said that can be said on Kitchener's behalf—and Lord Cromer is one of his defenders—the proceeding is scarcely consonant with the dignity of the Anglo-Saxon race, or even of Christendom. The contemplated establishment of an Anglican bishopric on the banks of the Nile would seem to be premature until further consolidation of the empire has taken place, and the Sudan so far pacified that the dishonor of its dead chieftains is no longer essential to the welfare of the empire.

The expression of Radical objections to the Kitchener grant of $150,000 has been somewhat delayed by the prolonged debates over the Address in reply to the Queen's speech. Some thirty amendments were proposed. Discussion was not stifled by government. Democratic loquacity restrains the House of Commons from excessive and futile legislation as effectually as the more conventional forms of constitutional check in vogue elsewhere. Legislation by committees, which has done so much to destroy Congressional oratory in the United States, has not yet taken root at Westminster. The enormous and portentous development of Parliamentary speaking chokes the legislative machine, and is a marked feature of recent times. It is due to several causes. The six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons form the largest legislative body in the world. Timidity, which formerly prevented new members from intruding their views upon a fastidious audience, has almost disappeared. New members vie with old in brazen resolve to "catch the Speaker's eye" and add their quota to the dreary drip of dilatory declamation. Development of the provincial press has made it easy for each member to appear in his own constituency as a Parliamentarian of importance. And, finally, Mr. Gladstone's oratorical example, which included every grace but that of brevity, further stimulates members of Parliament to share in discussions in which, if they have not something to say, they are determined, at all events, to say something. This incontinence of speech operates as an ally of governments content with things as they are, or, at all events, not anxious for constitutional change. A millionaire member of Parliament recently remarked to me that he regretted the disappearance of home-rule from Parliamentary debates, as, while it held the field, legislation menacing property was out of the question. There is good reason to believe, whether for those reasons or for others, that the thirty amendments to the Address are by no means regarded by her Majesty's ministers with wholly unfavorable eyes, notwithstanding the legislation on London government and education promised in the Queen's speech.

NOTHING more remarkable than the contrast between the real feelings and the official intercourse of France and England has been seen for years. Ostensibly the relations of the two countries are friendly. Parliament, the Lord Mayor, and the London County Council express their profound sympathy with the French nation at the death of Monsieur Félix Faure, at the very time when a British admiral, with ships cleared for action, threatens the Imaum of Oman with bombardment if he ventures to carry out his promise of ceding a coaling-station to our dear friends and allies the French. While the Queen sends the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Stanley Clarke to represent her personally at the funeral of the late President, her Majesty's name is received with hisses at places of entertainment on the Riviera, whither she is about to repair for the usual spring sojourn. Foreign Office representations on important matters are ignored by the government of the French Republic as though Great Britain were a power of no importance and could be flouted with impunity. Only this week Lord Salisbury informed me that he has had no reply to the communication made to the French government on the subject of compensation for the families of British officers who were killed by French troops in the British colony of Sierra Leone. Two hundred and seventeen days have elapsed since representations were addressed to the French government on the subject. Foreign Office remonstrances as to the loss of British trade in Madagascar, caused by cynical breach of faith on the part of France, are ignored with equal *sang froid*. Subscriptions for the construction of a submarine boat to sink the British fleet are publicly and successfully invited by a Parisian newspaper. This kind of behavior is unfriendly, and very strong feeling is expressed in society at the insistence of the Queen in refusing to take holiday elsewhere than on French soil. Good relations with the government of France exist only on the surface, and the settlement of outstanding differences will be due to British naval superiority rather than to a new-born affection on the part of the French.

PUBLIC interest in things American continues to grow healthily. Four years ago the arrival of a new American ambassador would have attracted no attention whatever outside a limited circle. Mr. Choate's arrival in London this week is an event that interests the man in the street. Evidence of this statement is shown by the columns of matter in the cheap press which are devoted to Mr. Choate's career and antecedents. Probably more is known of the personality of the American ambassador than of any of his colleagues in the *corps diplomatique*. Mr. Kipling's illness, too, and especially the sympathy displayed by the American public for a man who has not invariably spoken smooth things of the great republic, has touched the public mind. It is difficult to convey what Englishmen feel about Kipling's illness. It is talked of in street cars, in third-class carriages of the railways, and wherever men congregate. Kipling has expressed what the average inarticulate Englishman feels but cannot say; and if his "White Man's Burden" struck a note that jars just before he himself was stricken down, the generosity of American good-will and sympathy is the more appreciated on this side. Kipling's illness has evoked more feeling than has been publicly expressed since the Prince of Wales's illness in 1871. There is a general consensus of opinion that he has done more to make the empire intelligible and interesting to the average citizen than all the politicians. He has popularized imperial unity, destroyed the Little-Englander as a political force, and brought home to the street-bred people of the great cities their inalienable responsibility for the masses of India and of Egypt. But the promise of Kipling's future was more attractive still. It was believed, rightly or wrongly, that he, more than any living man, would reveal to America the bed-rock of English character and aspirations, and that the result would be an effective and durable understanding between the two branches of the race.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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Sea Voices

"THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS."

WITHIN a dream-lit semi-tropic tide
There is an island far from mortal ken
Where ships that sail and come not back again
Find harbor and for evermore abide.
There in perennial summer, side by side,
Emancipated from the thrall of men,
And all the racking storms that might have been,
They lie in haven while the ages glide.

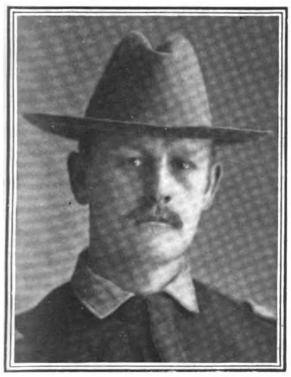
And so I fancy in some far-off clime
There is a port that shipwrecked souls shall reach,
And that upon some dim enchanted beach
They rest from this tempestuous tide of time.
And there they dream while cycles weave their rhyme—
Vague dreams that never wed themselves to speech.

AFTER-GLOW.

I stood to-day beside a winter sea
And watched the light go out along the verge—
A crimson sorrow—and I felt the surge
Beat out the measures of day's threnody.
And, by-and-by, I heard what seemed to me
An under-note of hope beneath the dirge,
And saw the wraithlike after-glow emerge—
A subtle promise of the day to be.

So life goes out along the western rim
Of time's tumultuous waters, and we say
That one is dead, and briefly pause to pray;
Then listening seem to catch, afar and dim,
The under-tone of some triumphant hymn,
While death's wan peace predicts another day.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG, U. S. V.,
Commanding Utah Artillery at Manila.

Mormons at Manila

WHILE the Mormon leaders in Utah may be showing disregard for American sentiment by upholding the continued practice of polygamy and by interfering in the affairs of the State, the Utah artillery at Manila is demonstrating that, religion aside, the same patriotism animates Mormons as any other Americans. These two light batteries have proved most valuable to our forces in the three engagements which have marked the stay of our army in the Philippines. A detachment bravely withstood a night assault of Spaniards at Malate until re-enforcements arrived. All the guns were engaged at the capture of Manila, and the pictures sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY have given abundant evidence of their efficiency. In the late fighting with the Filipinos, the Utah artillery proved particularly efficient in the capture of the Manila water-works, and in guarding and covering the advance of the troops in the vicinity of Caloocan.

About two-thirds of the men in the batteries are Mormons—members of leading families in the Church. The commander, Major Richard W. Young, is a grandson of Brigham Young. His services in the field have been recognized by promotion, and his ability in another field by a detail as judge of the superior provost court in Manila, which now represents the highest judicial authority of the United States in the Philippines.

Major Young is a graduate of West Point, having been captain of cadets in the class of 1882. He was Judge Advocate of the Department of the East on the staff of General Hancock, and afterwards was a Lieutenant in the Fifth Artillery. He resigned from the army in 1889 and entered into the practice of the law in Utah. He was chairman of the code commission in 1896 which preserved on the statute-books of that State the laws against polygamy and against living with plural wives. It is this latter statute that B. H. Roberts is accused of violating, and which Mr. Roberts has said is "like the Connecticut blue laws—not enforced."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are recommended to friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

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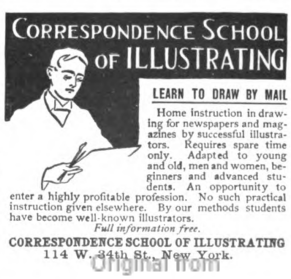
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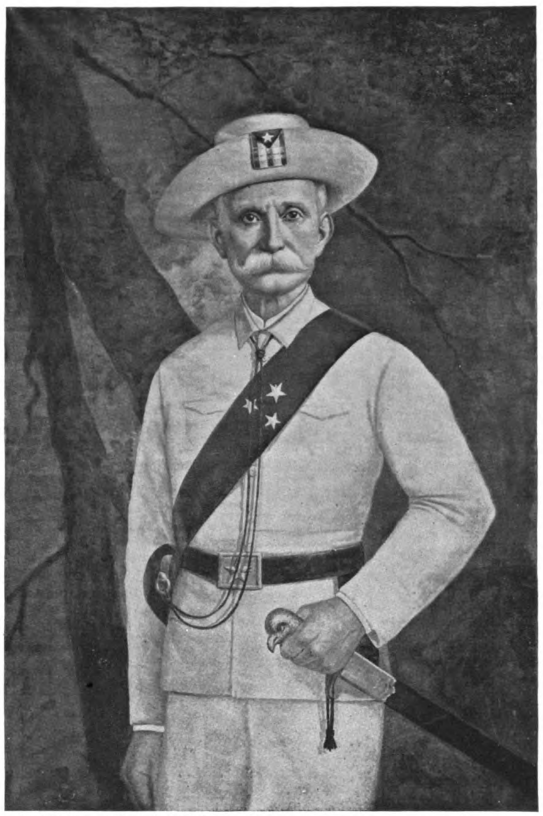
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WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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AMATEUR SPORT

YET another turn has been given the kaleidoscopic affairs of Middle-Western college athletics, and the new pattern of the pieces is original and bewildering, if not symmetrical. But this latest arrangement seems hardly solid, and the slightest touch may give another fantastic effect.

Only last week I intimated that the recent Michigan-Wisconsin football contract, whereby athletic relations are resumed after a six years' separation, was prompted by a mutual anxiety lest Chicago become dictator. And now from this seeming reunion of the long separated there has vanished completely the more pleasing guise, and in its stead appears a definite coalition against Chicago, to which Illinois has also become a party. The following resolution, born of a conference of its signers on the 11th inst., is sufficiently suggestive:

> WHEREAS, We believe that harmonious inter-collegiate athletics can only be subserved by a policy of perfect equality of rights and privileges; therefore—
>
> *Resolved*, That we mutually agree not to hold athletic relations with any university which shall insist upon an inequality of rights and privileges with any of our number in any class of athletic sports. This agreement shall be interpreted to mean equal rights in determining where games are to be played, and an equal division of the net income from all games. But it shall not apply to games already contracted for.
>
> A. H. PATTENGILL,
> Chairman Michigan Board of Control.
> C. K. ADAMS,
> President of Wisconsin.
> A. S. DRAPER,
> President of Illinois.

This resolution was made public on the 14th; and Chicago, not to be behindhand, simultaneously announced the following football schedule for '99, from which Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin are conspicuously absent:

October 7, Iowa; October 14, open; October 21, Oberlin; October 28, Pennsylvania; November 4, Purdue; November 11, Northwestern; November 18, Minnesota; November 25, Beloit; November 30 (Thanksgiving day), Brown.

The games are all to be played on Marshall Field, the home grounds.

THERE are, of course, distinctly two sides to the dispute, however pitiful it is that there should be a dispute at all. It has been already shown that just so long as Chicago's football home gate is worth four times that of any of her rivals there remains a point of contention.

Upon this troublesome shoal the waves are now breaking. The Western situation is not like New Haven, Cambridge, Princeton, or Pennsylvania, whose grounds are almost equally accessible and the gates about the same. It is not so easy to follow your college from Detroit or Madison to Chicago as it is to take a special up to New Haven. And when the games go to Madison or Ann Arbor all the advantage of the city interest is lost.

Hence, dollars now, not doubtful athletes, are the *casus belli* in the Middle West.

The end is not hard to see. Ultimately these teams must come together. Their natural affinity is too strong to be overcome by any artificial hinderance. But by what devious path they are to come again into their own no man can say.

THE controversy demands some consideration in detail. In 1895, Wisconsin and Michigan being even then estranged, the Chicago-Michigan game was played at Chicago under the auspices, for Michigan, of her Chicago alumni club. This organization made a three-year contract with Stagg, whereby all games were to be played in Chicago, Stagg to receive $300 as rental if Marshall Field was used, the Michigan team always to receive $300 for expense, and the net receipts to be equally divided. In 1897 the game was played at the Coliseum, Chicago not receiving anything for rental, but $2800 being paid the Coliseum management, which covered all expense.

In 1898 Michigan paid one-fourth of the cost of new stands at Marshall Field, and received half the net receipts. Wisconsin had a two-year contract with Chicago in '95-6, which called for a $500 guarantee to the visiting team, and the games to be held at Chicago and Madison. In '97 Wisconsin received $250 on expense, and half the net receipts at Marshall Field besides, and in '98 the same, though she allowed $600 on the cost of building 9000 new seats.

Illinois did not play Chicago in '98, but in '97 they met on Illinois's home grounds.

DESIRE for a game with Chicago at home, or at least at Detroit, became a strong influence at Michigan, and Athletic-Manager Baird recently proposed to Stagg a two-year arrangement, the return game to be at Detroit. Stagg agreed to refer the matter to his Board at their next meeting. For the 6th inst. Stagg had arranged for a meeting with Fisher of Wisconsin, the answer to Baird yet pending. A message was received from Baird on the 5th, asking Chicago to meet him and Fisher to discuss the athletic situation. Chicago answered she was not aware of any athletic situation affecting the three jointly, but Stagg would be pleased to meet them separately.

There was coercion in the air,—and it came out that Huff of Illinois had reached Chicago the day before, and was consulting Michigan and Wisconsin. At nine the next morning Fisher proposed to Stagg a two-year contract and an equal division of receipts, whether at Madison or Chicago. At ten o'clock Baird made a similar proposition on behalf of Michigan, and admitted later that Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin were going to stand together to get these terms, and if they were not acceptable to Chicago, any verbal arrangements for baseball and track dates with Michigan might as well be forgotten.

WHILE there certainly is justice in Michigan's claim for a home game on alternate years, this was a sorry way of obtaining her desires. Chicago had as yet shown no reluctance to accept Michigan's first suggestion when the latter's ultimatum was served, with a threat behind it.

The Chicago Board, thus approached, did not care to wait to consider details. Chicago was not to be coerced by Michigan or any one else, and Baird's proposition was promptly and unanimously rejected. Stagg's answer was immediately followed by a conference of President Adams, President Draper, and Professor Pattengill, and the publication of the foregoing resolution was coincident with an announcement that Chicago had taken on Brown for the Thanksgiving-day game. And the end is not yet.

EMPHASIS should be given the immediate point at issue between Chicago and Michigan and her following. It is interesting to record that the break has not arisen at all out of a consideration of the real merit of Michigan's contention. She herself in her cavalier approach has not permitted that. Chicago's rejection of her proposition was indication of the latter's unwillingness to relinquish an established policy simply upon its being so demanded—and demanded at the point of a gun, as it were.

The real point never came up for discussion, and now it seems improbable that it soon will, though it is entirely a reasonable supposition that Chicago would have relinquished her precedent had she been, to her way of thinking, politely asked. Chicago, as pointed out, has given an equal share of receipts for all single games on Marshall Field, but where a contract for a return game away from home has been concerned, equal guarantees have always been the basis. The justice of Michigan's claim that she herself should be given large credit for the drawing power of the Chicago-Michigan game at Chicago occasions additional regret for the perverse method by which Chicago's dissuasion has been attempted, and for the latter's supersensitive pride.

Verily the artfulness and subtle cajolery of a diplomat of state is needed to get one safely through this nonsense!

BOORISH manners in athletic discussions may commend themselves to some of the gentlemen who assume to the course of Middle-Western college sport, but, as a rule, gentlemen prefer to be treated as such. May I be pardoned if I opportunely quote four lines I wrote last week?—"Higher than sport are self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and conscience of the sportsman."

And only the other day I was reading some forceful remarks, credited to Professor Pattengill, on the desirability of greater confidence and courtesy marking intercourse with sister universities!

There was no necessity at the time for Messrs. Pattengill, Adams, and Draper to unite under that resolution. It was serving sport poorly—and good manners worse—to flaunt it in the eyes of Chicago through the daily press. It was a delicate subject, and should have been so treated. It was a matter for correspondence between the faculty members of the colleges interested, not for an exhibition of half-concealed faculty threats and the Galloping Dick raid of undergraduate or salaried managers.

On the merits of home games and equal division of gate receipts—there is positively no room for discussion. Every college must have its big game at home on alternate years, and of course the gate receipts should be equally divided—no matter what the disparity in value one year from another, due to location.

No other method can be tolerated in college sport.

The justice of home games and equal division of gate receipts cannot for a moment be disputed. This is one of the first principles of college sport—fair to all, and necessary to the welfare of amateur athletics.

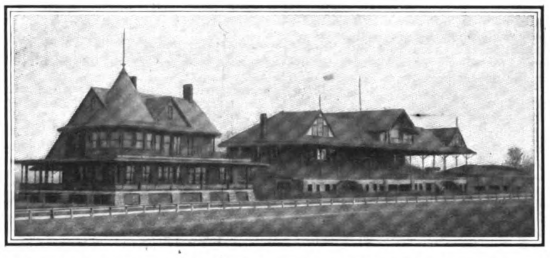
Chicago could not, because of her fortunate location, presume to "dictate terms" to other Western universities. That is, she could not do so and not offend the ethics of college sport. We cannot permit college football to be made the subject of a business deal; we cannot lose sight of the fact that the games are held merely for sport and for the satisfying of honorable athletic rivalry—not for the purpose of money-making.

Chicago greatly offends sportsmen and the ethics of college sport by emphasizing her larger gate, or using it as a bait for home games.

I have no doubt Michigan, Wisconsin, *et al.* were influenced by excellent motives in seeking for home games, equal division of gate receipts, and equal rights.

They are perfectly right in seeking equality; they would be as right, in case Chicago refused it, to decline games on any other basis.

But they have made their demand so boorishly; recent expressions for independence and mutual confidence seem discredited by this boycott arranged by the very ones who were most determinedly opposed to "association."



THE HISTORIC RACE-TRACK OF THE KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION AT LEXINGTON.
Club House, Grand Stand, Betting-Sheds.

Thus it comes about that what might have been attained easily by proper methods, is lost for the time being without in actual fact having undergone discussion.

SERIOUS complications are certain to arise when it comes to bringing off the Western Inter-collegiate track-athletic championships the coming season, unless common-sense and sympathetic interest in wholesome sport bring the leading colleges together in an association. Last June furnished a surprising and unprecedented spectacle in the gathering at Chicago of all the prominent college athletes of the West, trained through a long season expressly for a great meet which never came off. On the eve of the championships the Graduate Executive Committee of the Western Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association was sitting in prolonged and special session upon the cases of Maybury and Cochems—protested athletes of Wisconsin.

Through their delegates, Chicago, Illinois, and Michigan sent in their ultimatum of absolute withdrawal from the Association unless these men were disqualified. After vain pleadings with Maybury and Cochems to voluntarily withdraw, the Committee could not see its way clear to disqualify them—and the athletes awoke next morning to find all their training wellnigh in vain; the Association had gone to pieces overnight.

But every preparation had been made to hold the Western championships at Parkside, and therefore a meet was held at Parkside, although the perplexed public mostly staid at home—and an athlete was able to earn the coveted emblem of his 'varsity by merely walking a given number of times around the track.

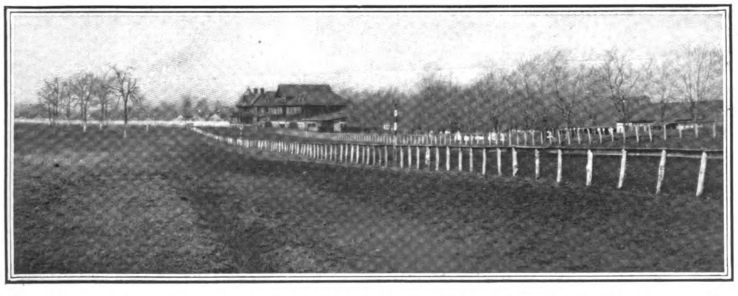
Meanwhile Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois, with five working-hours, had got up a coincident meet of their own, which was held on Marshall Field with much success.

REMNANTS of the W.I.A.A.A. that evening collected and formally expelled those members whose withdrawal had robbed the Association of nearly all save the power of expulsion. At this meeting Maybury, the president of this amateur association, a man of whom his trainer said he never ran for money unless he needed it, was in the chair.

High-sounding resolutions, which anathematized the university seceders in unstinted terms, and hurled the curse of disbarment forever upon their individual athletes and all who in succeeding seasons and generations should be contaminated by competing with them—were put on record. Resolutions that were drawn up and introduced by Cochems—who differed from Maybury in that he ran under an assumed name for money just for the fun of it, and had so completely won the confidence of his faculty they were willing to take his unsupported assurance that he was an amateur, rather than consider most dangerous evidence against him.

It was surprising legislation by more surprising legislators. Those who had done most to bring Western college sport into disrepute sat in judgment upon and condemned as outcasts a lot of youngsters who were unfamiliar with even the kinds of athletic misdemeanors committed by their judges!

Then arose the delegate at large of the Amateur Athletic Union, and solemnly declared that in accordance with certain articles of alliance (which had never been framed) there was no course open to the A.A.U. but to sustain this action—the action of the very body whose possible disqualification of Maybury and Cochems



LEXINGTON RACE-TRACK—INCORPORATED IN 1826, THE OLDEST IN AMERICA, AND ABOUT TO BE DISMANTLED.

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the delegate at large had the day before said would not be sustained by the A.A.U.

And so A.A.U. disqualification of a hundred or more innocent undergraduates, who really did not know what had happened, was accomplished—accomplished by the "remnants," with the air of legislators performing against their will a sad, stern duty!

ON the other hand, it needs to be remarked that the failure of Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois to abide by the decision of a body they had helped create and whose findings they had pledged themselves to honor, and their peremptory withdrawal from the meet, thus swamping the Association financially—were acts without moral justification. The very least which could have been done in equity was to apply the profits of the Marshall Field meet to supplying the deficit of the one at Parkside. The suggestion of this received scant consideration.

When the colleges reopened in the autumn, and Cochems and Maybury had been disowned by Wisconsin, a perception of the absurdity of the situation began to percolate into calmer minds. The imperilled football contract between Wisconsin and Chicago was, after much protesting and bitterness, fulfilled—the A. A. U. considerately reinstating the hundred odd athletes who never knew what had happened—and a peace conference assembled at the Auditorium Hotel.

CHICAGO, Illinois, and Wisconsin were reinstated into W.I.A.A.A., and a committee of reorganization appointed. The report of that committee is not yet in; but in the larger universities there is already manifest a desire to abandon all effort to maintain a parity between such widely dissimilar institutions as comprised the old Association, and to advance into a condition of mutual respect for the local boards of control—which was impossible so long as there existed an extra-university "Graduate Executive Committee" to clear professionals upon technicalities and mismanage meets through sheer inefficiency.

But pursuance of the local board of control theory must not carry the Middle Western colleges entirely away from association for competitive purposes, in track athletics. It is the one branch of college sport in which all the colleges may meet on even terms; it is the one sport where a championship is significant or may be tolerated.

There must be a Western inter-collegiate association. It would be a very great mistake not to revive the W.I.A.A.A.

Just at this time much for the future permanent prosperity of Western college sport depends on the universities working together and hanging together. The individual theory and the local-board-of-control idea appear to be more of specious argument advanced at convenience, and apt to be quite disturbing and harmful if followed too zealously, too heedlessly, as seems to be the inclination in some directions.

By all means get together, and stay together.

WHILE in the West recently I encountered an impression which, though perhaps natural, is nevertheless the result of hasty conclusion, and should be corrected.

There is a feeling, modestly voiced but obviously deep-seated, that the occasional disappearance of Western college athletes Eastward takes from the East the right to offer any suggestions to the West on athletic matters ethical; that the East is a busy, and not always a legitimate, athletic recruiter in the West; that the East, after all, is only somewhat cleverer than the West in covering its tracks.

A letter which comes to me from a Western university man, who thoroughly understands the situation, has something on this subject to say, that is well worth quoting:

> Any candid person—Westerner or not—after visiting the colleges of the two sections, and getting really into touch with undergraduate sentiment, can but conclude that the spirit for honest sport has advanced in the East several degrees beyond that of the West. I say this as a Westerner of the Westerners. I did not believe it until after visiting with undergraduate friends at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Amherst. I do not know whether the student body at Pennsylvania would impress one for better or for worse in this regard. Yet I do not believe that the fact that Kraenzlein was perhaps too zealously persuaded to leave the West is conclusive evidence of a student spirit less commendable than at the other institutions.

Certainly it is a question of sentiment, not of particular digression, after all, and though at some of our Eastern universities there have been occurrences to twist the heart of the college sportsman, yet this is no evidence that bears any absolute relation to the real undergraduate sentiment which underlies.

WISCONSIN should see this point with particular clearness. She is not yet rid of the sad heritage incident to yielding the reins of her athletic government into the hands of an unhealthful clique, which won her great discredit for a sentiment not her own.

Had the East in very truth advanced no farther than the West in wholesome undergraduate sentiment, it should really be no cause for Western self-congratulation. Has not the East been a struggler in college sport a decade or more of years longer than the West? Is there not every reason to believe that the West has travelled and must continue journeying the same toilsome path for ethics' sake which the East has earlier gone over, and, a bit in advance, is still following?

It is encouraging to believe that the West is not going to consume so much time in the journey as did the East; but to an equal degree, I repeat, it would be discouraging to feel that the Eastern college sportsmen, working much longer, and with motives just as righteous, were not now farther along than Western college men. By just so much as the Westerner continues to be a little more engrossed in the struggle for existence and has a little less leisure than his Eastern brother, just so long will he continue to take his play too seriously, and be a little too much bent on winning, to view his college games as sport for sport's sake.

Sport-for-sport's-sake sentiment, in reality, is only beginning to be apparent in the East, where earnest efforts are making by college sportsmen and some faculties to nourish it, and to end methods of recruiting that may be legitimate enough, but tend to create unpleasant impressions and to exercise a harmful influence on the sport of colleges.

ROLLAND'S defeat of Shaw for the racquet championship of Canada furnished a surprise from which American players are not likely soon to recover. Not that there is such wide difference in the potential games of the two, but Shaw had revealed form so invincible in the National championships, with play so much more brilliant and faster than Rolland exhibited in the same court and tournament, that certainly we had good reason to believe the Bostonian unbeatable this side of Princes Club. I confess the result of the match in Canada alters my opinion in respect of Shaw's capabilities very little.

No excuse is to be offered for the defeat of the National champion at Montreal; Rolland won the match fairly enough, and displayed a high quality of racquets. One would hardly have recognized him for the player who had performed two weeks previously in the courts of the New York club, and been handily beaten in straight sets by Clarence Mackay.

Nevertheless, it will the better help to an understanding of the American's game to say that the Montreal court is sixty-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide, which is four feet longer and three and a half wider than the courts in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and about one foot larger each way than the Philadelphia courts. In a game so fast as racquets, and where, especially, knowledge of the angles means so much, the significance of a change into a court of different dimensions may be appreciated.

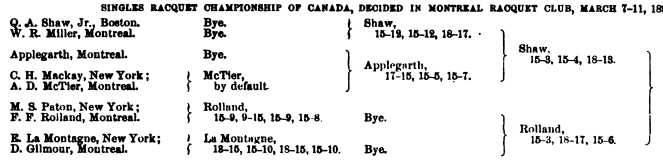
SHAW lost the toss, and Rolland started serving, making two aces by service and one by placing, before losing his hand. Shaw was put out with no score, and then Rolland made two. With the score love-five Shaw went in for a characteristic run of six by good all-round play, and had everything his own way until he won out.

The second game was excitingly fought, the rallies prolonged, and the quality of play first class. Rolland played a heady, fast game, keeping Shaw guessing all the time. They kept close together until the score stood set fourteen all, when Rolland made the desired three, two by service and one by Shaw missing a return that seemed very easy.

It now became apparent that Canada would retain the championship. Shaw was obviously beaten; he was tired through and through, and Rolland, quite fresh, comparatively, opened the third game with a run of eleven aces before being retired. The Bostonian could do very little, and Rolland won easily. Again in the last game Rolland started with a rush, and would not be denied. Shaw appeared utterly helpless, but made a better showing than in the third game, though there was no hope of his overtaking Rolland, who kept a commanding lead, and changed his game in masterly fashion. He gave a variety of services, which puzzled Shaw quite a lot, while his placing was of a high order.

No doubt Shaw was somewhat off his game, and the poor light seemed to bother him more than it did Rolland; but, too, it is fair to Rolland to say that the only other time he met Shaw (in '98) was in Shaw's home court, and the Canadian won three games to two. Since '98 Shaw's game has greatly improved, though his play at Montreal did not show it. In a neutral court, and both at top form, Shaw would probably win three games out of five.

SINGLES RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA, DECIDED IN MONTREAL RACQUET CLUB, MARCH 7-11, 1899.



The best game Shaw showed in Montreal was against Miller, who appeared to be quite four aces better in the home court than he was in New York.

PATON made a praiseworthy uphill fight of his game with Rolland. The Canadian started in with his usual rush, playing very strong racquets; but the American knows the Montreal court better than any of his compatriots, and was not to be so easily shaken off. The second game furnished the surprise of the week, when Paton, who was love-nine, went to serve and made a fine run of ten aces by skilful service and all-round placing. Rolland then went in to serve, and was put out by a hot return, whereupon Paton finished the game without losing his hand. A run of fifteen aces and a love game to his credit in two hands! Paton continued to show a strong game, but Rolland's victory was assured, though he worked for every ace he made.

With La Montagne, Rolland had a somewhat easier time, though the second game was closely and interestingly contested; the former appeared to have a return of his old-time strokes, his forehand being accurate, and his half-volleys well timed and placed. There was an exciting struggle for the deciding ace of the second game, each being put out time and again with the score at four all game ball. A splendid return gave it to Rolland, and the rest was easy going for him.

The La Montagne-Gilmour contest was a match of veterans, with few mistakes and some brilliant play. Gilmour, being at home, performed with courage and good judgment. He knew the back wall like a book, as his fine placing attested. But the speed of La Montagne gradually wore the other down, and the visitor won rather easily in the end.

Applegarth, although no match for Shaw, has possibilities. He has a strong forehand stroke, and at times places with good judgment. He is weak on service, but a great getter, and with coaching will be heard from later.

UNLESS the President and the Executive Committee of the League of American Wheelmen are wholly absorbed in L.A.W. politics, the significance conveyed by the steady decline in L. A. W. membership may perhaps reach them. These lessening membership straws show unmistakably whither the L. A. W. wind is blowing. If it does not now bestir the officials, later, when more force has been generated, it will develop into a hurricane and sweep them before it in consternation.

No doubt it is the pleasure and sometime profit of the L. A. W. body-politic to heed the commercial voice calling in the wilderness of manufacturers, dealers, and race-promoters. Up to within a couple of years, it seemed a guide to prosperity, but present happenings indicate that the great body of wheelmen throughout the land has finally grown weary of politics, and seeks officials more in sympathy with the amateur and less concerned for the tradesman and the professional racer.

The membership of the L. A. W., as reported by the secretary last week, is 78,141—that is, nearly 30,000 less than it was just one year ago! In the four weeks since the National Assembly decided, at Providence, to retain control of professional racing, the L. A. W. has lost 1904 more old members than it has gained new ones. During the past week alone four hundred and fifty-one have declined to longer support a league so engrossed in politics and professional racing.

THE L. A. W. is a big, powerful body, and some of the politicians appear to look upon it as a "good thing." Creation of salaried offices, obvious disregard of the general sentiment against dabbling in professional racing, legislative pettifoggery—these are some of the things that explain the disgust of sportsmen and the shrinking of the L. A. W's. membership.

Politics are corrupting official L. A. W. circles; the L. A. W. is too large for the men appointed to office; apparently the magnificent opportunities offered by this army of 78,000 men united for wholesome sport and good roads—are too vast for the conception of its leaders.

They cannot appreciate the splendid future for such a body healthfully, intelligently directed—so they turn their attention to fighting for offices, and to distributing the patronage of their position with an eye single to reciprocal favors.

It is a short-sighted, suicidal policy, and it will be a short-lived junketing for those who in office are looking to selfish interests rather than to the interests of the league they were elected to serve.

Their finish is not difficult to see.

When the sportsmen of the L. A. W. assert themselves at the polls, we shall make an end of the politicians, abandon professional racing, and march onward in prosperity and health for good roads and amateur racing.

HOCKEY season closed with a so-called international match between the Victoria team of Montreal and an "all New York" team contributed by the Amateur Hockey League of America; but, as all the New York players save one are Canadians—the "international" feature was one of rink advertisement rather than actuality. As an exhibition, however, of expert play, and incompetent, not to say prejudiced, refereeing, the contest has not been equalled in the United States.

At the end of the first period of twenty minutes neither side had scored; at the end of the second, and usually final, period of twenty minutes, the score was a tie with four goals each. It was then agreed to play without rest to a finish, and thirty-two minutes elapsed before Davidson shot the goal which gave a well-earned triumph to the Victoria team. Until the last fifteen minutes, when the men were all very tired, the play was fast, and, as habitual in New York hockey, unnecessarily rough.

The decisions of the referee were so obviously in favor of the home team that the visitors, who kept on playing without protest against the injustice, were applauded to the echo when they finally won.

There was little to choose between the two teams; perhaps the New York Canadians showed a trifle more individual brilliancy, but the team-work of the Canadians from Montreal was the better. They more clearly demonstrated this quality of their play against the champions of the Hockey League, Brooklyn, whom they defeated easily, five goals to two. B. Phillips bore the twice-told distinction of being the only American on the "All New York" team, and of having made two of the four goals scored by his side.

SPORTSMEN are relieved to learn that the trip East erstwhile proposed for an "all California college eleven" has ceased to be agitated, and in point of fact was never seriously entertained by Pacific coast university men. The idea appears to have originated with some San Francisco athletic-club men, and, for a time, to have been pursued hot haste by one or more of them. But the question never reached the official ear of the universities, and received only desultory discussion on the campus.

It is not necessary to add that the sportsmen of the Pacific coast are quite alive to the evils of touring teams; and sportsmen are considerably in the majority at Stanford and California universities.

AMERICA will shortly lose one of its most famous and oldest of race-tracks in the dismantling of the historic Kentucky Association track at Lexington.

The track was incorporated in 1826, and among its original subscribers were many names dear to the horse-racing world and distinguished in Kentucky history. There were, among others, Elisha Warfield, breeder of Lexington, Robert J. Breckinridge, E. M. Blackburn, John Bruce, Robert Wickliffe, Theodore W. Clay, and Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley.

On this course the great Lexington won much of his glory. It seems a pity a track of such associations cannot be preserved.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—By W. J. Henderson.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, $1 00.—Harper & Brothers, Publishers

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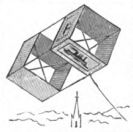


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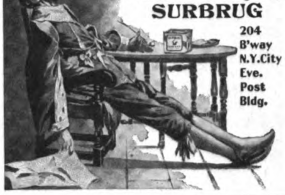
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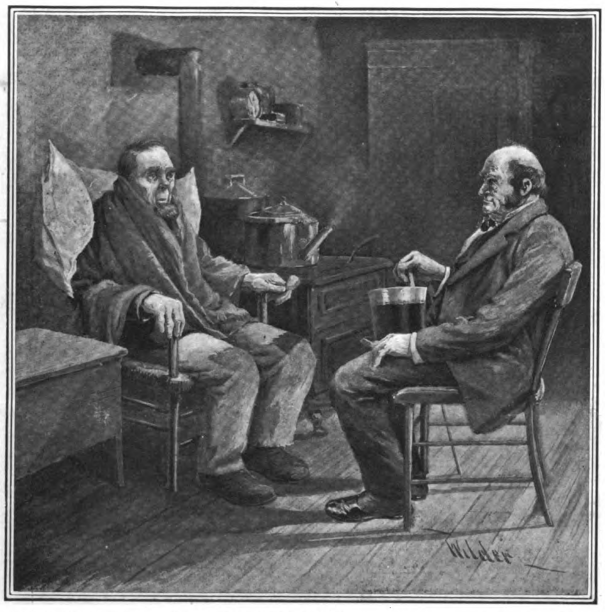
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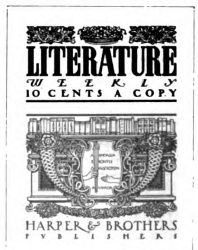
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Vol. XLIII.—No. 2206

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899

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HOLY WEEK IN THE PHILIPPINES—THE GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION AT CAVITE.

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American Rule in Cuba

THERE is no doubt that very good work is being done in Cuba and in Puerto Rico by the military officers who are in charge of the various divisions or departments of those islands. We know more of the affairs of Cuba than of Puerto Rico, mainly because the island is nearer than Puerto Rico to this country, and because the relations between the people of the larger island with those of the United States are more intimate. Our own correspondent, Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS, has made a recent visit to the central and southern parts of Cuba, and he is now telling the story of his journey to the readers of the WEEKLY. We are sure that we are within bounds in saying that never before has there been narrated the history of such a sudden change in the methods and character of a government. The appearance of the United States military authorities in this old Spain-ridden island has been followed by a transformation as rapid and complete as if it were the work of a magician's wand. Cleanliness has succeeded to filth; honesty to corruption; energy to sloth; efficiency to inefficiency.

When the American soldiers took possession of Cuba, the political, social, and sanitary conditions prevailing in the island were such that they cannot be compared with anything known to North-American life. In politics corruption, ignorance, and incompetence marked every branch and grade of the public service. The customs officials stole from the merchants. The merchants robbed the government by bribing the appraisers. Every tax was milked before it reached the treasury. Not a single official duty was performed because it was duty, but for money. Vice purchased the liberty to flourish, and at every point of contact between the citizen and the official the tax-payer was bled and the government was robbed. From the bottom to the top the plundering went on, the amounts of money stolen increasing as the grade approached the palace of the Captain-General, who was the chief criminal. Not a ruler has been sent by Spain to the island who has not made or fattened his fortunes on the spoils taken from the unlucky Cubans. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that Cuba is not a whit the better for the rule of a single Spanish Captain-General.

Under the rule which was carried on for the enrichment of Captain-Generals, and for the profit of Spanish merchants at home and in the island, every tax-payer and all business interests were under the harrow. The simple peasant and the small merchant were taxed unduly for everything supplied them by the government. The tobacco and sugar growers were robbed in so large a measure that their ability to pay at all afforded a striking evidence of the wonderful wealth of the island. Not only was business compelled to bear this enormous burden of unjust taxation and of simple robbery, but social life was corrupted, vice reigned in Havana and the other cities, while filth, wretchedness, and poverty were wellnigh universal. In no savage city in the world can the filthy conditions be worse than were those of Havana, as Colonel WARING and General GREENE described them. Cesspools under the houses themselves went uncleaned for weeks, and then, when the stench became unbearable, were emptied in such a manner that the houses themselves became pest-holes. The very harbor was a reeking breeder of disease, while the island itself has for years been a constant threat of infection to our Gulf States.

The United States government has been in Havana since the 1st of January, and all this has changed. Mr. MATTHEWS tells us that the streets of the city are as clean as are those of New York under Tammany rule—not a complete revolution, it is true, but a vast improvement, as great as could possibly have been expected within the time. Even the foul harbor has been cleared of some of the accumulations of ages. For various reasons no sewers have yet been built, but the utmost care is taken in the cleansing of the cesspools, and the death and health rates of Havana have been enormously improved. A new police force has been established, and the rough elements are just now engaged in vigorous and even violent protest against an earnest and, to them, an inexcusable attempt on the part of the civic authorities to preserve order and to compel decency. The merchants of Havana—first driven to consternation by an order which prevented them from making favorable terms with custom-house clerks, then astonished by the frank ingenuousness of Colonel TASKER BLISS, the Collector, and Mr. DONALDSON, his expert assistant—are now delightedly, and for the first time, paying duties on their imports to men who neither rob nor accept bribes.

The change is delightful. What is going on in Havana under General LUDLOW is also going on in the provinces under Generals WOOD, WILSON, and DAVIS. All these officers have performed their new duties with energy and intelligence, and they know more about the people within their several jurisdictions than was known by all the Spanish officials in all the centuries during which Spain has ruled in Cuba together. This, however, is not the rule of the American politician. It is not a government carried on under the authority of Congress, and by agents appointed by the President on the recommendation of Senators and Representatives. These officers are not "boys" and strikers who have been sent to Cuba to reward them for services done to the party, but officers of the United States army who are exercising arbitrary power, and who are doing their duty and performing their tasks after their honorable and praiseworthy manner. They are showing us what we all know, perhaps, that the honest and capable American citizen is fitted for any responsibility that may be thrust upon him. There is no doubt that we have among our seventy millions of people many thousands of men who are quite able to carry on colonial government as these army officers are carrying it on. They are the kind of men who are made presidents of railroads and other great industrial enterprises, and who are put at the head of large financial and trust companies. But, being that kind of men, they desire and command large salaries, much larger than the government pays to any of its servants except the President. They also insist on and obtain fixed or permanent tenure of office—at least during good behavior. They are not the kind of men who are in need of small four-year jobs, like many of the men whom our Presidents appoint as consuls and Governors of Territories. Therefore, if we are to keep up the excellent work now in progress in Cuba, and presumably in Puerto Rico, we must either maintain the soldiers and their arbitrary authority, or adopt a system which shall give to our colonial possessions, if we are to keep them, the services of American citizens who are capable of carrying on those distant governments in a manner that will benefit their people and reflect credit on the mother-republic.

ON Monday, March 20, Mrs. PLACE was executed by the State of New York, having been convicted of the murder of her step-daughter. The killing of a woman by the law is always a serious shock to the community, and invariably raises a question in the minds of intelligent and sympathetic persons as to the righteousness of capital punishment. Whether the State has a right to kill its murderers or not is one question. Whether or not such killing is in accordance with the principles and practices of Christian civilization is quite another question. There is no doubt that legal killing is a survival of barbarous times, and that when the world grows better capital punishment will cease, and will then be remembered as one of the evil incidents of a bygone age. Neither is there any doubt in our minds that were it not for the abuse of the pardoning power in many of the States where capital punishment has been abolished, the crusade against the practice would have an infinitely greater chance of success at present. But it has come to be a belief, founded upon many facts, that murderers in these States now escape with a very short term of imprisonment. If the perpetual incarceration of those who kill could be made certain, a strong argument which now sustains the gallows and the electric chair would cease to exist. In this particular case some of the leading women suffragists of the country took a prominent part. They insisted among other things that the law of capital punishment should not be executed against women. In taking this ground they demonstrated absolutely their own incapacity for the exercise of public duties, including the right of voting. In other words, they showed that if they were admitted to the suffrage they would add one more element—and a very large one—to that part of the population, which is increasing, which fosters disrespect for the law; and such disrespect, as much as anything else, is injuring our political state. So long as the law exists, it must apply equally to all persons. There are too many privileged classes already in the community to warrant the addition of women murderers. Moreover, women would do very much more effective work against what they regard as the sin and disgrace of capital punishment if they would unite in a general movement against it, instead of devoting their energies to the saving of criminals of their own sex from its operations.

THERE will be two Democratic dinners in New York in honor of JEFFERSON. One is organized by the Democratic Club, and the other by a congeries of persons who want a cheaper meal than Mr. CROKER desires, and more principles. The Democratic Club's dinner is to be furnished at the rate of ten dollars a plate, and no principles are to be announced. The cost of the other dinner is to be one dollar a plate, and there is to be at least a kind of general harmony among the guests as to the fundamental principle that the country belongs to the under man. It is interesting to know that neither the Democratic plutocrats nor the Democratic proletariat are willing to endorse BRYAN and the Chicago platform. Mr. BRYAN declines to come to the Democratic Club dinner, because Mr. BELMONT, who is the president of the club, and who sent him his invitation, very properly opposes BRYAN'S 16-to-1-socialistic platform and his candidacy. He says that Mr. BELMONT is not a Democrat, and therefore ought not to celebrate JEFFERSON'S birthday. It is an interesting quarrel, and we would not take sides in it for the world, but we think it due to the truth to say that Mr. BELMONT is the Democrat and that Mr. BRYAN is not. Mr. BELMONT does not believe in debasing the currency and in cheating the private or the public creditor. He does not believe in socialism, but is a strong advocate of popular rights and self-government, which lead inevitably to individualism. Mr. BRYAN'S position is practically the opposite of this. If it were necessary to denominate his principles we should say that he is an exaggerated Republican, or a MCKINLEY man gone mad. Mr. BELMONT is a true Jeffersonian, and if THOMAS JEFFERSON were alive to-day he would probably form a party in which Mr. BELMONT would naturally be found, while Mr. BRYAN would as naturally range himself with its opponents.

THE Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania has written a letter to Mr. WILLIAM R. MERRIAM, the director of the twelfth census, which we trust will make some impression upon that gentleman. The association bases its letter upon the announcement that Mr. MERRIAM is not to make his appointments under the Civil Service Act, but is "to use practical men for the purpose, upon the recommendation of Senators and Representatives from the States as to the capacity of those whom they designate for appointment, and subject to such further regulations as the director of the census may make." The Civil Service Reform Association points out—what is the truth—that Mr. MERRIAM'S method is simply "the familiar and discredited spoils system"; that "it was followed with most disastrous results in taking the last census"; and that "every executive officer who has tried it and who has a conscience has come to the conclusion that Mr. MERRIAM'S way is the wrong one, and that the civil service reform way is the right one. Even Mr. PORTER has come to that view, after he had tried his best to do what Mr. MERRIAM is now setting out to do. Mr. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, who had charge of the last census at its conclusion, says that two million dollars and more than two years' delay might have been saved if the census force had been brought into the classified service. The President of the Pennsylvania association, Mr. HERBERT WELSH, being also at the head of the unofficial Indian service, gives Mr. MERRIAM a pertinent illustration of the evils which result from his spoils system to these helpless wards of the nation. It is probably too late to do Mr. MERRIAM any good. He will doubtless insist upon being a spoilsman, but at least he will not be able to say, when he comes to the end of his work and finds how costly and ineffective it has been, that he was not warned in time by men who should have given him warning.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GARDENING is no longer an important industry on Manhattan Island, except as it is carried on by the city in the public parks. Shanty-town is gone, and with it most of the local truck-gardening; and though there is a great sale of plants just now, and more of it coming, and though the wagons of the agricultural hucksters stand at the curb on many streets loaded with sod for householders' front yards, the mind has not much chance to occupy itself with local problems concerning shrubs and trees and flower-beds. That is one of the drawbacks to having a fixed abode in a crowded town. The New-Yorkers who really live in New York, and do not flit until the schools close or the heat drives them away, miss much that is salutary and delightful in foregoing all chance to make, or tend, gardens in the spring. For the spring is the time of year when gardening is most fun. Then, for a few weeks, there are no weeds to speak of, and no bugs. The flowers that come up are those that were already in the ground, and no later flowers can make a showing in which the ratio of pleasure to backache is quite so satisfactory.

There are comparatively few American towns where gardens are impossible, but New York is one of them. While the suburban folk, and people who live in the real country, or in cities where the houses are detached, are walking out on their own grass, looking at their own shrubs, and gathering violets, maybe, of their own growing, the best Manhattan can do is to read about such delights, and envy the possessors of them. There is good reading of this sort in Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr.'s, *How to Plan the Home Grounds*, which offers timely counsel, born of long experience, about lawns and gardens, small and big, and how to make the most of them. Mr. Parsons was the superintendent of the parks of New York in the era preceding the present rule of The Organization. He seems to have in mind the great multitude of Americans who have a little land about their dwellings when he says, in his preface, that "it is always just as simple and just as difficult to lay out a small yard 25 × 100 feet as a gentleman's great country place of many acres." That will be a new idea to many persons, and as the little places are many and the big places comparatively few, its suggestion that it is worth while to make the most of limited opportunities is of very widespread application. Except, perhaps, the public gardens in cities, there is no form of gardening where the same amount of work gives equal pleasure as in that cultivation of door-yards which forms one branch of the broad subject of which Mr. Parsons treats.

NEXT to Colonel Roosevelt, the most successful patriot in New York State is Miss Helen Gould. Others of us have patriotic impulses, but when we strike a spark there is usually no tinder handy, and the flash is apt to be all there is of it. Not so with the Colonel; not so with Miss Gould. He, when the late war-cloud began to grow ominously black over Washington, snuffed the battle afar off, swapped the type-writer for the field-glass, and made a personal reconnoissance of the path of glory. So Miss Gould, when war came, felt a pressing impulse to act, and acted. Her station in life being at one end of a very long-handled lever, her action was effective enough to make her famous, and bring her the thanks of the government and a gold medal from the State Legislature.

The burning of the Windsor Hotel a fortnight ago did nothing for Colonel Roosevelt, but it brought Miss Gould another chance to do a public service, and, of course, the chance did not go unimproved. Her house at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue received as many of the injured as were brought to it, and sheltered them as long as it seemed safe to let them stay there. After the fire was under control, and the house itself was out of danger, Miss Gould devoted her resources to the refreshment of the firemen and others who worked all night over the ruins, and so uplifted them with food and hot non-spirituous liquids as to win the grateful acknowledgments of the force. Fire-Commissioner Scannell has since communicated to Miss Gould his intention of sending to her and her brother gold badges which will entitle them to pass the fire-lines at any fire in Greater New York.

The northeast corner of Forty-seventh Street was a mighty hot corner while the Windsor was burning. The normal feminine impulse would have been to put one's valuables in a hand-bag and get out. Miss Gould did send away some of her possessions, but she did not go herself. It must be that her impulses are not quite of the normal feminine sort, and that, no doubt, is why she gets official letters of acknowledgment and medals.

AN excellent way for the British government to show that high degree of good-will which it is understood to feel towards the American people would be to build, or purchase, and maintain a suitable dwelling in London for the American ambassador. We would not wish that it should be offered to him rent free. That would not be proper. Let him pay rent, but let the rent be as low as is consistent with the dignity of the ambassador of a rich country. We could not guarantee that every ambassador would rent a house so provided, but if it was a suitable edifice, and properly equipped for its business, and the rent was low, as suggested, it would probably have a tenant most of the time. If it stood vacant now and then between ambassadors, or during the term of an ambassador who thought himself too poor or too rich to live in it, the British Empire would of course be a little out of pocket, but such losses would be trifling in comparison with the great convenience it would be to London to have the American ambassador well housed most of the time.

Great Britain would profit, too, by the increased amiability of American ambassadors if relieved from the strain and vexation of house-hunting, to which at present each ambassador is subjected in turn, and which at last reports Mr. Choate was undergoing.

If the British Empire won't provide a house for our representative, is there no rich philanthropist who would undertake it? Mr. Andrew Carnegie seems ready to put up any sort of a building anywhere that shows a fair prospect of being useful to mankind. He has scattered libraries about with a lavish hand, both in America and Scotland. The other day, on the spur of a moment, he offered $250,000 to build a public library in the city of Washington, provided that Congress would give a site and maintain the institution. That much money would doubtless provide a very fair ambassador's house in London, which Mr. Carnegie could afford to rent for $10,000 a year, and in the case of a very poor ambassador for much less. No doubt he would be glad to do it if the idea came to him in just the right way.

And there is Mr. William Waldorf Astor, whose business is real estate, and who has important holdings in London already. For Mr. Astor to provide a house which our ambassadors could rent would be a most natural and proper thing.

Congress might do it, but there is no prospect that Congress will. The last Congress had a half-a-billion-dollar war to pay for, besides other large expenses, and though no one can truly assert that it felt poor, it was too deep in reformatory enterprises to make even a small investment in London real estate. When a man is deeply engrossed in throwing double-eagles at bull-frogs to hinder them from eating mosquitoes, you can't for the moment expect him to bother with the needs of his hired men. The next Congress will doubtless be very busy also, and will have large colonization bills to pay, so that only a confirmed optimist can hope that it will stop to buy a London house. It is a pity, but there ought to be help for it somewhere. If only some one would start a little company with a capital of two or three millions to build and rent houses to American ambassadors and ministers in Europe, Americans who have the travel habit would surely float it. It would be a fair investment, since, besides the moderate dividends that such a company might pay, there would be a valuable possibility of some day selling out the whole concern at an advance to Uncle Sam.

DELAWARE, though not a big State, seems large enough to contain the rudiments of a very healthy public opinion. Her citizens do not always recognize an impropriety when they see it, but when they do recognize it they feel about it as they ought to feel. Lately, for example, Mr. Addicks the gas man has been trying to have himself chosen Senator from Delaware. The Legislature voted on him for weeks, but could not elect him; and finally its time expired, leaving Delaware with only one Senator. There was a group of Addicks Republicans that stuck by its owner from first to last. Delaware folks did not mind that. They expect Addicks Republicans to vote for Addicks, that being their chief end. But when, at the very end of the session, three Democrats voted for Addicks, Delaware went nearly crazy. All three were reviled and upbraided, in public and in private, in the Legislature and out of it, from the moment their votes were cast, and it appeared at last accounts that all of them would find it necessary to leave the State. Delaware apparently can stand a reasonable venality, such as the whole power of Addicks is based on, but she is shocked at treason. There must be virtue in a Statelet in which a question of propriety can rouse such strong emotions.

Practical politics seems to be wisdom up to a certain point, but if you don't happen to have enough idealism in you to locate that point, all of a sudden, as you trudge along, you put your foot down on something that isn't there, and down, down, down you go, and the young men come in and shovel out your quivering remains.

JOSEPH MEDILL, of Chicago, who died on March 16, was one of the noted editors of the country, the founder of the Cleveland *Leader*, and, later, the controlling owner and editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. He was a founder, too, of the Republican party, which got its name in his editorial office in the Cleveland *Leader* building in March, 1854. He was of Scotch-Irish stock, was born in 1823, in St. John, New Brunswick, and nine years later moved with his family to Stark County, Ohio. There he grew up, got a public-school education, studied law, and (1846) was admitted to the bar. But circumstances soon led to his buying in 1849 a small weekly paper at Coshocton. He conducted it with vigor for two years, helped to win a Whig victory, and then sold it and moved to Cleveland, where he started the Free-Soil morning paper which, a year later, became the Cleveland *Leader*. This paper he conducted for about four years, during which the Whig party died and was buried and the Republican party was born.

In 1855 Mr. Medill sold the *Leader*, bought an interest in the Chicago *Tribune*, and became its managing editor. He was then thirty-two years old, in excellent health, able to work very hard, and full of interest in politics. The *Tribune* had five owners, who worked together to good purpose, so that it flourished. Mr. Medill was its chief editor from 1863 to 1866, and was at all times part owner of the paper and one of its head men, but it was not until 1874 that he bought a controlling interest in its stock and became permanently its editor.

Mr. Medill was pressed into service as Mayor of Chicago after the great fire of 1871, and drew up a new charter for the city, which was passed by the Legislature, and which gave him powers enough to do good service. He always favored the reform of the civil service, and when the first civil service bill was passed providing for a commission, President Grant appointed him one of the commissioners. It was of this commission that George William Curtis was at the head. Mr. Medill served a year on it. He was not a member of any future commission, but always gave the civil service movement vigorous support in the *Tribune*.

AN old friend of the WEEKLY writes from Chicago to claim for her grandfather the distinction of being the original inventor of iron-clad war-ships. He was Thomas Gregg, a Quaker, of Pennsylvania, who seems to have reasoned that the next best thing to keeping men from fighting was to keep the fighters from getting hurt. On March 19, 1814, he patented an iron-clad ball-proof vessel, for which between then and 1850 he tried hard to obtain governmental recognition. One of the Duponts of Delaware tested his invention with a cannon, and is said to have been greatly pleased with the principle, which also found favor with a number of Congressmen. But the times were not ripe for it. The idea that an iron-clad ship could be of practical use was ridiculed, and the inventor spent thousands of dollars in tests and experiments without ever receiving official recognition.

On another subject this correspondent says: "We have been subscribers for HARPER'S WEEKLY, MONTHLY, and BAZAR for twenty-two years. Their educational value in our family has been inestimable. I would go without a new bonnet any time rather than do without them."

THE more the desire of the Gerry Society to be exempted from the supervision of the State Board of Charities is investigated, the less reason there appears to be for gratifying it. Nothing that has so far transpired as to the relations between the State Board and Mr. Gerry's society accounts for the society's restiveness under the very moderate supervision that the State laws provide. The conclusion which seems most reasonable is that the possession of autocratic powers has done the society a damage in making it intolerant of even the most reasonable regulation.

THE business of antarctic exploration is much more brisk just now than it has been for half a century, and the prospect is that it will continue to be lively for some years to come. One expedition is for the time being lost on the south polar continent; another has just been landed; another, an important one, is projected by the Germans, and will probably start next year, and the Royal Geographical Society hopes to send out a British expedition about the same time. The expedition from which news is most wanted at present is that of Lieutenant Gerlache of the Belgian navy, who sailed from Antwerp on the *Belgica* in August, 1897. Among his assistants is Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who joined the *Belgica* in South America. Lieutenant Gerlache's plan was to go south from Cape Horn to Graham Land about January 1, 1898, spend the antarctic summer in exploring thereabouts, and come back to Australia in April or May and spend the Southern winter there. He left the Cape Horn region late in December, 1897, and as he did not turn up three or four months later at Melbourne, it is supposed the *Belgica* was caught in the ice. Her second arctic winter is beginning now, and it is again time for her to be heard from. If the *Belgica* wintered safely in the antarctic continent she is the first ship to do so. If another Southern winter closes in on her, her fate will be matter for anxious consideration.

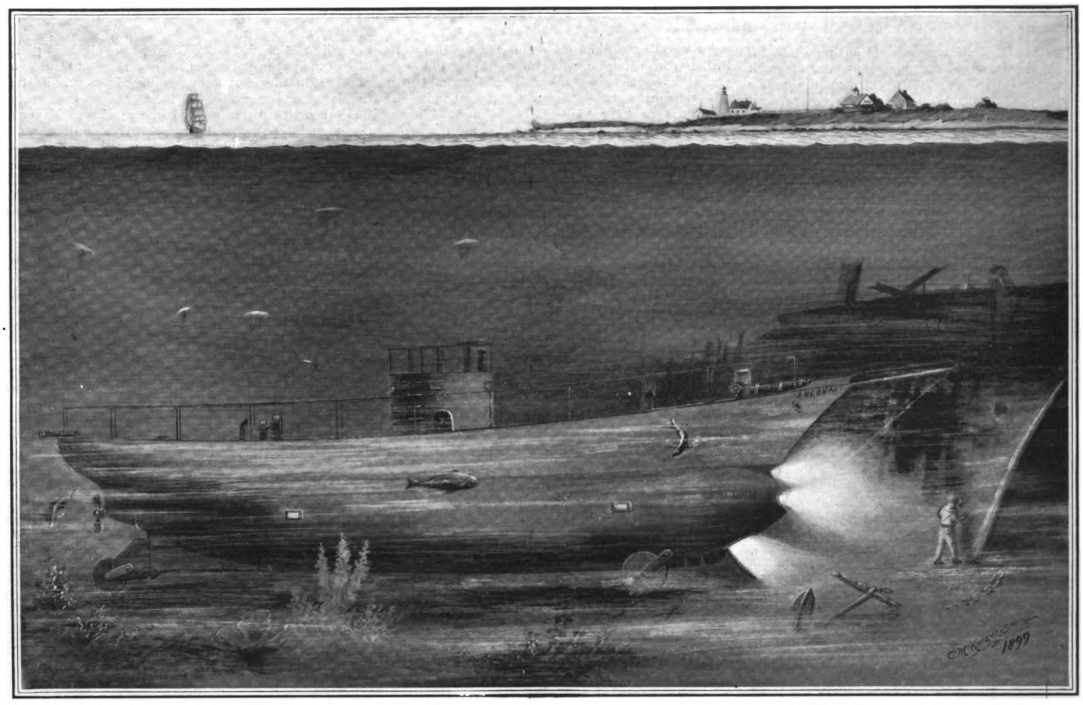
On March 16, word was received in London from New Zealand of the arrival there of the steamer *Southern Cross*, which had landed Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink with ten men and seventy Siberian dogs at Cape Adare in Victoria Land. Mr. Borchgrevink intends to winter at Cape Adare, and in the spring (October) will attempt a sledge expedition still farther towards the pole. The *Southern Cross* is to return for him about a year from now. He and Lieutenant Gerlache started in at points almost opposite and two thousand miles apart. It will be remembered that there is continuous daylight at the south pole from October to April.

THE *Yale Alumni Weekly* represents the graduates of Yale as lying awake nights trying to think of new qualities which the new president of their university must have. They have got as far so to agree that, in the words of a very eminent contemporary poet,

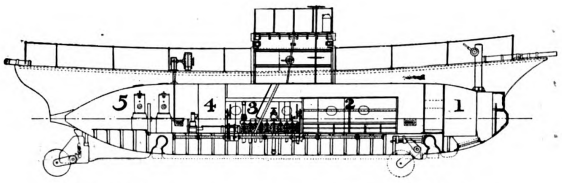
> He must be a man of decent height;
> He must be a man of weight;
> He must come home on a Saturday night
> In a thoroughly decent state.

Furthermore, he must be a Yale man, not more than fifty years old, and in touch with Yale traditions; must wear his own hair, if any, and his own teeth, if possible. When the specifications are complete the candidates will be carefully sifted and considered, and the Yale corporation will proceed to make its choice. It is expected that they will choose a clergyman.

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THE NEW "ARGONAUT"—SIMON LAKE'S IMPROVED SUBMARINE BOAT.
DRAWN BY C. MCKNIGHT SMITH FROM PLANS FURNISHED EXCLUSIVELY TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF NEW "ARGONAUT."

The New "Argonaut"

ABOUT two years ago Simon Lake, of Baltimore, designed and constructed a submarine boat of an entirely new type. The public, which is inclined to be sceptical regarding the success of submarine boats and flying-machines, paid little attention to the new invention. Ever since the days of Debrell people had been designing and building submarine boats, for which they had claimed, with little justification in attained results, that each was "the solution of the problem of submarine navigation."

Lake, who was a hard-headed, practical business man, who believed that "experience was the best teacher," ascertained whether his boat was or was not a success in the proper way—by cruising in her over a thousand miles on the surface and under water, by descending to the bottom over a hundred times, and by living, eating, and sleeping in her when submerged. With such a fund of experience to draw upon, he felt himself qualified to say that he *knew* the boat was successful, and to design an improved *Argonaut*, which will be launched during the coming summer, and which he asserts will actually be the long-looked-for "solution of the problem."

A most remarkable characteristic of the new submarine vessel, and one which will at once attract attention, will be that—to use a Hibernicism—it is not a submarine boat. It is rather a vessel designed to navigate on the surface, but able to go below the surface. The inventor has entirely abandoned the theory that a submarine boat must be shaped like a torpedo, a cigar, or a melon. When on the surface, the *Argonaut* will therefore seem, to the water-line, a graceful yacht sixty-six feet in length, without masts, but fitted with an imitation bowsprit.

This bowsprit is actually a collision buffer, acting on the principle of the pneumatic door-check or apparatus attached to great guns to take up and check recoil, and effectually protects the vessel from injury in a collision "bows on." From the centre of the water-tight steel deck will rise an oval conning-tower, or pilot-house, surmounted by a railed platform, and the binnacle. Aft of this will be the sand-pump for clearing away sand from the hold of a sunken vessel, pumping up coal, and uncovering the long-buried riches of the sea. The vessel will be entered through the pilot-house, which will contain the steering-wheel, apparatus for raising or lowering anchors, and means of controlling the supply of air from the surface.

As a rule, air will not be supplied from the surface through iron standing pipes, as in the old vessel, but through hose leading to buoys on the surface. As the hose may be of any length, while the standing pipes were only fifty-six feet long, the advantage of this change is obvious. The boat will carry compressed air sufficient to give the crew pure air for a day, as well as these surface connections.

From the conning-tower the helmsman looks up to the compass in the binnacle over his head, instead of down to it, as sailors usually do. This may seem an unimportant detail, but it is far from being such. In the French submarines and in many others the compass is useless, and the steersman has little or no idea of the direction in which he is heading. In its elevated position outside the hull on the *Argonaut* the compass proved to be entirely reliable, and the captain always knew "how she headed," and—by means of his cyclometer attached to the wheels—the exact distance travelled on any course.

Below the water-line, when afloat, the lines of the yacht body will melt into those of the cylindrical steel hull of the submarine boat proper, sixty feet long and about ten feet in diameter; and but for the presence of the propelling side wheels forward and the steering-wheel journalled in the rudder, the entire hull when seen in dry dock would resemble the hull of a modern gunboat. The side wheels of the new *Argonaut* will be only three feet in diameter, and will be so adjusted that they can be raised or lowered, increasing or diminishing the distance between the bottom of the vessel and the sea bottom.

Within the lower hull will be five compartments—(1) a divers' room, with sea door and lookout-room, in the bow; (2) a spacious cabin, with eight berths, table, pantries, and lockers; (3) an operating-room, with ladder to the conning-tower; (4) a galley, or cook-room; and (5) the engine-room, in the stern. In no diving submarine in existence at present is there a cabin, galley, or divers' room. As the larger reservoirs for air and gasolene will be placed in the yacht body, the boat will not be "packed with machinery." Nor will the agonizing noise of the engines and dynamos cause nervous prostration to the crew, as in other submarines, for the engines will be shut off from the living-room by a thick bulkhead.

Engines of great power to drive the screw, electric engines to drive the pumps, an electric-lighting system, a telephone system, and a ventilating and cooling system will be installed. The telephone system will enable divers outside the vessel to converse with the captain and with each other, a feat made possible by the discovery that the divers' room of the old *Argonaut* is a gigantic telephonic reservoir when filled with highly compressed air.

Provision will also be made in the new boat for close inspection of the bottom, by means of tubes closed with lenses and filled with compressed air. There will be provided six methods of forcing the boat to the surface, and all port-holes and openings will be scientifically guarded.

In peace the new *Argonaut* will do a wrecking business, clean the foul bottoms of ships (rising under them and sending out divers to stand on her deck), lay stone walls under water, fish for pearls, sponges, and treasure. In war she will roll over the bottom entirely unseen, place a mine under a ship, back away, and blow up the enemy, or cut cables under water and ruin the mine defences of harbors. In either peace or war she will be an addition to the American merchant marine of which Americans may well be proud.

CHARLES SYDNEY CLARK.

Our Legation in China

EDWIN H. CONGER, our present minister to China, is a native of Illinois, where he was born some sixty years ago. He was appointed minister to Brazil by President Harrison, and named for the same mission by his long time friend and colleague President McKinley, who just a year ago transferred him to China, which has become one of the most important posts in the diplomatic service of this country. Mr. Conger is an international lawyer, a trained diplomatist, astute, far-seeing, sagacious. During his short residence in Peking he has been frequently called upon to adjust affairs of the utmost importance to this government.

The minister's family, consisting of his wife, their daughter, and his niece, Miss Pierce, accompanied him to China, and are pleasantly located in the quaint old house occupied by the United States Legation for many years. Shaded by locust-trees, and surrounded by a variety of shrubbery peculiar to the Chinese landscape, which is densely inhabited by magpies and crows, it stands in what is known as Legation Street, in a compound of about one and a half acres, enclosed by a wall some fifteen feet high. In the same park are the office building, a rather handsome modern structure, residences for the secretary and interpreter, stables, and servants' quarters. In the summer Mr. Conger lives among the "hills" at the base of the mountains, some twelve miles west of the city, in an old temple, which has been rented continuously by the envoys of this government since Mr. Burlingame's time.

Mrs. Conger upholds the traditions of the United States for generous hospitality, and was among those who enjoyed the unique experience of being the first foreign woman to have an audience with the Dowager Empress.

The occasion was in every way memorable. The United States, England, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, and Japan were represented by the wives of the ministers from these countries, who cherish, as a souvenir of the event, the beautiful rings of wrought gold set with rare pearls presented to them by the Dowager Empress. Besides the rings presented by the Empress to her guests, they received on their return home gifts of rich silk, tortoise shell combs of rare workmanship, and, the most valued of all, a scroll of silk painted by the Empress's own hand. This remarkable woman made a most favorable impression upon her foreign visitors. She was cordial, hospitable, responsive, and her answer to the congratulatory address read by the doyenne of the diplomatic corps, Lady MacDonald, showed her quick and ready, and was warmly appreciated.

Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in China, and the possibility of riotous outbreaks, last winter Admiral Dewey sent twenty marines and a Gatling gun under Lieutenant Dutton to protect Mr. Conger's Legation. Peking, however, is quiet again, confidence in the present government has returned, and the marines have been sent back to Admiral Dewey.

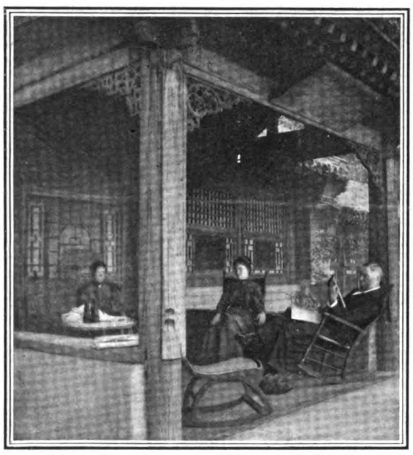
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Mme. Pichon (French). Mme. de Giers (Russian). Mrs. Conger (American).

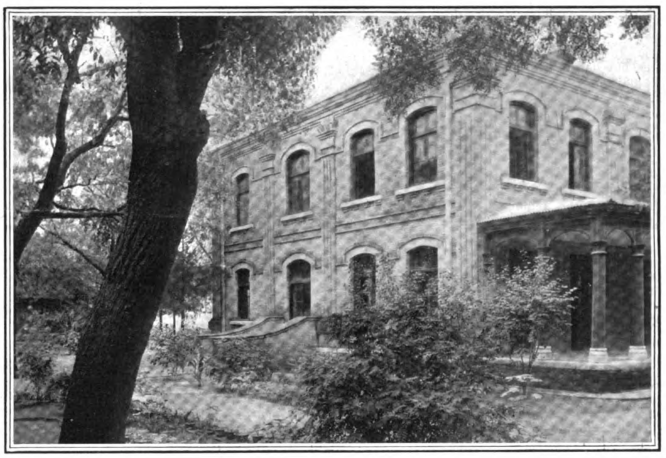


Baroness de Heyking (German). Mme. Knobel (Dutch). Lady Macdonald (English). Mme. Yano (Japanese).

THE WIVES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS, WITH THEIR INTERPRETERS, AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.



VERANDA OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S RESIDENCE, OVERLOOKING PEKING.



THE OFFICE OF THE LEGATION.



Minister Conger, his Family and Staff.

THE GUARD OF MARINES FROM THE CRUISER "BOSTON" AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE OFFICE OF THE LEGATION.



HON. EDWIN H. CONGER, American Minister to China.

PEKING—THE AMERICAN LEGATION AND ITS INTERCOURSE WITH THE CHINESE COURT.

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MUSIC

OPERA SEASONS AND OPERA REPERTORY

"What's one man's poison, Signor,
Is another's meat or drink."
—*Love's Cure*, Act III., Scene 2.

LAST week saw concluded the famous opera season of 1898–9 at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will go into history—not merely New York's history—as having employed the largest, the most costly, and most brilliant company of singers ever united under a single management and for a single season of opera, so far as annals and trustworthy remembrances establish. The enormous initial expense of the company made the pecuniary outlook of Mr. Grau a problem. But by relying on the appetite of the American public for "star" performances, by a free movement in casting "stars," in the successive weeks, by an unsparing attention to the Wagnerian repertory, by a large number of performances outside of the regular system, and by subletting the services of singers in concert and opera for many leagues around the vicinity, the impresario has made money out of a great risk. More wonderful still, there has been a balance-sheet satisfactory to the Metropolitan's stockholders, and—a dividend!

Without dwelling on details, let there be recorded also these facts: Including the course of the seventeenth and last week of the season, advertised when I write, the number of representations will have been about an even hundred. The repertory of twenty-seven operas, as to performances, was this: "Lohengrin," 9; "Tannhäuser," "Faust," and "Roméo et Juliette," 7 apiece; "Les Huguenots," 6; "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "Tristan and Isolde," 5; "Aïda," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Rheingold," 4; "Carmen," "Figaro," and "La Traviata," 3; the well-chosen novelty "Ero e Leandro," 2; and nine stock operas either twice or once. Some forty of the performances were of Wagner. The giving of the Nibelungen Tetralogy without the omissions that obtain on all stages except Baireuth's has been a special Wagnerian tribute, and three "cycles" of this kind have occurred. About $800,000 is mentioned as the cost of the season. The star casts have been unprecedented in cost, attractiveness, and drawing powers. The performances have been in German, French, or Italian, except as to the important detail of furnishing a chorus able to use whatever was the tongue of the principals for the performance. The chorus, so far as singing went, has been a good one. The orchestra has been mediocre, and the conductorships have not given continuous and adequate satisfaction. The mounting of the opera has been excellent in a few instances, but hackneyed and poor for the most of the works; and, all things recalled, the stage-management leaves a fluctuating impression of care and intelligence.

Data of the Season.

No amiable and intelligent auditor of a season so arduous will feel personally aggrieved that Mr. Grau has sailed his course on a tide of prosperity. The reefs for all impresarios lurk like Scylla, and stretch up their jaws like Charybdis. On the other hand, the actual musical value and interest of this famous season are gravely to be questioned by those who study music's welfare and opera's existence here. Particularly, too, the very future of all Wagnerism in the Metropolitan is seriously affected by considerations below the surface of public view, and concerned to a degree that all the crowded representations of the Nibelungen Tetralogy could not alter. The present and the future of American singers and composers are an important element that American writers on opera must not neglect. I want it understood that when writing this I am considering the welfare and mission of any sort of good opera here, especially the likelihood in seasons to come of good performances of Wagnerian opera. I lay aside wholly the topic of the relation of opera to concert interests through the demand on the public's purse made by the imported lyric drama and its exponents. That is another story, and a grave one.

A Question of the late Season's Value.

Opera at the Metropolitan, given with adequate dignity and effect, with any approach to being a permanent pleasure here, is dependent on a sort of subsidy furnished by private purses—the subscription. On the Continent a formal subsidy from the city or state is paid the opera. In New York, a manager is put in charge whose policy promises operatic satisfaction to those concerned in supporting the season, and who expect a rather nominal pecuniary success. New York directors will be pleased if they escape extra assessments on the season's financial showing. They are not promoting opera to make money, and they are content if there come at the end no burdensome deficiency. Their manager, naturally and properly, wants to make what he can out of his charge. Now, large as is the public patronage of his season, he cannot in New York avoid bankruptcy—except with a cheap company—if the stock-holding subsidy and the box-holding subscription are not willing to be underneath all. If the manager can please the directors, the subscribers, and the outside public, then it is well with him. So has he these special duties, if he desires success—he must please his actual employers with his repertory and his singers and performances; please the many subscribers who are not of the subsidy; please the casual public; and please himself by making money, if he can, as well as by merely "coming out even" and receiving his salary or his part of the receipts. Now the great factor in opera everywhere, except in London, and on a few other operatic stages not municipal, is the repertory. It must be built up and kept up as judiciously and broadly as possible if you are considering your opera-theatre as a machine in your musical education and that of the public. Repertory is to be worked out before the season begins, in large part. The ability and extent of the company and its musical guides; the tongue or tongues in which the works will be offered; the conditions of the opera-house to be occupied (its bigness or smallness, its furnishings for stage-effects), and the number of nights that must be filled out with variety enough for the subscribers—all these are points that the manager of a season is particular to note, or should be so. As to which comes first—company before repertory, or repertory before company—why, that depends. Art wisely insists on the company being made up to suit the repertory. But art does not always rule nor pay. And in meeting that last important word we meet the great query of managers in New York and London: What operas and artists are most remunerative to him as a business matter in a hazardous and costly experiment? Mr. Lumley, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Maretzek, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Grau, Mr. Schulz-Curtius, are examples of impresarios obliged to ponder the question of pecuniary success or failure for the time and the season. An impresario may love music, and he may have musical politics. But, after all, it is to him not æsthetics, but a living, his profit or loss. So, partly excusably and partly inexcusably, he waves away all considerations, except so far as they can be merged into the money determinative.

The Basis of Opera at the Metropolitan.

It is this last attitude that has given Mr. Grau's season an aspect of monotony; and that has displeased many of music's most liberal, clear-sighted friends almost since the Metropolitan began its imposing work in 1898. The matter of the predominance of Wagnerian opera was much of the topic, though hardly less was the extremely trite and antiquated Italian and French operas sandwiched into the group, and made a vehicle of profit by "star" casts. Take the first point. An enormous city and suburban public now is interested in Wagnerian opera and music drama. Some part of that public is genuinely musical; some part of it is composed of Wagnerian patrons in a confused and epidemic way, just as such an element is caught into other musical vortices to swell its circular movement, whether it be Paderevski or opera. A whole new legion of supporters of Wagner—those who belong to that notable "third degree" of Wagnerism which I lately sketched in this journal—has grown into deep, almost exclusive, interest in the Nibelungen Tetralogy and "Tristan" since those seven wonderful seasons that ended in 1888–9. Then the Metropolitan produced Wagner with an authority and splendor of historic casts and with an overwhelming public support never outclassed. (Materna, Lehmann, Brandt, Niemann, Gudehus, Sylva, Vogl, Alvary, Seidl—what names are those, and what Wagner nights they stand for!) But all that amazing sequence occurred ten years ago. Thousands of people in our city not musical nor Wagnerian then are such to-day. At the same time our suburban population has increased its great musical class, by young and old. The casts of new stars in 1898–9 have appealed in their full lustre alike to Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites. This was foreseen. The Nibelungen Ring cycles, not given complete since a decade ago, and now given "uncut," could be trusted to bring whole masses of new musical patronage. It is not, therefore, strange that Mr. Grau early showed that he would rely on Wagner as the accent of his season. By several years of learning the public, he realized that the interest in Wagner would make his season's great profit for him.

The Popularity of Wagnerian Opera.

But while the manager, as has been admitted, is not expected to think of art, some of us must; and we must even think of the manager's dependence on art—since he shuts his eyes to it. No man or woman truly cultivated or serious in musical taste will deny that it were a fine thing if our city's Metropolitan Opera House, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, could be not only fashionable, but could educate the musical and the unmusical classes as widely as possible. (The musical class is by no means above education.) To do that, the Metropolitan must present a wide repertory of old and new operas of value and beauty, suited to its size and stage arrangements. Certainly a municipal theatre, a municipal picture-gallery, and a municipal opera-house, or such institutions as are to all intents and purposes municipal in influence, if art be considered, must not be given up to a few playwrights, a few painters, or a few composers. This is the broadest æsthetic consideration, one affecting a Wagnerian excess as other things. It is one that appeals to the best musical element in the opera-going class, and also to the press which is trying, patiently, to educate the public. If the managers of the Metropolitan do not cast a thought on this, and the directors do not—some of these certainly are doing so—there will result more æsthetic disaster.

The Metropolitan as an Educator.

Take the "Wagner question" locally. With so much Wagner opera we cannot have room for other works. We cannot repair the local neglect of the old scores, nor invite favor to the new ones, German, French, or Italian. Certain operas of sterling merit not heard in our Metropolitan, should long ago have been interspersed there. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Marschner, Berlioz, Cornelius, Ponchielli, in some significant scores, have never been adequately a part of our seasons. Those operas given by no means exhaust the best selection. Others like them are available, and offer a choice of works of large dimensions, with casts that can be starred, if "stars" are demanded. Often the operas most suitable, but not sung here, are highly spectacular in dress. Next let us call to mind composers of the day who are much sung abroad, musicians our public is certain to like if their works be properly produced, and courageously repeated a few times, that their money-making powers be shown. Chabrier, Massenet, Reyer, Puccini, Spinelli, Giordano, Cilea, de Nardis, Smareglia, Bungert, Keinzl, Franck, de Lara, Lalo, Godard, Mozkofsky, and a dozen others, are now more, now less, valuable in a repertory, and all deserving places in it. Another thing—many of the Metropolitan's artists, especially the very Wagnerian ones, are celebrities in these unsung works, and many of the company have been only too urgent on Mr. Grau to produce them. There is a considerable group of operas that are well worn and unquestionably defective, as every tyro knows, but which could shrewdly be put into the repertory because of their adaptiveness to certain casts, the gifts of certain influential singers, their cheap spectacular quality, or other private and good reasons. We might even tolerate, possibly enjoy, "The Star of the North," a special rôle of Madame Sembrich's repertory, or "Robert le Diable," for the sake of strong casts, and of the mounting that makes them serviceable abroad. I would rather hear them than the better Meyerbeer operas now absolutely hackneyed in New York. In Meyerbeer, particularly, anything for a change, if him we must have!

The Derivation of a proper Repertory.

There are only eight—practically only seven—Wagnerian operas to draw on. By course of two or three really great Wagnerian seasons the public grows familiar with this small repertory—too familiar to support it, even if it be starred to the fullest extent. This is common-sense without detraction to Wagner. It is the opinion and experience of all managers and of sound critics, even in the great German theatres. Our Opera House has no new repertory that has been built up to counteract such public satiation. The stars engaged have been engaged too much for Wagner. Money is risked on audiences that at first pay enormously, maybe, but that soon do not pay under such circumstances. Of course the old operas by Gounod, Verdi, and so on, fall too anon, even if you add stars to stars in their casts. We have about reached the limit this season of what can be done with "Les Huguenots," "Lucia," "L'Africaine," and "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette."

What a Manager here, as mere Business, must do.

A manager in the Metropolitan cannot afford to risk new works? That is an old cry. That is called his predicament. But a manager *must* dare, as far as he possibly can do so, to educate his public in the unfamiliar and good, or he will ultimately lose his public. After all, art is his best friend, though he deny and betray her, in the old easy way—"die alte Weise." I think that the least that a season in the Metropolitan should do, as novelty, is to present one new opera for every month of the official season. Let us say that if the manager's season is sixty-five or seventy nights he ought to produce at least four new good works, of the first, *widest* interest. If he produce any other kind, of course he is foolish, and he will lose money. Our season being, at most, some four months, I have set four as the proportion. The rest of the repertory should be distributed between Wagner and a dozen or fifteen other composers.

Subscription and Success.

I have shown that not the casual parquet-patronage, or casual box-patronage, however large, is yet the authority deciding the ability of the Opera House to give any official season at all. The bottom of things, now as ten years ago, will fall out of a season in the Metropolitan in which the stockholders who are box-holders, and especially the feminine contingent of their families, do not like the season, and do not approve the particular management. While an influential and widened group of stockholders and subscribers, men and women, are strongly content with a specially Wagnerian season, there is *always* an influential faction against such a thing. And here comes a valuable consideration. This adverse faction is either openly hostile to Wagner because of its limited and undeveloped taste, Italianistic or French, or because of a superficial language-preference, or because it hasn't any decided musical taste at all. It regards our Opera House as a social place, where operas admitting of a brilliantly lighted auditorium and plenty of intermissions are desirable. Add to this up-and-down anti-Wagnerian faction certain regular subscribers who give themselves out with great volubility as Wagnerians in order to be in the fashion, and who even "talk very warm and well" on Wagner, but who at heart are not Wagnerian, and who are ready at any moment to support a complete change of management in the Opera House, if a change is needed to change the repertory. This summary is exactly the one suited to our notice now. Why so? Because some of us remember that this was the exact condition of affairs (so superficially understood) that in 1888–9 all at once completely ruined Wagner opera here, and all other German opera, at the Metropolitan. It has taken New York ten years to retrieve this loss to Wagnerites. The Wagnerian repertory, splendidly done, was overdone in 1888–9. The public had supported it in vain. The box-subscribers and stockholders quietly cliqued, and intrigued against it *just at its height;* and dismissed it.

The Proportion of Wagner in a Season.

By careful study of the repertory of the greatest German and Wagnerian opera-houses abroad (Baireuth excepted), it would seem conclusive that the Wagner repertory of the Opera House should not enter into the *subscription* performances, evening or matinée, oftener than one opera in three. I take the ground as being myself a firm if conservative Wagnerian, and as a member of the original Wagner Society that battled for Wagner in this country when Wagnerian interests were neglected by our managers year after year—just as now they are somewhat over-nursed. With Wagnerian excess the repertory ceases to educate. It ceases to make for the future support of costly foreign seasons of any kind. It brings an excess of star support in the seasons and limits nationality in a company. It presently becomes here, like the hack Italian and French repertory, directly a part of the high-salary question, which makes the price of opera so high for the public that the public cannot afford to indulge extensively in it as ticket-buyers or subscribers. It is a part of our own national question in music; for at present it opposes the advance of American singers into really good and responsible work at home, limiting the repertory in which they will be of service, and it affects their working their way into Wagner as their talents may allow. In particular, the Nibelungen Tetralogy, "cut" or "uncut," should occur not more than twice in a season, so far as concerns the evening subscription or the matinée subscription. Additional "cycles," and additional performances of the members of the Tetralogy, after it has once been distributed about during a month or so, ought to be grudged even on evenings and afternoons outside of the regular subscription. In fact, this same rule should affect material other than the Wagner repertory after it has once been gone through. For it is claimed—justly—that Wagnerian performances, especially if "extras," tire the singers for work on the other and regular subscription nights, and so injure the season.

Such is a chart of the more serious considerations in repertory-making and in giving us opera here. Some of them may not appeal at first sight to that valuable but not always foreseeing patron the "average opera-goer." But all are part and parcel of our musical present and of our musical future; and it is the business of those who are responsible for the guidance of taste to point them out as often and as plainly as the need appear.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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DRAMA

MRS. FISKE'S production of MM. Meilhac & Halévy's "Frou-Frou" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is in every way worthy of her character as the most intellectual of our actresses. The version of the play she is using is new, and in the main scholarly in that it adheres to the original text. Once or twice it shows traces of being brought up to date, as in a reference to bicycles and divided skirts in the Bois; but I fancy that to object would be to betray half-intelligence. The scenery and costumes, though adequate, are for the most part simple and unobtrusive, so that the frame, so to speak, is wholly subordinate to the picture. Clearly, to Mrs. Fiske's mind the play's the thing. The advantage of this moderation is amply shown in the fourth act, in which *Frou-Frou* has fled from her husband and child, and is living with her lover in a Venetian palace. The contrast with the other scenes, the palace, and the vista of a canal showing the Lido beyond are the summit of magnificence, palpitating with the decaying splendor of the bride of the Adriatic. This richness of scene is, of course, just what the authors intended in order to bring out by contrast the wretchedness of the runaway lovers, longing for Paris, for respectability, and for the relatives whom their rashness had made miserable. The effect would have been largely lacking if it had not been for the restraint shown in staging the previous acts. Scenic magnificence has become so much a matter of course among us that it is high time to point out its essential vulgarity, and Mrs. Fiske's productions would be of value, if for nothing else, because they show a just appreciation of the relation of the scene to the play.

The Scene and the Play.

Mrs. Fiske's *Gilberte* was everything that her previous performances would lead one to expect. Her limitations of physique and of temperament have at least this virtue—that they emphasize the depth of her feeling and her intelligence in its expression. It could scarcely be said that in the first two acts she gave *Frou-Frou's* lightness and gayety with any fitting æsthetic effect. I cannot imagine that it made any one in the audience feel light and gay, or that she filled any one with the love of sheer girlhood that is necessary to full sympathy with the tragedy of "Frou-Frou." But, failing this, Mrs. Fiske did what only a true and sincere artist could—she denoted each trait of character so plainly that the spectator must have been very stupid indeed who did not follow fully the author's intention: the road was plain that led to the tragical passages of the third, fourth, and fifth acts. These acts displayed Mrs. Fiske's power, and displayed it to the full, one would say, if it were not for the fact that everywhere she was governed by a wise moderation. The rage of jealousy at her failure to regain her lost place in her household; the tragic magnificence of her exile in Venice, and the sense of fatality that distilled over the scene; and finally the heart-break that caused her death—all these were given with a poignancy of feeling that was bounded only by the power of her hearers to respond to truth and sincerity. Her audiences are not of the kind whose emotions are facile, but when in the last act the fragments of her shattered family gather about the couch where she is dying of heart-break, there was a quick rustling for handkerchiefs, and here and there the sound of a stifled sob.

Mrs. Fiske as *Gilberte.*

Herr Direktor Conried's production of "Cyrano von Bergerac," at the German theatre in Irving Place, is a good example of the way things are managed among people to whom dramatic art has no very intimate connection with the box-office. American managers are not likely to go in very heavily for anything, however good, unless they have a string to every dollar by which they hope to draw out a dollar ninety-nine; and the result is that though they give people the things they obviously want with great magnificence, they are blessed, like *Poins* in the play, in that they think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought keeps the roadway better than that of the manager. Herr Direktor Conried's ideal is of the kind that keeps intellectual drama alive in so many repertory theatres in Austria and Germany. He gives the best plays he can find of all kinds, and if his constituents do not respond in full force, he and his company eke out the returns with pride in their art. And certainly it is worth much to reasonable men and women to know that they belong to the theatre that is more consistently devoted to the best there is in the drama than any other we have. The present production of "Cyrano" had to be prepared in so short a time as ten days, and as it is to be taken off on April 6, when the great German actor Sonnenthal commences, it had only three weeks and a half to run. Yet Herr Direktor Conried's production must have cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars—an amount which he cannot hope to recover; and he has spent so much thought and care on it that the scenery and the management of the crowds are in some respects more admirable than in Mr. Mansfield's production.

The Syndicate Manager and the Repertory Manager.

Of the acting it is not easy to speak with confidence. Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano* hardly got nearer to Gascony than Sandy Hook, but he was perhaps as much a Gascon as it is possible for one of us to be, and we could not be greatly distressed by a lack which, not having enjoyed acquaintance with many Gascons, we were scarcely able to take note of. Or if we were—ex naso herculem—we made his *Cyrano* do. I have no doubt in the world that Herr Schady got as far as Alsace-Lorraine (which, you know, is a good way into France), and that the road thence is easy for the German mind to travel; so that I feel a certain irrelevance in saying that his *Cyrano* seemed to be indomitably Teutonic. Yet, making all allowances, I still feel that much was lacking. When Herr Schady dominated the scene it was by his sheer physical presence. If he had had mirth and good-comradeship in his eye, and freedom on his plume, he might have been Teutonic to the last degree—but I couldn't see that he had them. His *Cyrano* was sentimental, sombre, and aloof, and brooded upon the scene like a shadow.

Cyrano with a Von.

The merits of Herr Schady's performance, so far as I could see, were the result of the simplicity, deliberation, and dignity of his convention of acting—a convention which has given his *Tell* and his *Sartorius* (the character in Phillippi's "Das Erbe," which was modelled on the late Prince Bismarck) a touch of real power. It was aided, too, by the excellent verse of the German poet Fulda's rhymed translation. In fighting the duel in verse, in which Mr. Mansfield is so fevered and bustling, his deliberation gave the effect of improvisation and cast the house into a hush of expectancy, so that the final

Beim letzten Verse stech' ich!

came with a real thrill of admiration and relief. And similarly his introduction of the Gascon cadets,

Das sind die Gascogner Kadetten,

which Mansfield rendered with such sound and fury of bad rhymes, had marked dignity and considerable grace. The death scene, too, in which Mansfield strutted and barked, was admirably exalted and commanding.

Herr Schady's support, though Teutonic enough, went at their parts intelligently. Ada Merito was a winning and amusing, if not just a précieuse, *Roxane*, and Rudolph Senius was an admirable, if somewhat heavy, *Rogueneau*. Willy Faber showed the simple-minded ardor of *Christian* to a marvel, and if not quite *bon Gascon*, was at least *guter Kerl*.

JOHN CORBIN.



Tyrone Power as *Brigard.* Frederic de Belleville as *de Sartorys.*

Minnie Maddern Fiske as *Gilberte.* Ipha Dale as *Georges.* Olive Hoff as *Louise.*

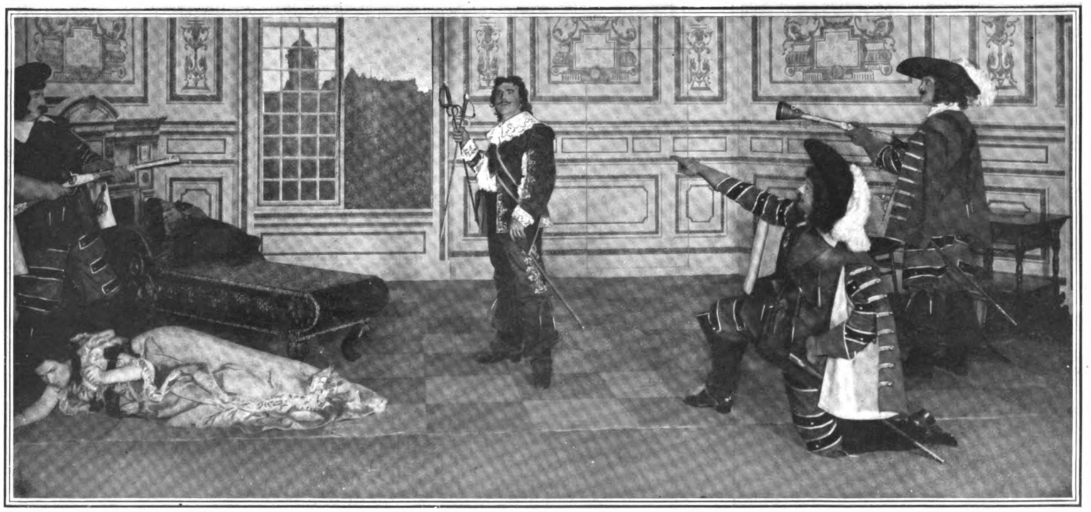
THE DEATH OF *FROU-FROU.*

From Act V. of Mrs. Fiske's production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

To the Voice that Failed

ART is long: *live* thou the part
They scarcely voice, and tho' life's spring
Be song-forlorn, in thine old heart
Eternal nightingales shall sing.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

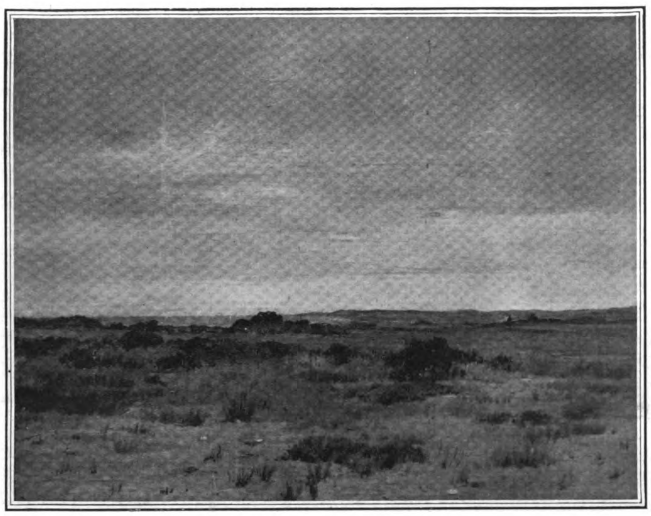


Blanche Bates as *Milédi.* James O'Neill as *d'Artagnan.*

D'ARTAGNAN'S ESCAPE FROM *MILADI.*

From Act IV. of Sydney Grundy's Version of "The Musketeers," playing at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

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"A GRAY DAY."—WILLIAM M. CHASE.



"YOUNG WOMAN."—ABBOTT H. THAYER.



"GIRL WITH A HAND-GLASS."
LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER.



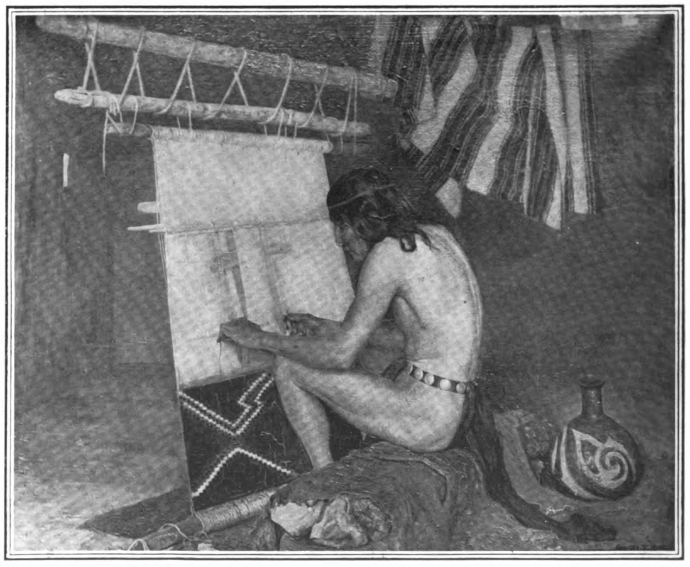
"TUCKERMAN DAY."—JOHN LAMBERT, JR.



"THE WOODLAND MAID."—DOUGLAS VOLK.
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Copyright, 1899, by Samuel T. Shaw. Reproduced from a Copley print.



"PORTRAIT."—CECELIA BEAUX.



"THE WEAVER."—GEORGE DE F. BRUSH.

FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 320.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

OSTROG'S POINT OF VIEW.

GRAHAM returned to his apartments in a mood of sombre exaltation. The intense persuasion of his responsibility that had come to him in the crow's-nest brooded once more upon his mind, touched with emotions of a keener kind. He saw himself in Helen's eyes. He reproached himself bitterly for his three days of aerial pleasure, for the idle occupation of his time. He began an uneasy examination of his memories. He became restless; he wanted very greatly to go abroad at once and see the ways and habitations of the common people, to demonstrate in some way to himself that his promise to rule was no mere emotional flourish. But how was he to begin?

After a time Ostrog came to him, after his fashion, to give a formal vague account of the day's affairs. An instinct of distrust kept Graham from the mention of his conversation with Helen Wotton, but its import hung like a cloud upon his mind. On previous occasions Graham had passed over this ceremony as speedily as possible, in order to resume his aerial experiences, but now he asked questions. Ostrog brought flattering reports of the development of affairs abroad. In Paris and Berlin there had been trouble; not resistance to Graham, indeed, but insubordinate proceedings. "After all these years," said Ostrog, when Graham demanded particulars, "the Commune has lifted its head again." But order had been restored in these cities. Graham, the more deliberately judicial for the stirring emotions he felt, asked if there had been any fighting. "A little," said Ostrog. "But the Sudanese division of our African agricultural police—the Consolidated African Companies have a very well drilled police—was ready, and so were aeroplanes. We expected a little trouble in the Continental cities and in America. But things are very quiet in America. They are satisfied with the overthrow of the Council."

"Why should you expect trouble?" asked Graham, abruptly.

"There is a lot of discontent—social discontent."

"The Labor Company?"

"You are learning about things," said Ostrog, with a touch of surprise. "Yes. It is chiefly the discontent with the Labor Company. It was that discontent supplied the motive force of this overthrow—that and your awakening."

"Yes?"

Ostrog smiled. "We had to stir up their discontent; we had to revive the old ideas of universal happiness—all men equal—all men happy—no luxury that every one may not share—ideas that have slumbered for two hundred years. You know them? We had to revive these ideals, impossible as they are, in order to overthrow the Council. And now—"

"Well?"

"Our revolution is accomplished, and the Council is overthrown, and people whom we have stirred up remain surging. There was scarcely enough fighting.... We made promises, of course. It is extraordinary how violently and rapidly this vague out-of-date Humanitarianism has revived and spread. We who sowed the seed even have been astonished. In Paris, as I say, we have had to call in external help."

"And here?"

"There is trouble. Multitudes won't go back to work. There is a general strike. Half the factories are empty and the people are swarming in the ways. They are talking of a Commune. Men in silk and satin have been insulted in the streets. The blue canvas is expecting all sorts of things from you. Of course there is no need for you to trouble. We are setting the Babble-Machines to work with counter-suggestions in the cause of law and order. We must keep the grip tight; that is all."

Graham thought.

"Even to the pitch of bringing a negro police," he said.

"They are useful," said Ostrog. "They are fine loyal brutes, with no wash of ideas in their heads—such as our rabble has. The Council should have had them as a police of the ways, and things might have been different. Of course there is nothing to fear excepting rioting and wreckage. You can manage your own wings now, and you can soar away to Capri if there is any smoke or fuss. We have the pull of all the great things; the aeronauts are privileged and rich, the closest trade union in the world, and so are the engineers of the wind vanes. And no one of any ability is organizing against us. They have no leaders—only the sectional leaders of the secret society we organized before your very opportune awakening. But none of these is man enough for a central figure. The only trouble will be a disorganized upheaval. To be frank—that may happen. But it won't interrupt your aeronautics. The days when the people could make revolutions are past."

"I suppose they are," said Graham. "I suppose they are. This world of yours has been full of surprises to me. In the old days we dreamt of a wonderful demo-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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cratic life, of a time when all men would be equal and happy."

Ostrog looked at him keenly. "The day of democracy is past," he said. "Past forever. That day began with the bowmen of Crécy; it ended when marching infantry, when common men in masses, ceased to win the battles of the world; when costly cannon, great ironclads, and strategic railways became the means of power. To-day is the day of wealth. Wealth now is power as it never was power before—it commands earth and sea and sky. All power is for those who handle wealth. You must accept facts, and these are facts. The world for the Crowd! The Crowd as Ruler! Even in your days that creed had been tried and condemned. To-day it has only one believer—a multiplex, feeble one—the man in the Crowd."

Graham did not answer immediately. He stood lost in sombre preoccupations.

"No," said Ostrog. "The day of the common man is past. On the open country-side one man is as good as another, or nearly as good. The old aristocracy had a precarious tenure of strength and audacity. The first real aristocracy came in with castles and armor, and vanished before the musket and bow. But in these new days we have this great machine of the city, and an organization complex beyond a common man's understanding."

"Yet," said Graham, "there is something you are holding down—something that stirs and presses."

"You will see," said Ostrog, with a smile that brushed these difficult questions aside. "I have not roused the force to destroy myself—trust me."

"I wonder," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at him again very keenly.

"Must the world go this way?" said Graham.

"What do you mean?" said Ostrog.

"I came from a democratic age. To find an aristocratic tyranny."

"Aristocracy, the prevalence of the best—the suffering and extinction of the unfit. And so to better things. It is the way that change has always travelled," said Ostrog.

"But aristocracy! those people I met—"

"Oh! not those!" said Ostrog. "But for the most part they go to their death. Vice and pleasure! They have no children. That sort of stuff will die out. If the world keeps to one road, if there is no turning back. An easy road to excess, convenient Euthanasia for the pleasure-seekers singed in the flame, that is the way to improve the race!"

"Pleasant extinction," said Graham. "But there is that other thing—the Crowd, the great mass of poor men. Will that die out? And it suffers; its suffering is a force that even you—"

Ostrog moved impatiently, and when he spoke he spoke rather less evenly than before.

"Don't you trouble about these things," he said. "Everything will be settled in a few days now. The Crowd is a fool, hysterical and illogical. What if it does not die out? You heard those people shouting and singing two nights ago. They were taught that song. If you had taken any man there in cold blood and asked why he shouted, he could not have told you. They think they are shouting for you, that they are loyal and devoted to you. Just then they were ready to slaughter the Council. To-day—they are already murmuring against them that have overthrown the Council. The crowd is a huge foolish beast. Even if it does not die, it can be tamed and driven."

"They shouted," said Graham, "because their lives were dreary, without joy or pride, and because in me—in me—they hoped."

"And what was their hope? What is their hope? What right have they to hope? They work ill, and they want the reward of those who work well. The hope of mankind—what is it? That some day the Over-man may come, that some day the inferior, the weak, and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated. The world is no place for the bad, the stupid, the enervated. Their duty—it's a fine duty too!—is to die. The death of the failure! That is the path by which the beast rose to manhood, by which man goes on to higher things."

Ostrog took a pace, seemed to think, and turned on Graham. "I can imagine how this great world state of ours seems to a Victorian Englishman. You regret all the old forms of representative government; their spectres still haunt the world—the voting councils and parliaments and all that eighteenth-century tomfoolery. You feel moved against our Pleasure Cities. I might have thought of that—had I not been busy. But you will learn better. The people are mad with envy—they would be in sympathy with you. Even in the streets now they clamor to destroy the Pleasure Cities. But the Pleasure Cities are the excretory organs of the state—attractive places that year after year draw together all that is weak and vicious, all that is undisciplined and lazy, all the eager roguery of the world, to a graceful destruction. They go there, they have their time, they die childless—all the pretty silly women die childless, and mankind is the better. And you would emancipate the silly brainless workers that we have enslaved, and try to make their lives easy and pleasant again. Now their lot is just tolerable if they abstain from child-bearing—but you would try to make life easy for them too, and so their dreary breed would continue." He smiled a smile of superiority that irritated Graham oddly. "You will learn better. I know those ideas; in my boyhood days I read your Shelley and dreamed of Liberty. There is no Liberty save wisdom and self control. Liberty is within—not without. It is each man's own affair. Suppose—which is impossible—that these swarming yelping fools in blue get the upper hand of us, what then? It would mean but a few hundred years' delay. The coming of the aristocrat is as certain as fate. The end will be the Over-man—for all the mad protests of humanity. The end will be the same."

"I wonder," said Graham, doggedly.

For a moment he stood downcast.

"But I must see these things for myself," he said. "Only by seeing can I understand. I must learn. That is what I want to tell you, Ostrog. I do not want to be King in a Pleasure City; that is not my pleasure. I have spent enough time with aeronautics—and these other things. I must learn how people live, how the common life has developed. Then I shall understand these things better. I must learn how common people live—the labor people more especially—how they work, marry, bear children, die—"

"Our realistic novelists," suggested Ostrog, suddenly preoccupied.

"I want reality," said Graham, "not realism."

"There are difficulties," said Ostrog, and thought. "On the whole, perhaps—"

"I did not expect—"

"I had thought— And yet, perhaps— Things are about completed."

Suddenly he came to some conclusion. "You would need to go disguised," he said. "The city is intensely excited, and the discovery of your presence among them might create a fearful tumult. Still, this wish of yours to go into this city—this idea of yours— Yes, now I think the thing over, it seems to me not altogether— Yes, it may be done. It can be contrived. If you would really find an interest in that! You are, of course, Master. You are Master. Shall I tell Asano? For my own part, there is a matter I have to do. A matter of detail. Details! This evening. I see no reason— Would you care to go soon? A disguise for this excursion Asano will be able to manage. He might go with you. I dare say you could go soon if you cared."

"You will not want to consult me in any matter?" asked Graham, suddenly.

"Oh dear no! No. I think you may trust affairs to me for a time," said Ostrog, following out some train of thought. "Even if we differ—"

Graham glanced at him sharply.

"There is no struggle likely to happen soon?" he asked, abruptly.

"No."

"I have been thinking about these negroes. I don't believe the people intend any hostility to me, and, after all, I am the Master. I do not want any negroes brought to London. It is an archaic prejudice, perhaps, but I have peculiar feelings about Europeans and the subject races. Even about Paris—"

Ostrog stood watching him from under his drooping brows.

"You are not to bring armed negroes to London, whatever happens," said Graham. "In that matter I am quite decided."

Ostrog bowed deferentially.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE CITY WAYS.

AND that night, unknown and unsuspected, Graham, dressed in the costume of an inferior wind-vane official keeping holiday, and accompanied by Asano in Labor Company canvas, surveyed the city through which he had wandered when it was veiled in darkness. But now he saw it lit and waking, a whirlpool of life. In spite of the surging and swaying of the forces of revolution, in spite of the unusual discontent, the mutterings of the greater struggle of which the first revolt was the prelude, the myriad streams of commerce still flowed wide and strong. He knew now something of the dimensions and quality of the new age, but he was not prepared for the infinite surprise of the detailed view, for the torrent of color and vivid impressions that poured past him.

This was his first real contact with the people of these latter days. He realized that all that had gone before, saving his glimpses of the public theatres and markets, had had its element of seclusion, had been a movement within the comparatively narrow official quarter; that all his previous experiences had revolved immediately about the question of his own position. But here was the city at the busiest hours of night, the people to a large extent returned to their own immediate interests, the resumption of the real informal life, the common habits, of the new time.

They emerged at first into a street whose opposite ways were crowded with the blue canvas liveries. This swarm, Graham saw, was a portion of a procession—it was odd to see a procession parading the city *seated*. They carried banners and coarse red stuff with black letters. "No disarmament," said the banners, for the most part in crudely daubed letters and with variant spellings, and: "Why should we disarm?" "No disarming." "No disarming." Banner after banner went by, a stream of banners flowing past, and at last, at the end, the song of the revolt, and a noisy band of strange instruments.

He learned from this of a new trouble. The people had been armed for the revolt, and in spite of the persuasion of the leaders a multitude had flatly refused to pass them in again to the ward arsenals. "They all ought to be at work," said Asano. "They have had no food these two days, or they have stolen it."

Presently Asano made a détour to avoid the congested crowd that gaped upon the occasional passage of dead bodies from hospital to a mortuary, the gleanings after death's harvest of the first revolt.

That night few people were sleeping; every one was abroad. A vast excitement, perpetual crowds perpetually changing, surrounded Graham; his mind was confused and darkened by an incessant tumult, by the cries and enigmatical fragments of the social struggle that was as yet only beginning. Everywhere festoons and banners of black and colored lights and strange decorations, intensified the quality of his popularity. Everywhere he caught snatches of that crude thick dialect that served the illiterate class—the class, that is, beyond the reach of phonographic culture—in their commonplace intercourse. Everywhere this trouble of disarmament was in the air, with a quality of immediate stress of which he had no inkling during his seclusion in the wind-vane quarter. He perceived that as soon as he returned he must discuss this with Ostrog—this and the greater issues of which it was the expression—in a far more conclusive way than he had so far done. Perpetually that night, even in the earlier hours of their wanderings about the city, the spirit of unrest and revolt swamped his attention, to the exclusion of countless strange things he might otherwise have observed.

This preoccupation made his impressions fragmentary. Yet, amidst so much that was strange and vivid, no subject, however personal and insistent, could exert undivided sway. There were spaces when the revolutionary movement passed clean out of his mind, was drawn aside like a curtain from before some startling new aspect of the time. Helen had swayed his mind to this intense earnestness of inquiry, but there came times even when her figure receded beyond his conscious thoughts. At one moment, for example, he found they were traversing the religious quarter—for the easy transit about the city afforded by the moving ways rendered sporadic churches and chapels no longer necessary—and his attention was vividly arrested by the façade of one of the Christian sects.

They were travelling seated on one of the swift upper ways; the place leaped upon them at a bend and advanced rapidly towards them. It was covered with inscriptions from top to base, in vivid white and blue, save where a vast and glaring kinematograph transparency presented a realistic crucifixion, and where a vast festoon of black, to show that the popular religion followed the popular politics, hung across the lettering. Graham had already become familiar with the phonotype writing, and these inscriptions arrested him, being to his sense, for the most part, almost incredible blasphemy. Among the less offensive were: "Salvation on the Third Floor and turn to the Right." "The Sharpest Conversion in London. Expert Operators! Look Slippy!"

"Be a Christian—without hinderance to your present occupation." "Brisk Blessings for Busy Business Men."

"But this is appalling!" said Graham, as that deafening scream of mercantile piety towered above them.

"What is appalling?" asked his little officer, apparently seeking vainly for anything unusual in this shrieking enamel.

"*This!* Surely the essence of religion is reverence."

"Oh, *that!*" Asano looked at Graham. "Does it shock you?" he said, in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "I suppose it would, of course. I had forgotten. Nowadays the competition for attention is so keen, and people simply haven't the leisure to attend to their souls, you know, as they used to do." He smiled. "In the old days you had quiet Sabbaths and the country-side. Though somewhere I've read of Sunday afternoons that—"

"But *that*," said Graham, glancing back at the receding blue and white—"that is surely not the only—"

"There are hundreds of different ways. But, of course, if a sect doesn't *tell* it doesn't pay. Worship has moved with the times. There are high-class sects with quieter ways—costly incense and personal attentions and all that. These people are extremely popular and prosperous. They pay several dozand lions for those apartments to the Council—to you, I should say."

Graham still felt a difficulty with the coinage, and this mention of a dozand lions brought him abruptly to that matter. In a moment the screaming temples and their swarming touts were forgotten in this new interest. A turn of a phrase suggested and an answer confirmed the idea that gold and silver were both demonetized, that stamped gold which had begun its reign amidst the merchants of Phœnicia was at last dethroned. The change had been graduated but swift, brought about by an extension of the system of checks that had even in his previous life already practically superseded gold in all the larger business transactions. The common traffic of the city, the common currency indeed of all the world, was conducted by means of the little brown, green, and pink council checks for small amounts, printed with a blank payee. Asano had several with him, and at the first opportunity he supplied the gaps in his set. They were printed not on tearable paper, but on a semitransparent fabric of silken flexibility, interwoven with silk. Across them all sprawled a *fac-simile* of Graham's signature, his first encounter with the curves and turns of that familiar autograph for two hundred and three years.

Some intermediary experiences made no impression sufficiently vivid to prevent the matter of the disarmament claiming his thoughts again; a blurred picture of a Theosophist temple that promised MIRACLES in letters of unsteady fire was least submerged perhaps, but then came the view of the dining-hall in Northumberland Avenue. That interested him very greatly.

By the energy and thought of Asano he was able to view this place from a little screened gallery reserved for the attendants of the tables. The building was pervaded by a distant muffled hooting, piping, and bawling, of which he did not at first understand the import, but which recalled a certain mysterious leathery voice he had heard after the resumption of the lights towards the end of his solitary wandering on the night of the great revolt.

He had grown accustomed now to vastness and great numbers of people, nevertheless this spectacle held him for a long time. It was as he watched the table service move immediately beneath, and interspersed with many questions and answers concerning details, that the realization of the full significance of the feast of several thousand people came to him.

It was his constant surprise to find that points that one might have expected to strike vividly at the very outset never occurred to him until some trivial detail suddenly shaped as a riddle and pointed to the obvious thing he had overlooked. In this matter, for instance, it had not occurred to him that this continuity of the city, this exclusion of weather, these vast halls and ways, involved the disappearance of the household; that the typical Victorian "home," the little brick cell containing kitchen and scullery, living-rooms and bedrooms, had, save for the ruins that diversified the country-side, vanished as surely as the wattle hut. But now he saw, what had indeed been manifest from the first, that London, regarded as a living-place, was no longer an aggregation of houses, but a prodigious hotel—a hotel with a thousand classes of accommodation, thousands of dining-halls, chapels, theatres, markets, and places of assembly; a synthesis of enterprises, of which he chiefly was the owner. People had their sleeping-rooms, with, it might be, antechambers—rooms that were always sanitary at least, whatever the degree of comfort and privacy; and for the rest they lived much as many people had lived in the new-made giant hotels of the Victorian days, eating, reading, thinking, playing, conversing, all in places of public resort, going to their work in the industrial quarters of the city or doing business in their offices in the trading section.

He perceived at once how necessarily this state of affairs had developed from the Victorian city. The fundamental reason for the modern city had ever been the economy of co-operation. The chief thing to prevent the merging of the separate households in his own generation was simply the still imperfect civilization of the people, the strong barbaric pride, passions, and prejudices, the jealousies, rivalries, and violence of the middle and lower classes, which had necessitated the entire separation of contiguous

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households. But the change, the taming of the people, had been in rapid progress even then. In his brief thirty years of previous life he had seen an enormous extension of the habit of consuming meals from home; the casually patronized horse-box coffee-house had given place to the open and crowded aerated bread-shop, for instance, women's clubs had had their beginning, and an immense development of reading-rooms, lounges, and libraries had witnessed to the growth of social confidence. These promises had by this time attained to their complete fulfilment. The locked and barred household had passed away.

These people below him belonged, he learnt, to the lower middle class—the class just above the blue laborers; a class so accustomed in the Victorian period to feed with every precaution of privacy that its members, when occasion confronted them with a public meal, would usually hide their embarrassment under horse-play or a markedly militant demeanor. But these gayly, if lightly, dressed people below, albeit vivacious, hurried, and uncommunicative, were dexterously mannered, and certainly quite at their ease with regard to one another.

He noted a slight significant thing: the table, so far as he could see, was and remained delightfully neat; there was nothing to parallel the confusion, the broadcast crumbs, the splashes of viand and condiment, the overturned drink and displaced ornaments, which would have marked the stormy progress of the Victorian meal. The table furniture was very different. There were no ornaments, no flowers, and the table was without a cloth, being made, he learnt, of a solid substance having the texture and appearance of damask. He discerned that this damask substance was patterned with gracefully designed trade advertisements.

In a sort of recess before each diner was a complex apparatus of porcelain and metal. There was one plate of white porcelain, and by means of taps for hot and cold volatile fluids the diner washed this himself between the courses; he also washed his elegant white metal knife and fork and spoon as occasion required.

Soup and the chemical wine that was the common drink were delivered by similar taps, and the remaining covers travelled automatically in tastefully arranged dishes down the table along silver rails. The diner stopped these and helped himself at his discretion. They appeared at a little door at one end of the table and vanished at the other. That turn of democratic sentiment in decay, that ugly pride of menial souls, which renders equals loath to wait on one another, was very strong, he found, among these people. He was so preoccupied with these details that it was only just as he was leaving the place that he remarked the huge advertisement dioramas that marched majestically along the upper walls and proclaimed the most remarkable commodities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO DISCOVERED THE KLONDIKE?

By Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

DAME FORTUNE was never in more capricious mood than when the golden treasures of the Klondike were ripe for discovery. Such, indeed, has been the history of mining. But although somewhat over a year has elapsed since the full significance of the strike became generally known, and more than two years since the discovery itself, the story of that time, so far as it has been heard, is still obscured by the mists of uncertainty and contradiction.

This may seem strange to those who have observed no apparent lack of information from the very start regarding the Klondike; but those familiar with the difficulty of obtaining reliable information in a country like Alaska, and even of conveying it accurately through most popular channels of publication, will not be surprised at all. In making this contribution to the history of that time, I am animated not only by a desire to gather together the scattered ends of report and hearsay, but that tardy credit may be given to the men, and in particular one man, whom Fortune, never more unkind, has deprived thus far of material compensation for a generous act and years of patient work. It is a fascinating story, but to understand better its significance, and, indeed, that of the present Klondike, it is necessary to go back somewhat in time and to sketch briefly events that, step by step, led up to the memorable summer and fall of 1896.

For us the story begins with the purchase of Alaska by the United States from Russia in the year 1867, and the instalment of a powerful company, known as the Alaska Commercial Company, into the seal-hunting rights of the Pribyloff Islands, and a practical monopoly of the fur trade of the whole of Alaska, then solely a fur-producing country. The Alaska Commercial Company was something more than a monopolist of the fur trade; it virtually stepped into the place of the Russian government, sharing for many years with the Greek Church alone the absolute control of a large native population of Indians and Eskimo. The salmon-canners on the coast, then the pelagic sealers, gradually broke down this authority. Then, after twenty years, they were supplanted in the Seal Islands by the North American Commercial Company.

Of the interior of Alaska little was known. It is matter of history that in 1843 one Robert Campbell, an employé of the Hudson Bay Company, crossed over from the head of the Liard to a stream which he named the "Pelly," which he descended to its junction with another stream, which he called the "Lewes," and, after many dangers, established, in the year 1848, a post at the confluence of the two rivers, known as Fort Selkirk. In 1847 another Hudson Bay employé, A. H. Murray, crossed over from Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie to what is called the Porcupine River, and established a post—Fort Yukon—at the confluence of the Porcupine and another larger river, which, however, was not proved to be the same as the "Pelly" of Campbell until 1850, when Campbell dropped down to Fort Yukon. Fort Selkirk was burned to the ground in 1852 by Chilkats from the coast, who thereby expressed their displeasure at interference with their own exclusive rights to the trade of the so-called "Woods," or "Stick," Indians. In 1869 the company were ordered by the United States to leave Fort Yukon, it having been discovered by our observations that it was within American territory. They did so in a leisurely way, building what is now called "old" Rampart House; but this also was found to be in American territory, so they moved to their present location, about twenty miles farther up the Porcupine. Supplied by the slow and tedious Mackenzie River route, they are no longer a factor in the Yukon, almost the only signs of their existence being the names of their posts (now occupied by others).

Twenty-six years ago three notable men entered the Yukon. They came from Northwest Canada by way of the Porcupine River—LeRoy N. McQuesten, known commonly as "Jack" McQuesten; Arthur Harper, scarcely known except as "Old Man" Harper; and Al. Mayo. These three men, and some others not so well known, located at several points on the river as agents of the Alaska Commercial Company. This company, from their main distributing-points, Unalaska and Kadiak Island, supplied St. Michaels Island, the site of the old Russian post, and from there a small steamer took up supplies to the traders and brought down the marten, silver-gray fox, and other furs taken in barter. The Indian population was larger than it is now, and the furs from the valley of the Yukon were very high grade, the marten being second to those from Kamtchatka, the celebrated Russian sable.

While the traders provided for the physical welfare of the natives in the interior in return for furs, and a few missionaries of the Russian, English, and Catholic churches were doing what they could for their souls, factors were at work elsewhere that were to change the history of the Yukon. As early as 1857 gold had been discovered on Fraser River, in British Columbia; in 1860 the "Caribou" district; and then, in 1874, the "Cassiar" district, the latter two immediately south of the head-waters of the all but unknown Pelly and Lewes rivers. Thousands of miners rushed there, disclosing some of the richest placers of the world. And as these became exhausted, it was but natural that the hardy prospectors should push farther along the coast.

Thus in 1880, just back of the present town of Juneau, Dick Harris and Joe Juneau discovered the Silver Bow Basin, and the town of Juneau (first called Harrisburg) was founded. From time to time previously, reports of gold having been found in the interior by employés of the trading companies reached the outside. But the pass which led over the mountains to the head-waters of the Lewes was guarded by the Chilkat Indians, who monopolized the trade with the "Stick," or "Woods," Indians, holding them indeed in a state of slavery, and opposed all white men who attempted to enter the country. The year of the Silver Bow strike a party of miners went over, the first party of white men whom the Indians had allowed to go in. This party brought back good reports from the bars of the Lewes River, and from now on parties began climbing over the pass, building their boats on the other side, and descending the river farther and farther, working the bars—generally returning to the coast the same year.

The gold was "fine" gold, and it lay in the gravel near the surface, on the heads of what the miners termed "bars." A "bar" is simply the accumulation of gravel and dirt on the inside of the bends of the winding river. They are built up by the wearing down of the high banks against which the current cut at high water.

They are covered, like the rest of the valley, with a growth of cottonwoods or fairly good-sized spruce. The work on them was done only in summer, after the freshet, winter work being then considered impossible, not only on account of the severity of the climate, but by reason of freezing of the water needed to separate the gold. The method of saving the gold was by means of the "rocker." The "rocker" was simply a box on rockers, like a cradle, with a perforated metal top, and a sloping blanket inside. The rocker was set at the edge of the river and the dirt shovelled into the perforated hopper. Water was dipped up in a long-handled dipper and poured in with the dirt, the "rocker" being energetically rocked at the same time by means of an upright handle. The larger stones were removed by hand, the gold falling through perforations and lodging upon the blanket, which at intervals was cleaned, the contents being placed in a bucket with quicksilver until all the fine particles of gold were taken up. The amalgam formed, was squeezed in a cloth filter, and the remaining lump heated over a fire until practically all trace of the quicksilver disappeared. In this manner comfortable sums were taken out—Cassiar Bar, discovered in 1886, yielded to five men six thousand dollars for thirty days' work.

Harper and McQuesten were at Fort Reliance, nearly two hundred miles below Fort Selkirk, from 1873 to 1883, and afterwards at other posts above and below. As the miners worked down stream, many of them, either disinclined or unable to get back the distance of four hundred to six hundred miles to the coast, wintered at the posts, where they could procure provisions. So year by year, as the miners became more numerous, the traders began to cater more and more to the miners' trade.

The winter was a season of enforced idleness. The spring freshet at one end and freezing at the other shortened the working season to about sixty-five days, during which time an average of eight or ten dollars a day had to be made for the next year's grub stake. Every man was a prospector and a hard worker, skilled at boating, accustomed to hardship, rough, yet generous to his fellows. Beyond a few quarrels that would be laughed off by the others, there was no trouble among them. One custom in particular that shows this feeling was that when the 1st of August came, and there were any who had failed to locate a bar, they were given permission to go upon the claims of such as had struck it and to take out enough for the next season's outfit. This peaceable condition has in general characterized the Yukon.

In 1885 the rich bars of the Stewart River were discovered, and with the rush of miners there the next summer Harper, McQuesten, & Co. established a post at the mouth of that river. During the winter which followed there was a shortage of provisions, and the little camp of seventy or eighty men was on the verge of starvation. McQuesten himself had gone out to San Francisco. What caused this shortage was the report that coarse gold had been discovered on Shitanda Creek (a corruption of the Indian name "Zit-zehn-duk"), now called "Forty Mile" Creek, from its being that distance below Fort Reliance. It was late in the fall when report came that Mickey O'Brien, Jim Adams, and two others, named Lambert and Franklin, had found coarse gold. A stampede for the new diggings followed; for the miner does not bother with fine gold when he can get coarse gold. Coarse gold, being heavier, is not carried so far by water as fine gold, and is nearer its source. Those miners who thought they had not enough for the winter bought all the trader would sell them and started for Forty Mile. It was the late comers from up river who suffered in consequence.

A letter with the news of the find was sent out from Stewart River in January, by a man named Williams, with an Indian boy and three dogs. On the summit of Chilkoot they were overtaken by a storm, and were buried for three days in the snow. When the storm abated Williams could not walk, and was carried on the back of the Indian boy four miles to Sheep Camp, whence he was sledded in to Dyea by some Indians, and died in the store of John J. Healy. The dogs were never seen again. The miners congregated from all parts to know what had brought the man out, for the winter journey was considered almost certain death. The Indian boy, picking up a handful of beans, said, "Gold all same like this." The excitement was intense, and that spring over two hundred miners poured in over the pass to Forty Mile.

Forty Mile, unlike other streams that had been prospected, proved to be what the miners call a "bed-rock" creek. The heavy gold, of course, would only lie on or near bed-rock, instead of on top the bars. On Forty Mile bed-rock came to or quite near the surface. Then Franklin Gulch, tributary of Forty Mile, was discovered. In the bed of the small brook the gold was found under several feet of gravel; other tributaries of Forty Mile were discovered, all with good pay. Some of this gold is very beautiful. I have seen a quantity of the gold from Napoleon Gulch as regular as pumpkin seeds in size and shape. Nuggets weighing five hundred dollars have been found.

In the spring the traders moved to Forty Mile, and now, with the post for a base of operations, still richer placers were discovered—in 1893 on Sixty Mile, and in 1894 on Birch Creek.

The discovery of heavy gold led to the first change in the method of working. Strings of narrow sluice-boxes, with "riffles" of poles for catching the gold, supplanted the rocker. A dam was built above the claim to obtain the necessary head of water, a "drain ditch" dug to bed-rock, a line of sluice-boxes set up, and the dirt shovelled in; but no quicksilver was used, and whatever fine gold there might be was lost.

The country is one of eternal frost. True, the summers, though short, are warm, the temperature reaching 80°, and by reason of the almost continuous daylight at that season, the warming power of the sun is much increased. But the earth is overlaid with a carpet of moss, which the sun's rays do not penetrate, and the roots of the stunted spruce rest upon perpetual ice.

As the top layer of earth was removed by the miner, a foot or so would thaw out each day. The diggings being shallow, it was not difficult to open up a claim in the smaller gulches. On the bars in the larger watercourses it was not feasible to thus turn the water aside. The gold was found to extend in many places underneath the water. Unable to follow this pay streak, such claims had to be abandoned.

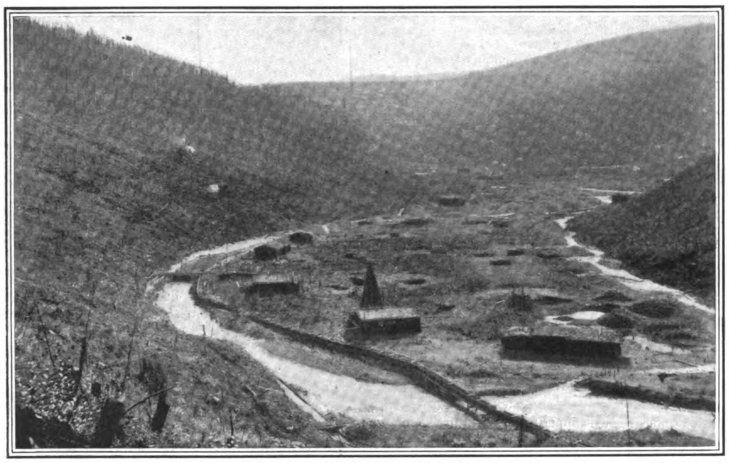
Fire, as a means of thawing spots not touched by the sun's rays had been tried without success at Cassiar bar. The idea was regarded as only a boy's wild notion, though now there are claimants for the credit of the first use of the method that was to revolutionize mining in the Yukon. A certain miner on Forty Mile, Fred Hutchinson by name, was working a bar where the pay extended under the water, so that he had to abandon it. Being loath to do so, however, and besides being of a practical turn, like all the old-timers, he conceived the following plan: After the stream had begun to freeze, Hutchinson began to chop the ice above that part of the bar he wished to work, being careful not to break through. As the ice froze downward he continued to pick. Whenever the pick accidentally went through he left it, and used another pick till the first one was frozen in solid. When he reached the gravel he had a perfect coffer-dam of ice around him. Then he built a fire on the ground and thawed the gravel. Hutchinson did not put his discovery to much practical use. The next winter, however, his neighbors took it up, and from that time a few miners began to work in winter. Even these were regarded as fools by the rest, who preferred the dull idleness of the cabins. Some of the miners used to say, "It's getting to be as bad in here as it was outside—work winter and summer both."

But this was the first value of the new method, that it made twelve months' work possible instead of two. Then as deeper diggings were discovered it became impracticable to elevate the dirt, for it was necessary for the sluice-

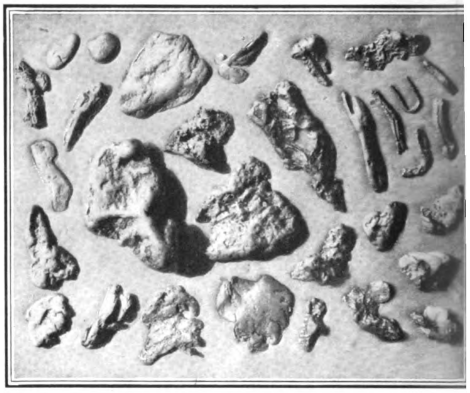
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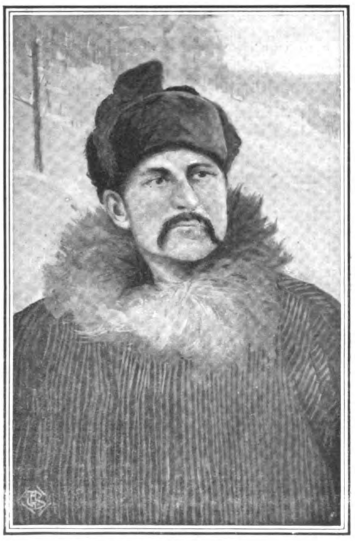
PANORAMIC VIEW OF BONANZA CREEK DISTRICT, BETWEEN THE DI



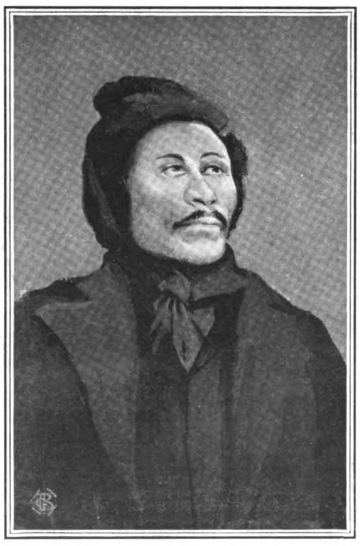
GEORGE CARMACK'S DISCOVERY-CLAIM ON BONANZA CREEK—THE FIRST CLAIM RECORDED IN THE KLONDIKE DISTRICT.



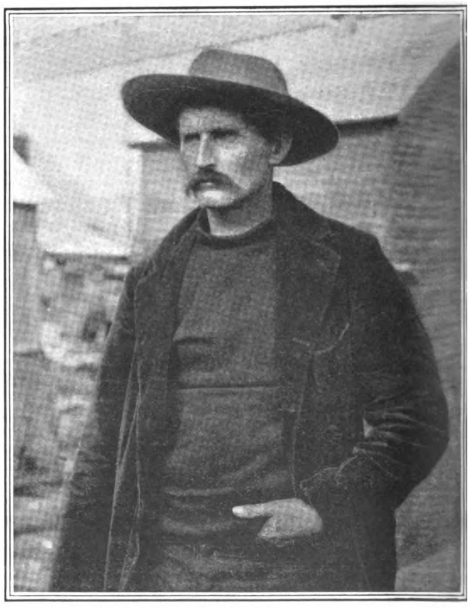
GOLD NUGGETS—TWO-THIRDS NATURAL SIZE.



GEORGE W. CARMACK.
From Photograph by Wilkins.



"SKOOKUM JIM."
From Photograph by Wilkins.

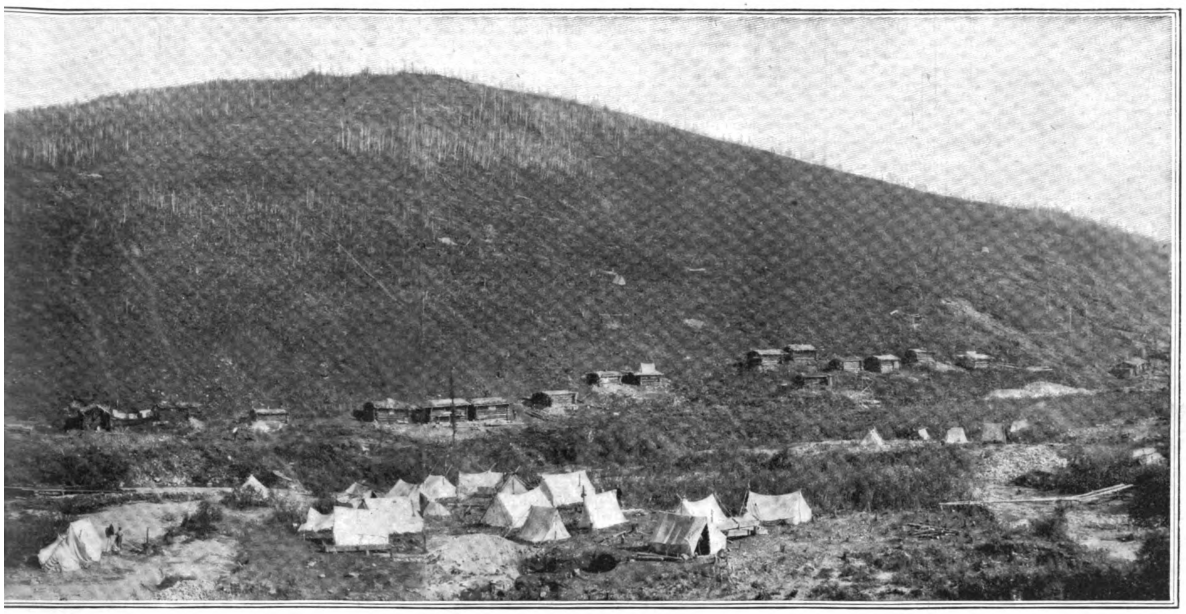


ROBERT HENDERSON,
Discoverer of the Klondike Gold-Fields.

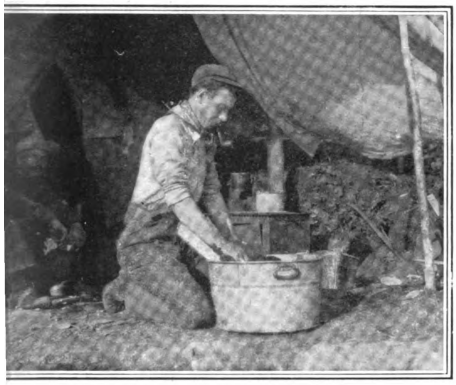
THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRE

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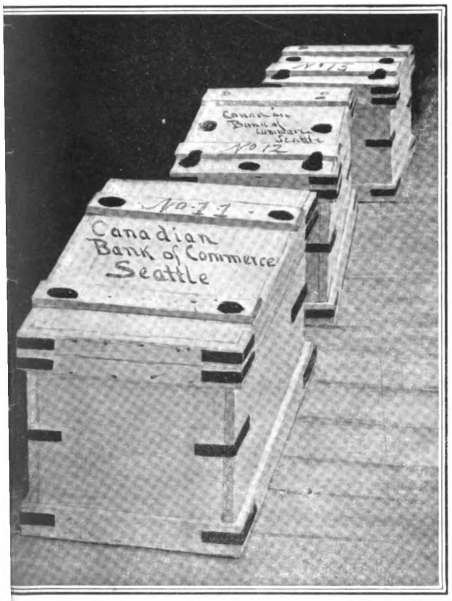
:V—CLAIM AND THE HORNS OF BONANZA AND EL DORADO CREEKS.



WASH-DAY.



DAWSON CITY IN SUMMER—BOAT LIFE ALONG SHORE.



BOXES IN WHICH GOLD IS SHIPPED.



LOADING A HORSE WITH GOLD AT THE MINE.

OLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

DENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 313.]

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boxes to be above the level of the claim. As the art of burning became better known, it became possible to work these deep claims, and from now on claims came to be respectively divided into "summer" diggings and "winter" diggings. The first "drifting" was done by O. C. Miller, the discoverer of Miller Creek. Not only was a hole thawed down to bed-rock, but a tunnel was run, and the whole lower gravel of the claim taken out. Burning may be said to have become of practical use only two or three years before the Klondike discovery, so it can be understood how rapid changes have been.

In 1890, an old-timer, Joe Ladue, built a trading-post in the Yukon at the mouth of Sixty Mile River. Having a belief that other streams would be discovered in that neighborhood as rich as Forty Mile, he advised every miner who stopped at his post to try some other streams. He particularly recommended Indian River, a stream of no great size, entering the Yukon from the east about twenty-five miles below his post and thirty-six miles above Fort Reliance.

In the summer of 1894, a miner by the name of Robert Henderson stopped at Sixty Mile Post. He was a newcomer, lately from Aspen, Colorado, but a Canadian by birth, having been a fisherman at Big Island, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. He was a rugged, earnest man, some six feet tall, with clear blue eyes. Henderson had but ten cents in his pocket, and knowing Ladue's belief in Indian River, he said to him: "I'm a determined man. I won't starve. Let me prospect for you. If it's good for me, it's good for you." Ladue gave him a grub stake, and Henderson went upon Indian River and found that it was as Ladue had said. He could make wages. On that account, he did not desert it for the just then more popular fields of Forty Mile and Birch Creeks, but determined to try again. With the experience of the miner, he knew that farther towards the heads of the tributaries of Indian River he should look for, and probably find, coarse gold, though perhaps not on the surface, as it was on the river. Accordingly, the next summer found Henderson again on Indian. He pushed on, and found "leaf" gold on what is now known as "Australia," one of the main forks seventy-five or eighty miles from the Yukon, one piece being, he says, as large as his thumb-nail. Had he gone up the other fork sufficiently far, he would have discovered the rich diggings of Dominion and Sulphur creeks. Returning, he went back to Sixty Mile. When winter came he put his goods on a sled and went up Quartz Creek, which puts into Indian forty miles from the Yukon. He had no dogs to help him, and it was a very hard trip, taking thirty days for him to reach Quartz Creek. He worked all winter on Quartz Creek, and took out about five hundred dollars, another one hundred dollars, and more being taken out later by other parties. In the spring he went back up toward Australia Creek, getting only fair prospects, nothing that warranted the opening up of a claim. During this time Henderson was living mostly on the game that fell to his rifle. He was alone, and had no partner. Returning from the head of the river, he went up Quartz Creek again. This time he cast eyes longingly toward the ridge of hill at the head of Quartz Creek separating the waters of Indian from those of the then almost unknown Klondike. Crossing over the short sharp divide (it is so sharp that if a cupful of water were poured upon the crest, one half would run one way, the other half the other way), he dropped down into a deep-cleft valley of a small stream running northward. He prospected, and found eight cents to the pan! That meant wages; such a prospect was then considered good. Enthusiastic over the find, Henderson went back over the divide. There were about twenty men on Indian working, mostly at the mouth of Quartz, some of them doing fairly well. Henderson persuaded three of the men, Ed Munson, Frank Swanson, and Albert Dalton, to go back with him.

The four men took over whip-saws, sawed lumber, built sluice boxes, and opened up a claim in regular fashion about a quarter of a mile below the forks—the spot plainly visible from the divide—and went to shovelling in the gold-bearing dirt.

The stream was the present Gold Bottom (since relegated to the position of a fork of Hunker Creek, running parallel with present Bonanza, and entering the Klondike about nine miles up from its mouth. Hunker Creek was not named nor known then). The amount that they shovelled in on Gold Bottom was seven hundred and fifty dollars. *And that gold was the first gold taken on the Klondike.* It was equally divided between the four men. At that time, if any one had stood on the divide and looked to the westward, he would have seen the valley of a large creek. That creek was known as "Rabbit" Creek—so close to Gold Bottom that if one knows just the right spot on that divide a cup of water would not only have run both ways, into Indian and Gold Bottom, but also into the source of this "Rabbit" Creek. For in this manner are the heads of a number of streams gathered together, as the spokes of a wheel lead to the hub.

Early in August Henderson ran out of provisions, and leaving the others at work, went down Indian River and back to Sixty Mile. There were about a dozen men at the post and at Harper & Ladue's saw-mill, also a party who were on their way to Stewart River. Henderson told them what he had found. He persuaded the Stewart River party to turn back, telling them they would have to look for it, whereas he had *found it.* Ladue at once sent two horses overland with supplies, and all the others went with them excepting Ladue. Henderson fixed up his boat, and with some supplies started down river, leaving Ladue to follow him. On account of low water, he was unable to return up Indian River, and, besides, being nearer, he dropped down to the mouth of the Klondike.

It was the midst of the fishing season. The salmon in the Yukon are very plentiful during their run in August. And some of them are fine fish, the king salmon in particular, even with the great loss in weight they sustain from a journey of sixteen hundred miles from salt water, often weigh as much as fifty pounds. Chief Isaac's village were encamped at the mouth of the Klondike, on the north side, taking the salmon in weirs and drying them on racks in the sun. The Klondike takes its name from its being the river where the fish-weirs are set.

It happened at this time there were also a white man with a squaw, two Indian men, and a boy fishing, but with a stationary net. They were camped across from the Indian village. The white man's name was George Carmack, the squaw was his wife, the Indian men were respectively Skookum Jim and Cultus (worthless), or "Takish," Charlie, while the boy was named K'neth—all Takish Indians. Charlie was a big chief of the Takish. Jim would have been chief, being the son of the former chief, but among the Takish the descent is through the chief's sister. Jim and Charlie therefore, though called brothers, were really cousins, and were brothers-in-law of Carmack. This Carmack was originally a sailor on a man-of-war, but had taken up his abode with the Chilkoots at Dyea, and married a Takish wife. Carmack liked the life with the Indians. It is said that one couldn't please him more than to say, "Why, George, you're getting every day more like a Siwash!" "Siwash George" is the name by which he became generally known. Carmack had been over the pass years before, and both he and the Indians, who were his inseparable companions, knew something of mining, though they could hardly be called miners.

Carmack was outfitted by John J. Healy at Dyea to do trading with the Takish and other interior Indians. Carmack built a post which is called "McCormick's" post. (Be it observed that this is the universal but erroneous pronunciation of the name Carmack.) It is situated on the bank of the Yukon about twenty miles above Five Finger Rapids. If any one, on that wild stampede into Dawson in the fall of 1897, had taken the trouble to stop there, he would have seen fastened against one of the rough log buildings a paper with this writing upon it, "Gone to Forty Mile for grub." Under the floor they could have found a bear-skin robe and some other things. This notice had been put up in the summer of the year 1895. The occupants evidently intended to return.

The white man and the Indians secured their outfit at Fort Selkirk from Mr. Harper. The following year—that of the strike—Carmack dropped down to Forty Mile, but soon returned as far as the mouth of the Klondike for the fishing, where he was joined by his Indians. They had their nets set in the Yukon just below the mouth of the Klondike—and were drying and curing their catch, Indian fashion, when Henderson, on his way back to Gold Bottom, came along.

When Henderson's boat touched shore he saw Carmack. "There," he thought, "is a poor devil who hasn't struck it." He went down to where Carmack was, told him of his prospects on Gold Bottom, and told him he had better come up and stake. At first Carmack did not want to go, but Henderson urged. At length Carmack consented to go, but then he wanted to take the Klondike Indians up also, as well as his own. Henderson demurred at that, and, being frank, may have said something not complimentary about "Siwashes" in general. It has been reported that he said that he "didn't intend to stake the whole Siwash tribe," and he added, "I want to give the preference to my old Sixty Mile friends." What effect this may have had on subsequent events I do not know; I can only surmise, that it may have had some.

Next morning Henderson went on up by way of the mouth of Gold Bottom. Carmack with his three Indians followed soon, but instead of taking the rather more roundabout way, went up "Rabbit" Creek, the mouth of which is a mile from the Yukon. Henderson reached Gold Bottom first. When Carmack arrived, he showed some colors of gold that he himself had found on "Rabbit" Creek. Colors are single grains of gold; they are found everywhere in the Yukon Valley—"colors" and "pay" are by no means to be confounded. I have found them on top of ice cakes in the Yukon. The Indians and Carmack staked each a claim on Gold Bottom. When they were ready to go, Henderson asked Carmack if he intended to prospect on the way back, to which he replied that he did. Then Henderson asked him, if he found anything, would he not send back one of his Indians that he had gold, and would pay him for the trouble, to which, Henderson asserts, Carmack said he would.

Leaving Henderson and his partners at work, we will follow Carmack homeward.

A few miles' walk along bald crest of the divide brings one into the forks of "Rabbit" Creek, some distance from its head. Five miles more in the thick spruce-timbered valley, a large tributary puts in on the left-hand side. Edges of rock extending from the hill-sides show the rock formation of the country. The stream winds over a bed muck, in which the only stones or rock are those that have tumbled down from the crumbling ledges. Bed-rock, the solid bottom of the creek, is no one knows how far down below this muck.

About half a mile below the large tributary just mentioned the party stopped to rest. They had been panning here and there. Carmack dropped off to sleep, it is said. Skookum Jim, taking the pan, went to the rim of the creek, at the foot of an old birch-tree, and filled it with dirt. Washing it in the creek, he found a large showing of gold. Right under the grass-roots, Jim said, he found from ten cents to one dollar to the pan. In a little while, it is said, they filled a shot-gun cartridge with coarse gold. The strangest thing was that this gold was not from the creek-bed proper, but had slid down from an ancient creek-bed on the "bench," or hill-side, diggings that were unknown and not discovered until a year later. Carmack staked off Discovery claim for himself, and five hundred feet above and below for his two Indian companions, Skookum Jim taking No. 1 above Discovery, and Cultus Charlie No. 1 below. The date of this is variously given as the 16th and 17th of August.

After staking, they rushed off for Forty Mile, or rather Fort Cudahy, established by the North-American Transportation and Trading Company on the opposite side of Forty Mile Creek. The recorder, or acting gold commissioner, was here in the person of Inspector Constantine of the detachment of Northwest Mounted Police. The creek was named Bonanza.

Carmack's story of $2 50 to the pan was not believed, though it was not doubted that he had found gold. A stampede followed. Drunken men were thrown into boats. I knew of one man who was tied and made to go along. But there was no excitement beyond what attends a stampede for locations on any creek on which gold has been found. It differed in no respect, apparently, from scores of other stampedes. There are always persons about a mining camp ready to start on a stampede simply as a chance, whether good prospects have been found or not. Whole creeks have been staked out on the belief that gold would subsequently be found. So the excitement of this earlier stage was of small significance. It was that of the professional stampeder, so to speak—rounders about the saloons, some new arrivals, but few old miners, the latter being still in the diggings up the creek.

The first to arrive at the scene of the new discovery began staking down stream. That also was a stampeder's custom. The chances were considered better there than above. It is all nonsense the talk one has begun to hear of persons who would have one believe "got in on choice locations" by reason of their superior foresight. It was blind luck. The staking went on down stream for six miles, and then began above, continued for seven or eight miles up stream, before the side gulches were thought of seriously.

Ladue, who had started for the mouth of the Klondike behind Henderson, was among the first to reach the heart of the strike. Ladue staked the town site on a broad flat below the mouth of the Klondike. There already was one building there—a fish-drying shed belonging to Fritz Klote. Then Ladue started for Forty Mile, but meeting a man who wanted some lumber, he sent his application by another party, returned to the mill at Sixty Mile, and soon after returned to the mouth of the Klondike with nails, spikes, and lumber, built a warehouse of lumber just opposite the present Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse, 22 by 40 feet, and built a cabin—the first in Dawson—the name given the new town in honor of the Canadian geologist. It was torn down last winter on account of being in the middle of the front street. The Alaska Commercial Company steamer *Arctic* having arrived at Forty Mile, bound for Fort Selkirk, hurried on to the new town, arriving in September. The ice was running in the river. After discharging, she hurried back to Forty Mile, but was frozen in before she could be placed in a safe place, and the next spring, in trying to get her free of the ice before she was crushed, a stick of dynamite, intended for the ice, destroyed the steamer.

Among the first to hear of the strike were four men who came from above—Dan McGilvray, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh—and they located Nos. 8, 14, 15, and 16 below Discovery. These men did the first sluicing that was done on the creek, and they made the first clean-up with five boxes set. The figures are lacking for their first shovelling, but on the second they cleaned up thirteen and a half ounces of gold ($329 50), being five hours' work of one man shovelling. The gold varied from the size of pin-heads to nuggets, one of $12 being found. Now the Klondike magnifier began his work with this curious result, that the lies of to-day were surpassed by the truth of to-morrow, until it came to be accepted that, "You can't tell no lies about Klondike." McGilvray and the rest had perhaps fifteen hundred dollars, surely a large sum in that country and for the time they had worked. Ladue weighed the gold, and as he came out of the store he said to some assembled miners, "How's that for two and a half days' shovelling in—$4008?" Next time it was an even $4000, two days' shovelling. The liability to exaggeration about a mining camp is so great that it is impossible for any one to escape who writes or speaks in the midst of affairs concerning any specific find. A man with a town site must also be allowed a great deal of latitude in such matters. But soon the joke was on the other side. Men who were on the spot would not believe anything they heard. Two of the men working on Indian River came down, heard of the strike. Says one to his partner, "Shall we go up and stake?" Replied the other, "Why, I wouldn't go across the river on that old Siwash's word" (meaning Carmack). They wish now they had, but they went on down to Forty Mile.

There were a few old-timers in the procession up from Forty Mile. They knew all about Klondike. It was nothing but a moose pasture. It was not like some other place where they had seen gold, and so there could be none there. They climbed the hills and walked along the divide until they could look down into the valley of Bonanza. Here many of them stopped and threw up their hands in disgust. Others went the round of the creek, cursing and swearing at those who told them to come there. One old-timer got up as far as 20 above, where the last stakes were. He surveyed the prospect, and as he turned away remarked, "I'll leave it to the Swedes." (The Swedes were supposed to be willing to work the poorest ground.) Another, or it may have been the same, is said to have written on the stakes of 21, not the usual "I claim," etc. but, "*This moose pasture is reserved for the Swedes and Cheechahkoes*" (new-comers). Louis Rhodes staked it right afterwards. When he had written his name, he said to his companions, being ashamed of staking in such a place, that he "would cut his name off for two bits" (twenty-five cents). From that claim the next summer he took out forty-four thousand and odd dollars.

But all that and much more was hidden in the future. A Klondike claim was not considered worth anything. One-half interest in one of the richest El Dorado claims was sold for a sack of flour. A few thousand dollars could have bought up the creek from end to end.

Some who had provisions remained to prospect, others returned to Forty Mile, just as the miners were beginning to come in from the diggings, to learn for the first time of a strike on Klondike. Among these was a Swede of the name of Charlie Anderson. Anderson must have heard something favorable about the prospects. A person approached him, and said, "Charlie, don't you want to buy a claim on Klondike?" "I don't care if I do. How much do you want?" "I'll let you have 29 on El Dorado for $800." "I'll take it," replied Anderson, and weighed out the dust. The enterprising salesman went about boasting how he had played Charlie for a "sucker," only he wanted some one to kick him for not having asked him $1200. He believed he could have got it just as easily as he did the $800. The man who sold the claim was in Dawson last winter, and had he cared he could have watched Charlie Anderson getting out his third one hundred thousand dollars, with the probability of at least another hundred thousand to come out of ground yet unworked. El Dorado was not liked as well as Adams Creek, just below it. A late comer went up Adams, found a man staking for himself and family (by this time the real excitement had begun). Said the late-comer: "I've come a good way. What you are doing is illegal, and I want a claim and mean to have one." The man who was staking told him he would like to have his friends near him, and offered him stakes on 15 El Dorado, if that would do as well. It was accepted. Nothing has yet been found on Adams.

How was the news of the Klondike discovery received

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on the lower river? Forty Mile, being the seat of the recorder, was of course the first to hear all the reports and rumors. This can best be told in the words of one who was there in Forty Mile town at the time. "Nobody believed any of the first reports about gold on the Klondike. You see, there never was any money in the lower country. A man would come in after a hard summer's work with a poke [a poke is a gold-sack] that a man would be ashamed of here in Dawson. They owed the stores for their last year's outfit, and they'd pay for that, and get credit on next year's outfit. The stores had rather have it that way than not. They were sure a man would not leave the country without paying, or with a small stake, so they'd be sure sooner or later of getting all he made. They were a pretty good class of men in the lower country, and most of them could get credit. A man would come into a saloon, and all he'd have would be one drink or one dance. You'd never see them asking up three or four at once to drink. Why, there weren't but three men in Forty Mile that could afford to get drunk. They did nothing all winter but sit around where it was warm, playing pedro, solitaire, and casino. Word came to Forty Mile that Louis Rhodes had two men working for him, and was getting good pay. 'That's a lie,' says one man. 'Louis Rhodes! when was *he* able to hire two men?' Next word came down that Ben Wall was getting two-bit dirt. 'Hell!' says Nigger Jim; 'I've known Ben Wall these ten years, and he's the all-firedest liar in the Yukon.' When they heard that Berry was getting one dollar to the pan, they laughed. Klondike was a bunco—nothing but a bunco." These words were spoken in what the miners call "josh," but they were true, nevertheless.

Circle City, 230 miles farther away than Forty Mile, did not get the news so soon. The first report that reached Circle was of a discovery on Klondike—an ounce to the "shovel," shovelling off the surface. This, in miners' parlance, means that one man had shovelled into the sluice-boxes gold to the value of one ounce—seventeen dollars—per day. The next news was when Sam Bartlett came down with a raft of logs which he had failed to land at Forty Mile. Bartlett said it was a "bilk"; that Joe Ladue was only trying to get men up to his town site—he had stopped there, but would not stake. The next news came to Oscar Ashby from a friend, about the middle of November. The river was then closed, and the letter came down over the ice. There were about seventy-five men in Oscar's saloon when the letter was read. It was somewhat to this effect, telling Ashby to buy all the property he could on Klondike, it did not make any difference what the prices were: "This is one of the richest strikes in the world. It is a world-beater. I can't tell how much gold we are getting to the pan. I never saw or heard of the like of such a thing in my life. I myself saw $150 panned out of one pan of dirt, and I think they are getting as high as $1000." The crowd in the saloon had a big laugh, and thought so little of it that they never spoke of it again. "It disgusted them that men were so crazy as to write that way," to quote the words of one who was present. Soon after another letter came. This time it was to Harry Spencer and Frank Densmore, from a party with whom they were well acquainted. Densmore at once fitted out a dog team and went up. After he got up he wrote back to Spencer, relating the whole particulars. He repeated the words of the others—namely, that he really could not tell what they *were* finding: it was immensely rich; he had never seen anything like it. Now Spencer and Densmore had large interests in Circle City, so the men knew it could be no lie; they were compelled to believe it. The wildest stampede resulted. Every dog that could be bought, begged, or stolen was pressed into service, and those who could not get dogs started hauling their own sleds, men and even women, until in two weeks there were not twenty people left in Circle, and of those part were cripples and could not travel. In a short while there were not even that number left, a report giving the actual number as two men and one woman. No. 31 El Dorado sold for $100; in six months it resold for $31,000. It may be worth $150,000 now. All hands left for Klondike, 280 miles away. Those who had claims deserted them, and those who had outfits took a few things and left the rest in a cache, where they are to this day. One man alone, William Farrel, of 60 above on Bonanza, left a thousand dollars worth of provisions, five full claims on one creek, fully a dozen other interests, all considered good prospects; and, says he, "I haven't paid any attention to them since." By the time the Circle City crowd arrived Bonanza was staked to 60 below and into the 60's above, and also the side creeks, El Dorado and Adams. So that the late comers had to go into the smaller side gulches or else buy in, which latter many of them did, so that on such as El Dorado it soon came about that few of the original stakers were left, having sold out at ridiculous prices. The lower country was nearly deserted. The Klondike, or rather that spot of it where the first big finds were made, was undeniably richer than anything yet discovered in the lower country. But still another fact contributed to the completeness of the stampede, namely, that water was troubling them badly that summer in the Birch Creek district. There were between three hundred and four hundred miners about Circle City, some of whom were as far back as eighty miles distant, on the head of Birch Creek. In August, as soon as they heard of the Klondike strike, they packed their goods back, sold them for what they would bring, bought dogs, and started for Klondike, not a few arriving with enough money to buy in at once. In the whole country—Birch, Miller, and Forty Mile Creek—there were not less than fifteen hundred people.

The miners built their cabins, and, when the water in the creeks was frozen, drifting began on all but those claims that the owners did not care to work, or preferred working the next summer. Though shallow enough in many places for summer work, the diggings began to prove deeper than those in the lower country.

The first mail that went out carried the news to friends and relatives, advising them that a big strike had been made. It reached them in January and February, and they started. Crossing the pass in spring, they came down on the high water in June, and though unable to get in on the main creeks, many of them located other creeks that are showing up rich. That the report of the great strike should have been common property six months before the excitement outside is hard to understand. One scarcely knows whether to attribute the world's acute attack of insanity to the sight of the gold displayed in the windows of San Francisco and Seattle or to the adroit manipulation of the story of the miners' arrival by certain sensational newspapers—in one case to boom the Alaska outfitting business, in the other as the result of the rivalry of New York and San Francisco newspapers.

But where, during the time that Bonanza and El Dorado were being staked, were Bob Henderson and his partners? They were shovelling and digging away on their claims on Gold Bottom. Henderson had also been upon another fork of the stream and made another discovery, one panful showing as high as thirty-five cents to the pan.

After Bonanza was staked into the 80's above and El Dorado to 33—or over three miles—a party of miners, including George Wilson and James McNamee, came over the divide to Gold Bottom.

Henderson asked them where they were from. They replied, "Bonanza Creek."

Henderson says that he did not want to display his ignorance. He had never heard of "Bonanza" Creek. At length he asked where Bonanza Creek was. They pointed over the hill.

"'Rabbit' Creek! What have you got there?"

"We have the biggest thing in the world."

"Who found it?"

"McCormick."

It is said Henderson threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON

March 11, 1899.

THE government are in a mess. Last year they had a surplus, which was squandered by remitting $7,500,000 from the tobacco tax, the effect of which was not to benefit the consumer by one cent, but to please certain wealthy wholesale tobacco merchants and manufacturers, some of whom happen to be the influential constituents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This year there is a big deficit. The navy estimates for 1899–1900 show an increase of nearly $15,000,000 upon those of 1898–9, the total which Parliament is asked to vote for war-ships and their appurtenances being not far short of $140,000,000. Much speculation exists as to how government will get out of their difficulty. The *Times* proposes the reimposition of a shilling tax on corn and a cent on sugar. It is as practical to suggest that the clothing of the people should be replaced by wood, and that national defence should revert to the use of archery and coracles. Taxes on food are not likely to be imposed while Demos retains his power, common-sense, and crowds of courtiers.

Non-smoking teetotalers over here pay nothing for the support of the monarchy, or the army and navy, except through a slight duty on tea and coffee. The concentration of taxation into a very few forms has been carried in England to an exaggerated extent. In prosperous times the evil is little felt, but in times of diminished prosperity it is desirable that the burden of taxation should be diffused over a wide area. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a rather short-tempered personage, is obstinate in opinion, and as he threw away $7,500,000 last year, he is unlikely to stultify himself by imposing new duties if he can escape the necessity by raising old ones. The political evil of narrowing the basis of taxation to its present basis is a real one, and now that we are face to face with a serious deficit for the first time for many years, it is apparent that the reaction against the abuses of the old fiscal system has been carried too far. In England the class that is politically omnipotent contributes least to the public revenues. In 1869 the then Chancellor of the Exchequer—the albino Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke—abolished the shilling registration duty on corn. Nobody felt it, and if it had been left on to-day it would have brought in over $10,000,000 per annum. The income tax to-day is at eight pence. It is a war tax, and presses hardly on the middle classes. Mr. Gladstone considered the income tax "unjust, unequal, and demoralizing." He promised to abolish it. Instead of abolishing it, when he regained office he increased it. It has steadily risen since as the political influence of the payers of income tax has steadily receded.

A statesman of the highest class would probably choose this opportunity for revising the fiscal system of the United Kingdom in accordance with the altered necessities of the time. It may be safely predicted, however, that in the fifth year of its life, and with a sense of impending mortality, ministers are less likely to be guided by lofty ideal than by political expediency. The income-tax payer is politically impotent, and can therefore be made to stand and deliver, squeal how he may. The way in which the money is raised, however, is comparatively immaterial. Our relations abroad are in a more strained and difficult position than is generally known, notwithstanding the latest settlement of the latest Anglo-Russian difference, and the needs of the navy must still be attended to, whatever the cost may be. The British navy is not yet strong enough. On the 1st of January in this year England had sixty-three battle-ships built and building against sixty-eight belonging to France and Russia, and included in the British total were ten vessels armed with the muzzle-loading gun. Four of England's sixty-three battle-ships were more than twenty-five years old. The shooting of the British navy is declared by experts to leave something to be desired. Two or three of our admirals are taking steps to improve the shooting of their squadrons, but there is no doubt that we are still behind our American cousins. No British ship can show a record, such as the *Philadelphia* held in 1897, of ninety-two per cent. of hits. Still, the development of the navy proceeds vigorously, and if it were not for the short deliveries of armor plates, new construction would be considerably more advanced than it is.

MR. GOSCHEN, the First Lord of the Admiralty, made his annual statement on Thursday. It was difficult to imagine that the bent old man, with weak eyesight and husky voice, as he peered painfully into the papers which he held within an inch of his eyes, had in his trembling hands the strings of the naval majesty and might of Great Britain. Mr. Goschen, like Lord Herschell, was the son of a foreign Jew, and distinguished himself in commercial matters at an early age. His book *The Theory of Foreign Exchanges* is still a classic. As a financier he rapidly formed a great reputation, inferior to no Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter half of the century, unless it be Mr. Gladstone himself. He quitted business for politics early in life with a large fortune. Twenty years ago he was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone, and is therefore not new to the post. The Navy League, a body of citizens formed for the purpose of influencing public opinion in keeping the Admiralty up to the mark, thus avoiding alternations of panic and wasteful outlay, is understood to be Mr. Goschen's peculiar aversion. As Naval Minister, however, Mr. Goschen has satisfied the Navy League to a greater extent than any of his predecessors, and although the burden of the British navy now amounts to nearly $150,000,000 yearly, even so great a premium of insurance is a good investment against commercial panic. Mr. Goschen belongs to the old order that is passing away. He has done good work for the country, but the time is rapidly approaching when he and others of his epoch will make way for younger and stronger men.

Mr. Goschen's speech in introducing the navy estimates was marked by a notable offer to the French and Russian governments. He stated on behalf of the government that if the other great naval powers were prepared to diminish their programmes of ship-building we should on our side be prepared to meet such a procedure by modifying ours. Mr. Goschen is safe in making this offer. In Russia, as in France, there is a war party, which now, if the information I have is correct, has gained the upper hand for the time being. The young Tsar, not being a member of the war party, can do little to promote his own pacific schemes which he has so much at heart, and hence the significant announcement that the organ of the Peace Party, formed by Mr. W. T. Stead for the specific purpose of helping forward the Tsar's proposals—a journal entitled *War Against War*—is forbidden circulation in Russia itself. The war party in Russia includes among it some exceedingly able men, who are of opinion that there is no room in Asia for the Anglo-Saxon race while the Slavs are there. A great majority of my countrymen believe what they want to believe when they express their conviction that nothing is wanted for the peace of the world but "an arrangement with Russia." Would that it were so! The Russia of the war party now in the ascendant does not want an arrangement with England; she wants Asia—a desire that will not be gratified by the effusion of ink.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is back in the House of Commons, delighted with his American reception, and full of the belief that his plans meet with the approval of the great bulk of the American people. I do not gather, however, that he has brought with him any definite expression of opinion from prominent Americans that would indicate any material advance having been made in an international understanding with England on the subject of the break-up of China. Lord Charles is busily engaged in preparing his report to the Chambers of Commerce, and until that is completed he does not intend to speak further in public. There is reason to believe that the government are somewhat anxious as to the line Lord Charles will take on the subject of their neglected duties in China. It is significant that Lord Charles Beresford was the guest of Sir William Walrond, the chief government whip, on the first night of his arrival in the House of Commons.

DURING the past week the opening of a new great central railway into London marks an event of historical significance. No railway is ever again likely to enter the heart of the metropolis from the north; for, owing to the vast space required for a terminus and the necessary accommodation for all classes of traffic, there is no site which could be acquired for such a purpose. No railway has entered London for thirty-one years, when the Midland obtained an entrance. The appalling growth of London is a subject that is beginning to occupy the anxious attention of our rulers. The traffic in the streets is becoming unmanageable. Empty cabs are no longer allowed to ply for hire along the main routes of thoroughfare. This plan for diminishing the traffic has had some ameliorative effect. A bill is now before Parliament, the object of which is to confer upon the commissioners of police still further powers, which will enable them to divert omnibuses, drays, and private carriages. Certain thoroughfares in the London season in the middle of May become wedged into an impenetrable block like the lumber on a Canadian river. The pressure of the population on certain areas corresponds to the pressure in the streets. Not a room is to be hired in the Whitechapel district. Discreditable scenes have taken place at some of the London railway depots which deal with the passenger traffic for the working-men who live out of London, while the season-ticket-holders of a superior class crowd into the railway cars until they are packed like herrings in a barrel. So great is the over-pressure upon the means of conveyance in and out of London in the morning and evening that disorder requiring the intervention of the police is of constant occurrence.

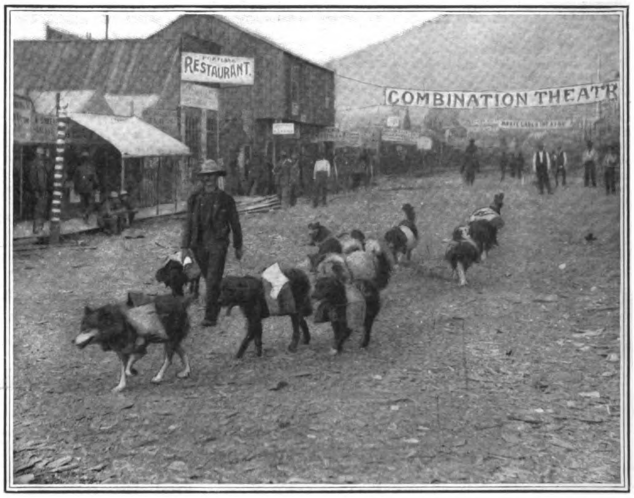
THE effect on the health of the people of much of the over-crowding that now takes place does not lend itself to statistical purposes; that over-crowding is, however, a growing evil is unfortunately an indisputable fact. The water-supply of London, too, is becoming inadequate. Almost every summer the poorer inhabitants at the east end of the city go wanting, and although means have now been arranged for the intercommunication of the water-mains of the different companies who enjoy the monopoly of supplying the metropolis with this necessary of life, it must be years before fresh arrangements can be made for the supply of the redundant population of London. When William Cobbett called London the "Wen," it only contained half the population of to-day. People now come to live in London for no better reason than because they are dull in the country. The value of land increases year by year. The great ground landlords are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One of the problems of the coming century will not only be that caused by the over-crowding of London, but by the growth of all the great cities to which population is attracted in excess of the provisions made for their accommodation.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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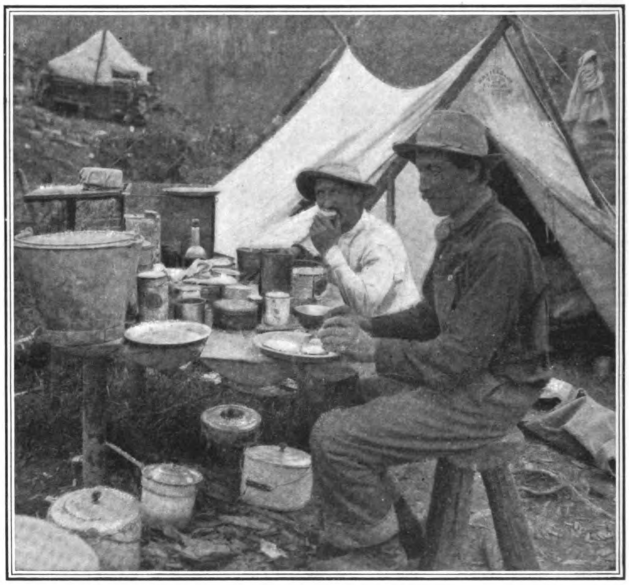
PAYING A BILL WITH GOLD-DUST.



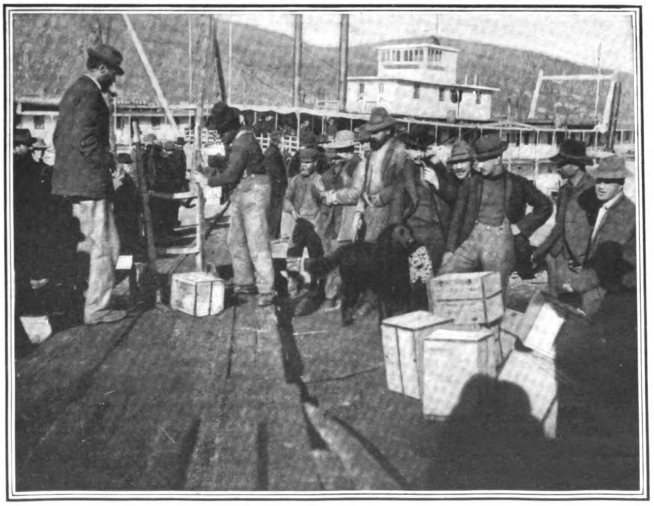
DOG PACK-TRAIN WORKING BETWEEN DAWSON AND THE MINES.



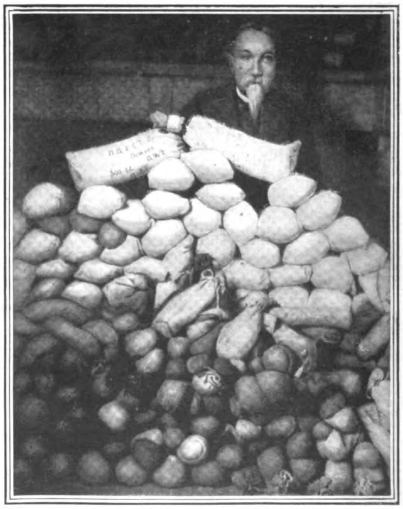
A PROSPECTOR AND HIS DOG.



DINNER-TIME ON A NEW CLAIM.



LOADING BOXES OF GOLD FOR SHIPMENT OUT.



A MILLION AND A HALF IN GOLD-DUST.

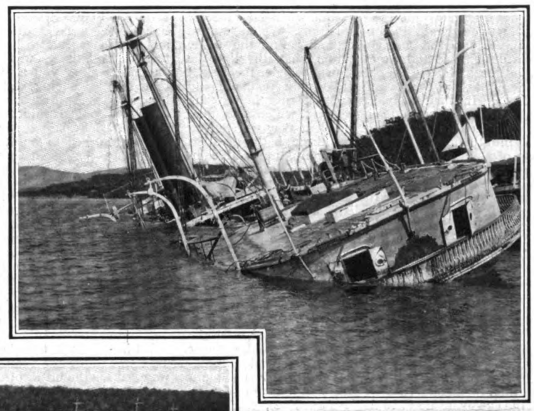
THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 313.]

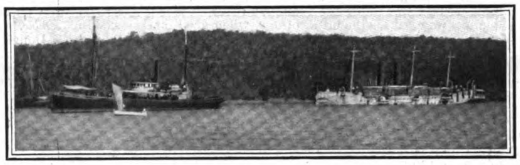
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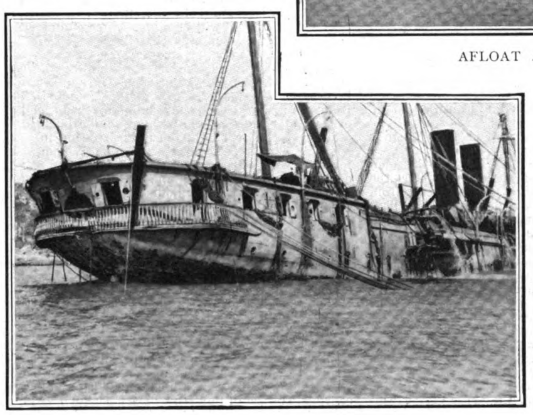
MAIN DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.



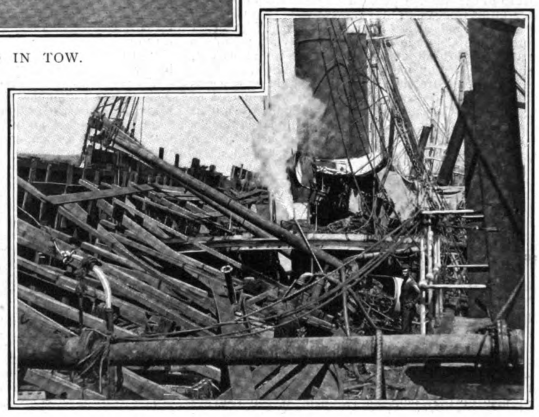
VIEW FROM PORT QUARTER.



AFLOAT AND IN TOW.



VIEW FROM STARBOARD QUARTER.



FALSE BULWARKS BUILT ON PORT SIDE UNDER WATER.
The Water inside was then pumped out and the Ship floated.

SANTIAGO—RAISING THE SUNKEN SPANISH CRUISER "REINA MERCEDES," MARCH 2, 1899.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 320.]

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES—*The Revolt*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE BLOCK-HOUSE BATTLE OF MANILA

February 5, 1899.

IT is not that we whipped the army of the Republica Filipina at every point, for the outcome of that fight was never for a moment doubtful; it is not that the Filipinos fought bravely, and that their bodies cover the rice-swamps about Manila from Fort San Antonio Abad to the hill of San Juan del Monte, and from the hill of San Juan del Monte to the sea-shore in front of Tondo; it is not the heroism of the Fourteenth Infantry in their long fight for the possession of Pasay, or the brilliant charge of the Washington regiment into San Pedro Macati, or the gallant dash of the Nebraskans and Tennessee mountaineers over the bridge of San Juan del Monte and up the steep hill on the other side, or the equally magnificent charge of the Third Artillery up to the Chinese church—it is that every officer and every soldier of the United States army did his duty, and did it with the dash which is a peculiar characteristic of our race. For the first time since I have been in the Philippines I am proud of being an American. And the cause of all this efficient success is—whisper it not in Gath—that events so crowded themselves upon the Governor-General here that there was no time to consult Washington. The situation demanded immediate action, and General Otis and all under his command acted with the freedom in details of execution which always forms the basis of any Anglo-Saxon success.

No man is omnipresent, and no doubt I shall leave out many men who deserve praise, but let what I saw and heard stand as examples of what happened along the whole line.

The Nebraska camp lies outside of Manila, in a plain under the hill of San Juan del Monte, from which it is separated by a sluggish stream. This camp formed the apex furthest from the sea in the irregular angle of our lines about Manila. The camp was exposed on three sides to the fire of the enemy—from across the river on the right and front, and from the hill of San Juan del Monte on the left. On a knoll just back of this camp, called Santa Mesa, stands the large house of an Englishman. From here a good view of all the surrounding block-houses may be had. To one side, across the Pasig River, is the town of Santa Ana; a little further up, where the river bends in towards the front of the camp, is San Pedro Macati. On the same side of the river three block-houses point their roofs up among the bamboo. Several churches, filled with insurgents, dotted the brush in the distance, and on top of the hill San Juan are the reservoirs of the city water-works, all in the hands of the insurgents, while around on the left the powder-house and block-house No. 6 held innumerable Filipinos.

Between the American and insurgent lines a neutral zone had been marked out long before where neither were to go. In this neutral zone, between block-house No. 6 and the Nebraska camp, was a village—I say "was" advisedly, for at the present moment it is a heap of ashes. On February 2 and 3, contrary to agreement, insurgents came over into the neutral zone and occupied this village. In vain we protested, expostulated, and threatened. Into the village they would come, and in the village they would stay. Colonel Statzenburgh went himself to argue with the officer in charge, but the latter was in no way impressed by the reasoning of the colonel, and called him all the names in the Spanish calendar, and some of those in the Filipino. Finally the insurgent officer, who was a little the worse for drink, drew a line on the ground and dared the colonel to walk over it. The colonel laughed and left the village. Later he came back, prepared to cross the line that the insurgent officer had drawn.

It happened this way: After three days of expostulation to superior insurgent officers, and of non-committal and diplomatic answers, the colonel, on February 5, sent a squad of men into the village to see that the insurgents did not occupy the village at night. This squad of men had orders to fire on any insurgents who insisted on coming into the village. To imagine the feelings of the Nebraska men who were sent on this errand on February 5 one must place one's self in the position that the American soldier has occupied in the last month. Constantly taunted by the insurgent, nagged by the unbearable arrogance and colossal self-conceit of the self-deceived native, he has kept his temper like a hero, only inwardly determined to wipe out the score when the suitable moment came. The Nebraska squad, therefore, when they got their orders to fire if necessary, winked at one another and rubbed their hands. They entered the village and patrolled it. Two advance-guards were in front. At the end of the village they met the insurgents coming in.

"Vamose!" shouted the advance-guards.

The insurgents only blustered, shouted, and came on. Each one of the Nebraska advance-guard picked out his man, aimed, fired, and two Filipinos dropped. The detachment of Filipinos proved to be a whole company, and the squad of Americans, meeting their fire, were obliged to retreat. There followed a lull. Then suddenly there burst from the insurgent lines on all sides a fire concentrated on the Nebraska camp. It rose and fell in scattered detachments, and finally joined in a continuous roar. At that moment the camp was not a pleasant place to stay in, and the regiment, when ordered out, was not slow to leave and to take up positions in a semi-circle in front of the camp. A water-pipe two feet in diameter furnished protection to one company. Another company, stationed opposite the end of the bridge of San Juan del Monte, had got under the cover of some stone breastworks built by the Spaniards. The rest of the regiment lay in the open all night, most of the time under fire, with only the little furrows of the rice-fields to protect them. It is said that the most difficult thing to get troops to do is to lie in a field under fire; but the Nebraska regiment did not seem to mind it much. The first fusillade of the insurgents lasted about an hour, and our troops replied with a steady fire, which was probably not very effective, on account of the darkness.

At two minutes to nine I was playing piquet with the lieutenant.

"Bah!" he said, "with the government at Washington directing affairs we can do nothing. These insurgents, under our vacillating policy, have grown so overbearing that the only thing left to do is to give them a good licking. But we will not do it. It is a question of politics at home."

"There will be a fight within a week," said the captain.

"Impossible," said the lieutenant. "Washington will not allow us to fight."

"I'll bet you five dollars," said the captain.

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"Done," said the lieutenant.

Hardly had the words escaped him, when the rattle of musketry broke the stillness of the night. We all jumped to our feet, looked at one another, and ran for the stable. It was difficult to tell exactly from what direction the firing came, so I rode over the town. Under the bright electric lights, the Fourteenth Infantry were moving to the front. In their dirty brown uniforms, they swung forward with a silent and grim energy, which told more than shouts would have done the vigor they were going to put into the fight. As I passed through the deserted streets of the city, where only the tramp, tramp of companies going to the front, and the sharp challenge of sentries at every corner, broke the silence, I realized how impossible it would be for the native to make a successful uprising in town. The listless, lazy, good-natured American soldiers who romped and played were gone, and in their places were watchful, determined men, who shouted their challenges in voices which gave no doubt as to their intention to shoot if necessary. The plan for patrolling the city was perfect with the limited number of men which could be spared from our ten miles of firing-line. Every corner, every cut leading down to the river where insurgents might land in small boats, every bridge, every dark street, was guarded, and the greatest credit is due to the provost marshal, General Hughes, for his admirable solution of a very difficult problem. If the natives had risen—and there is no doubt about their inclination so to do—the position of our forces, with the enemy inside and outside of our lines, would have been very critical. News spreads rapidly where every one is so anxious to find out the truth, and by inquiring I discovered that the firing began at the Nebraska camp at Santa Mesa. I started out on the road which leads past the camp to the water-works. Two miles from camp the Mauser bullets began to hiss and rattle on the tin roofs along the road; indeed, as I afterwards learned, Lieutenant Howett of the Colorado regiment, quietly sitting in his room at Colorado headquarters, three miles from the front, was shot in the leg by one of these stray bullets.

There is a long stretch of straight road before one gets to Santa Mesa. My carriage was just ahead of that of Colonel Colton, Collector of the Port. Suddenly, out of the night, with a shout, a Filipino jumped into the colonel's carriage and tried to knife him. The colonel is a man who has had much experience in the West with a revolver, and although the attack was entirely unexpected, he succeeded in drawing his revolver and shooting the native. There were several attempts of the same nature in various parts of Manila, but they all failed, through the presence of mind of the persons attacked. The Indians have a different race from the Spaniards to deal with, and with this change much of the reputed danger of the Malay knife has disappeared.

THE TAKING OF SAN JUAN HILL

When I arrived at the Nebraska camp the preliminary firing was over. In the distance, near the sea, to the north, one still heard the roll of volleys, but in General Hale's brigade all was dark and silent. It must not be supposed that on that account the men were inactive, for down in the valley, in a semicircle about the camp, each individual man of the Nebraska regiment was burrowing into the ground. Colonel Statzenburgh was hurrying about among his men to see that they were well placed. Gallopers came and went. It was, however, on the small hill back of Santa Mesa that the most active preparations were being made. In charge of the two 3.2-inch guns of Battery A of Utah was young Lieutenant Webb. Beloved by his men for his thoughtful kindness, he had gone the even tenor of his way without attracting attention, because no crisis had arisen to bring out his sterling worth. When the concentrated fire of the insurgents poured into the Nebraska camp, the two Utah guns were under tents. The quartermaster's department had not furnished any horses to drag these guns into position.

"Fall in, men, and drag those guns up the hill," said Lieutenant Webb.

Up the hill, half a mile from camp, the men pulled their guns. It would have been hard work under ordinary circumstances, but with a heavy fire pouring into the camp it was particularly trying. However, the work had only begun, for the battery had not been allowed to build their gun-pits beforehand, for fear of exciting the insurgents. The guns placed, the men went to work with picks and shovels making barricades and filling sand-bags.

"Hope the lieutenant will let us get an hour's sleep," said a big Utah boy shovelling dirt.

"I suppose we won't get any breakfast to-morrow, either," said another worker.

"You will get sleep when you finish the work I want done," said Lieutenant Webb, coming up, "and as for breakfast, you need not worry. I have sent a man into town to bring some out in the morning."

Pound, pound, pound went the picks into the dry, hard earth. Side by side a Salt Lake City school-teacher and a contractor worth half a million dug and shovelled and sweated. From nine to half past eleven they worked; then bushes were cut down and thrown over the new white bags, which were heaped into a semicircular gun-pit, so that in daylight the place might look like a clump of bushes. At last it was all done, and the men, dirty and tired, stretched themselves on their blankets. They were not allowed to sleep, however. At twelve, bang! ping! the ball opened again for half an hour. The Mauser rifles of the insurgents made hardly any flame in the night, and their presence was known only by the sharp cracks and the whistling of bullets overhead. On the other hand, the Springfield rifles made a deep round sound, and the fire flashed from the muzzles in long streaks. Even in the night our men were handicapped by their weapons, for the flame located their position exactly. This time the firing lasted about an hour. Neither side seemed quite sure whether the other was going to advance. In the darkness, every clump of trees looked like an advancing man, and you may be sure the pickets were not slow to fire and run in. It was two o'clock, and once more the tired battery lay down to get a little sleep. Just then a great shouting came across the San Juan River from the Filipinos, and one distinctly heard:

"Viva la Republica Filipina! Americanos mucho malo!"

They were shouting at us in Spanish, the only means of communication between the Tagalo and American races. The firing was still heard indistinctly on our left, towards Tondo. At three o'clock the moon came up and lighted the scene a little. At four it was still clearer, and the insurgents took the opportunity to renew their firing. This time it was more serious. They were bent on mischief, for you could distinctly hear the crack of their rifles advancing, and a few Remingtons among them located their approach. They were coming down San Juan Hill for the bridge. On our side of the bridge, in an old Spanish stone redoubt, one company of Nebraskans had been placed to hold the bridge. Would they, in the night, be able to shoot accurately enough to prevent the insurgents from crossing the stream? On they came. They no longer stopped to fire, but shouted wildly as they ran. Now they were on the bridge, but the old Springfields of the little group of Nebraska men belched forth flame and bullets. The bridge was too hot, and the insurgents drew back to cover again to re-form. This was not all. The Malays may not have discipline or organization, but they have pluck. They charged the bridge once more, with their wild shout. And still the little band of Americans held the bridge and drove back the charge. A third time the insurgents tried it, and a third time they were driven back. Lieutenant Webb prayed for light that he might do his share.

With the last charge the firing of the insurgents ceased. There was no more thought of sleep. Every American watched for the break of day, when good marksmanship would tell, for Nebraska had already lost seven wounded and one killed. At last dawn came. Breakfast had been brought, and the coffee heated back of the hill where the fire would not draw the fire of the enemy. The shooting soon began again, and as the insurgents fired high, we caught our share of the bullets from two sides. The Utah battery manned the guns. The insurgents were still in the village on the other side of San Juan Hill. A brigade of the Coloradans, under Colonel McCoy, moved up to re-enforce our right near the Pasig River.

"At that bridge with shrapnel! Cut the fuse at fifteen hundred yards!" shouted Lieutenant Webb.

The men worked like clock-work, under fire. A great big American fell, shot through the head. He dropped, and his comrades carried him off. His chum leaned over him.

"God! I can't stand it!" he groaned.

"Jim," said a friend, "pull yourself together; there is work to be done."

One gun was on the steep side of the hill, and the sand-bags could not be built up high enough to protect the men. The shrapnel had dislodged the insurgents from the bridge for the time being. Lieutenant Webb next shelled block-house No. 6, preparatory to a charge by the Coloradans. The shells did their work, and soon we saw the Colorado line coming out of the brush up, on, into the block-house, where they found little resistance.

"After the next shot," shouted Lieutenant Webb, "every one come out and wheel that gun over here under the porch."

All the men not working the gun lay under the protection of the thick walls of the house. The bullets pattered like rain on the tin roof, and whizzed threateningly past the corner where the men lay. To wheel the gun into that position seemed like courting death for every man.

"Now, then," cried the big sergeant, "run for it."

The men ran crouching around the angle of the wall and wheeled the gun into place. Another man fell, shot through the lungs. The gun worked smoothly now, and dropped shrapnel and shell on block-house No. 6 opposite. The gunner and first sergeant stood in the open all the time. No breastwork protected them. It is a miracle that they were not shot. The rest of the men ran out to wheel the gun into position after each shot, and then scurried back to shelter. The man who carried the ammunition-bag ran back and forth. His was a dangerous job.

"Jim," shouted the big sergeant, "give that bag to some one else. You've risked your life long enough; let some one else try it now."

The men behind the wall did not move rapidly enough to suit the sergeant.

"If any one thinks I have a soft thing, let him come out and take my place, and I'll carry that bag," roared the sergeant.

Five or six men jumped forward to take the bag.

"That's right, my babies," chuckled the giant sergeant. This battery had heroes.

Beyond the San Juan bridge the insurgents still held a small village. A great puff of smoke and a roar from the right of San Juan Hill told us of a gun the insurgents had rolled into position. Lieutenant Webb trained one of his 3.2-inch guns on the spot. The shell started on its course across the plain to the hill opposite. One could hear it panting all the way. A sharp crack, a flight of earth and stones in the embrasure, told of its arrival. That was the last we heard from the insurgent gun. The enemy had to be dislodged near San Juan bridge, and we threw shell and shrapnel into the place. At last word came to Lieutenant Webb that the Nebraska regiment was about to charge over the bridge, and he then sent his shells higher up the hill. We saw a company of Nebraskans huddled behind a wall near the bridge, preparing for the dash. Suddenly they started. They went in twos and threes, crouching as near the ground as possible, and were met in the middle of the bridge by a storm of bullets. Across they got, however, and took shelter behind the great water-pipe which supplies Manila with water. After a number had collected here they tried the hill, but the fire was so severe they could only get a little way up. Just then two Nordenfelt guns, under Captain Gibbs, came rumbling over the bridge to their rescue, followed by a battalion of the Tennessee regiment, commanded by Colonel Smith. As this battalion reached the bridge Colonel Smith fell from his horse and died of apoplexy. There was no time for delay, and the battalion, in column of fours, trotted across the bridge and joined in the attack. Then Nebraskans, Tennesseeans, and the two Nordenfeldt guns went up the hill of San Juan del Monte hand over hand. It was a joy to see the insurgents move out as the Americans came on. At twelve o'clock the troops had reached the top of the hill where the reservoirs of the city are, and there they rested, and ate their well-deserved dinner and took their well-earned rest, after as pretty a fight as I have ever witnessed.

That afternoon the Tennessee regiment scoured the country from San Juan del Monte to the Pasig River, and you may be sure that these mountaineers did their work thoroughly. No insurgents or turkeys escaped them.

Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

"QUITE the best display for many years," will be the verdict upon this twenty-first annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The predominating picture is undoubtedly Dagnan-Bouveret's "The Disciples at Emmaus." From many points of view it will be studied and enjoyed—for its exalted significance, the minute devotion expended upon every part, the breadth of impulse, veritably inspiration, which regulates the whole; for its glorious coloring, deep and sober in parts, radiant with glow in others.

Among other pictures seen at Pittsburg and Philadelphia are Dwight W. Tryon's "Early Spring" in New England, and Albert Herter's "At Twilight." No one will question this latter picture's cleverness and abstract charm; but the subject, so perversely unpleasant and cheap in sentiment, is unworthy of its author. Much more agreeable is his "The Eve of St. Agnes," where the noble figure in red, the deep-toned stained glass, and the jewel-like enrichment of fruit make a splendid *ensemble*.

Douglas Volk, in his Shaw Prize picture, "The Woodland Maid," has played upon the theme which has before now attracted him—the stillness and poetry of the pine forests. It is not so much a distinguished painting as a beautiful picture, where sentiment and color-feeling are more persuasive than the method. The Webb Prize, however, "Clouds and Hills," by W. L. Lathrop, satisfies in both directions. It is superbly painted, and flooded with emotion. Three night scenes and one of an early autumn morning illustrate the sensitive observation of Ben Foster's work.

Among the marines, one stands out with unimpeachable distinction. It is "The Ground Swell," by Charles H. Woodbury, a view of the Maine coast taken from the sea. The depth, weight, movement, and color of the water are rendered with admirable fidelity. Another new picture, one of the most arresting in the galleries, is Abbott H. Thayer's "Young Woman," noble in its general character and treatment, and yet delicate—alluring and invigorating at once. Near it is "Clearing after Rain," by Louis Paul Dessar, with a curious interlace of tree stems and boughs against a sky that has been rinsed into clearness—very attractive, though the treatment of the foliage scarcely carries conviction. Its indiscriminateness seems to contradict the general brilliance of the picture. "Autumn Shadows" is a noble example of Robert C. Minor's work; and among other landscapes which will be enjoyed are George H. Bogert's "September Afternoon," Charles Hopkinson's "Afternoon Sky," Leonard Ochtman's "View from Woodwild." Two which merited better treatment seem to have been overlooked by the Hanging Committee—"Midsummer Moonlight," by Charles H. Ault, and "The Sun's Last Rays," by Jules R. Mersfelder, a picture of deep and velvety tones. There is a finely imagined and delicately executed subject of flowers, by Maria Oakey Dewing, and a brilliant "Roses and Lilies," by Mary F. Macmonnies, the beauty of which is impaired by the introduction of figures and a baby's carriage.

The portraits involve a wide variety and high degree of excellence. One of the most impressively artistic is Wilton Lockwood's "J. B. Tileston," while the same painter's "Mrs. F. E. Sweetser" is scarcely less dignified and is more picturesque. Two portraits by Adelaide Cole Chase are strong in character and enjoyable in color and treatment, but surely somewhat harsh and muddy in flesh tints. Cecelia Beaux is also represented by two, one of them shown at Pittsburg, the charming figure in the white dress against a purple background. There are two portraits of children, by Lydia Field Emmet, of which the more gracious is put away in a side gallery; and the same artist shows a lovely miniature of two little heads. "A Lady with Fan" exhibits Samuel Isham's method in its most attractive guise, and near it is a delightfully frank and engaging portrait of a lady by Charles Hopkinson, while John Lambert, Jr., shows a "Mr. Sergeant," the strongest and most agreeably complete and expressive work of his that we remember.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

The "Reina Mercedes"

THE series of attempts to raise the Spanish vessels which had been sunk near Santiago began on July 22 of last year, when President McKinley took into consideration Admiral Sampson's suggestion in regard to saving the *Cristóbal Colon*. So far as that fine ship was concerned, all efforts proved fruitless; but the *María Teresa* was raised, towed to Guantanamo Harbor on September 24, and wrecked on the voyage northward. Now it seems that of the seven vessels which steamed out from Santiago to meet certain destruction, the last is to be first. The *Reina Mercedes* was successfully floated on March 2, and taken away from the mouth of the harbor.

After preliminary arrangements had been perfected, pumping began at midnight on March 1, and at seven o'clock in the morning, March 2, the cruiser was floating. So rapidly was the work done that, as the WEEKLY'S correspondent writes, he was the only photographer on hand; in fact, he was the only person in Santiago, except the wreckers, who knew that she was coming off. He received a telephone message from the captain in charge, took the photographs which are reproduced on page 319, and evidently enjoyed the first dash of the war-ship after her long rest. "Captain Chittenden of the wreckers, the captain of the port, the pilot, and I were on the bridge," he says. "It was a never-to-be-forgotten trip up to the inner bay; a grand ride, though she still had twelve feet of water in her when she broke away. Just think of a mass of twisted iron; a battered hull full of barnacles on one side; a couple of dozen boilers perched on what used to be a deck; and the pumps working like mad to keep the water from rising inside!"

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Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, March 16.—General Otis cabled: "Insurgent control confined to Luzon, and the occupation of the Pasig River line, with control of Laguna de Bay, has cut the country occupied by the Tagalogs in two nearly equal parts." Information received from other sources, however, was less encouraging. In the first place, the hostiles driven out from the town of Pasig retreated but a short distance—to Cainta, north of Laguna de Bay, where they intrenched themselves—and another large force threatened an attack upon General Wheaton's position from the south. It was apparent, therefore, that the fight for the Pasig River line was not finished. And in the second place, reports from widely separated points in the Visayas showed that Aguinaldo's representatives and soldiers from Luzon were distributed among the islands of the archipelago, where they were engaged in circulating stories of Filipino successes at Manila, alleging extreme cruelty on the part of the Americans, and otherwise urging the natives to resist General Miller. Seeds of revolt seemed to be rather widely scattered.

In an engagement with Filipino riflemen near Ilo Ilo, our losses were one killed and fifteen wounded.

Four companies of the Twentieth regular infantry were sent from Pasig to drive the hostiles from Cainta. When approaching this town they were received with a heavy fire from the trenches. After a fight which lasted for three hours, and in which two of our men were killed and twelve wounded, the Filipinos set fire to the town and retreated to Taytay. Our men captured the latter village more easily, burned it, and returned to Pasig.

The hostiles, for their part, returned to Taytay soon after the regulars withdrew.

Friday, March 17.—General Lagarda visited Malolos for the purpose of convincing the Filipino chief that further resistance was useless. Aguinaldo heard his arguments and ordered his immediate execution. General Lagarda was decapitated.

North of Manila, at Caloocan, Filipinos advanced from their trenches and attacked General MacArthur's centre. They were driven back after wounding an officer and two privates of the Tenth Pennsylvania.

East of Manila, at Pasig, one hundred men of the Twenty-third were placed on barges, and towed by a gunboat across Laguna de Bay. This was the beginning of a movement to obtain control on the eastern and southern shores of the lake.

Saturday, March 18.—Admiral Dewey cabled: "The *Oregon* and the *Iris* arrived today. The *Oregon* is in fit condition for any duty."

General Lawton assumed command of the first division, comprising three brigades, of the American force in Manila and the surrounding country, the entire force being reorganized in view of the arrival of re-enforcements and the development of the plan of campaign. It was announced that General Anderson, who commanded the first division before this reorganization was effected, would return to the United States.

A detachment of the Washington volunteers, stationed at Taguig, was attacked by Filipinos, who advanced along the west shore of Laguna de Bay, coming up from the south, and testing the strength of the American lines at that point. Three companies of the Twenty-second Infantry re-enforced the volunteers. The fighting began late in the afternoon, and lasted until dark. Two of the regulars were killed, and twenty wounded.

Sunday, March 19.—At daylight General Wheaton's brigade moved against this force of hostiles, driving it southward along the shore of the lake. According to General Otis's despatch, the brigade "experienced very slight loss; the enemy left two hundred dead on the field." Press despatches stated that at first the advance was stubbornly contested. When the Filipinos had been driven out of their positions, our troops pursued them for fifteen miles to the neighborhood of San Pedro Tunasan, burning every village along their route. A story to match the tales of American barbarity circulated by Aguinaldo's agents (mentioned under date of March 16) was cabled by one of the correspondents: "Private B. Young, of the Twenty-second Infantry, was wounded during the fighting yesterday evening, and fell into the hands of the Filipinos, who threatened to roast him alive. It is likely they would have carried their threat into execution had they not been too busy this morning.... When they were driven from their positions they were in such a hurry to leave that they forgot Young, who was subsequently found and cared for by his fellow-soldiers." The same correspondent spoke of a somewhat protracted resistance, but apparently, in the haste of composition, did not realize that these natives had at least time enough to shoot the prisoner if they had really been so keen after American blood. In the hottest of the firing, Washington volunteers gave a good account of themselves; for a company of this regiment, in order to reach and storm the trenches, crossed the river under fire in a canoe which would carry but fifteen on each trip.

Tuesday, March 21.—An additional battalion of the California regiment was sent to re-enforce the garrisons on Negros Island. More than sixty Spanish planters from Negros arrived at Ilo Ilo and requested arms from General Miller to defend themselves and their property against a tribe of "twenty thousand" natives living in the mountains near Bacolod, Negros Island; for, according to the statement of these refugees, the Montéses threatened to destroy farmsteads and crops. It seemed probable that the number of the hostiles in the interior was overstated, but quite evident that a considerable force was needed to police the island.

Wednesday, March 22.—The *Sherman* and the *Solace* reached Manila. The *Sherman* had on board the Third and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry; the *Solace* supplies and seamen for Dewey's fleet.

Aguinaldo has announced to his followers that he will personally conduct the Filipino reserves at Malolos, and march into Manila within twenty days.—*A Despatch from Manila.*

Our plans contemplate the complete subjugation of the insurrectionists before the opening of the rainy season, about the middle of April.—*A Despatch from Washington.*

Advices from Samar and Leyte proved that the natives of the eastern Visayas had been won over by Aguinaldo's agents, and were disposed to resist the occupation of those islands by our forces. It was stated that Catbalogan had been fortified, in anticipation of an attack, and that the leader of the hostiles had declared his intention to burn the place rather than allow it to be taken by the Americans. MARRION WILCOX.

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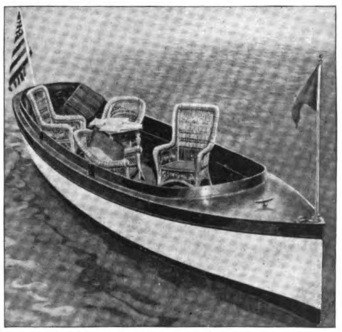
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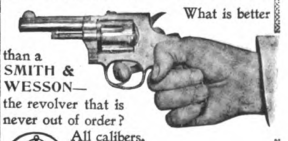
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OUT TO-DAY

36 pages **Easter Number** Ten Cents

Collier's Weekly

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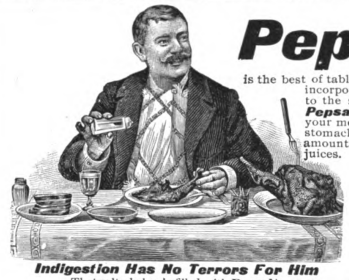
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THE SIAMESE IN SPORT. *By Caspar Whitney*

THE Siamese is not a sportsman inherently, and many generations of him must come and go ere he assume, if indeed he ever does, qualities so opposed to his present casual and wholly indolent nature.

When we behold a people discouraging and losing their ancient splendid arts of silk-weaving, of ceramics, and of silversmithing, and giving instead a ready market to the cheap trash which comes out of the West, bearing that trade-mark of mediocrity "Made in Germany," we may hardly expect forward movement in any direction, whether it be industrial or athletic. The Siamese cannot reconcile with his ideas of recreation the vigorous play of the Anglo-Saxon. He is not inclined to regard as play any exercise demanding energy and sus-



RUA CHANG—THE SIAMESE ROW-BOAT.

tained effort. As for sport for sport's sake—for the mere enjoyment of healthful, forceful play—he really has no conception of such a thing.

In his disinclination for vigorous, voluntary bodily exercise the Siamese is somewhat like the Chinaman, though perhaps with better reason. His is a country where the deadly heat, except for two or three months, makes mere attention to the day's duties exhausting; and he has had but little contact with Englishmen, who are answerable for the sporting stimulus of the Far East.

But the Siamese has ample opportunity for the exercise of his muscles in the boats, wherein he spends a very great many of his waking hours—and of his sleeping ones also, for the floating population that lives and sleeps and dies in boats is very large.

The highways of Siam are the several large rivers that run through the country from north to south, and the innumerable *klongs* (canals) which cross-section all its lower portion and connect the more important waterways. Save in the most northerly part of the country, there is practically no overland travel; while the occasional roads of southern Siam reach back towards the edge of the jungles, and are used but little, except by the tribes that bring their crude products to the settlements for barter and the very few that go into the jungle to hunt. The main arteries of travel are the watercourses, along which extend the villages, and where ample opportunity offers for the perfection of that skill with the paddle of which certainly every man, and apparently every woman and child, is possessed.

These Siamese are the most expert watermen of the East, and in their abandon on the river and perfect ease in handling their boats amidst difficulties, are equalled, in my judgment, only by the Esquimaux. The Malay, too, is a consummate waterman, but his craft is differently rigged. It is neither so cranky nor so shallow as that of the Siamese, and therefore the work of the latter appears to be the more difficult and the more suggestive of higher skill.

The Siamese boat is of many sizes and styles, but always beautifully, if simply, constructed of teak, and invariably of graceful lines. Perhaps the most common type seen on the larger rivers is the *rua chang*, which, as fortune speeds the owner, is either a peddler's boat, filled with cocoanut, betelnut, bananas, or other of Siam's many varieties of fruit, or, as at Bangkok, becomes a ferry-boat. The rowlock is a bit of twisted rotan fastened to the top of a post two and a half feet high, set on the port side of the stern; the oar is of the length with which we are familiar, and of straight blade. The oarsman stands on the starboard side of the stern, and sends the boat forward by pushing the oar from him, bringing it back with a familiar sculler's motion, without taking the blade out of the water. This much of the stroke is quite like that of the Venetian gondolier, but the body movement of the Siamese is much more rhythmical. As he comes forward on the push, the body moves smoothly, and the left foot clears the deck and swings gracefully in time with the oar.

Made a little larger, with a much more decided upward rake to the stern, and the *rua chang* becomes the type used



SAIL-BOAT, ALSO PROPELLED BY OARS (THREE) ON OCCASION.

ordinarily for sailing, or is fitted for and may be propelled by three oars, exclusive of a helmsman, who does some rowing also. The sail-boat type is that of the river small trader, and as such has a deck-house of matting, making most excellent shelter for the family, which is an almost invariable accompaniment.

The river type next most common is the house boat, found from end to end of Siam, and the one commonly used by the traveller. 'Twas in such a craft I made the first stage of my journey from Bangkok towards the jungle. You can make yourself very comfortable under that barrel-shaped covering, made of a certain kind of stout palm leaf, called *atap*, which is protection against both sun and rain; but after a few days you would gladly welcome an opportunity to stretch your legs, if, as is most unusual in the *klongs*, you could find a bit of soil clear of dense undergrowth or solid enough to walk upon.

The house-boat is made in several sizes, the largest requiring eight oarsmen—four at bow and four in the stern. Such a size affords a small bit of deck-room at either end of the house—large enough, however—in which to swing your hands with murderous intent on the mosquitoes, that are so big and so numerous, so persistent and so vicious, that straightway you forswear having ever before even heard of mosquitoes, though you may have spent many summers in the fastnesses of New Jersey or on the Long Island Sound, or even journeyed in the Great Slave Lake district in the spring-time.

In the *klongs* there is another type of small boat, rarely seen on the large rivers, which in general shape is like the *rua chang*, though greatly wider proportionately amidships, without so much upward turn to the extreme bow and stern, and with no additional rim on the gunwale.

This canoe is not over twelve to fourteen inches deep amidships, and twelve feet would represent its average length. It is the *klong* passenger and general bumboat, used for the short trip to a near-by trader, or on the longer journeys for cargoes of fruit. Even with only its crew aboard, it has but a couple inches of freeboard, yet I have seen these canoes heaped from end to end with cocoanut or pineapple or pumelo (the best fruit in Siam), and the water lapping over the deck at every stroke of the two paddles.

In thousands of instances these boats are the only habitation of families, who trade and live on them, and apparently have room to spare on the well-covered deck for visitors.



HOUSE-BOAT.

The *klong* is a very busy thoroughfare, used also by the large and heavily laden rice and general produce and fruit boats, and often these give quite a movement to the water. At such times you and I would find ourselves well occupied in keeping our equilibrium in the little bumboat; but repeatedly have I seen them go bobbing and dipping over wavelets without disturbing the domestic economy on board, although it included a full pot boiling over a small and not very steady one-foot-high charcoal-burning earthen stove. You will see such a boat guided with masterful skill unconcernedly amidst craft of all sizes, while kettles and knives and fruit, and even babies, adhere to the deck as though nailed there. I have spent hours in going through the *klongs*, studying these boats and the people they carry, fascinated by the extraordinary ease and absolute nonchalance with which the navigators of this buoyant little craft employ their skill.

Their watermanship is simply astonishing, as an illustration in my experience will convince. I was on a small steam-launch, belated until dark in the *klong* by a surly crew and failure of fuel. In leaving a settlement where I had secured a supply of firewood we ran upon a sunken mud bank in the middle of the *klong*, and there we stuck, despite full steam astern. After a bit the old man from whom we had bought our wood, and two women, came out into the canal in one of the kind of boats I have been describing. They paddled alongside of us, and then, all three standing in their boat, one in the bow, one amidship, and one in the stern, with their hands on the side of our launch, they pushed and pushed, and little by little they gradually pushed us off the bank. And all the time they kept their own boat under them with no apparent effort!

This small canoe type of boat is also the one met with almost exclusively in the *klongs* of Bangkok.

Women are quite a factor in the trading and boating carried on in the *klongs*. A considerable percentage of the canoes you pass show them at the paddles, and it is quite common everywhere to see the crew of a large canoe composed of both sexes. I have seen an old, old hag handling the stern paddle, with a little girl that could not have been over seven years of age perched in the bow, and swinging a small paddle with no insignificant dexterity.

In northern Siam, in the country of the Laos people, is another and a different type of boat. In general lines it is like the house-boat of more southern Siam, except that the extreme bow is carried with a very graceful though abrupt curve from four to six feet above the deck, according to the size of the boat, and ends in a decorated head or other symbol in keeping with the faith or tradition of the people. The Laos boat, in fact, is not dissimilar in lines to a boat used by the Burmans (pictured herewith), except that it is the stern which the Burmans elevate in graceful curve, while the Laos lift and curve the bow. Moreover, in the latter the stern proper executes more of the curve than in the Burman boat, which carries the keel throughout half the curve. The Laos boat is quite the more handsome of the two in fittings and lines, though of course much more of its deck space is wasted. It is a most picturesque craft built of teak, as are all boats in Siam.

When in Siam the Westerner views all kinds of boats, docks, and house floors made from this (to us) rare and valuable wood, he is apt to credit the tales of Oriental



CO-OPERATIVE PADDLING—FIGURES WITH LARGE HATS IN BOW ARE WOMEN.

luxury of which he has heard and read from boyhood. Let him feast upon the prodigality, for he will see naught else to perpetuate youthful impressions.

Bangkok is variously called by those people who revel in comparisons the "Venice of the East" and the "Constantinople of Asia"; in the first instance because of the many canals that run through the city, and in the second because of the hundreds of wretched and ownerless pariah dogs that roam its streets with impunity. There is much truth in both comparisons. Certainly Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its life foraging and getting just enough to keep life in its mangy carcass; multiplying meantime with the fecundity of cats and a tropical clime, because the Buddhist's doctrine forbids its killing. Outcast dogs are not the only pests whose multiplication in Bangkok may be charged to Buddhism; more noisy crows perch of an early morning on your window-casing and the tree immediately beyond it than in the space of a day hover near the Towers of Silence at Bombay awaiting the pleasure of the vultures that feed on the last earthly remains of those who have died in the faith of the Parsee.

In by far the larger half of Bangkok the easiest means of travel is by boat, and half the city is reached in no other way. The Siamese woman of the lower class daily paddles her own canoe to the market and bazar, or, if she be of a better class, employs a *rua chang*—if indeed one is not included, with ricksha for road travel, among the possessions of him to whom, with as many others as his nature prompts and his purse affords, she looks for support and protection.

For full five miles on both sides of the Menam River Bangkok stretches its floating shops, and for at least half that distance an extra row rests behind on the steadier site of the bank. Here are the greatest number of the shops, and along the banks reside probably one-third of the city's four hundred thousand inhabitants. Over half of the remainder live along the several *klongs*, which wind in and around the city with certainly all the deviousness and apparently the equal aimlessness of a cow path. They are not nearly so broad as the country *klongs*, though wider than the chief business street of the native town, Sempang; this is not saying much of their breadth, however, since Sempang is not more than ten feet wide, and in places not so much as that.

Through all these *klongs* flows a constant procession of boats, and among them the little flat, smoothly gliding canoe is the most prominent. Here, too, we find yet another type, best described as a single canoe, which is not so shallow as the other, much narrower—about eighteen inches wide amidships, in fact—but quite as long. It is somewhat like a wherry in shape, with more delicate lines, and is usually propelled by one man, sitting amidships, though I have seen two paddles at work. As a racing-canoe it would be hard to beat, but it never sees life so exhilarating.

The freight-boats of Siam are modelled on as graceful and buoyant lines, and constructed as carefully, as the smaller ones. They vary in size, but are almost identical in form, although the different kinds of houses put on their decks give the superficial observer an impression of



BURMAN FREIGHT-BOAT—THE HIGHER END IS THE STERN.

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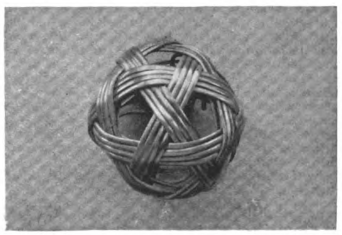
NATIVE "DUGOUT," OR SINGLE CANOE.

changed under-bodies also. The *padi* or rice boat does, indeed, differ somewhat—its bow being flatter, the stern shorter, and the upward curve slight. The difference is readily perceived by a study of the photographs of the freight and *padi* boats. They are all propelled like the *rua chang*, only the motions of the men are more labored and the graceful swing of the foot absent. The usual crew for these heavily laden boats is three—two at the long sweeps in the bow and a helmsman, who is raised by the upward curve of the stern so he may see over the house where the cargo of rice or fruits is stowed.

Despite these many boats and all the skill of the Siamese, they have no racing, or any of the sport on the water for which they are so well equipped.

The Siamese, as I have said, is no sportsman, but he enjoys any excitement that does not demand personal fatiguing activity. Next to the Burman and the Malay, he is unquestionably the most excitable creature in the Far East. He is, however, slower to flame and quicker to cool than the Malay. He is the most persistent and devoted gambler on earth, gambling and betelnut-chewing being, in fact, his dearest pleasures. He likes a dog-fight, though he seldom sees one among the curs of Bangkok; he has been known to abet cock-fighting; but cock-fighting presupposes game-birds, which again means much time and care and some money, and the Siamese finds gambling a less troublous and equally facile manner of dissipating his worldly possessions. Among the children I saw several strange and yet very simple games—all with shells, and of the gambling order.

The Siamese youth have only one game worth considering, and that one is indigenous—or native to Burmah—the question of parentage being a much-mooted one. At all events, the game requires a certain amount of activity, and is very interesting to the on-looker. It is a kind of football—in fact, I have heard it called



THE SIAMESE FOOTBALL

Burmese football—played with a ball about four inches in diameter, made of braided *rotan*, entirely hollow, very strong and resilient. The number of contestants is not arbitrarily fixed, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter. The larger the circle after it has passed the desirable diameter the slower the play. The game is to keep the ball tossing into the air without breaking the circle. As a man fails at his opportunity he drops out, and when there remain but four or six, the work is sharp and very pretty. The ball is struck most generally with the knee, but also with the foot, from in front, behind, and at the side. Some become remarkably clever. I have seen a player permit the ball to drop directly behind his back, and yet, without turning, return it clear over his head, and straight into the middle of the circle, by a well-placed backward kick of his heel.

If there is any time when the Siamese may be said to hold sports, it is at a notable cremation. Ordinarily the dead of Siam are burned at a *ghat* common to all who cannot afford the considerable expense of a private conflagration; and when the wood of the funeral pyre has been consumed, the body is well roasted, and the attendant vultures are given a chance to clean the bones. Those who can afford it build the funeral pyre within



SIAMESE FREIGHT-BOAT.

their private walls, where festivities are held during the burning, and invitations issued to friends, that they may come and behold the honor paid their dead. The bodies of those intended for private cremation are embalmed, and usually kept for some time—often many months. One Siamese gentleman, when inviting me to the proposed cremation of his brother, informed me that the distinguished deceased had been awaiting combustion for a year. The extent and character of the festivities on such an occasion depend entirely on the length of purse of the deceased's remaining relatives. But as the Hibernian clans of Tammany Hall gauge the social importance and erstwhile political "pull" of a departed brother by the number of carriages his friends muster at the funeral, so also in Siam the scope and variety of the funeral festivities mark the wealth and status and the grief of the bereaved family.

On the afternoon or evening of the appointed day the guests assemble and witness the simple ceremony of the yellow-robed priests of Buddha. Subsequently the nearest male relative fires the pyre, and then, while the flames crackle and the late lamented hisses and pops like a green pippin on a spit, his grieving family and friends grow merry over the cakes and sweetmeats and wines, while men hired for the occasion perform at several games, and even, on rare occasions, do some little running and jumping. The game nearest approaching one of skill is a sort of fence play with short sticks fastened to both arms. Once in a while one also sees at these human barbecues a kind of boxing, the art of which seems to rest entirely in parrying with the arm and open hand the thrusts that obviously never have any serious intention of landing. But there is very little to be seen of either of these games, and skill with the long sword has departed from Siam together with her industrial arts.

There is yet one game, or, more truly speaking, one festival, that is national and time-honored in Siam. In olden times a few days were annually set apart in the early spring for feasting and amusement, and the King Carnival of the occasion was elected by the people and recognized by the royal King. He was given much license, and enjoyed many unusual privileges, but he had also successfully to undergo some ordeals throughout his short reign, or abdicate. And among these perhaps none demanded more of him than the custom which compelled his standing on one leg during a swinging competition for a purse of gold. The swing is a high one, the uprights being, I should say, without having their actual measurement, fifty feet, and the purse is fastened on a level with the top of the swing, and distant from the uprights the length of the swing rope. The game seems easy to those of us who as boys thought nothing of "working up" until we pushed our feet higher into the air than the tree limb to which the swing ropes were fastened, but perhaps securing the purse with the teeth is, under such conditions, more difficult than appears.

I have already in one of my papers referred to the elephant-hunt which every other year or so is organized to comply with tradition and to provide the King and his court with amusement and working-elephants. The only hunting in connection with the affair is done unseen and unrewarded by a considerable band of the King's servants, who, mounted on tame elephants, beat the jungles and search the country for months prior to the appointed time for wild ones. Three-quarters of the herd they succeed in rounding up have before taken a part in the performance. The corral into which this herd is driven is a good-sized one, and outlined by large tree trunks sunk into the ground just far enough apart to permit of a man passing out in case of his being charged. Necessarily the corral is very stoutly made. The hunting, so called, consists of "cutting out" and roping certain of the best of the captives. Really the only interesting feature of the show is the intelligent assistance rendered by the tame elephants.

Speaking of elephants, by-the-way, I am only repeating what is well known by this time, I am sure, when I say that the famous white elephants are not white at all. Their skin is not much lighter than that of the ordinary elephant in its wild state; and let it be remembered that the skin of the wild elephant is much lighter than that of those in captivity, which are periodically oiled. The noticeable difference between the white and ordinary ele-



PADI-BOAT UNDER SAIL AND SWEEP.

phant is in the color of the former's eyes, which are a light blue instead of the usual dark brown. There are whitish spots at the base of his ears, but the skin is a grayish or lavenderish color, or the color of black mud that has become dried and baked in the sun. They are smaller than the common Asiatic elephant, and the five I saw in the King's stables at Bangkok were ugly-looking brutes and vicious. They are held sacred and never worked.

There are too few English-speaking people in Bangkok for Anglo-Saxon sport to thrive as it does on the Malay Peninsula and in India, where, of white races, the Englishman is dominant. There is a large and most comfortable social club, and among its members are some who play cricket and tennis. There is even a lawn-tennis club, with good turf courts in use every afternoon in winter, and a cricket club, now about defunct. The climate permits of vigorous play for too short a time. There is a yacht club, with a house and a few small sail-boats down near the mouth of the Menam River, at Packnam, and some good sport is had at the occasional racings. The bicycle has but recently been introduced; needless to say the native looks in wonder at the two or three that toil over the dusty, dirty streets. There is limited opportunity for bicycle-riding in either Bangkok or its environments.

Neither Europeans nor natives hunt in Siam: big game is too far away, the jungles are too dense and unhealthful, and there are no skilful or dependable *shikaris* (trackers—hunters) native to, and therefore familiar with, the districts in which game abounds. There is a gun club, however, which takes its sport in the excellent snipe-shooting to be had on every hand. The big game of Siam includes elephant, tiger, two varieties of wild cattle, buffalo, and three varieties of deer. The King forbids elephant-shooting. Rhinoceroses are very scarce, and only to be had in lower Siam; tiger and deer are pretty generally distributed, and fairly plentiful; buffalo are confined to one section west of Bangkok, near the Burmah line; wild cattle are fairly plentiful. A visiting sportsman could count on getting a head of barking-deer, of sambur, and, with good luck, of wild cattle; he would also have a chance at buffalo; tiger would be a mere question of time and opportunity; but he should take six months on the ground in preparation and hunting. It is the most trying and exasperating hunting country I have yet visited.

Bangkok, *December 1, 1897.*



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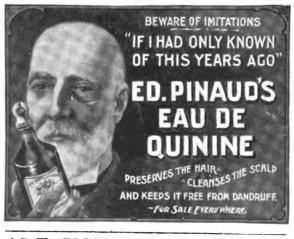
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M. BLANC. "I have ze choice of ze weapon, n'est ce pas?"
M. NOIR. "Oui, monsieur."
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But a Delicious Drink—relished and easily retained.

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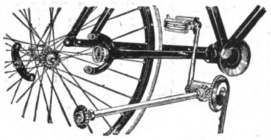
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ESTABLISHED 1780.

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Vedettes,	-	$25, 26

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Lyons Silks.

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Moire Nouvelle, Brocades and Stripes,
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Rich Satins, Peau de Soie and Taffetas Mousseline
for Wedding Gowns.

New Silk fabrics for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Grenadine, Crèpe.

Printed India Pongees, Soft Satins.
Novelties by every Steamer.

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NEW YORK.

1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	130,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

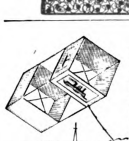
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.



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Bruises, Sore Throats, Colds,
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Pond's Extract
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A Gentleman's Smoke
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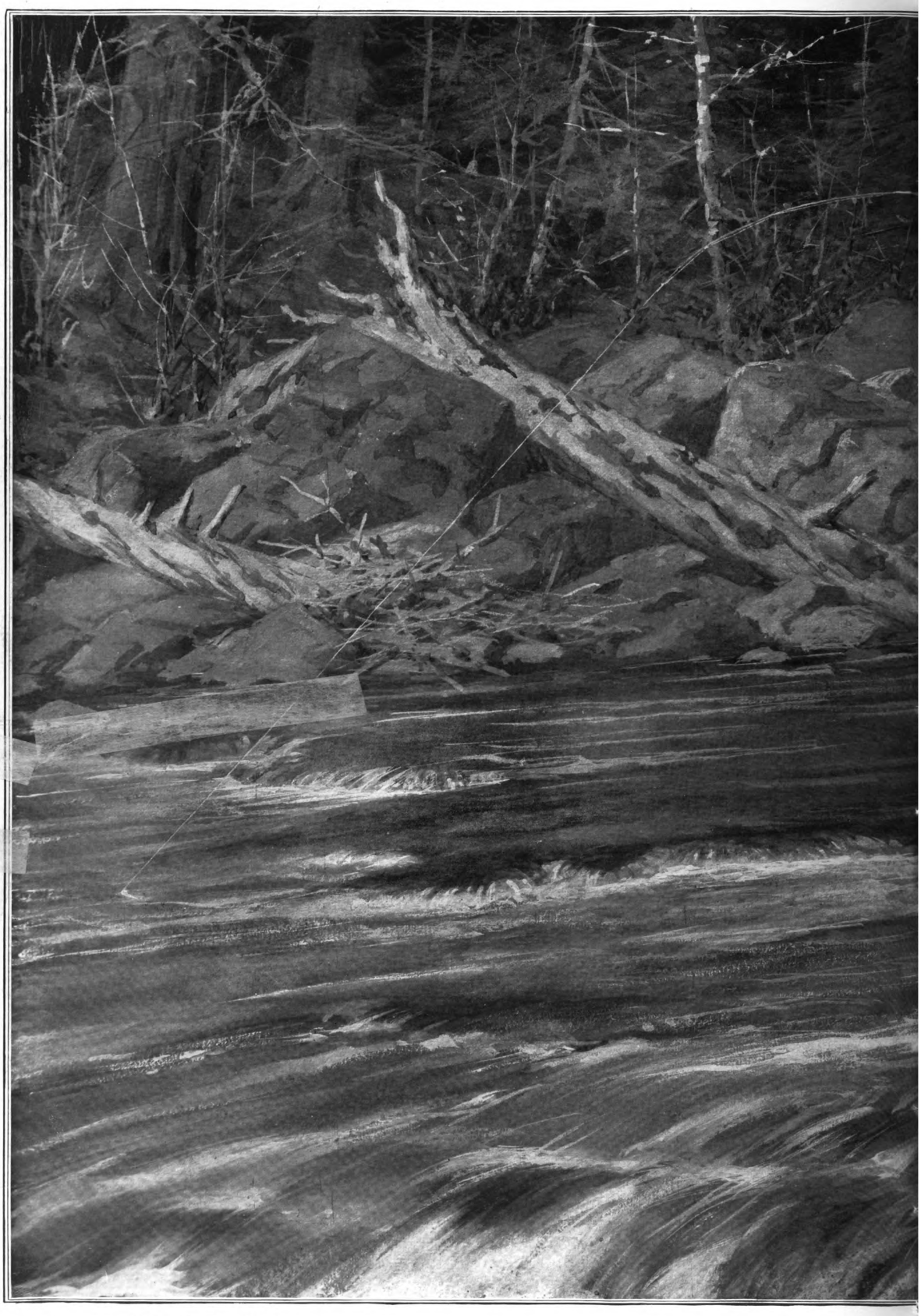
IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

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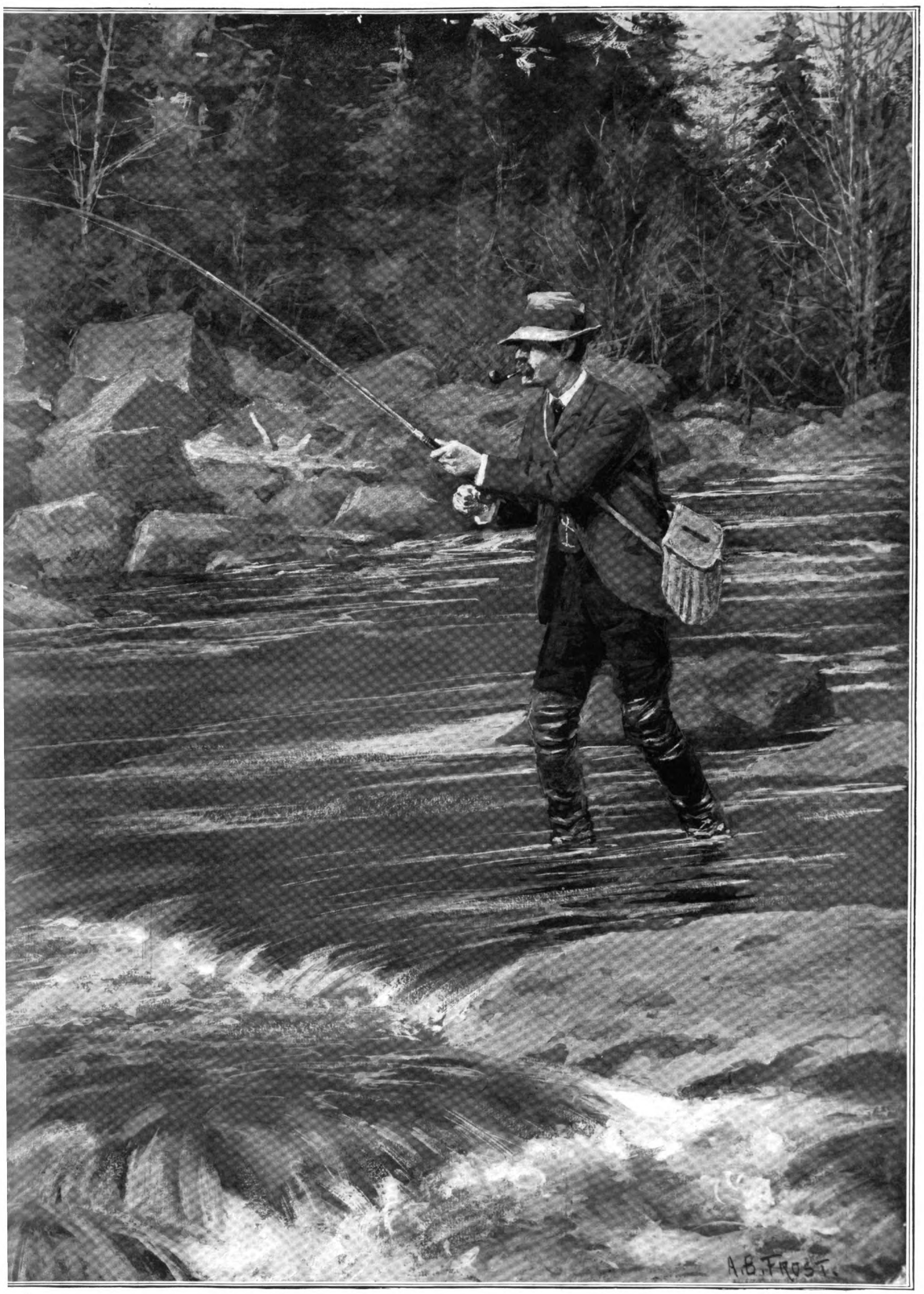
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)KED!"— Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FIGHTING AROUND MANILA

Four-page Supplement

HARPER'S WEEKLY

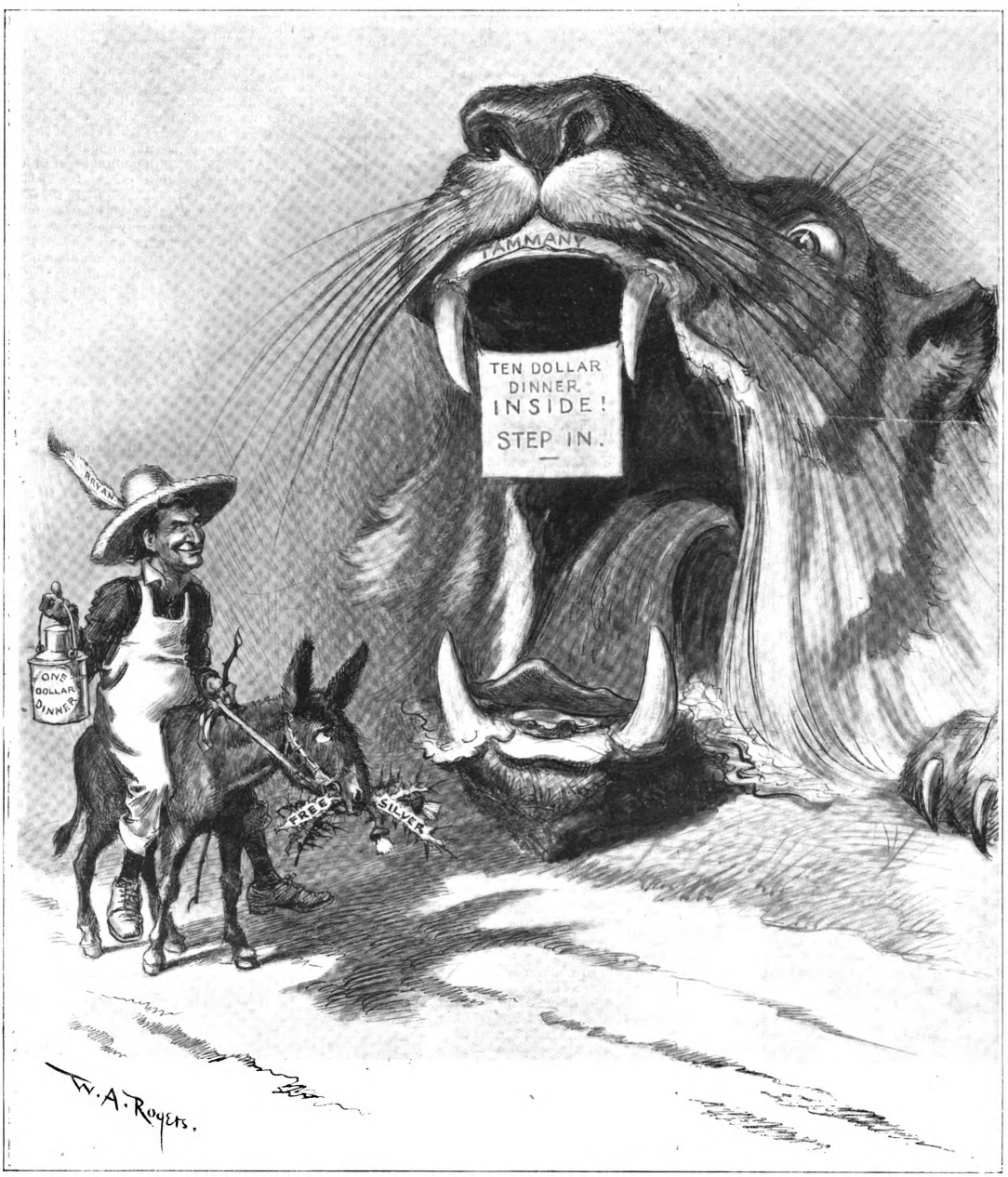
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2207

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899

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THE TRUE JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY—MR. BRYAN HAS A LITTLE DINNER OF HIS OWN.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 8, 1899

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Currency and Banking

SO long as the Democratic national machine, whose chief spokesman is WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, that issue is not dead. It is probably true that the popular sentiment for free coinage is not for the moment nearly so active and warm as it was in 1896. The farming communities of the West have greatly prospered since the last Presidential contest. When Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS visited the agricultural States as the representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY, his glowing accounts of the bettering of the material condition of the farmers, and of the sudden accession of wealth which the big crops of 1897 had brought to them, were seriously questioned by some of our Eastern newspapers. But now it is generally admitted that the stories which a year ago seemed fabulous are true; that the agricultural States owe much less than they did, and have a nest-egg laid away besides.

Desertions from the ranks of the silver cause have also been numerous and important. Ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa led the way in declaring that the attempt to elect a President on the 16-to-1 issue was absurd, and that the issue should be abandoned for something more fundamental and essential. Mr. E. C. WALL, long the Wisconsin member of the Democratic National Committee, and one of the ablest and shrewdest political observers and leaders of the West, has followed, and many others have joined these two, and are continuing to join them. On the naked issue of free coinage at 16 to 1 there is no doubt that the cheap-money men would be defeated to-day, and it is absolutely impossible to reconcile BRYAN'S assertion of his issue as the mainstay of his own and his party's campaign with the theory that he is a shrewd politician, unless it be that he is playing for the future. He is certainly young enough to wait. But BRYAN controls the Democratic machine, and the organization seems determined to follow him, and to insist on an acceptance of the financial plank of the Chicago platform as the test of right even to membership in the Democratic party. Moreover, the Chicago platform has other planks which are dear to socialists and to sincere and reasonable enemies of centralized power and of trusts; and, in addition, the silver men, if they really compel the adoption of their favorite issue, will be aided and strengthened by many strong anti-imperialists, some of whom are Republicans, who are firmly convinced that imperialism will injure the country more seriously, because the injury will be permanent, than a temporary experience with silver monometallism. However that may be, so long as BRYAN and the Democratic organization keep the silver question to the front there is danger from it, a danger which ought to be recognized by all who remember the 6,000,000 of votes which BRYAN received in 1896, and who are looking squarely in the face present political complications, not only those resulting from the war with Spain, from its taxation, from its scandals, from the testimony in the beef inquiry, from expansion, from the consequent war against the Filipinos, from the terrible scourge of disease already recognized as the new threat to the country from Mr. MCKINLEY'S new policy, but those coming from the absolute neglect of the Republican majority in Congress to keep the promise of currency reform in consequence of which Mr. MCKINLEY'S election was secured.

The real danger in the currency situation, so far as it concerns politics, is that existing conditions are temporary. The currency question has not died out, and its advocates are not only keeping it prominent, but are successful in raising campaign funds for the purpose of carrying on their propaganda. They know well enough that while they would probably be defeated on the straight issue to-day, or probably next year, not only are these issues to aid them, but that the causes which gave its enormous popularity to the 16-to-1 theory continue to exist. They are only inoperative at present, because nature has been unusually kind to the farmer and has made him rich. He is no longer under the yoke of the creditor, while the price of wheat has been so high as to make freight charges, which once seemed extortionate, a matter of very little concern to him. But the farmer will not always have large crops, and there is bound to come a time when he will be again pinched for money. Then the country will find him once more crying out for cheap money, either in the form of 50-cent dollars, or, what is more likely, in the form of abundant and irredeemable paper.

What the farmer will want then, however, as what he really wanted in 1893 and the years that followed, will be an easier access to money, and not cheap money. He will want better banking facilities, and apparently that is not what he is likely to get if we are to judge of the future from the present conduct of the bankers themselves. The average cheap-money man really needs to be taught the place occupied by private checks in the transaction of business, and in order to teach him the fundamental truth that about ninety per cent. of the commercial transactions of the civilized world are carried on by the medium of these instruments, he must be brought into contact with banks, and become a customer and beneficiary of them. It is an important fact that in the last Presidential election the wheat-growing counties of the West where banking facilities were abundant gave majorities for MCKINLEY, whereas BRYAN'S strength was almost entirely in the counties lacking these facilities. At present there are large areas in the wheat and cotton growing sections of the country where the farmer or planter sees very little money, and where he is practically at the mercy of the first buyer who happens along with cash. He takes the low price that is offered to him, and is ready to believe that it would be higher if money were cheaper. If he sought the privileges of a bank of issue and discount, he would not seek the remedy suggested to him by HARVEY and BRYAN. Indeed, there would probably be no HARVEY or BRYAN.

In view of the necessity of spreading banking privileges, the recent action of the Clearing House in New York ordering all its members to charge for the collection of checks is deplorable. The petty spirit of retail trade in drafts is probably at the bottom of the order, but this is not the essential objection to the movement to impose a burden upon private checks. All the commercial interests of the country are deeply concerned in popularizing the employment of checks, and the great reform to be accomplished in our banking legislation is to be the establishment of branch banks in places where banks are now almost unknown. When this reform is accomplished, as it may be after a few more political promise-breakers are defeated, checks should pass from end to end of the country untaxed for the cost of collection. The action of the New York Clearing House discredits this form of token money, and complicates and embarrasses the movement to secure currency reform. It is said that all the banks together have lost from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 a year by not charging for collecting out-of-town checks. But, on the other hand, what of the profits which have been made through the increase of business resulting from making business between distant points easier of transaction? And what of the money question itself? If we are to settle this question by getting it out of politics, it must be through the banks, by the establishment of branch banks; and nothing that has been done of recent years—we are not speaking now of what the politicians have left undone—has so materially injured the cause of currency reform as the action of the New York Clearing House in discrediting checks by taking out-of-town checks from the list of current funds that may pass from hand to hand like money.

IT is becoming more and more essential every day to settle the future relations of the United States with the Philippines. Not only should the killing of the Filipinos be stopped—it is estimated that we have already killed more than the Spaniards murdered in their 350 years of misrule—but our troops should be withdrawn from the islands, where, if they remain through the rainy season, a large percentage of them must die from climatic fevers and from horrible diseases, already spreading through the army to an alarming extent. Mr. MCKINLEY himself is reported to be again uncertain, and we are sure that, keeping his ear to the ground, he is hearing strange voices from the West, which tell quite a different story from that which he heard at the tail of his car as he made his way to and from the Omaha Exposition last summer. There has been a great revulsion of feeling in the West, while the anti-imperialist feeling has been strengthened in the East. We have heard within the last ten days of the change of views of many persons who have been in favor of expansion, but who are shocked by the slaughter going on in the Philippines, and which is necessary under existing conditions, or who dread the loss of good American lives and the degradation and degeneration of good American men which must follow a long-continued occupancy of these tropical islands, or who feel the burden of taxation already imposed upon the business interests of the country, and anticipate the greater burden that must follow the maintenance and defence of these distant colonies.

We have always maintained that the cost of defending the Philippines would alone be much greater than the profits to be derived from them could possibly be; and when this fact is fully realized it will furnish an additional reason for opposition to imperialism. Our opinion on this subject has been recently greatly strengthened by the testimony of a gentleman who lived for many years in the Philippines, transacting business there, knowing thoroughly the islands and the natives. He says that, while we will doubtless defeat the natives, we cannot maintain peace in the islands without garrisons aggregating at least 75,000 men. Now what would be the annual cost of 75,000 troops? We estimate the annual cost of a soldier in this country at $1000. This, for 75,000 men, would be an annual charge of $75,000,000. We must add, however, at least $6,000,000 for the 25 per cent. added to the army pay for colonial service, the cost of transportation back and forth, the frequent recruitments for the maintenance of the strength of the garrison, the additional cost of the naval service, and we will then find that the annual charge for military service in the Philippines would reach at least $100,000,000. We assume that the revenue of the islands would pay for the civil government, and this we are assured is a very generous assumption.

These estimates are based upon expert opinion, and on the same opinion we are enabled to offset the charge with the profits that may possibly enure to us by reason of our possession and occupation of the islands. In their best estate the Philippine trade, back and forth, has aggregated $30,000,000 in a single year, of which about $20,000,000 represented exports and about $10,000,000 represented imports. Assuming that the imports reached $15,000,000 a year, that they came entirely from this country, and that the Americans engaged in the Philippine trade made a profit of 10 per cent. on their sales to the islands, we should then have a revenue of about $1,500,000 accruing to a score or so of Americans; and for the maintenance of this revenue the country would be taxed at least $100,000,000 a year. As a matter of fact, we suppose that this large expenditure would be really for the maintenance of a trade from which a few Americans would reap an annual profit of from $250,000 to $350,000 a year at the outside, and in this expenditure we do not include the inestimable value of the American lives which must be sacrificed for the maintenance of this little trade. We confess that this vast expenditure, disproportionate as it is to any benefit which may accrue, is not discordant with the protective principle, but we fancy it will not be regarded as excusable by the country when its amount and its significance are once generally understood.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY is often the author of such an admirable deed that we wonder why he does not always follow the dictates of his own judgment and his own conscience, instead of listening to the bad advice of the politicians who surround him, and who are bent on the attainment of their own interests and their own profit, and not at all on the welfare of the President or the country. The latest act for which the whole country, and especially the navy, ought to thank Mr. MCKINLEY is his strong and appreciative letter to Admiral SAMPSON, in reply to the latter's request that the other officers who deserved to be honored for the work of the navy at Santiago might not be permitted to suffer on account of his own misfortune in being unappreciated by the Senate. The President, in reply, expressed his sympathy with Admiral SAMPSON, and again assured him that it was because he alone was entitled to the honor of that blockade and the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet that he had gladly honored him by a special promotion. This letter assures us that, so far as the President is concerned, justice will yet be done, and SAMPSON made Vice-Admiral.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

MR. J. W. DOANE, a gentleman who lived at the Windsor Hotel, has sent $500 to the *Evening Post* to start a fund of $10,000, which it is hoped will be raised for the support of the mother and two sisters of William Guion, an elevator-man at the hotel. Other contributions have swelled the fund at this writing to more than $3000. Guion had been employed at the Windsor for twenty years, and had charge of the elevator when the fire broke out. He stood his ground gallantly, and kept his elevator going through smoke and the gravest peril, repeatedly bringing down loads of frightened people. When the collapse of the building became imminent, he was pulled out of his car by the police. But he was not yet ready to run. It has been said that the elevator bell rang again. At any rate, he started up for one more trip. On his way down, the top of the shaft fell in. The car stopped, and he and whoever was with him were caught and died.

When has there been a nobler instance of devotion to duty than this? Running an elevator is pretty humdrum work, about as little adapted, apparently, to develop heroic qualities as any work that can be imagined. But there was hero stuff in Guion. For him the little tinkle of his bell in that fiery confusion was a signal no less august than the voice of God. Up he went again on a sacred mission, and out of that cage in which his body was entrapped his soul went to his Maker.

Manhood came out strong at that fire. The courage and effective work of the firemen saved many lives, and have been praised and honored, as they should have been. But the firemen have taught us to expect heroism from them. William Guion's fine devotion may not be qualified even by the suggestion that it was part of his business, except in so far as it is every man's business, when the pinch comes, to remember that he was made in God's image, and must not disgrace the uniform of clay that clothes his spirit.

THERE seem to be at least two sides to everything, and most things are polygons. That is one reason why it is so hard to do right, and incidentally to live. Right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty, truth and falsehood, are regarded theoretically as plain matters, the quality of which the observer may detect at a glance, and we are in the habit of having it impressed upon us that the chief preliminary to righteousness is the desire to do right. But, commonly, that isn't the hardest part. It is easy to want to do right, but actions shade into one another so, and are so complicated by times and circumstances, that oftentimes it takes the carefulest and prayerfulest study to determine what is right and what is not. A large class of actions include both good and evil results, and we do them or not, according to our opinion whether good or evil results will preponderate.

The population of the United States includes a great many conscientious persons who are trying to thrash out the White Man's Burden question and to get at the real rights of it, with a view to the future regulation of their conduct. Most of those who have read Kipling's poem are satisfied with it as poetry, but very uncertain about it as gospel. What they want to know is whether its facts will wash: whether the white man is in India and China and Africa, and especially in the Philippines, in the interest of the brown man or of his precious self, and whether more good than evil comes of his stay there. The problem of the Philippines has given thousands of American readers an eager practical interest in the relations of white men and brown—or yellow or red or black—men, wherever in the world such relations exist. We want to know what effect the Dutch have on the Javanese, and also what effect the Javanese have on the Dutch. We want to know whether Great Britain really puts as much into India as she takes out; whether the British are making the East-Indians happier and better than they would be without them. The idea of white men devoting their lives to the regulation and uplifting of brown men is very taking. The idea of white men finding lucrative jobs in bossing brown men and coming home rich and liver-saddened, to live at the brown men's cost, is less attractive. Fifty years ago the question whether black men were best off in charge of white men was universally discussed in this country, and every one had views about it, but for thirty-five years it has not been a pressing question, and has not been much mooted. Now a question akin to it has come up, and ninety-nine-hundredths of us are too ignorant to discuss it intelligently. We may have read *Peter Halkett*, and remember that there are those who question the benevolence of Cecil Rhodes. We have all read more or less about British rule in India, and we know there is great good in that, but still we wonder whether there is good enough to justify it. But our reading at best has been scrappy and casual, and qualifies us much better to ask questions than to answer them. Accordingly, all current information that bears on the white-man's-burden problem gets attention. Mr. John J. Valentine, president of Wells, Fargo, & Co., is quoted as the author of a monograph on *Dutch Colonizers in Malaysia*, in which he pictures the absolute subjection of the Javanese to the Dutch masters in a way that must be annoying to expansionists. He regards the Dutch supremacy in Java as a usurpation, maintained at an annual cost of the lives of thousands of white troops, for the benefit of merchants who live luxuriously on wealth made by the labor of "thirty million patient, cowed Malays working under the harsh supervision of agents." That is one picture of Java, but possibly there is another, in which the gentle Dutchman is shown sacrificing his liver in the effort to civilize and redeem the Javanese.

We have a lot to learn about Malaysian colonies, and probably we will learn pretty fast. Certainly we are interested in the subject, and certainly, if no better prospect offers than the conquest of nine million Filipinos for the sake of providing a field of enterprise to a few new trusts, the project will not finally recommend itself to a people who are still paying $150,000,000 a year in memory of a war for the suppression of slavery.

AGREEABLY to a suggestion of Sir Walter Besant, a fund is being gathered in England to found in Winchester High School a university scholarship in honor of Miss Charlotte Yonge, and "in recognition of her great services as pioneer of that religious and high-toned literature for young people which for the last fifty years has been a special glory of England and the admiration of America and other countries." The Winchester High School receives girls from all parts of England. Miss Yonge has served since its foundation, in 1884, as one of its council of management. Six thousand pounds is wanted for the scholarship fund. Among those who have cordially approved the scheme is Mr. John Hay, lately our ambassador to England. American readers who feel an obligation to Miss Yonge and may wish to join in raising this fund are invited to send their subscriptions to the Rev. J. H. Merriott, Dormy Cottage, Winchester, England.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution in Boston have voted to arrange a reception for Admiral Dewey when he passes through Boston on his way home to Vermont. If the Admiral comes home by way of the Suez Canal, and goes to Boston directly from New York, there may be enough left of him for the Boston Daughters to receive; but if he comes by way of San Francisco, Boston's prospect of having sight of him this year would seem to be faint. We have been assured that the Admiral has had a hard year, and that if he comes home in July, as seems now to be expected, he will come looking for rest and recuperation. Obviously, in view of the present disposition of the American people towards him, he will not find rest growing here on bushes, but will have to hunt it down and sit on its head. No man in historical times has ever before come home to so big a country that was so much agitated over his coming. There are seventy millions of us, and, as the boarding-school damsels say, we are all just crazy about Dewey, and he, particularly if he feels somewhat indisposed, must heartily wish that he could appoint a proxy for us to go wild over, while he looked on and enjoyed the sport. Meanwhile, at this writing, the cruiser *Raleigh*, the first to come home of the ships that were at Manila, is nearing New York. The Mayor and a reception committee of 500 will go down the bay to meet her, and doubtless we shall have a foretaste of what we may expect later when Admiral Dewey comes.

NEW possibilities are opened to the city of New York by the offer made, on March 27, by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, to build the great tunnel up and down Manhattan Island which has been looked forward to for years as the only satisfactory solution of the rapid-transit problem. The Metropolitan Railway says that if it gets the job it will begin work within three months of the time authority is granted it, and will have the tunnel ready from the City Hall to Fort George within three years. The other branch, running to the Bronx, it proposes to build in two years, beginning as soon as the net earnings of the line first completed are sufficient to pay five per cent. annually on the cost of construction and equipment. The company stipulates that it shall have a perpetual lease of the tunnel it constructs, and shall have the right to use and rent spare space in it for lines of pipe and wires. From its net receipts from the underground railway it proposes first to take for itself an annual sum amounting to five per cent. of the actual cost of construction and equipment, and next to pay the city an annual rental amounting to five per cent. of the gross receipts. It proposes to charge ten cents fare on its express trains and five cents on its local trains, but the higher rate entitles the passenger to a transfer to the cars of the Metropolitan surface railway, and the lower fare entitles the passenger to buy a surface transfer for three cents.

There are, of course, many other stipulations and conditions, but the main point is that the Metropolitan, a very strong and competent company, which is on terms of affection with the present city government, has offered the city rapid transit underground on terms which, though they may need amendment in detail, are, on the whole, considered to be reasonable. The Rapid Transit Commissioners are pleased to have received an offer, and are obviously hopeful of making a deal. No one could do the work quicker or better than the Metropolitan Company, and no one can compete with that company in the advantageous offers it can make in the matter of transfers to its surface system. The commissioners, having now got an offer, must go to the Legislature for further authority before they can accept it or haggle over it. They all find the Metropolitan's proposition attractive, and all agree that while it would probably be profitable in the end for the city to build and own its underground road, it is much more feasible to have the work done by private capital.

RUSSIA has served notice on Finland to the practical effect that her Finnish days are over, and that she is straightway to become Russian. The Finns, down to the twelfth century, were pagans, noted for their piratical enterprise, which so bothered the Swedes that they took them in hand, regulated them somewhat, and made a beginning of Christianizing them. From that time down to 1809 Swedish influence predominated in Finland, and the Swedes and Russians fought back and forth from time to time over the country. Finally, in 1808, Russia made a successful invasion, and got the country away from Sweden, so that in 1809 Finland became a Russian grand-duchy, and has since remained so. But it was still Finland, and though its governor-general has since then been a Russian, it has had its own Finnish capital of Helsingfors, where its own Finnish Parliament met. Its ancient privileges were guaranteed by Czar Alexander I. It had its own army, commanded by Finnish officers, and only one Finnish regiment at a time served in times of peace beyond the borders of Finland. This system lasted undisturbed until 1871, when an attempt was made to put Finland under the same rules as to military service and organization that governed the rest of Russia. But the regulations made at that time were so interpreted as to make little practical change. Six months ago, however, a new governor-general came to Helsingfors, and gave notice to the Finns that the days of a separate Finland were past. Russian money and postage-stamps were to supersede those in use; the Russian Church was to be the state church, and the Russian language the official language. Since then the Finnish Parliament has been compelled, under threat of force, to promulgate the Czar's decree depriving it of some of its most important powers and privileges, and providing for the extension of conscription, the substitution of Russians for Swedes in the University of Helsingfors, and other measures of similar purport. Finland as Finland is apparently to be wiped out, as Poland was wiped out a century ago.

Naturally the Finns are full of remonstrance and agitation. Their friends in Sweden are led by sympathy to stigmatize the Czar's peace congress as hypocritical. The Finns in this country, too, are agitated, and on March 26 some 800 of them held a meeting in Brooklyn to denounce the new Russian policy for Finland, and to take steps towards an organized expression of Finnish sentiment on this continent. A committee was appointed, which will co-operate with the Finlanders of the West and get up a monster petition, which will be carried to Washington and presented to the President and Secretary Hay, with a view to interest the American delegates to the Czar's peace congress in the Finnish cause.

The case seems very hard. There is no complaint against Finland as a grand-duchy of Russia, so far as appears, except that its civilization is far superior to that which generally obtains in Russia. Its schools are good, its standard of education high, its percentage of illiteracy very low. Its defenders aver that Russianizing means to it the lowering of its educational standards, a censorship for its press, official corruption, increased taxation, and all the incidents of despotism. A harsh prospect, certainly, for a country that has demonstrated its fitness to manage well its own affairs.

DOCTORS are swift to avail themselves of the new expedients made possible by the progress of invention. The *Medical Record* says that when an X-ray picture is to be taken at the house of a New York patient, the physician no longer finds it necessary to fetch a large electric battery from his office, but simply telephones for an electric cab, and, as it stands at the door, runs out a wire from the sick-room, and borrows the electricity he needs from its storage battery. That is beautiful, and recalls the ways of the primitive milkman who drove his cows to his customer's doors and squeezed out each family's allowance in the housekeeper's presence.

A Western country doctor is reported to be saving himself many trips by using carrier-pigeons to bring him word of the condition of distant patients.

MASSACHUSETTS has determined, after much discussion, to devote $170,000 this year to the extermination of the gypsy-moth. It seems not to have occurred to the Bay State rulers that if this sum were devoted to the establishment of a kindergarten for sparrows, these active birds might be taught to eat the gypsy-moths, thereby making further appropriations for moth-hunting unnecessary, and putting the sparrow to a use that would reconcile the public to his continued existence. Education is cheaper in the end than extermination, as well as more satisfactory.

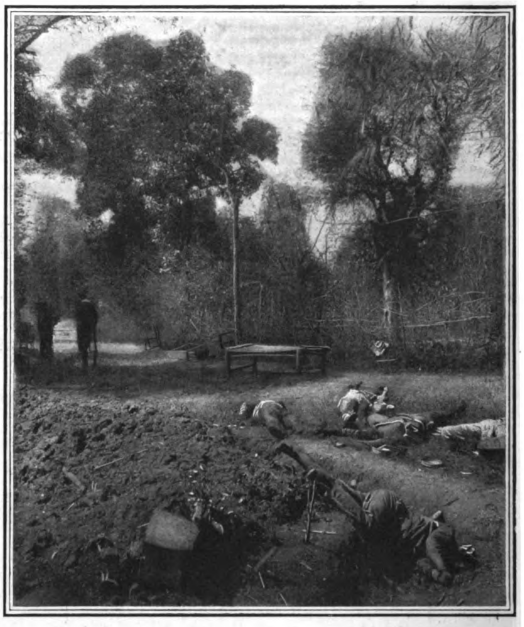
The principle involved is the same that underlies the proposition to use trained Filipino troops to garrison Cuba.

THESE many years the writers of railroad stories have diligently inculcated the theory that the locomotive engine is not a thing, but a creature; that it has likes and dislikes; will go for one man and not for another; and that the tie between it and its driver is a quasi-sacred thing not to be meddled with without good reason. There has also been a theory among mechanics that a locomotive needs periods of rest between trips, like a horse. Two railroads—St. Paul and Atchison—have defied both of these theories, and propose to run their locomotives on much longer trips than has been customary, changing engine-men at proper intervals, and having one succeed another on the same machine. They propose, too, it seems, to keep their engines at work as steadily as possible as long as they are fit to go. Their plans will tend to break up much of the intimacy between the driver and his machine, but if the breakage goes no further than that, the plan will doubtless keep in use.

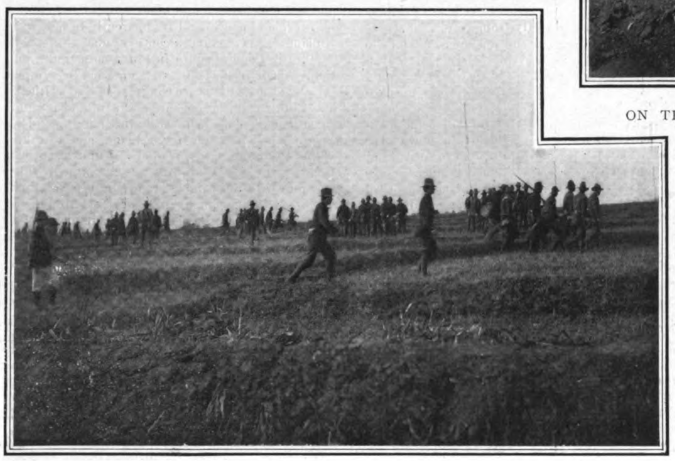
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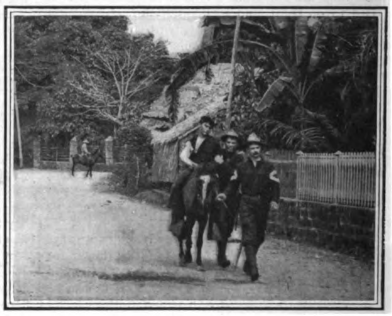
BLOCK-HOUSE No. 11, LOOKING TOWARD SAN PEDRO MACATI.



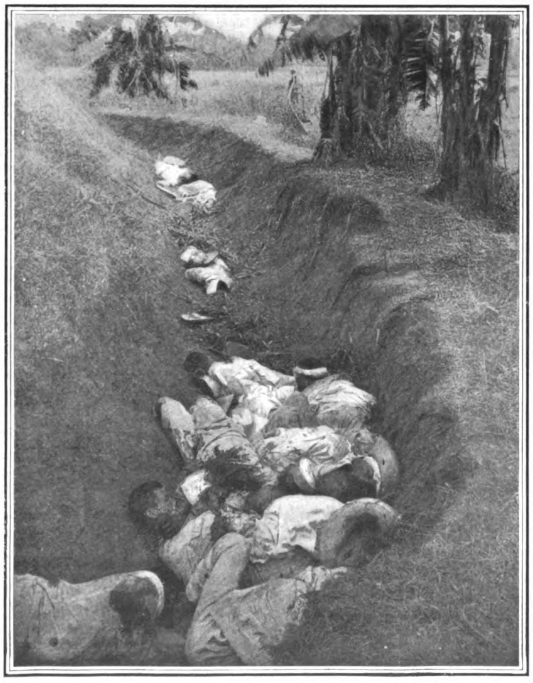
ON THE ROAD TO CALOOCAN—THE AFTER-MATH.



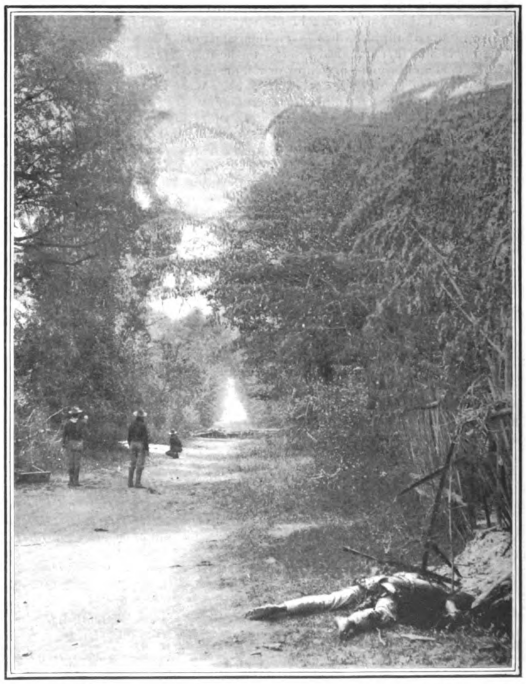
IN THE CHARGE ON CALOOCAN—THE 3D ARTILLERY, ACTING AS INFANTRY, DEPLOYING IN LINE OF SQUADS.



HELPING A WOUNDED SOLDIER TO THE HOSPITAL.



DEAD FILIPINOS IN TRENCH OF BASTION FORT BEFORE SANTA ANA.



"BLOODY LANE," WHERE THE 14TH INFANTRY CHARGED.

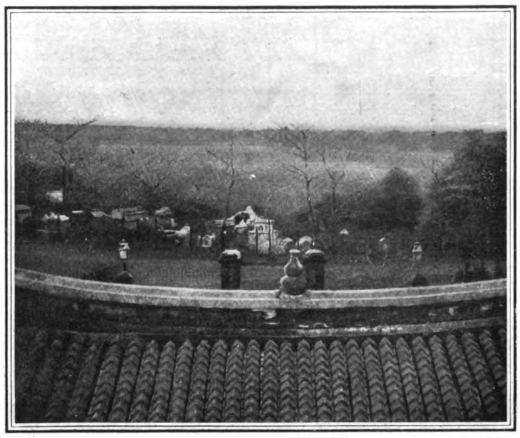
MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE.

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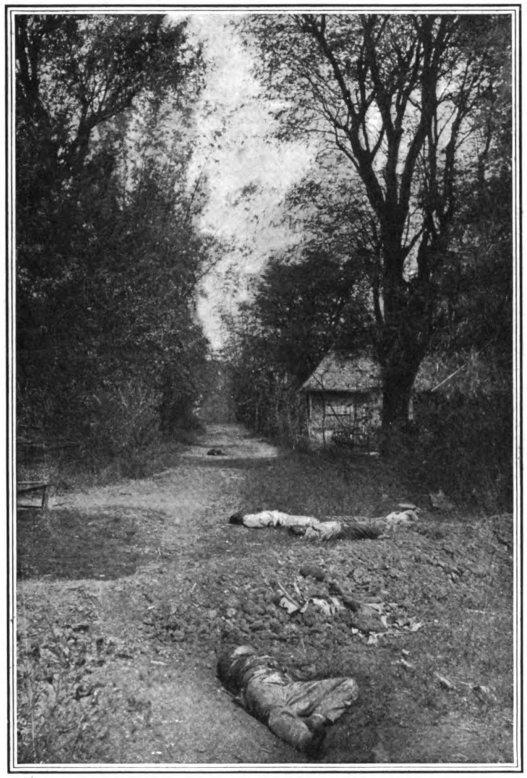
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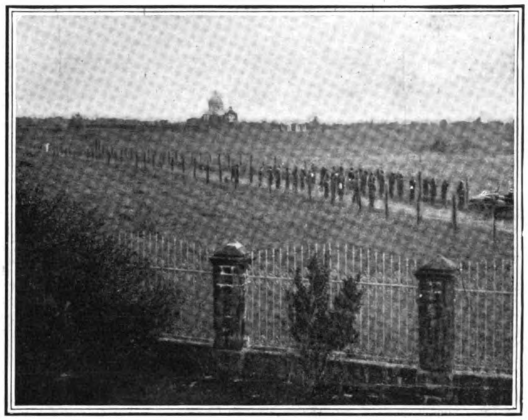
CHINESE CHURCH ON CEMETERY RIDGE, STORMED BY THE 3D ARTILLERY, FEBRUARY 5.



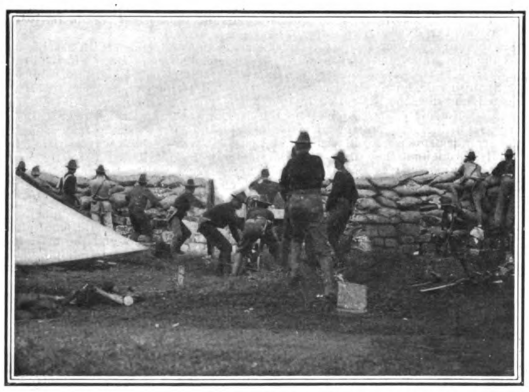
FIELD AND GRAVEYARD OVER WHICH MONTANA AND PENN. TROOPS ADVANCED UNDER CROSS-FIRE.



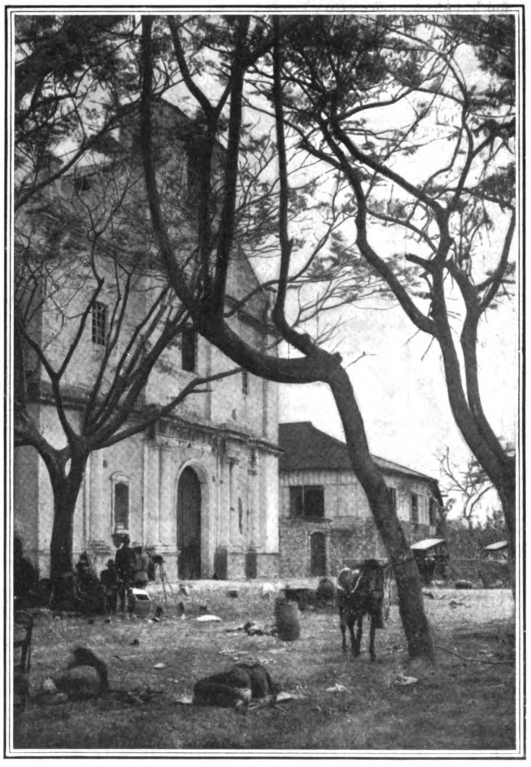
ON THE ROAD TO CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10.



CEMETERY RIDGE AND BINONDO CHURCH.



THE ATTACK ON SANTA ANA, FEBRUARY 5, WITH THE 6TH ARTILLERY.



CHURCH IN CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10.

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U. S. A., PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA



By Franklin Matthews

III.—CUBA'S NEW POSTAL SERVICE

THE condition of the postal system of a country is always an indication of the standing of that country, not only in commerce, but in civilization. The most highly advanced countries have the most complete postal systems. The method of handling the mails might be called the barometer of progress in any country. Up to the time of the American occupation of Cuba there was a very low barometer in this respect, and it told its own story of the meaning of Spanish rule. Like the other branches of government service, the Cuban mail service was honeycombed with corruption. It seemed to retrograde, rather than to advance. American occupation changed all that, and it was done in less than sixty days. Within that time the foundation was laid for a postal system such as never could have been evolved under Spanish rule, and such as might not have been established by the Cubans themselves within perhaps a century. The new system was thoroughly modern, and whatever may be the result of American occupation of the island, Cuba will always feel the great benefit of American progress in this most important phase of modern life.

The man who was sent to Cuba to establish this postal system was Estes G. Rathbone, formerly Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General under the administration of Benjamin Harrison. His home is in Hamilton, Ohio, where he has been known as a successful banker and man of affairs. He has served the Federal government repeatedly, having been a special agent of Treasury Department from 1874 to 1882. For two years after that he was the chief of the special examiner's department of the Pension Bureau, having under him a force of five hundred and thirty-one men. In 1889 he became chief of the post-office inspectors, and two years later was made Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, where he had charge of the appointment of certain postmasters, of the bond and commission division of the department, as well as of the inspectors. He became thoroughly expert in postal matters. In addition to this, he had served his adopted State of Ohio in the State Senate, and consequently was well equipped in matters pertaining to public life.

Mr. Rathbone was in business at home on December 21, when he was appointed Director of Posts of Cuba. He really became Postmaster-General of Cuba, and he was sent to the island to reorganize and assume control of the postal service. The elements of merit and fitness were exemplified in his appointment. Another evidence of wisdom relating to his appointment was the fact that the authorities at Washington gave him unlimited authority, and in no ways hampered him with orders or unwise suggestions. He was put in sole control, and was left to work out the problem confronting him in his own way. Night after night he worked, until he was fagged out, and for nearly thirty days he was at his office in the morning so early that it was necessary for him to strike a match to find the key-hole. Even the zealous army officers, with the prospect of promotion, advanced pay, honorable mention, and retirement on a reasonable pension, could not show a greater devotion to duty than this.

Mr. Rathbone took charge of the Cuban postal service at noon on January 1, 1899. He brought with him to Havana only three men—a private secretary and two men—as clerks or assistants, who had never been inside a post-office except to get their mail, and who had been designated at Washington to help Mr. Rathbone. How they were appointed Mr. Rathbone did not tell me, nor did he have any fault to find, so far as I could learn, with their efficiency after they had been broken in to their work. He also brought with him a supply of United States stamps, surcharged for the needs of Cuba, and a lot of mail-bags and a few other equipments. Mr. Rathbone's first work was to appoint a temporary postmaster of Havana, whose name was E. R. Juncosa, an old employé in the service there, and then he began to look around to see the condition of affairs.

Mr. Rathbone found that the Spaniards had simply looted the postal system, as they had practically looted the custom-house and every other department of government on the island. They did not leave a penny, a stamp, or even any official paper. There were no records of any value that would serve as a guide, or as information to their system of doing business. Up to January 1 the postal and the telegraph system of the island had been under the same management. They were separated at once, and the signal corps of the army, under Colonel Dunwoody, assumed charge of the telegraphs of the island. Mr. Rathbone notified all the postmasters he could reach by telegraph to remain at their posts, and he guaranteed that their salaries would be paid. This was joyful news to them, for they had not received any salary from the Spanish authorities for ten months. Most of them had stuck to their places because they were afraid to leave them, and also in the hope that they would some day get part of their back salaries. Most of them remained in office at Director Rathbone's request.

The next thing that the director did was to place his new stamps on sale in Havana. Then he gave notice that letters and other mail-matter could be sent through the island without postage-stamps for fifteen days, the postage to be collected from the persons to whom the letters were delivered. During those fifteen days the director scattered the new stamps all over the island. There had been an American post-office at Santiago since the surrender, and that simplified the situation in a large city remote from Havana. Messages were sent to the old postmasters, strengthening their resolves to remain in office, and when the fifteen days had expired the island was practically supplied with stamps. It required a tremendous lot of work to bring this about. The same rates of postage as existed before the Spaniards evacuated the island were continued. So far as the people were concerned, the only change was a new kind of stamps.

The old system of routine was kept up; the clerks were retained, and no change in method was made for some time. Director Rathbone had to study out the situation. He found that there had been some mysterious way of doing business in the post-office department. The Spaniards were reluctant to give details. Very few of them probably understood the system in all its details. In Mr. Rathbone's own language, "They were very peculiar, to say the least; they seemed to have a system of covering their tracks behind them."

Under the Spanish system, Mr. Rathbone found that the letter-carriers received their pay by charging from three to five cents, and sometimes more, for every letter they delivered. It took only a day or two to have that system abolished in Havana, much to the relief of the merchants. The carriers were put on salaries equivalent to that which they were supposed to earn by the assessment method they were permitted to use under the former régime. This plan of collecting from the persons to whom mail-matter was delivered was allowed to remain in other places than Havana up to the time I left the island, on March 1, because there had been no time to change it. Probably by the time this is printed the system will have been discontinued generally throughout the island, for that was Director Rathbone's plan.

The carriers under the Spanish system not only charged for the delivery of mail-matter, but they rifled letters freely, and made money by stealing stamps from mail-matter and selling them. The letters and other grades of mail-matter would be forwarded without stamps, and the carriers at the other end of the routes would collect not only for delivery, but for the stamps that had been stolen. It was impossible for Mr. Rathbone to learn whether there was any thorough record kept of the collections for unstamped mail-matter. There was simply an unparalleled looseness in the conduct of post-office business, and every man seemed to have license to steal wherever he could. Even newspapers would be stolen from bundles and sold for whatever could be got for them.

Another form of corruption was evident when the salary lists were examined. There was no scale of salaries. In one city a postmaster would receive twice the salary that the postmaster of a larger city received. Salaries seemed to be arranged on the "pull" plan, with the possibilities of division with the appointing power afterward. Places that under the liberal payment of the United States would rate at $1500 a year were worth frequently as much as $3000 a year. There seemed to be no bond for the faithful performance of duty, and favoritism and corruption were evident at every turn.

Director Rathbone gathered all the information he could about every phase of the workings of the department before he assumed charge, and finally decided that the former system needed complete eradication. It was useless, in his judgment, to try to make over the system that was then in vogue. He decided that the only thing to do was to set up a new system upon the most approved American methods. He wrote to the department authorities in Washington that such a course was necessary, and it is noteworthy that he did not ask for permission to make a new start. He simply said that he intended to put the new system in operation on February 10 if there was no objection. He wrote on January 24. As soon as his letter reached Washington, and had been placed before the Postmaster-General, a cable message was sent to him approving his decision, and on the date set Director Rathbone began the Americanizing of the postal affairs of the island.

Ten bureaus were established, and most of them put in operation. They were the bureaus of finance, appointments, postal accounts, transportation, translation, postal money-orders, special agents, registry, disbursements, advisory counsel—all organized with inexperienced men; but in a few days the department was fully one hundred per cent. more efficient than had been the Spanish management of the system. The first definite step in the reconstruction of the postal affairs in the island, on February 10, was to consolidate the "military postal stations" with the post-offices in the places where the military stations were situated. The military stations had been used solely for the United States troops. Wherever consolidation took place the military postal agent was made postmaster, and the Cuban postmaster was appointed his assistant, if he was willing to accept the place. The object of this move was to man the chief offices on the island with Americans, with the object of the more thoroughly Americanizing the entire system. It was the first important step in that work.

There was a registry system under Spanish rule, but it was hopelessly defective and complicated, and the American system of checks was necessary to secure safety for registered matter. The new system was put in force in the Havana office on February 19, and arrangements were soon being perfected to extend it rapidly throughout the island. But more important than the registry system was that for money-orders. The Spaniards had had no such system. Some such plan was necessary for the transmission of money in Cuba. There was no bank system in the island, and the use of checks and other forms of paper for the payment of sums due was unknown there. Facilities for the exchange and transmission of money to various parts of the island were practically of the most meagre kind.

The rule in Cuba seems to have been always to keep your hands on your own money, and so be sure that it is yours. Spanish merchants in Havana were always their own bankers. They kept their money locked up in their safes rather than put it in any depository. When they did lend money, the custom was not to take a mortgage or some form of collateral, but to buy outright the stock or material upon which they loaned money, with the written understanding that the man who borrowed the money could have his property back upon the payment of a sum of money large enough for principal and interest combined. It was necessary, therefore, for the development of business, that some sort of money-order system should be established, and Director Rathbone decided that only the best—the American system—should be put in operation. On February 17 he opened the first office in Havana, and made it the exchange office. At the same time another exchange office was opened in Tampa, Florida, and thus the first step was taken towards adopting this important system of exchange of money. It met with instant success. The people were using it more and more every day, and within two weeks it could be seen that the system would become popular. The people of Cuba were distrustful of banks and of each other, but there seemed to be confidence in the United States, and Director Rathbone almost immediately had the satisfaction of seeing a most important part of his work fairly well established and in good working order, so far as it went. It was his purpose to extend the system as fast as he could, and by the time this article is published it will doubtless have been established in all cities and towns large enough to have such an adjunct to the usual postal business.

In order the more thoroughly to Americanize the postal system, it was decided to fit up a new post-office in the city of Havana. The old post-office had been used for at least one hundred and fifty years. Like all public buildings in the city, its sanitary condition was frightful. It is Mr. Rathbone's opinion that its condition was the "worst of any building in Havana." That distinction, however, could be claimed for half a dozen death-traps and disease-spreaders. The man who would undertake to say which was the worst building, from a sanitary stand-point, in Havana, when the Americans took control of affairs, would have to be an expert in germ propagation such as the world never saw. His sense of smell, in a comparative sense, would be ruined in half an hour.

The old Post Office was condemned by the sanitary authorities, and some of the other public buildings were not, and that would seem to bear out Mr. Rathbone's assertion of foulness approaching distinction for his office. The Cuartel de la Fuerza, at the foot of O'Reilly Street, was selected for a new office for local and general purposes in the city, and, before I left, it was being transformed into an American post-office. The plan was to remodel and furnish the place entirely on American lines. The furniture and fittings were to be strictly American, and all the appliances were to be such as are used in post-offices in the United States. It was thought that this would be most efficacious in the eradication of nearly everything Spanish in the management of the Havana office and the general post-office system. The new Post Office in Havana will be down near the water-front, close to the former palace of the captain-general, and not in the centre of the city. It will be on the edge of the business part of the city. It is the purpose, therefore, to establish substations in Havana, such as exist in the larger cities of the United States. The plans for the renovation of the system in Havana also include the establishment of numerous stamp agencies, to the end that the citizens may have ample facilities to procure stamps and to mail letters. Even before I left, Sub-Station A had been established in that part of the city along the ocean front, and remote from the centre of town, called Vedado, where General Brooke had his headquarters, and where the Evacuation Commissioners met. Vedado is said to be one of the most attractive of the outskirts of Havana. It was the intention to put modern mail-boxes throughout the island. Mr. Rathbone had 150 of them already on hand in February to take the places of the boxes that were used. It seemed as hard to get letters into the cumbersome and ungainly mail-boxes of the Spaniards as it was to get them out, and that involved a bit of skilful manipulation with a tremendous key.

In dealing with the postmasters of the island, Mr. Rathbone found that it was practically impossible to put them under bonds, as is done in the United States, and he adopted the expedient which has been urged for adoption in this country—that of compelling the postmasters to purchase their supplies outright. If a postmaster has to pay for his stamps in advance, it has been argued that he will be all the more careful of them. Compelling the Cuban postmasters to pay for their supplies was something of a hardship, but in some way they managed to raise the money, and after a time the system was in fairly good working order.

Mr. Rathbone made an arrangement with nearly all the railroads to carry the mails free of charge in the second-class cars. On every train one could find the postal agent in these cars. In some of the cars a place had been enclosed in the centre, where the mail agent did his work. In many of the cars, however, he turned over a seat and spread his letters out and sorted them as they came in to him at the stations. It was a crude way of doing business, but the mails were distributed correctly, and it answered the purpose very well. Under the terms or concessions by which the railroads were built, they were compelled to carry the mails free of charge. Two of the railroads in the island were claiming compensation for carrying the mails under the new condition of affairs, but it caused no delay in the mails, and the matter was left for adjudication. In addition to maintaining a railway mail service, there was a steamship service surrounding the island. Director Rathbone looked into the contracts for this work very carefully. When it is known that he saved $102,000 in two of these contracts alone, it is not difficult to imagine where some of the profits of being connected with the mail were found for some of the higher officials.

In addition to looking out for the routine of the department work, Mr. Rathbone was planning constantly to improve the service. There was some complaint, as was to

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be expected, over a lack of prompt delivery of letters here and there. It was impossible to put promptness into the work of clerks who were keyed down to the inevitable mañana of the island. Gradually the American idea of clearing desks and tables was being instilled into the office help all over the island, and day by day the complaints of delayed mails grew less frequent. Mr. Rathbone had very little to complain of in the way of insubordination. The post-office workers were glad to have employment where they were sure of getting their pay. It was a novelty for them.

One of the improvements that were in contemplation was the reduction of postage rates. It was Mr. Rathbone's plan to make the rates exactly the same as those in the United States. He said that he hoped to put the new rates in force as soon as he received the supply of Cuban stamps that were being printed in the United States. The royal palm-tree was one of the emblems that he had decided upon for one of the stamps; a plough was to be used on another; and the emblems on the other stamps were to be symbolic of Cuban life. It was his purpose also to establish free deliveries, as we know them in the United States, for Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos, Puerto Principe, Sagua la Grande, Matanzas, Pinar del Rio, Cardenas, and probably Santa Clara. He was also planning to extend the postal service to remote parts of the island by what would be known as the star-route system, believing, as he put it in his conversation with me, "that the better the facilities for transmitting knowledge, the more we will tend towards a high state of civilization."

Mr. Rathbone found that to put his system in operation he required money from the States, but he said he had not had to call on Washington for much money. He was using the ordinary revenues of the system to support his work. He said that he had had full support from the military authorities, and that his relations with all the generals had been most cordial. There was no tendency, he declared, by the military authorities, or the authorities in the Postal Department in Washington, to dictate to him or to interfere with his work in a remote degree. He also made the confident prediction that the service would be made self-sustaining, or "practically so," within the first year of its existence. The cheapness of transporting the mails, and the saving he had effected in that respect, together with the practice of economy and ordinary honesty in business matters, he thought, would accomplish wonders in that line.

Even if the department were not self-sustaining, any one can see what a postal system such as that which Mr. Rathbone has started, and undoubtedly will carry out if left to follow his purposes, will do for the island of Cuba. He declared to me that his one thought and aim, like those of the military authorities, was so to equip the service with which he was connected that when the time should come to turn it over to the Cubans themselves, it would be absolutely modern and in perfect running order. He wanted, he said, to leave the work in such shape that he would be proud of it, and the Cubans would rejoice over American occupation because it had proved a blessing to them, and because it had brought about reforms which they could probably have never brought about themselves unaided by the wisdom and active co-operation of American officials.

It is worth while noting that Mr. Rathbone, like the other American officials in Cuba, was following practical civil service reform ideas. He was using the help he found in the offices, and he was discharging no one except for cause, such as inefficiency and dishonesty. At the time of my visit he owned that he had found it necessary to seclude himself from callers to some extent, in order to get through with his work. There were quite a few stranded Americans in the country, and, with the true idea of the American when he gets out of money or out of a job, they were turning to the government to get places. The stranded Americans, none of whom had experience in postal matters, with possibly one or two exceptions, were flocking to him to get work. They had no idea that special training was required in post-office work, especially in Cuba. They wanted work. He was an American, and they were Americans, and a good many of them could not understand why they could not have jobs right away. They were beginning to exercise their "pulls" at home, and he was having something of a task in standing them off. But the great changes which he brought about in less than two months speak not only of his success in this respect, but also tell their own story of his efficiency and fidelity. It is a pleasure to speak in commendatory terms of his work, and it is not exaggeration to say that the island of Cuba will always be glad that the United States took hold of its postal service and put it on a sound and proper basis. Of the far-reaching effects of this work only the future can tell the real story.

One thing that Mr. Rathbone said to me ought to be spread before the people of the United States, and I have his permission to quote him. He came in contact with the real people of Cuba probably to a greater extent than any of the government officials that the United States sent to the island. He met men of every degree. He had to travel among them, and to seek out their wants in his department. His intercourse was with the masses rather than with former officials or military men. In the language of the politicians of our country, he had to get right down among the plain people, and it is doubtful if any American sent down there had better opportunities to become acquainted with them. This is what he said to me for publication, as coming from him as the result of his experiences, and it is well worth the sober second thought of those who assert that the Cubans are a worthless people, half civilized, and unworthy of all that the United States has undertaken or has had to undertake in their behalf because of the Weyler atrocities and the destruction of the *Maine*:

"The people of the United States have a wrong impression of the Cubans. They are kind, gentle, tractable, and easy to get along with. By kindness you can do anything in the world with them. I have studied them closely, and that is my belief. The Cubans are naturally lethargic. They live in a climate that is enervating. They do not step off quite as quickly as Americans do, and they are inclined to put off to-morrow everything they can, and are not as prompt as Americans. I think, however, that Cuba has advanced very much in the last fifty days."

LONDON

March 18, 1899.

THE public début of the new American ambassador at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was a success of no ordinary kind. Manly and sincere as it was eloquent, Mr. Choate's speech struck the note of literary and forensic distinction that we have come to regard as a natural gift of American ambassadors. Englishmen who know the distinguished, but for the most part mature and too often effete, old gentlemen who now act as the Queen's agents in foreign parts, are tempted to grumble at the inability of our Foreign Office to obtain representatives of the stamp the United States are in the habit of sending to this country. Iron-clad taciturnity and dignified dulness, with the capacity of looking wiser than one really is, are the qualities that form the official British ideal of what an ambassador should be. Since Lord Dufferin left the service, it would be hard to find a single member of the diplomatic corps who could be relied on to make such an impression on a mixed and critical audience as Mr. Choate produced, apparently without an effort, on his first public appearance in London. He was speaking to the nation as well as to the Chambers of Commerce. There are a rational frankness and a lucid unconventionality about the new American ambassador's style which are found to be extremely attractive, especially by those who are sorely wearied by the rounded periods and studied impromptus of conventional British eloquence. Mr. Choate was boldly and successfully outspoken about the very things on which educated Englishmen think much but say little, and he expressed average opinion here quite as much as that of his own country. To refer in a maiden speech to the war of 1812, to the international disputes on the Oregon and northeastern boundary questions, the Confederate cruisers, the *Trent* seizure, and the Venezuelan message, required from the ambassador no less magnetism than diplomacy, if these topics were to be successfully employed by Mr. Choate as stepping-stones to the goal of international understanding. There was more to be found in the speech than the racy adroitness of a trained advocate. It was the utterance of a clear and sagacious mind speaking to one great nation in the name of another; a mind more intent on the realities of things than the glitter and graces of words, and yet with a mastery of style that hid the finished art concealed. It will be interesting to observe the effect of Lord Salisbury's habits of massive deliberation on the keen temper of the American ambassador.

CHINA once more engages public attention. The government printing-press has vomited a Blue-Book of undigested material, the effect of which is to show that wherever Great Britain has been bested by Russia in the Far East the Chinese have been made to smart by John Bull for Muscovite malpractices. The political Philistine is pleased with this display of British force at the expense of the heathen Chinee. Thinkers of another type, however, are not proud of the reflection that the British lion stoops to snatch from the Chinese dragon an equivalent for that which he shrinks from exacting from the Russian bear. Another surprising part of our policy in China is shown in the support which Lord Salisbury has given to Italy in her efforts to obtain a foothold on the Chinese mainland. It may be observed, moreover, that the sphere of influence marked out by Italy as the one she desires to obtain, a desire supported by British diplomatic influence at Peking, is situated in or adjacent to that portion of the Chinese Empire which was understood to be ear-marked last year, at the instance of the British government, as being inalienable to another power. The government are perhaps unjustly taxed with gross inconsistency in thus supporting Italy in acquiring territory in the region of the Yangtse Valley, and many are the surmises that have been hazarded as to the grounds for their action.

THERE is reason to believe that sooner or later our rulers contemplate the possibility of international fetters being riveted on China, similar in pattern to those which placed Egypt under an international tutelage in respect of her finances and other matters. There are six great powers possessing capitulations with Turkey, and if the Egyptian precedent is followed, the privileges demanded under the system of capitulations and the mixed tribunals in Egypt may, after all, be some day reproduced in China. If the great powers set up a "caisse de la dette," mixed tribunals, or an international council in the Far East, it will be important that England and America should be able to command a majority of votes; and if Japan takes rank as a great power in the Pacific, the presence of an Italian commissioner with a vote as a great power will be of much value in the not inconceivable event of difference of opinion between Russia, France, and Germany on the one side, and the United States, England, and Japan on the other. As foreign officials are not seldom the touchiest of mankind, and China is likely to swarm with foreign officials, anomalous situations will probably exist in plenty where the vote of a friendly power will be of supreme importance to the English-speaking world. This, at all events, is a reasonable hypothesis for Great Britain's welcome to Italy's finger in the China pie. Italy and England are friends by reason of common antipathies. In the mean time Sir Claude Mac donald is coming home on sick-leave, and British interests will again be intrusted to a pair of fresh hands. From letters I learn that trouble is brewing in various parts of China. Ferment and unrest of the population are rife, and the concessions for railways will not be worth the paper on which they are written until provision is made for the maintenance of law and order.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is confounding his few enemies with a flash of silence. It will be broken at York on April 19, when he will address his constituents on the subject of British policy in China. His report for the Associated Chambers of Commerce should prove to be an interesting document, as he has had opportunities for getting at the facts on the spot enjoyed by no other man. The break-up of a community comprising four hundred millions of souls is a greater political event than anything that has happened since the fall of the Roman Empire. As in Turkey and elsewhere, the top and the bottom of society in China are corrupt. The mandarins are unscrupulous tyrants; the coolie class are turbulent and dangerous. The great bulk of the Chinese, however, are industrious, temperate, and, above all, honest in their commercial dealings.

WHEN one reflects on the possibilities to British commerce (already on the down grade) of the liberation from their ancestral shackles of a vast horde of yellow men, traders by tradition, and with a higher sense of commercial honor than the City of London, one reads with dismay the report from the special committee of the London Chamber of Commerce on the prevalence of secret commissions—in other words, on the extent of bribery in English trade. The commissioners conclude from the evidence before them that secret commissions in various forms are prevalent in almost all trades and professions to a great extent, and that in some trades the practice has increased and is increasing. Sir Edward Fry, who was one of the ablest judges in the High Court, declares that the immorality exercised in the conduct of business in this country includes murder from the over-insurance of vessels, wholesale adulteration, fraudulent manufacture of goods where the deceit is designed to operate on the ignorant ultimate purchaser, and bribery which corrodes the whole structure of British trade.

THE London Chamber of Commerce committee, while admitting that the mass of corruption shown by the evidence is great and complex, does not regard the struggle to remedy the evil as hopeless. Corruption formerly existed in this country in regions where it is now entirely unknown. In past times bribery threw a stain upon occupants of the bench. At one time a large number of the members of the House of Commons were in the pay of the Crown. Commission and other secret forms of bribery formerly abounded in government departments. The improvement which has taken place in these directions in the last fifty years is a fact full of encouragement for the commercial community of Great Britain, but the extension of the system of bribery by commission to almost every trade and profession is an evil which has grown, is growing, and must be abated. Bribery takes many forms, the worst of which is a *pro rata* commission on the business done; sometimes in the shape of a loan which places the borrower at the mercy of the lender; sometimes the bribery consists of presents of plate or wine, and is not infrequently administered in the form of lavish hospitality and treating. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the beginnings of danger in reference to the commercial and social integrity of English democracy—a danger that is all the greater since the competition with which British commerce has to contend is likely to be ten times fiercer in the near future than in the recent past.

A STRUGGLE has taken place in the House of Commons during the past week which was virtually waged between Mr. Rockefeller for the Standard Oil Company on the one side, and the Paris Rothschilds for Russian petroleum interests on the other. Methods in vogue in Washington were specially imported to the lobby at Westminster for the occasion. I have heard ugly statements from responsible quarters as to the nature of the influence brought to bear upon certain members of the House of Commons by the Standard Oil Company's agents, while the activity of the great capitalists interested in the exploitation of Russian oil marks a new and sinister epoch in the annals of industrial legislation. American and cosmopolitan capitalists were fighting on the floor of the House for the poor man's copper, while England looked on. So far the Standard Oil Company wins, but government is to bring in a bill that may cut the combs of the monopolist trusts.

THE death of Lady Ridley, a sister of Lady Aberdeen and Lord Tweedmouth, is not unlikely to lead to the retirement of Sir Matthew Ridley, the Home Secretary. Lady Ridley was beloved no less by Northumberland pitmen than by the London society of which she was so great an ornament. The blow to Sir Matthew Ridley is irretrievable. Fate has not been kind to the present cabinet. Mr. Goschen lost his wife a short time back, and has visibly aged ever since. Mr. Chaplin, the official head of the Local Government Board, is no longer in a vigorous state of health, and his retirement, if not imminent, ought not to be delayed. Even the Small Cottage Homes bill, which would properly belong to his department, was brought in by Mr. Chamberlain. The Duke of Devonshire has greatly aged. Cabinet responsibilities now virtually rest on four men—Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The other sixteen ministers add little strength to the government and carry no weight in the country. Reconstruction is in the air.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Poet's Dilemma

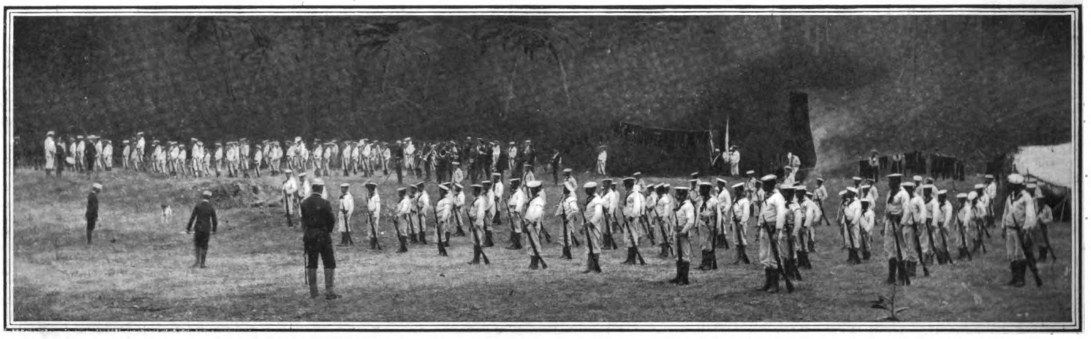
I'VE an ending for a poem
That I cannot seem to start;
It would please a Hoosier poet
To the bottom of his heart.
I have tried and tried to work it,
But it's clearly no avail;
It's "the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail."

You can fancy how he'd take it,
And he'd marshal all the birds
For their yearly journey southward
(How he'd find the fittest words!)
And he'd say that they were flying
Over hill and over dale,
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

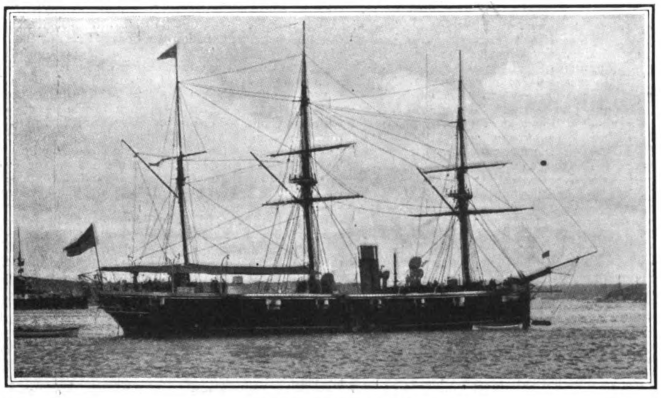
But for me the lines are useless,
So I'm going to take my gun,
And I'll hasten to the woodland—
It's a duty to be done.
There I'll quickly make an ending—
As to start I seem to fail—
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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BATTALION OF BLUEJACKETS FROM U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA" ASHORE.



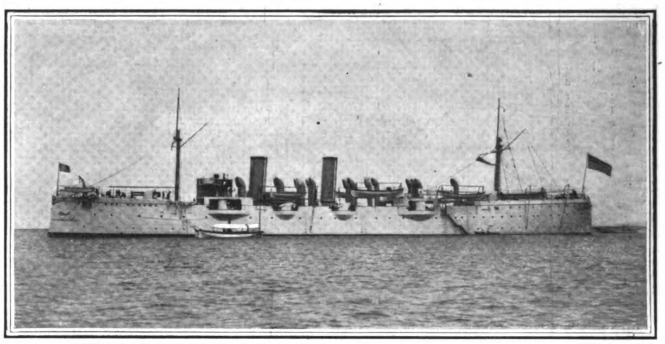
H. M. S. "ROYALIST."



A NATIVE VILLAGE.



REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ, U. S. N.,
Commanding the Pacific Station.



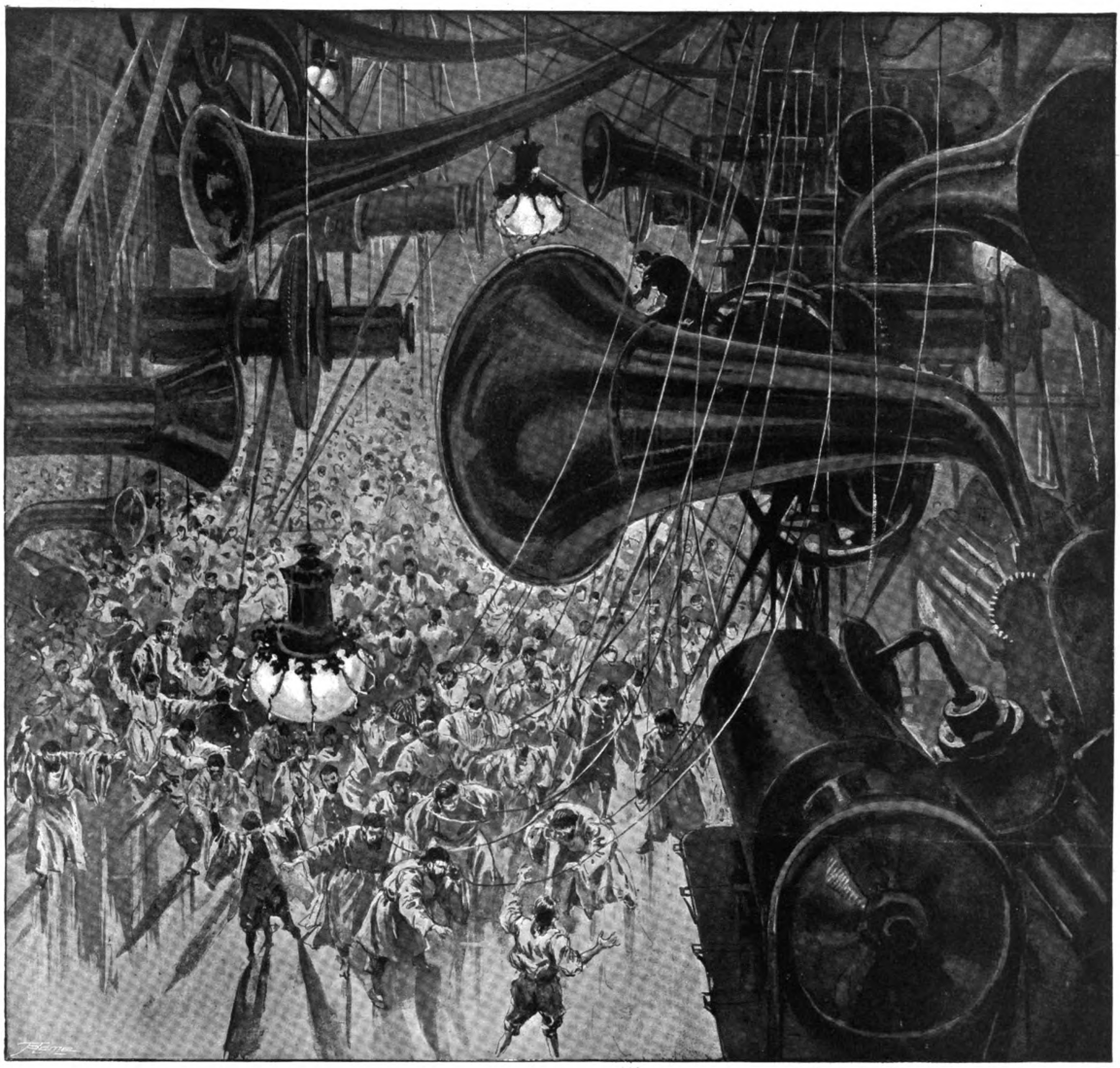
U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA."



TOWN AND HARBOR OF APIA.

SAMOA—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SCENES OF THE RECENT FIGHTING.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

BEYOND this place they came into a crowded hall, and he discovered the cause of the noise that had perplexed him. They paused at a turnstile, at which a payment was made.

Graham's attention was immediately arrested by a violent loud hoot, followed by a vast leathery voice. "The Master is sleeping peacefully," it vociferated. "He is in excellent health. He is going to devote the rest of his life to aeronautics. He says women are more beautiful than ever. Haha! Our wonderful civilization astonishes him beyond measure. Beyond all measure. Haha! He puts great trust in Boss Ostrog; absolute confidence in Boss Ostrog. Ostrog is to be his chief minister; is authorized to remove or reinstate public officers—all patronage will be in his hands. All patronage in the hands of Boss Ostrog! The Councillors have been sent back to their own prison above the Council House."

Graham stopped at the first sentence, and looking up, beheld a foolish trumpet face, from which this was brayed. This was the General Intelligence Machine. For a space it seemed to be gathering breath, and a regular throbbing from its cylindrical body was audible. Then it trumpeted, "Galloop, galloop!" and broke out again:

"Paris is now pacified. All resistance is over. Haha! The black police hold every position of importance in the city. They fought with great bravery, singing songs written in praise of their ancestors by the poet Kipling. Once or twice they got out of hand, and tortured and mutilated wounded and captured insurgents, men and women. Moral—don't go rebelling. Haha! Galloop, galloop! They are lively fellows. Let this be a lesson to the disorderly banderlog of the city. Galloop, galloop!"

The voice ceased. There was a confused murmur of disapproval among the crowd. "Damned niggers!" A man began to harangue near them: "Is this the Master's doing, brothers? Is this the master?"

"Black police!" said Graham. "What is that? You don't mean—"

Asano touched his arm and gave him a warning look, and forthwith another of these mechanisms screamed deafeningly and gave tongue in a shrill voice: "Yahahah, yahah, yap! Hear a live paper yelp! Live paper. Yaha! Shocking outrage in Paris. Yahahah! The Parisians exasperated by the black police to the pitch of assassinating them. Dreadful reprisals. Savage times come again. Yaha!" The nearer Babble Machine hooted stupendously, "Galloop, galloop!" drowned the end of the sentence, and proceeded in a rather flatter note than before with novel comments on the horrors of disorder. "Law and order must be maintained," said the nearer Babble Machine.

"But—" began Graham.

"Don't ask questions here," said Asano, "or you will be involved in an argument."

"Then let us go on," said Graham, "for I want to know more of this."

As he and his companion pushed their way through the excited crowd that swarmed beneath these voices, towards the exit, Graham conceived more clearly the proportion and features of this room. Altogether, great and small, there must have been nearly a thousand of these erections, piping, hooting, bawling, and gabbling in that great space, each with its crowd of excited listeners, the majority of them men dressed in blue canvas. There were all sizes of machines, from the little gossiping mechanisms that chuckled out mechanical sarcasm in odd corners, through a number of grades, to such fifty-foot giants as that which had first hooted over Graham.

This place was unusually crowded, because of the intense public interest in the course of affairs in Paris. Evidently the struggle had been much more savage than Ostrog had represented it. All the mechanisms were discoursing upon that topic, and the repetition of the people made the huge hive buzz with such phrases as "Lynched policemen," "Women burnt alive," "Fuzzy wuzzy."

"But does the Master allow such things?" asked a man near him. "Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule?"

Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule? For a long time after he had left the place the hooting, whistling, and braying of the machines pursued him, Galloop, Galloop, Yahaha, Yaha, Yap!

As soon as they were out upon the ways he began to question Asano closely on the nature of the Parisian struggle. "This disarmament! What was their trouble? What does it all mean?"

Asano seemed chiefly anxious to reassure him that it was "all right."

"But these outrages!"

"You cannot have an omelet," said Asano, "without breaking eggs. It is only the rough people. Only in one part of the city. All the rest is all right. The Parisian laborers are the wildest in the world, except ours."

"What! the Londoners?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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"No; the Japanese. They have to be kept in order."

"But burning women alive!"

"A Commune!" said Asano. "They would rob you of your property. They would do away with property and give the world over to mob rule. You are Master; the world is yours. But there will be no Commune here. There is no need for black police here."

"I did not think—" began Graham, and stopped abruptly. He went off at a tangent to ask for information about these Babble Machines. For the most part, the crowd present had been shabbily or even raggedly dressed, and Graham learnt that, so far as the more prosperous classes were concerned, in all the more comfortable private apartments of the city were fixed Babble Machines that would speak when a lever was pulled. The tenant of the apartment could connect this with the cables of any of the great News Syndicates that he preferred. When he learnt this presently, he demanded the reason of their absence from his own suite of apartments.

Asano stared. "I never thought," he said. "Ostrog must have had them removed."

"They must be replaced as soon as I return," said Graham.

He found a certain difficulty in understanding that both this news-room and the dining-hall were not great central places; that such establishments were repeated almost beyond counting all over the city. But ever and again, during the night's expedition, his ear, in some new quarter, would pick out from the tumult of the ways the peculiar hooting of the organ of Boss Ostrog, "Galloop, galloop!" or the shrill "Yahaha, yaha, yap! Hear a live paper yelp!" of its chief rival.

Repeated too everywhere were such *crèches* as the one he now entered. It was reached by a lift, and by a glass bridge that flung across the dining-hall and traversed the ways at a slight upward angle. To enter the first section of the place necessitated the use of his solvent signature under Asano's direction. They were immediately attended to by a man in a violet robe and gold clasp—the insignia of practising medical men. He perceived from this man's manner that his identity was known, and proceeded to ask questions on the strange arrangements of the place without reserve.

On either side of the passage, which was silent and padded, as if to deaden the footfall, were narrow little doors, their size and arrangement suggestive of the cells of a Victorian prison. But the upper portion of each door was of the same greenish transparent stuff that had enclosed him at his awakening, and within, dimly seen, lay, in every case, a very young baby in a little nest of wadding. Elaborate apparatus watched the atmosphere, and rang a bell far away in the central office at the slightest departure from the optimum of temperature and moisture. A system of such *crèches* had almost entirely replaced the hazardous adventures of the old-world nursing. The attendant presently called Graham's attention to the wet-nurses—a vista of mechanical figures, with arms, shoulders, and breasts of astonishingly realistic modelling, articulation, and texture, but mere brass tripods below, and having in the place of features a flat disk bearing advertisements likely to be of interest to mothers.

Of all the strange things that Graham came upon that night, none jarred more upon his habits of thought than this place. The spectacle of the little pink creatures, their feeble limbs swaying uncertainly in vague first movements, left alone, without embrace or endearment, was wholly repugnant to him. The attendant doctor was of a different opinion. His statistical evidence showed beyond dispute that in the Victorian time the most dangerous passage of life was the arms of the mother; that there human mortality had ever been most terrible. On the other hand, this *crèche* company, the International Crèche Syndicate, lost not one-half per cent. of the million babies or so that formed its peculiar care. But Graham's prejudice was too strong even for these figures.

Along one of the many passages of the place they presently came upon a young couple in the usual blue canvas, peering through the transparency, and laughing hysterically at the bald head of their first-born. Graham's face must have showed his estimate of them, for their merriment ceased and they looked abashed. But this little incident accentuated his sudden realization of the gulf between his habits of thought and the ways of the new age. He passed on to the crawling-rooms and the kindergarten, perplexed and distressed. He found the endless long play-rooms were empty: the latter-day children at least still spent their nights in sleep. As they went through these the little officer pointed out the character of the toys—developments of those devised by that inspired sentimentalist Froebel. There were nurses here, but much was done by machines that sang and danced and dandled.

Graham was still not clear upon many points. "But so many orphans!" he said, perplexed, reverting to a first misconception, and learnt again that they were not orphans.

So soon as they had left the *crèche* he began to speak of the horror the babies in their incubating-cases had caused him. "Is motherhood gone?" he said. "Was it a cant? Surely it was an instinct. This seems so unnatural—abominable almost."

"Along here we shall come to the dancing-place," said Asano, by way of reply. "It is sure to be crowded. In spite of all the political unrest it will be crowded. The women take no great interest in politics, except a few here and there. You will see the mothers—most young women in London are mothers. As for motherhood! They still take an immense pride in the children—if they are nice. They come here to look at them quite often."

The air was suddenly dancing with music, and down a way they approached obliquely, set with gorgeous pillars, as it seemed, of clear amethyst, flowed a concourse of gay people and a tumult of merry cries and laughter. He saw curled heads, wreathed brows, and a happy intricate flutter of gamboge passed triumphant across the picture.

"You will see," said Asano, with a faint smile, "the world has changed. In a moment you will see the mothers of the new age. Come this way. We shall see them yonder again very soon."

They ascended a certain height in a swift lift, and changed to a slower one. As they went on, the music grew upon them, until it was near and full and splendid, and, moving with its glorious intricacies, they could distinguish the beat of innumerable dancing feet. They made a payment at a turnstile, and emerged upon the wide gallery that overlooked the dancing-place, and upon the full enchantment of sound and sight.

"Here," said Asano, "are the fathers and mothers of the little ones you saw."

The hall was not so richly decorated as that of the Atlas, but, saving that, it was, for its size, the most splendid Graham had seen. The beautiful white limbed figures that supported the galleries reminded him once more of the restored magnificence of sculpture; they seemed to writhe in engaging attitudes; their faces laughed. The source of the music that filled the place was hidden, and the whole vast shining floor was thick with dancing couples. "Look at them," said the little officer. "See how much they show of motherhood."

The gallery they stood upon ran along the upper edge of a huge screen that cut the dancing-hall on one side from a sort of outer hall that showed through broad arches the incessant onward rush of the city ways. In this outer hall was a great crowd of less brilliantly dressed people, as numerous almost as those who danced within, the great majority wearing the blue uniform of the Labor Company that was now so familiar to Graham. Unable to pass the turnstiles to the festival, they were yet unable to keep away from the sound of its seductions. Some of them had even cleared spaces, and were dancing also, fluttering their rags in the air. Some shouted as they danced—jests and odd allusions Graham did not understand. Once some one began whistling the refrain of the revolutionary song, but it seemed as though that beginning was promptly suppressed. The corner was dark, and Graham could not see. He turned to the hall again. Great black festoons and eloquent sentiments re-enforced the huge inscription that partially defaced the upper end of the dancing-place, and asserted that "The Festival of the Awakening" was in progress.

"Myriads are taking holiday or staying from work because of that, quite apart from the laborers who refuse to go back," said Asano. "These people are always ready for holidays. And of course no one blames them. What is life for but pleasure?"

Graham walked to the parapet and stood leaning over, looking down at the dancers. Save for two or three remote whispering couples, who had stolen apart, he and his guide had the gallery to themselves. A warm breath of scent and vitality came up to him. Both men and women below were lightly clad, bare-armed, open-necked, as the universal warmth of the city permitted. Many of the women were pretty, and all were dressed with elaborate coquetry.

"What sort of people are these?" he asked, abruptly.

"Workers—prosperous workers. What you would have called the middle class. Independent tradesmen with little separate businesses have vanished long ago, but there are store-servers, managers, engineers of a hundred sorts. To-night is a holiday, of course, and every dancing-place in the city will be crowded, and every place of worship."

"But—the women?"

"The same. There are a thousand forms of work for women now. But you had the beginning of the independent working-woman in your days. Most women are independent now. Most of these are married more or less, and that gives them more money, and enables them to enjoy such delights as these."

"I see," said Graham, looking at the flushed faces, the flash and swirl of movement, and still thinking of that nightmare of pink, helpless limbs. "And these are—mothers?"

"Most of them."

Graham stood looking down.

"The more I see of these things," he said, "the more complex I find your problems. This, for instance, is a surprise. That news from Paris was a surprise."

In a little while he spoke again:

"These are mothers. Presently, I suppose, I shall get into the modern way of seeing things. I have old habit; of mind clinging about me—habits based, I suppose, on needs that are over and done with. Of course, in our time, a woman was supposed not only to bear children, but to cherish them, to devote herself to them, to educate them—all the essentials of moral and mental education a child owed to its mother. Or went without. Quite a number, I admit, went without. Nowadays, clearly, there is no more need for such care than if they were butterflies. I see that! Only there was an ideal—that figure of a grave, patient woman, silently and serenely mistress of home, mother and maker of men—to love her was a sort of worship—" He stopped, and repeated, "A sort of worship."

"Ideals change," said the little man, "just as needs change."

Graham awoke from an instant reverie, and Asano repeated his words. Graham's mind returned to the things at hand.

"Of course I see the perfect reasonableness of this. Restraint, soberness, the matured thought, the unselfish act—they are necessities of the barbarous state, the life of dangers. Dourness is man's tribute to unconquered nature. But man has conquered nature now for all practical purposes—his political affairs are managed by bosses with a black police—and life is joyous." He looked at the dancers again. "Joyous," he said.

"There are weary moments," said the little officer, reflectively.

"They all look young. Down there I should be visibly the oldest man. And in my own time I should have passed as middle-aged."

"They are young. There are few old people in this class in the work cities."

"How is that?"

"Old people's lives are not so pleasant as they used to be, unless they are rich enough to hire lovers and helpers. And we have an institution called Euthanasy."

"Euthanasy!" said Graham. "The easy death?"

"The easy death. It is the last pleasure. The Euthanasy Company does it well. People will pay the sum—it is a costly thing—long beforehand, go off to some pleasure city, and return impoverished and weary, very weary."

"There is a lot left for me to understand," said Graham, after a pause. "Yet I see the logic of it. I see the logic of it all. As you say, what pleasure is there in life but pleasure? It's clear—and it's unsympathetic. All our array of angry virtues and sour restraints was the offspring of danger and insecurity. The Stoic, the Puritan, even in my time, were vanishing types. In the old days man was armed against Pain; now he is eager for Pleasure. There lies the difference. Civilization has driven Pain and Danger so far off—for well-to-do people. And only well-to-do people matter. I have been asleep two hundred years."

For a minute they leaned on the balustrading, following the intricate evolutions of a dance; and indeed the scene was very beautiful.

"I am King of this world," said Graham, suddenly. "And, before God, I would rather be a wounded sentinel freezing in the snow than one of these dancing fools!"

He turned abruptly on the little officer, and was half surprised to meet an answering light in the sloping eyes. "When one is grieved," said Asano, thoughtfully, "one thinks like that—even in these days."

"I am uncivilized," said Graham. "That is the trouble. I am primitive—Palæolithic. *Their* fountain of rage and fear and anger is sealed and closed; the habits of a lifetime make them cheerful and easy and delightful. You must bear with my nineteenth-century shocks and disgusts. These people, you say, are skilled workers, and so forth. "And while these dance, men are fighting—men are dying in Paris to keep the world—that they may dance."

"For that matter, men are dying in London," said Asano.

There was a moment's silence.

"Where do these sleep?" asked Graham.

"Above and below—an intricate warren."

"And where do they work? This is—the domestic life."

"You will see little work to-night. Half the workers are out or under arms. Half these people are keeping holiday. But we will go to the work-places if you wish it."

For a time Graham watched the dancers, then suddenly turned away. "I want to see the workers. I have seen enough of these," he said.

Asano led the way along the gallery across the dancing-hall. Presently they came to a transverse passage that brought a breath of fresher, colder air.

Asano glanced at this passage as they went past, stopped, went back to it, and turned to Graham with a faint smile. "Here, sire," he said, "is something—will be familiar to you at least—and yet— But I will not tell you. Come!"

He led the way along a closed passage that presently became cold. The reverberation of their feet told that this passage was a bridge. They came into a circular gallery that was glazed in from the outer weather, and so reached a circular chamber which seemed familiar, though Graham could not recall distinctly when he had entered it before. In this was a ladder—the first ladder he had seen since his awakening—up which they went, and came into a high, dark, cold place, in which was another, almost vertical ladder. This they ascended, Graham still perplexed. But at the top he understood, and recognized the metallic bars to which he clung. He was in the cage under the ball of St. Paul's. The dome rose but a little way above the general contours of the city into the still twilight, and sloped away, shining greasily under a few distant lights, into a circumambient ditch of darkness.

Out between the bars he looked upon the wind-clear northern sky, and saw the starry constellations all unchanged. Capella hung in the west, Vega was rising, and the seven glittering points of the Great Bear swept overhead in their stately circle about the pole.

He saw these stars in a clear gap of sky. To the east and south the great circular shapes of complaining windwheels blotted out the heavens, so that the glare about the Council House was hidden. To the southwest he saw Orion like a pallid ghost through the tracery of iron-work and interlacing shapes, overhanging a dazzling coruscation of lights about the aerophane stages. A bellowing and siren screaming that came therefrom warned the world that one of these appliances was ready to start. He remained for a space gazing towards that brilliance. Then his eyes went back to the northward constellations.

For a long time he was silent. "This," he said at last, smiling in the shadow, "seems the strangest thing of all. These old, familiar, silent, shining stars!"

And thence Graham was taken along devious ways to the great gambling and business quarters, where the bulk of the fortunes in the city were lost and made. It impressed him as a wellnigh interminable series of very high halls, surrounded by tiers upon tiers of galleries, into which opened thousands of offices, and traversed by a complicated multitude of bridges, footways, aerial motor rails, and trapeze and cable leaps. And here, more than anywhere, the note of vehement vitality, of uncontrollable, hasty activity, rose high. Everywhere was violent advertisement, until his brain swam at the tumult of light and color. And Babble Machines of a peculiar rancid tone were abundant, and filled the air with strenuous squealing and an idiotic slang: "Skin your eyes and slide." "Gewhoop, Bonanza," "Gollipers, come and hark!" The place seemed to him to be dense with people, either dreadfully agitated or swelling with obscure cunning, yet he learnt that the place was comparatively empty, that the great political convulsion of the last few days had reduced transactions to an unprecedented minimum. In one huge place were long avenues of roulette tables, each with an excited, undignified crowd about it; in another a yelping babel of white-faced women and red-necked, leathery-lunged men bought and sold the shares of an absolutely fictitious business undertaking, which, every five minutes, paid a dividend of ten per cent., and cancelled a certain proportion of its shares by means of a lottery wheel. These business activities were prosecuted with an energy that readily passed into violence, and Graham, approaching a dense crowd, found at its centre a couple of prominent merchants in violent controversy with teeth and nails on some delicate point of business etiquette. Something still remained in life to be fought for. Further, he had a shock at a vehement announcement in phonetic letters of scarlet flame, each twice the height of a man, that "We assure the proprietor. We assure the proprietor."

"Who's the proprietor?" he asked.

"You."

"But what do they assure me?" he asked. "What do they assure me?"

"Didn't you have assurance?"

Graham thought. "Insurance?"

"Yes—insurance—I remember that was the older word. They are insuring your life. Dozands of people are taking out policies; myriads of lions are being put on you. And further on other people are buying annuities. They

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do that on everybody who is at all prominent. Look there!"

A crowd of people surged and roared, and Graham saw a vast black screen suddenly illuminated in still larger letters of burning purple: "Anuetes on the Proprietor—†5 pr. G." The people began to boo and shout at this; a number of hard-breathing, wild-eyed men came running past, clawing with hooked fingers at the air. There was a furious crush about a little doorway.

Asano did a brief calculation. "Seventeen per cent. per annum is their annuity on you. They would not pay so much per cent. if they could see you now, sire. But they do not know. Your own annuities used to be a very safe investment, but now you are sheer gambling, of course. This is probably a desperate bid. I doubt if people will get their money."

The crowd of would-be annuitants grew so thick about them that for some time they could not move, neither forward nor backward. Graham noticed what appeared to him to be a high proportion of women among the speculators, and was reminded again of the economic independence of their sex. They seemed remarkably well able to take care of themselves in the crowd, using their elbows with particular skill—as he learnt to his cost. One curly-headed person caught in the pressure for a space looked steadfastly at him several times, almost as if she recognized him, and then, edging deliberately towards him, touched his hand with her arm in a scarcely accidental manner, and made it plain by a look as ancient as Chaldean that he had found favor in her eyes. And then a lank, gray-bearded man, perspiring copiously in a noble passion of self-help, thrust between them in a cataclysmal rush towards that alluring "†5 pr. G."

"I want to get out of this," said Graham to Asano. "This is not what I came to see. Show me the workers. I want to see the people in blue. These parasitic lunatics—"

He found himself wedged in a struggling mass of people, and the hopeful sentence went unfinished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO DISCOVERED THE KLONDIKE?

By Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

II.

ANOTHER man than Henderson would have been discouraged. He was still entitled, according to the custom and usage prevailing on the Canadian side, to his discovery claim on Gold Bottom, and as discoverer he was entitled to still another. On the other fork just spoken of he was entitled to a discovery claim and one more. He staked all four of these. The ice was commencing to form. Having made his clean-up and divided the money, he started to record. On the way he met Andy Hunker, who told him he had made a discovery on the same creek where Henderson made his second discovery, and he thought Henderson would not be able to hold discovery there. The whole creek was now called Hunker Creek, and Gold Bottom was a fork of Hunker Creek. Hunker had found the splendid prospect of three dollars to the pan. Henderson, therefore, being uncertain, and seeing the latter was probably richer, staked No. 3 above Hunker's discovery, which was two miles below his own. A discovery had been made by Solomon Marpak on Bear Creek, which enters Klondike between Hunker and Bonanza. Being entitled to a location here also, Henderson staked another claim. When he reached Forty Mile and applied to record, he learned that the law had just been changed; that he could hold but one claim in the whole Klondike. So, as it seemed to be the best, he recorded No. 3 above on Hunker Creek. Henderson was sick all the following winter. In the spring, far from being disheartened by the ill luck that had befallen him, he went up the Klondike prospecting, finding some gold on Flat Creek, then known as "Too Much Gold" (by mistake in description a smaller stream below it was recorded as "Too Much Gold," and now bears that name). Returning, he went up to Stewart, making a discovery on Henderson Creek, which was named after him, and after going a long distance up Stewart River and staking a site at the mouth of the McQuesten, he returned. He applied to Ottawa for the grant of the town site, but his application was never answered.

From an injury he received on Indian River he was laid up, and started out of the country; but the steamer upon which he took passage was frozen in at Circle City, where he remained all winter under the doctor's care. He was in Dawson the summer of 1898, but was unable to work or to prospect as before. I met Henderson then, and was impressed by the earnestness of the man. I asked him if he was not discouraged by all that had happened. "No," replied he; "there are as rich mines yet to be discovered as any that have been found." I am not quite sure that he believed that, but it was characteristic of the man to say so. He was obliged to sell his Hunker claim for a fraction of its value.

Again, in Seattle, I saw Henderson. He had just come from Dawson. Unsuspicious and trusting, he had been robbed on the steamer of all the money he had—eleven hundred dollars. He had but one thing left. It was the golden square and myrtle leaves of the badge of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, of which he was a member. For some reason he insisted on pinning it himself to my vest, saying: "You keep this. I will lose it too. I am not fit to live among civilized men." He is now back at Aspen, Colorado, at the same mine he worked six years ago, before he went into the Yukon. The miners who knew have always given Henderson the credit that is due him. "Siwash George would be fishing yet at the mouth of the Klondike if it hadn't been for Bob Henderson," is what one may hear.

From the moment the discovery on Bonanza was known at Forty Mile, even the most trustworthy report of Mr. Ogilvie, who was making the survey of the boundary, left Henderson entirely out. Reason was obvious—nothing was told about Henderson. But in a recent speech in Victoria, Mr. Ogilvie used these words:

> The Klondike was prospected for forty miles up in 1887, without anything being found, and again in 1893, with a similar lack of result; but the difference is seen when the right course is taken, and this was led up to by Robert Henderson. This man is a born prospector, and you could not persuade him to stay on even the richest claim on Bonanza. He started up in a small boat to spend this summer and winter on Stewart River prospecting. This is the stuff the true prospector is made of, and I am proud to say he is a Canadian.*

Henderson himself sums it up in a letter that is almost pathetic: "That is all I have got after two and a half years' prospecting, living on meat straight."

HOW EL DORADO CAME TO BE STAKED AND NAMED

The large fork spoken of before came into Bonanza at No. 7 above Discovery, but none of the side gulches—or "pups," as they were called—were favored by the stampeders until Bonanza had been staked as far below and as far above Discovery as was considered, in the light of past experience, to be worth while. The middle of the creek was considered the best part. Obviously, as there was small time to prospect, chance predominated. But as soon as the first holes to bed-rock began to show a richness greater than anything ever known in the Yukon, many of those who had staked blindly, as a mere speculation, without plan or knowledge, laughed, and all but cried, in their overflowing joy. Then, when the novelty of sudden wealth wore off, not a few began to think just as men do the world over. As the extent of the richness became more known, the more the wisdom they displayed in picking out such choice locations became evident to themselves. They looked wise when the chechahko arrived, and tapped their heads with their finger, so to speak, as if to say that any one might have had as good as they if they had known where to look. There is no end of stories of the curious luck that accompanied the filling up of Bonanza and El Dorado. The following account of how El Dorado came to be staked has more interest than ordinary in that it is told by one who was not only one of the first who staked there, but also who supplied the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY with the first direct news and photographs from the new diggings—namely, William D. Johns. Mr. Johns was in the neighborhood of Forty Mile when word of Carmack's discovery arrived, and was one of those who did not believe in the truth of it. He was therefore not in the first stampede. Confirmation of the strike was daily being received.

"Bonanza was staked as far down as the 80's and as far up as the 70's, but I determined to go anyway and try some of the 'pups,' believing it is never too late in a camp as new as this.

"Fred Bruceth, the man with whom I planned to go, said it was no use. So when, on the morning of the day that we were to start from Forty Mile, we found that our boat had been stolen, he threw up his hands and refused to go. But upon inquiry I found that it was still possible for us to go. I found some men who owned a boat, and they told us that if certain parties to whom they had promised the use of it did not return in fifteen minutes we could take the boat.

"The men did not turn up, and in half an hour we were towing the boat up the Yukon. Only two weeks before we had passed the mouth of the Klondike and camped on the site of the present Dawson; at the very time Siwash George was making his discovery on Bonanza—of course unknown to us. On the third day we reached the mouth of the Klondike, and camped in our old camping-place, and the next morning, after making a cache of our supplies and taking a pack, we crossed the mouth of the Klondike to the Indian village (where Klondike City now is), and then took the trail which leads over the hills and along the ridge parallel with Bonanza—a trail that is used at times even now in preference to the more recent trail in the valley of the creek. After a hard tramp we reached Discovery in the afternoon. Siwash George and three Indians were working at the side of the bank, sluicing with two boxes in the crudest sort of way. I took a pan, and panned my first gold in Klondike, off the side of the bank, getting fifty cents. We went on to No. 3 above Discovery, and made camp under a brush shelter. That night two men, Antone (his full name is Antone Standard, an Austrian) and Frank Keller, whom we had seen before on the Yukon, came to our camp, and sat for an hour and a half talking. Antone told us their camp was farther up—on upper Bonanza, we inferred. They said they had found ten cents to the pan on upper Bonanza, and they advised us to try there.

"Next morning we took out packs, and with two others, Knut Halstead and John Ericson, two Norwegians, prospected along till we got into the 30's. There we left everything but picks, shovels, and pans, and went up into the 70's, a distance of rather more than seven miles from Discovery. We prospected as we went, but found nothing. The boys agreed in declaring that if the ground had not been already staked they would not take the trouble to do so themselves. We returned to camp, and decided that we would prospect the large 'pup' that came in just above on No. 7. Our attention had been drawn to this 'pup' before we got to Discovery, on the day of our arrival, by meeting two men going down the creek.

"They were of a party of four Miller Creek men. We had asked them, 'How's the creek?'

"'No good,' 'Skim diggings,' 'Bar diggings,' 'Moose flat,' were the answers received.

"'Did you stake on the creek?' we asked.

"'No,' they replied.

"'Where are Demars and Louis Empkins?' we asked, referring to the two other members of their party.

"'Oh, they have gone up a pup to stake.'

"'Why didn't you stake?'

"'Oh, to h——l with the pups!' was their answer as they went away down the creek.

"Pretty soon we met Demars and Empkins. 'Where have you been?' we asked.

"'On that pup,' they replied.

"'Any good?'

"'Don't know anything about it; as long as we were up, we thought we might as well stake somewhere,' and they hurried on after their companions. They were rich men, but they did not know it.

"Next morning, before we were ready to start, Keller came down to our camp dressed in corduroys, and with a rifle on his shoulder, as if he were starting out on a hunt. He inquired how we had made out. We told him we had found nothing. He still favored upper Bonanza; he thought it was all right. We asked him where his camp was; we had not seen it the day before. 'Over on the other side,' he replied, indicating the way, and we thought no more of it then. 'Where are you going to-day?' he asked us.

"'To prospect that pup,' I replied. 'Do you know anything about it?'

"'Oh, I found a five cent piece* on rim-rock, about a mile up.'

"He left us. We still thought he was off on a little hunt.

"We started toward the 'pup.' When we reached the mouth, we followed the tortuous course of the stream. Fred Bruceth stopped and pointed to the brook.

"'Some one is working; the water is muddy,' said he.

"Like hunters who have scented game, we lapsed into silence, and, with eyes and ears alert, kept on. We had gone only a little ways, when suddenly we came upon four men. Three of them were standing around the fourth, who was holding a gold-pan. All were intently looking into the pan. The man with the pan was Antone, and the other three were J. J. Clements, Frank Phiscater, and old man Whipple. When they looked up and saw us, they acted like a cat caught in a cream-pitcher. Seeing that we had found them out, they loosened up and told us all they knew. They showed us then what they had in the pan. There was not less than fifty cents. While we were talking, along came Keller. He had taken off his corduroys and was in his working-clothes, his attempt to steer us away having been a failure. The five men had staked off their claims.† Antone's was the highest up the creek. Above his were the two claims that Empkins and Demar had staked.

"Antone told Ericson that he might have his claim, as he was going to take Discovery claim. We all went up to stake. Pretty soon Antone came, all a-sweating, and begged and pleaded with Ericson for his claim back, as the old man Whipple had declared that no one should have Discovery but himself. Ericson cut his name off the stakes, and Antone restaked the claim—the present No. 6 El Dorado. Ericson went above Empkins and Demars (7 and 8) and staked 10. Bruceth and I went on far enough to be out of the way of a clash, and staked, he taking 11, and I 12.

"Regarding the discovery, it was the custom in the lower country—not only on the American side, but within Canadian territory—to allow a discovery (consequently a double claim) upon each gulch. But the edict had recently gone forth from Forty Mile that there could be but one discovery on a creek, and none on a 'pup' of a main creek. The discovery had been allowed to Siwash George, so that there could be no discovery claim on El Dorado.

"Another custom was that if a person, after having staked in one place, wished to locate in another, he must, before he could hold the second, cut his name off the other stakes. Antone, Keller, *et al.* had already staked on upper Bonanza, and so might have been sincere in recommending that part of the creek as good. While according to old custom they might have held a discovery on El Dorado, they could not legally do so now. Consequently Halstead promptly jumped the so-called 'Discovery' claim that Whipple was trying to reserve for himself, still leaving him, however, with one claim on El Dorado, besides his Bonanza claim. He was stoutly trying to hold all three.

"A party of Finns soon came along, headed by a man named Cobb. They did not stake, but went on and turned up Bonanza. They were the only other persons on the creek that day. That night in camp we discussed naming the new creek. Old man Whipple wanted it called 'Whipple Creek.' But we were rather hot at the Whipple crowd for having used us so ill in trying to steer us away from the creek; and, besides, old man Whipple had tried once to jump Halstead and Ericson's claim on American Creek. After several names were mentioned, Knut Halstead suggested 'El Dorado,' and that was the name determined upon. I make this point, as certain later comers have claimed the honor of naming the creek.

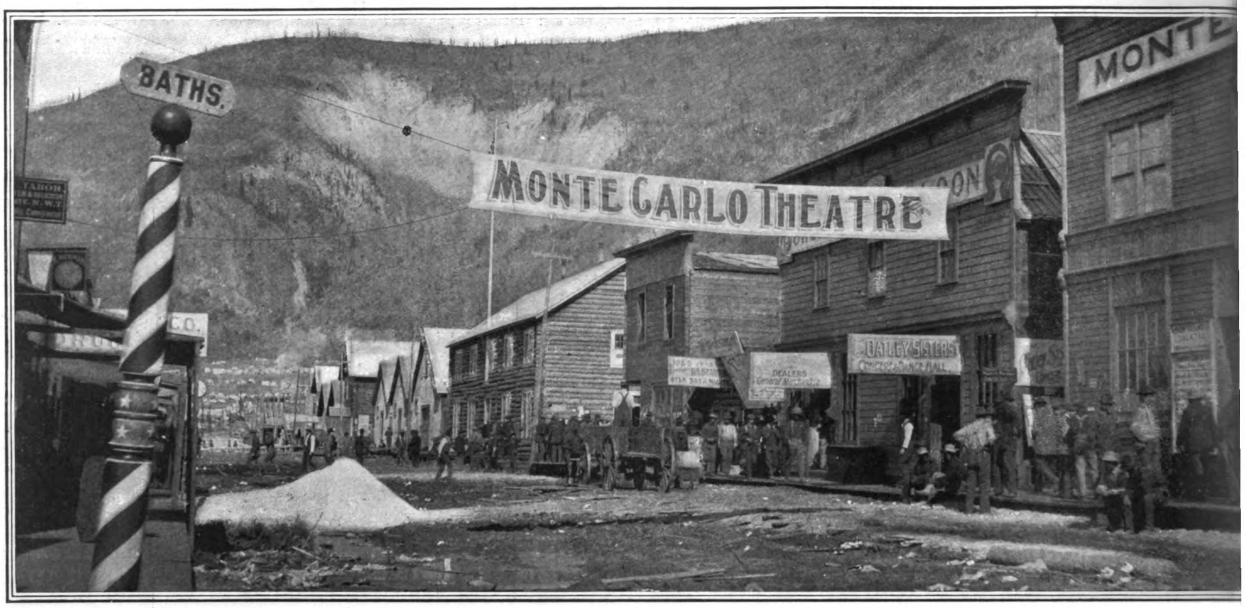
"Next morning Fred Bruceth got up at five o'clock and went down after McKay, whom the miners had appointed as their recorder, letting out the news on the way. Among the first to arrive were Cobb and his crowd. Hearing of the prospect, and knowing that the Whipple

* Extract from the Victoria *Colonist*, November 6, 1897.

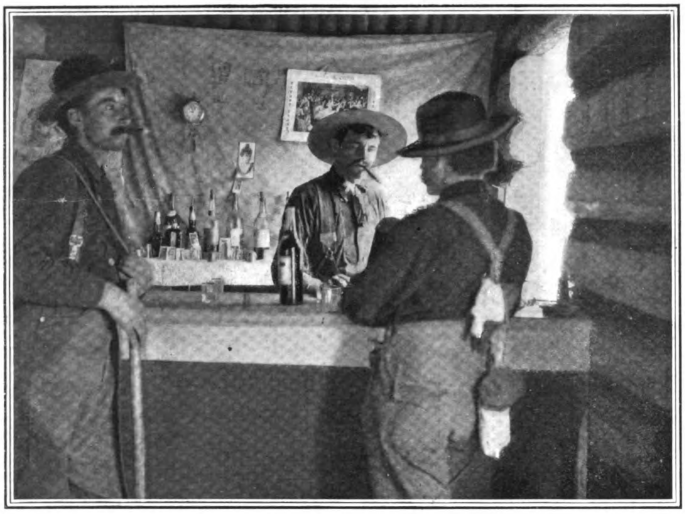
* Five cents to the pan—scant wages.

† Whipple had taken No. 1; Phiscater, No. 2; Clements, No. 4; Keller, No. 5; and Antone, No. 6. No. 3 was called "Discovery" claim, the numbers above given being those assigned later. Empkins, in relating to me how he got in on El Dorado, said that he and his three companions had come up the "pup" and found Antone and the others, and they had a small prospect on the surface, but they were told it was not encouraging; on that account two of the party did not stake. Empkins sold a share in the claim to Fred Hutchinson, and last spring received one hundred thousand dollars for the remaining interest.

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ON DAWSON'S MAIN STREET.



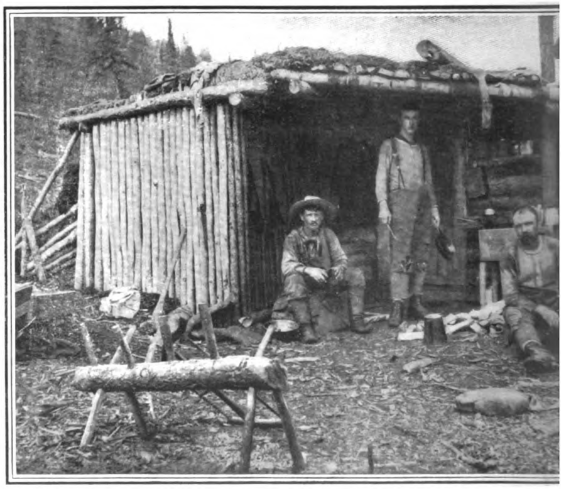
A ROAD-HOUSE BAR.



PACK-TRAIN CARRYING GOLD FROM BONANZA CREI



MINERS WAITING TO RECORD CLAIMS AT THE GOLD-COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

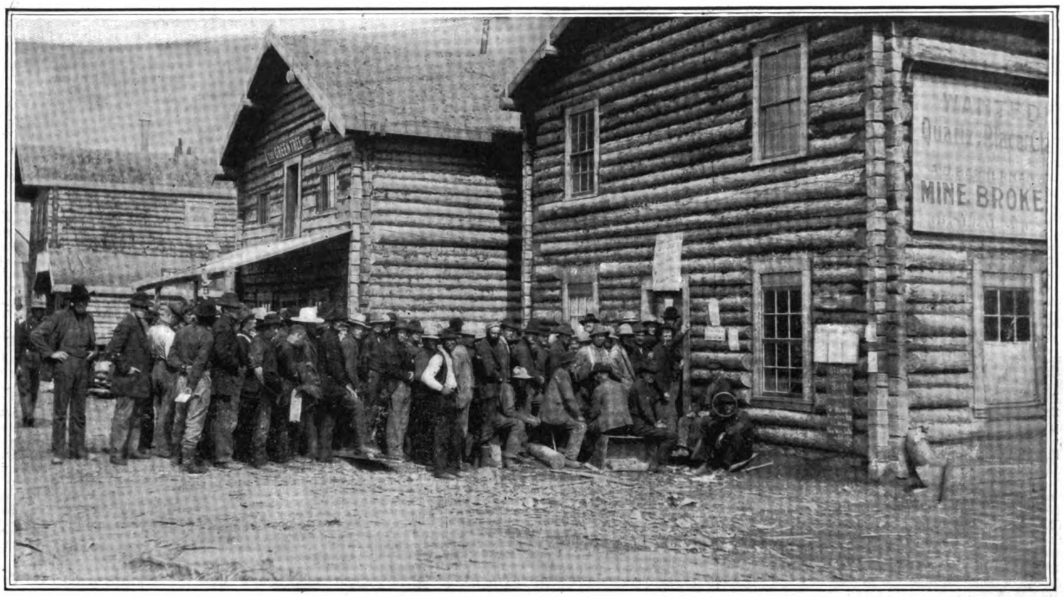


A TYPICAL MINER'S CABIN.

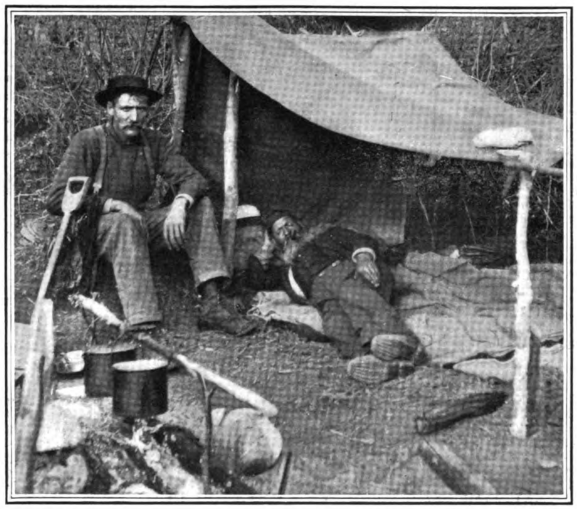
THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPO

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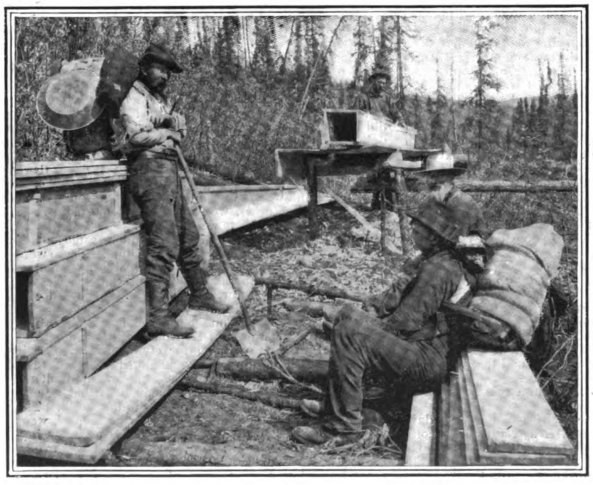
THE POST-OFFICE—WAITING FOR LETTERS FROM HOME.



PROSPECTORS IN CAMP IN SUMMER.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT—"HOW MUCH?"



SUMMER DIGGINGS—MAKING SLUICE-BOXES.



ROCKING FOR GOLD ON BENCH (OR HILL-SIDE) CLAIM.

OLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

ENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 341.]

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crowd had staked Bonanza also, Cobb stated emphatically to Whipple that unless his crowd took their names off Bonanza, he would jump their claims here. Just then Antone, Clements, and Keller came up to where we were talking, and Bruceth and I, who felt that though they had tried to job us, yet they really had made the discovery, and were entitled to the ground, tried our best to persuade them to go up and cut off their names, or they would lose their El Dorado claims—they certainly could not hold both. Whipple kept insisting that they could. At this juncture Phiscater came along.

"He treated with disdain Cobb's threat to jump the claims, and said he would go and see the recorder. McKay arrived on the scene, and the recorder told them that if they cut their names off Bonanza, he would put their names down on the new creek. This Clements, Antone, and Keller did.

"The first of a gang of stampeders, who had come to Dawson on the steamer, arrived. Among these were William Scouse and William Sloan, who took 14 and 15. Some one staked 13 in a fictitious name, to try to hold for a friend, perhaps, and this was afterwards jumped by a man of the name of Hollingshead.

"We all went over to the creek, and began to measure and record.

"Cobb jumped Phiscater's claim, as he had not taken his name off Bonanza. The name of the creek was formally declared to be 'El Dorado,' as agreed upon at the meeting the night before.

"Cobb lost his claim, for Constantine decided that 'at the time he jumped there was plenty of as good ground farther up the creek, and that it was hoggish, to say the least, to jump ground where a discovery of gold had been made.' Had all the five claims been jumped, instead of only one, and this been done after the creek had been staked, there is a chance whether Antone, Keller, and company would not have lost their claims, to which they had not the slightest legal right until they had taken their names off Bonanza, and the reason that barred Cobb would not have applied to late comers, when there was no more ground on the creek above.

"The spot where the gold was discovered was, like the discovery on Bonanza, at the edge of the creek on the line of Nos. 2 and 3. It was taken from a cut in the bank, and was practically surface gold that had slid down from the old channel on the hill-side. It was nothing more or less than 'bench' gold, the existence of which was not even suspected at that time. From a hole eighteen inches deep in the creek-bed, and under water, as high as two dollars was taken out. Bed-rock, where the real richness lay, and the real creek-bed, was fifteen or sixteen feet below the surface, under muck and gravel.

"The next morning, at six o'clock, we started back, and reached the Indian village at one P.M., crossed over to our cache, and had dinner. Then we started for Forty Mile, which we reached at ten-thirty that night, and next day we recorded again, and finally at Constantine's office."

Johns, like so many others, little knew the value of the claim he had staked. After some days, a favorable report must have been received from the new diggings. He was offered $500 for the claim, and sold it to Knut Langlows and Mrs. Healy. One half was cash, the other half to be paid when bed-rock was reached. In the case of the man who staked 29, and played Charlie Anderson for an easy mark, he too simply judged Klondike values like others in that country. Those who sold were by no means fools. They simply had a chance to sell for a grub stake, which was about all a man usually got from a year's work. And if the truth were confessed, the reason why there were not more sales at that time was that there were few buyers. For this is what happened: first claims were of no value; then, as gold was found, they rose in value slowly first, then with great leaps. The seller would want, say, a thousand dollars; by the time the buyer found that it was really worth a thousand, the claim-owner had discovered it to be worth ten thousand; and when the buyer was willing to buy at that price, the value had jumped to twenty thousand, and so on. The buyers were just one lap behind the sellers.

No. 31 El Dorado was sold by the original staker for $100, $80 being cash. Within six months it sold for $31,000, and one year later the owner refused $150,000.

One-half of 30 El Dorado, it is said, was sold for a sack of flour. The owners, big Alec McDonald and Billy Chappel, did not think enough of it to work it themselves, but rather late in the season put it out on a lay, and took a lay themselves on another claim. The laymen struck it the first hole, and out of thirty burnings took out $40,000.

Antone went to Forty Mile after staking. He was short of grub, and wanted to work his claim. Ordinarily any man could get credit in the lower country, but when Antone applied to the Alaska Commercial Company, the temporary agent would not let him have it unless it was guaranteed. One Clarence Berry came forward, guaranteed Antone's bill, and received in return a one-half interest in the claim. Berry was sometimes spoken of as a "tin-horn gambler," was not supposed to have much money and he was never called upon to make the guarantee good. It was whispered about the camp that the agent expected to profit by the transaction. As a matter of fact, he did not. Afterwards Antone and Berry bought controlling interests in Nos. 4 and 5, and a fraction between 5 and 6. Their group of claims became known, through the public press, as "the Berry claims," about which there was a little romance of a winter trip, a young bride, and nuggets by the handful.

The length of the claims here, as elsewhere in the Canadian Yukon, was five hundred feet, instead of one hundred feet allowed by the general law of Canada. The modification in favor of the larger claim was brought about in 1894 through the agency of Captain Constantine, who recognized that, on both sides of the international line, which crossed the heart of the Forty Mile diggings, mining conditions were precisely the same; indeed, the exact location line was unknown until 1896. On the American side the miners made their own laws, and might make the claim any length they chose, up to something over thirteen hundred feet; but upon nearly all the gulches it had been fixed at five hundred feet as the smallest claim that could be worked, at the same time being large enough to afford return for the labor of prospecting. At least five hundred feet was required to give a sufficient drop of water for the sluice-boxes. This wise act was one of many indications at that time of Canada's sincere desire to govern her growing territory in the best interests of the country and the miners.

Another right which the miners had under United States law was that of appointing their own recorder, usually one from their own number, and one recorder for each gulch. The Canadian system, however, provided one man in a mining district, appointed by Ottawa, whose sole business was to act as recorder, or gold commissioner. Where the diggings were near at hand, this was no great inconvenience, but where they were distant not less than sixty miles, as the new diggings of Klondike, the miners themselves were under the necessity of appointing a temporary recorder, as Mr. Johns has mentioned, so as to avoid the long trip, as well as to straighten out at once disputes that inevitably occur. They paid this recorder $2 for each claim, agreeing at the same time to pay to Captain Constantine in due season the $15 required by Canadian law.

When they began to measure the claims, by some trick a forty-foot rope was introduced, instead of a fifty-foot one. This had the effect of reducing the five-hundred-foot claims by fifty feet or more, which left fractions between that by this time were of great value. These were seized upon and staked the same as full claims, but upon the deception being found out, there was a big row, and Mr. William Ogilvie, the Canadian Boundary Commissioner, who happened to be in the country at the time locating the international line, was called from Forty Mile to settle the trouble. Mr. Ogilvie, being a magistrate, took testimony; the men confessed, were repentant, and were forgiven; and then Mr. Ogilvie made a partial survey of Bonanza and El Dorado. But many of the claims on Bonanza were short.

One of these short claims was not the fault of the official measurer. It was on lower Bonanza. I never found out just where, but it was staked by a Mounted Policeman. The creek winds very much there, and the valley is broad. He should have measured the five hundred feet in the direction of the valley, but he was not able to see the direction, perhaps on account of the thick woods, and followed the creek in its winding. When the surveyor came along and threw lines across the valley corresponding to his upper and lower stakes, the poor policeman, instead of having a claim, was in debt six feet.

One of the claims near Discovery on Bonanza was staked by Micky Wilkins. Micky was not one of those who were thrown into boats and brought along *nolens volens* from Forty Mile in the first stampede, but he *was* one of a party who actually did help tie a drunken man and throw him into the boat. Micky, like a wise man, sold out for a few hundred dollars. When they came to survey the claim, the new owner found only a few inches. I felt sorry for all who sold at the very start, until I met Micky.

A fraction of a claim would hardly seem worth having, at least except in ground like Klondike. No. 2 above was staked long. John Jacob Astor Dusel was a good miner, and he wanted to take in the mouth of Skookum Gulch. Dick Low put the tape to Dusel's claim and found it about eighty-five feet too long, and took a narrow slice directly opposite the mouth of Skookum. He did not think so much of it at the time. He wanted $900 for it. No one was so foolish as to pay that much for the narrow strip of ground. He tried to let it out on a lay, but no one wanted to work it for an interest. He had to work it himself, poor man! The first hole was put down by his present foreman, and he did not find a cent. Further account of what is probably the richest piece of ground in the whole Klondike must be left till later, when there are pack-horses to carry the gold down to Dawson.

On El Dorado the claims were almost all excessively long. It looked as if they were measured by guess while on the run, and then a lot more added to make sure. One fraction, 37 A, is four hundred and twenty feet long—almost a whole claim! Several are from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet in length. Sometimes the second man has been in a hurry and not measured his fraction correctly, and a third man comes along and finds another tiny slice. Nothing was too small on El Dorado. There was one ten-foot fraction. It was thought to be worth ten to twenty thousand dollars. A thirteen-foot fraction was found next to 14. It was so narrow that the owner had to take a lay of thirty-seven feet on an adjoining claim in order to work it.

Nor was all the luck confined to the mines. A butcher by the name of "Long Shorty," otherwise Thorp, had driven in some cattle, and was trying to reach Forty Mile late in the fall, in the ice, with the meat on a raft. He was frozen in at the mouth of the Klondike, only to discover there a big mining camp. That beef was a godsend to the miners that winter. It is considered essential to prevent scurvy. Provisions were very scarce. The transportation company had not been able to bring enough up to supply the camp. Flour had to be freighted with dogs from Forty Mile, and sold at from forty to sixty dollars for a fifty-pound sack. Beef was one to two dollars a pound. Mining tools were scarce also, shovels bringing seventeen and eighteen dollars each. But wages were proportionately high—one dollar and a half to two dollars an hour for common labor, and often not to be had at that price. The price of wages corresponded to the opportunities afforded by prospecting.

The first hole to be put down by burning is credited to Skookum Jim. Pages could be filled with the finds that day by day were made on those claims that were worked that winter. The personage not unknown to fame, "Swiftwater Bill," with William Leggett and six others, took a lease, or lay, of 13 El Dorado. Seven holes were put down before the pay was struck, though many think there was pay in one of the first holes, and that they filled it up. At any rate, they asked the price—$45,000—bought the claim, paid $10,000 down, put in a rocker, and paid for the claim in six weeks.

On account of the distance to Forty Mile, sixty days were allowed in which to record. Any claims not recorded within the sixty days were open for relocation. There were several such claims, left vacant by men who considered them no good, and recorded elsewhere. Such a claim was No. 40 above on Bonanza. It was known to a large number that the claim was open, and a Mounted Policeman was there, with watch in hand to announce when exactly twelve o'clock midnight came. It was in January. There were several parties on foot, and two men who had dog outfits. Promptly at twelve o'clock all hands staked and started. Lereaux and a companion, Vaughan, ran to No. 48 above, where one team was waiting. Lowerie, the other dog-man, put down the trail on the run for Dawson, where an Indian with five or six dogs was in waiting. Lereaux had the same number. At Dawson they were not far apart. The men both had good dogs. But dogs are poor things to race with, as every one knows. A dog has no ambition to pass ahead, like a horse; he prefers to follow. Besides, when the trail is narrow, it is hard for one team to pass another. How they did manage to pass each other at all is a marvel, but it happened that every time they passed a cabin the leading team insisted on turning out, whereupon the hind team would seize the opportunity and dash by. It was a great advantage to have a man run ahead of the dogs. When they reached Forty Mile, Lowerie and the Indian were ahead. The recorder's office was across the creek, at Fort Cudahy. The Indian did not know this, or else the dogs determined to turn into Forty Mile. Lowerie saw the mistake, jumped from his sleigh, and made for the recorder's office on the dead run, with Lereaux just with him. Both men reached the office at the same moment, and fell against the door. They were both so exhausted that for a moment they could not say what they had come for. When they recovered sufficient breath to announce their business, Captain Constantine told them he would wait to see if there were others behind; and no one else coming, he divided the claim between them.

A detachment of Mounted Police came up to Dawson in the late winter or spring, bringing the record-books with them. The certificates of registry of that time were in manuscript, there being no printed blanks available. A military reservation was set apart between Ladue's town site and the Klondike River. A rectangle of log houses, for barracks, was built on a piece of ground somewhat higher than the general level of the flat, and facing the Yukon, and from a tall pole was set up the union-jack in the red flag of Great Britain.

The clean-up was already under way, and preparations being made for the summer ground-sluicing, when the river broke, and the new-comers, who had received the news from friends inside, began to pour in.

Wild scenes followed the clean-up. Men with never a penny to spare in their lives were suddenly made rich. There was no real disorder, no shootings, no hold-ups, none of the things associated in the popular mind with a real live mining-camp. Something in the Yukon air discourages all that. It could not be the presence of the police, for there are no police at Circle City, and a baker's dozen were at Dawson. Gold flowed, and when it would not flow it was sowed, literally sowed, broadcast over the sawdust floors, in drunken debauch, as if there was no end to the supply. Gold was panned out of the sawdust on the floors of the saloons; whole saloonfuls of men would be asked up to drink, at half a dollar a drink. Sometimes orders were given to call in the town, and then the bartender would go out into the street and call everybody in, and they would have to drink. Whenever one of the new millionaires was backward in treating, which was not often, the crowd—always a good-natured one—would forthwith pick him up by the legs and arms and swing him like a battering-ram against the side of the house until he cried out, "Enough," or, "I seen you first! I seen you first!" and the new millionaire had to treat. There had never been seen anything like it before, nor was anything quite to equal it the second year.

The afore-mentioned "Swiftwater Bill," whose chief claims to the attention of posterity seem to have been the way he "blew" in money, spent $40,000, and had to borrow $5000 to go outside with. His claim was good for it, though. He quarrelled with a woman, and observing her order eggs in a restaurant, he bought up every egg in town—at a cost of one dollar each.

How much gold came out of the ground that first summer can never be known. Two and one-half millions is probably not far from the mark. The richness of the fifteen miles reported by Mr. Ogilvie was much exaggerated. The pans of dirt that were washed out gave him reason for believing, upon computation, that there might be actually four million dollars in each claim. But these were not averages. Far, far from it. Even if they were, the enormous cost of working the richest, yet costliest, diggings in the Yukon was not taken into consideration as it should have been, and thus have prevented the iniquitous laws imposed by a Canadian cabinet, confessedly ignorant of the rudiments of gold placer mining, but who, like the rest of the world, lost their heads in contemplating the richness of this country.

Clements panned out of four pans $2000, the largest being reported at $775. Clarence Berry showed gold in bottles that he said represented, respectively, $560, $230, and $175 pans. There were many others like these. Of course they were picked and scraped off bed-rock, and did not represent average dirt. Five dollars, even one dollar, "straight," as it is called, would be enormously rich.

If pay streak were 100 feet wide and 3 feet deep, there would be 150,000 cubic feet, equal to, say, 675,000 pans of dirt. Think what an average of a dollar to the pan, or even twenty-five cents, would be! On some claims the streak is wider; on others, less.

One hundred and thirty thousand dollars came out of the Berry-Antone claims, 6 and the fraction. There were spots on Bonanza as rich as El Dorado, but not so even and regular. One thousand dollars to the foot is the top figure, on an average, for best of El Dorado, but the cost is one-third for taking it out.

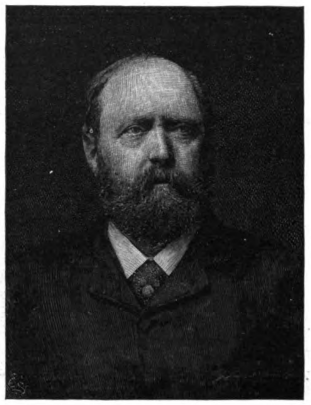
The first year showed nuggets of all sizes up to one of $585 (estimated at 1 oz. = $17) from 36 El Dorado.

The fortunate ones started for civilization with their new wealth. Not all. Many remained to work their claims, and these, perhaps not less happy nor exultant, were not heard of outside in the excitement that accompanied the breaking of the good news to the world. The bulk of the gold, amounting to not over $1,200,000, went out, of course, down river, to St. Michael, where waited the good steamer *Portland* of the N. A. T. & T. Company, crowded with friends and relatives of the returning miners, who had sent word home of their coming. Others preferred the up-river trip, and in parties of three and five took to their poling-boats, and it was some of these, and still others, fleeing for their lives from the threatened famine, that we ourselves met on our way in last year.

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Othniel Charles Marsh

Born in Lockport, New York, October 29, 1831.
Died in New Haven, Connecticut, March 18, 1899.



OTHNIEL CHARLES MARSH.

At a time when the average college professor, like the officers of our army near Manila a month ago, felt that it was about all he could do to hold his own—or, if we may carry the comparison a step further, to preserve the integrity of his command in a line which was stretched out, rather long and thin, to hold back forces of ignorance and lawlessness which threatened the capital—Professor Marsh led a vigorous advance into new fields of discovery, made important gains for the cause of science, and inspired with new courage every person enlisted in the Yale campaign of education. It was like the advance of the "provisional brigade" from San Pedro Macati to Pasig. Only one criticism of his achievements has been heard. It has been suggested in some quarters that a part of the work ascribed to him was done by his subordinates; that, with the large means at his disposal, he was able to buy talent; and that, as one of the despatches from New Haven puts it, "he chose his assistants with great skill."

In other words, he did not make his advance unaided and alone. Neither did General Wheaton.

Since 1860, the year of his graduation at Yale, his life was devoted to paleontological research under conditions which were favorable in a very high degree. The possession of an ample private fortune released him from the necessity of teaching. He did not draw a salary from his college, but, on the contrary, secured from Mr. George Peabody, his uncle, a large fund, of which a portion was used for the construction of the north wing of the Peabody Museum at Yale. And the opportunity which he was enabled to seize was exceptional, to say the least, for when his life work began vast regions of this continent were a virgin field for geologic exploration. Thus ability, financial resources, and opportunity were most fortunately united in his experience. He never married, but linked his domesticity with his ambition, and when he built his attractive house in Prospect Street chose a site which commanded a view of the building in which his invaluable collections were stored. The occupation planned for those years which have not been granted to him, and to the world of science, was the description and arrangement of his treasures and the completion of the museum. It is an interesting circumstance that the full extent of his services cannot be estimated at present, for the reason that many specimens have not yet been classified or even unpacked. All of this material was given to Yale in January, 1898, and is now in charge of the trustees of the museum. That portion of it which has been displayed and described includes a large number of specimens of fossil animals which were either absolutely new to science or had never before been found in America. Of these the most sensational discoveries were, perhaps, the tiny ancestors of the horse, supplied with toes instead of a single compact hoof, and the fossil birds with teeth, and, for sheer bigness, the Dinosauria.

Professor Marsh's studies in mineralogy and paleontology were begun at the Sheffield Scientific School (1860–2) at New Haven, and continued for three years at German universities. In 1866 he became Professor of Paleontology at Yale, and a few years later led into the Rocky Mountain region the first of a series of scientific expeditions, which were fitted out at his own expense, and which were not always unattended with danger from hostile Indians. Learned bodies in all parts of the world honored themselves by honoring him with degrees and medals. In 1878 he was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and from 1883 to 1896 served as president of the National Academy of Sciences.

M. W.

Our New Possessions—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

REVENUES AND TAXES.

A CURSORY glance at the revenue system of Puerto Rico and a comparison of the annual amount raised with the population would not lead one to believe that the island inhabitants were heavily taxed, but careful study of the commercial and economic condition of affairs reveals the fact that the lightness of the burden is only apparent.

In 1897–8 the Official Budget of the island shows a gross revenue of almost 4,000,000 pesos, and an expenditure of something over 3,500,000, or a surplus of nearly 500,000 pesos. Granting the population to be over 800,000 people, the actual central government tax (exclusive of district and municipal taxes) is less than five pesos per capita, as against over $7 per capita in the United States in 1898. It must be remembered, however, that the earning capacity of the poorer 80 per cent. of our citizens is nearly five times as great per capita as in the same proportion of Puerto Rico's population, where the annual wages are a little above 75 pesos. The money in circulation per capita in the United States was $24 66 in 1898, while in Puerto Rico for the same year it was but 7½ pesos. We import of dutiable articles (principally luxuries, purchased by the wealthy) but $5 66 per capita, and pay with these imposts, in normal times, one-third of our Federal expenses. In 1896 Puerto Rico imported of dutiable commodities (mainly necessities of life) 22½ pesos per capita, and paid one-half of the island expenses, or four times as much per head, in money valuation, with only a gain of a proportionate one-sixth in defraying the expenses of the government. We pay the rest of our government expenses principally by internal revenues, except in war-times, on luxuries, while the island raises hers by direct taxation on property, personal and real.

As the form of taxation in Puerto Rico and her relation to the home government was similar, in some phases, to that in vogue in our own States, we may compare her revenue proportionately to that of our wealthiest State, New York.

The State tax in New York averages, for State, county, and municipality, about $5 per capita—her state tax alone is about $2 50 for each person. The San Juan district of Puerto Rico in 1897 raised 598,483 pesos, while the Ponce district collected 287,754 pesos, and Mayaguez a little more than the latter. The writer is informed that, in round numbers, the revenue from the eight districts and seventy-one municipalities is nearly 2,000,000 pesos, which, added to the general revenue already mentioned, bring the total taxation up to 6,000,000 pesos, or some seven and a half pesos per capita. It should be remembered that Spain demanded, for the support of the central government twice as much money as it takes to support the cities and districts, while in New York the State requires but 14 per cent. for the total expenses, and the remainder is devoted to cities and counties.

Apparently the average yearly tax per head in New York ($15) is double that of the Puertoriqueño (seven and a half pesos), but, considering the greater tax-paying capacity of New-Yorkers, it may be shown that one person in every ten is employed in manufacturing industries alone, as laborer or skilled artisan, and receives an average yearly wage of $600, or $50 a month. For over eight-tenths of the population of Puerto Rico there is now no industrial opportunity, except as an agricultural laborer at the low wage of fifty or sixty centavos a day, and then but five months' work in the year. Of this proportion, which represents about six hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children, not over two-fifths can earn this wage of seventy-five pesos a year. In New York one-tenth of the population supports one-fourth of the population with an aggregate wage of about $330,000,000, while in Puerto Rico a little less than one-third of the population supports over three-fourths of the population with a total wage of 19,500,000 pesos. It is difficult to imagine a more pitiable commercial and industrial condition.

One hundred and fifty thousand people pay the direct taxes of the island and the major portion of the imposts, the very poor people contributing their share only in a head tax, a market tax, and in the purchase of imported cottons and quinine. Less than fifty thousand estate-owners probably shoulder one-half the burden of the annual revenue, which would be nearly sixty pesos per capita.

Now as to the items in the island Budget: In 1897–8, 1,252,377 pesos were required for the army, 222,668 pesos for the navy and marine, 423,818 pesos for church and justice, 878,175 for public works, 260,800 for Hacienda, and 498,501 for general obligations—a total of 3,939,342 pesos. The total revenue was 3,939,500 pesos.

The army, navy, and Church cost the people 1,668,675 pesos (193,610 pesos went to the Church), or nearly one-half the expenses of the island, while for public improvements for a country in direst need of good roads, better harbors, and transportation facilities, but 875,175 pesos were appropriated, while even then a commensurate expenditure is not evident, the major portion having been expended upon the few military roads, in the salaries of care-takers and laborers. Included in Puerto Rico's obligations were expenses, divided proportionally among the colonies, for supporting the "Ultramar," or Colonial Ministry Department at Madrid, and in recent years a share of the expenses for carrying on the war with Cuba.

It is difficult to see that the taxes drawn from the sinews of the island were ever of any benefit to her people, the beneficiaries being a great corps of Spanish officials, clerks, soldier police (Orden Publico and Guardia Civil), and priests, who, when their pockets were silver-lined and opportunity offered, returned to the mother-country. It is true that the greater portion of the money was spent again in the island by the government's servants, but, even granting this as desirable, there yet remains the fact that the tax-paying public were supporting a vast army of rapacious, shiftless, and often vicious men, whose espionage was rather to be deplored, since it usually led to greater personal hardships.

About one-half the state tax was derived from customs duties; the remainder, from a stamp duty on all legal paper (which was sold by authorized officials) and legal documents, such as papers of legislation, corporation and all official business; a tax on transfers and sales of property and mortgages—one and a half per cent. on sales, one per cent. on mortgages; also a tax on wills, running from one-fourth to eight per cent., depending on the relationship between testator and heirs. It may be said here that the recorder of deeds had vested in him power of censorship which permitted him to determine whether transfers of property could be legally made. Opponents to the old methods insist that it was a common thing for recorders to grow wealthy in a few years, as it required a bribe with an elastic scale to secure the sanction of the recorder to a sale and transfer of real estate.

The postal and telegraph systems were in the hands of the government, and the collected tariff formed part of the revenues, but the expenditures for maintaining these departments have always been greatly in excess of the receipts, as their principal value seemed to lie in furnishing a host of clerical positions for agents of the government, who acted as spies, and kept a close scrutiny over messages and mail-matter.

Next there was a direct tax of five per cent. on real estate, the appraising of values being done at San Juan; this valuation also served as a basis for assessing the local district and municipal tax, which amounted to from seven and a half to ten per cent.; and lastly a "Cedula Personal," or certificate of identity, which every person was required to have, and which ranged in price (depending upon official or civil position, business, and income) from twenty centavos for peons to twenty-five pesos for those with an income of over 20,000 pesos per annum.

The municipal taxes were raised by fees for licenses on all commercial and industrial pursuits; an "arvitrios," or charge for market-houses, butchering, and city property; fees on the insurance of public certificates, water rents, public dances and functions, theatrical performances, fines, etc.; also an "octroi" or duty on consumption—every article used for food, beverage, or fuel was taxed, and the fees paid by the seller. This tax worked a great hardship to the peasant, who brought in a few pesos' worth of produce to the markets from his little garden-patch in the hills. If the above taxes were not sufficient to meet district and municipal expenses, a final direct tax on personal and real estate was permissible, up to any percentage necessary to meet the deficiency.

Each municipality had to contribute to the support of an island organization of administrative character, known as the "Diputacion Provincial," to an amount determined by the Governor-General, and apportioned among them according to their population and importance—Ponce's share was, in 1897, 14,326 pesos. This organization had charge of some public works of small importance—the civil institute (a sort of high-school, the best on the island), the island insane-asylum, and an industrial school recently established in connection with an asylum for orphans at San Juan, and the jails; it also had authority to advise the Governor-General on all administrative problems. The major portion of the expenses of this "Diputacion" and the institutions controlled thereby was met by a government lottery scheme, which, without force, drew forty thousand pesos a month, principally from the pockets of those who could ill afford it.

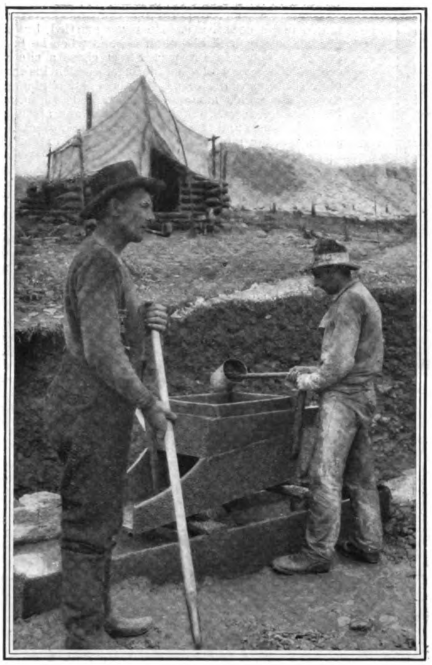
The cost of gathering the revenues was greatly augmented by a system of separate collection for state and municipal taxes, the state's share being secured by one set of collectors, and the towns' by another set of collectors.

At the present time (1898) there is much complaint among island citizens, for the reason that, though the Spanish Orden Publico (common police) of some 2000 men, and the Guardia Civil (civil guard), who numbered 4,000, ceased to exist as paid organizations at the raising of the United States flag, and the Church is no longer supported, the taxes have not been reduced by the new American masters. There will be justice in this criticism when we are able to withdraw our 6000 soldiers—as we should do as soon as quiet civil administration supervenes—who are now doing police duty on the island, and who cost us, for their support, fully as much per annum as the old Spanish appropriation provided.

The reader who has followed the windings of Puerto-Rican taxation will most likely feel, with her citizens, that the burden, compared with the commercial activity and prosperity of the island, has been excessive, and that, when the meagre benefits which have accrued to the population in improvements during the past are taken into consideration, they may well claim to have struggled under a galling yoke of oppression.

It is the right of every taxed community to demand that it shall receive, in return for its support of the government, represented by an expenditure of sinew and labor, security of person and property, and a commensurate advance in ease of living through internal improvements carried on for the good of the most people. None of these blessings have Puertoriqueños ever received at the hands of the parent government, except perhaps during a short period at the beginning of the century, when, to induce colonization, liberal laws and little taxation prevailed. Instead the revenues have, for several generations, been almost wholly absorbed in supporting a totally disproportionate civil list, in which almost every position was a sinecure, and a military organization, including common soldiers, Guardia Civil and Orden Publico, numbering at times over ten thousand men—an army ten times as large in proportion as that which we contemplate in our new army of one hundred thousand men.

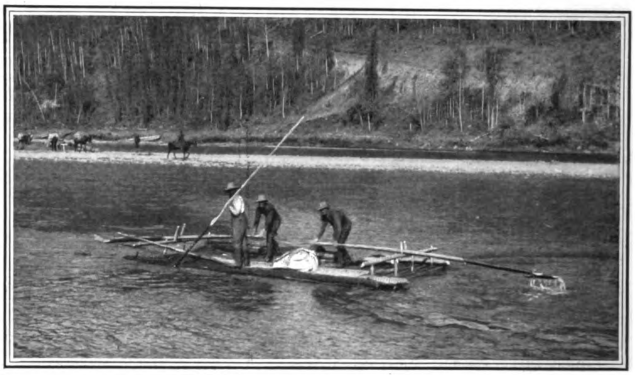
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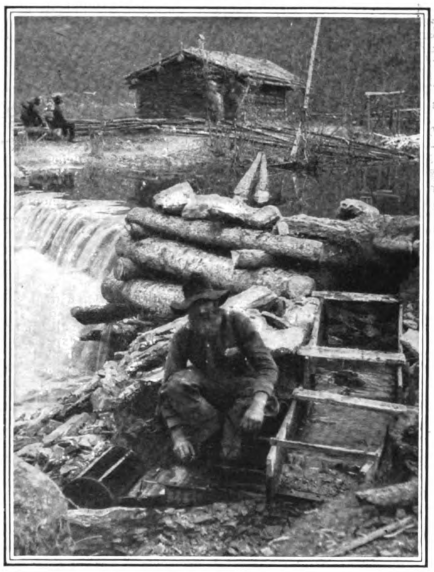
JOE STALEY'S DISCOVERY-CLAIM ON FRENCH HILL—BENCH DIGGINGS.



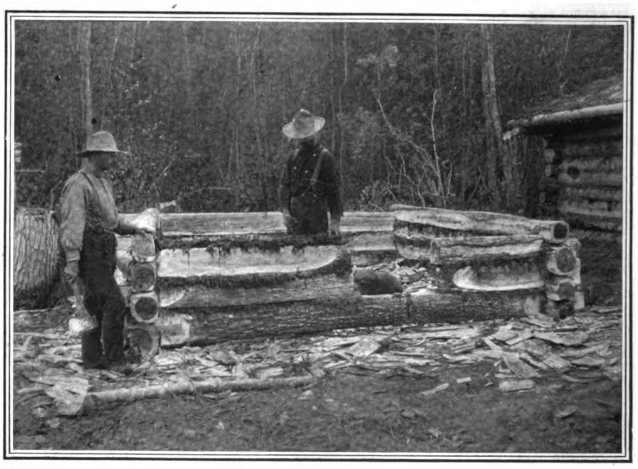
DAWSON—UNLOADING A CHECHAHKO'S GOODS.



RAFT OF HOUSE LOGS ON THE KLONDIKE RIVER.



WAITING DEVELOPMENTS.



CABIN-BUILDING.



MAKING A CLEAN-UP FROM A ROCKER.

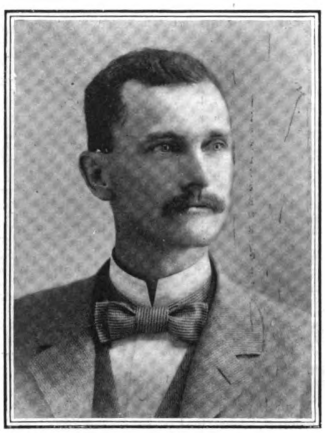


BOAT LIFE ON THE KLONDIKE—A CHECHAHKO SCOW.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 341.]

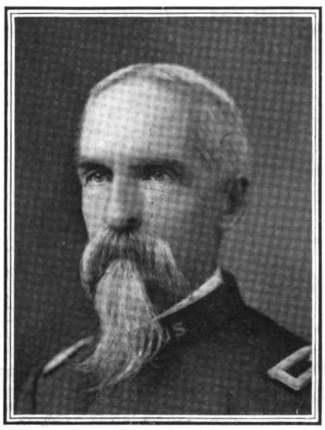
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CAPTAIN JOHN S. STEWART, U. S. V., 1st Colorado Vols. Killed near Polo, March 25.



MAJOR-GEN. ARTHUR MacARTHUR, U. S. V., Commanding the Advance on Malolos.—[See Page 348.]



COLONEL HARRY C. EGBERT, U. S. A., Killed at Malinta, March 26.—[See Page 349.]

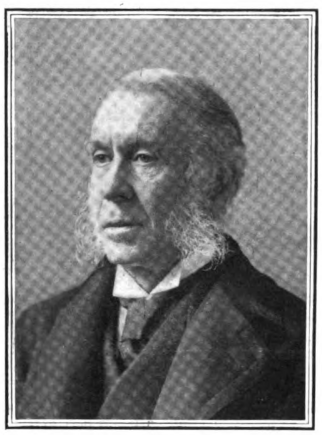


PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII. Died March 6, 1899.—[See Page 348.]

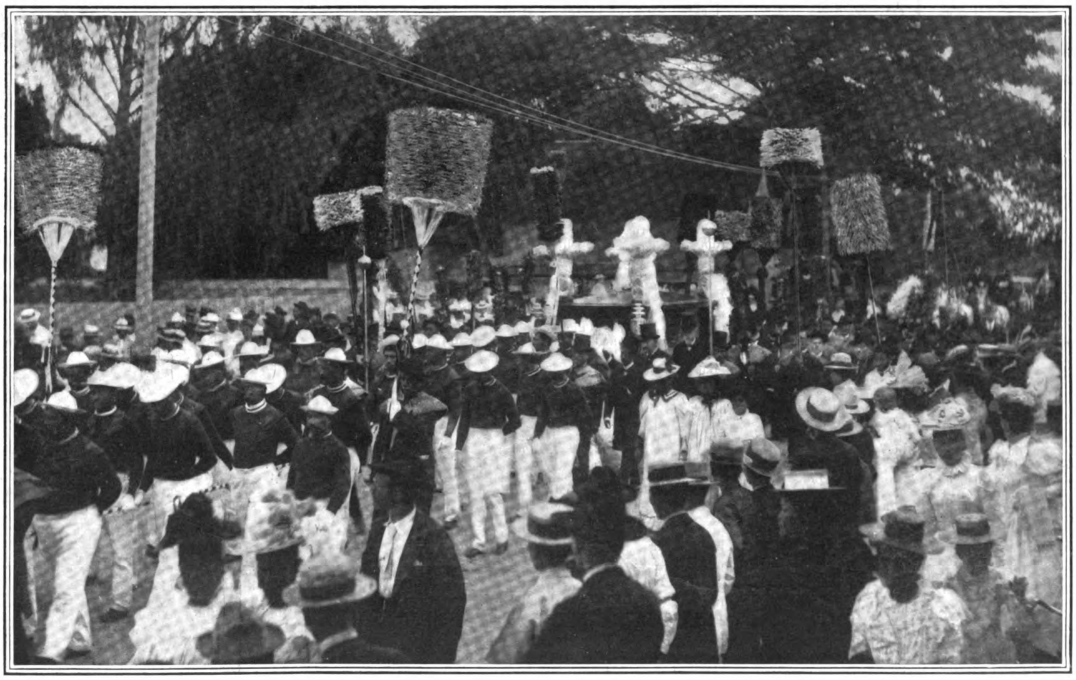
Dean of Princeton

Born at Camden, South Carolina, November 27, 1827.
Died at Princeton, New Jersey, March 27, 1899.

JAMES ORMSBEE MURRAY, a native of South Carolina, was graduated from Brown University in 1850, and from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1854. For the seven years immediately following he served as pastor of the Congregational church in South Danvers (now Peabody), Massachusetts. Subsequently he was called to the Prospect Street Congregational Church at Cambridgeport, and in 1865 to the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, as associate of the late Rev. Gardiner Spring. On the death of Dr. Spring, in 1873, Dr. Murray became sole pastor. A year later the trustees of Princeton offered to Dr. Murray the Holmes chair of belles-lettres and the English language and literature, and he entered upon his duties in 1875. The office of Dean of the Faculty was created in 1886, Dr. Murray being the first incumbent. Since 1889 he served as vice-president of the Princeton Theological Seminary. Both as professor and as Dean he was very successful. He received the degree of D.D. from Princeton, and that of LL.D. from Brown. Recently a chair in English Literature was founded at Princeton by the liberality of a number of graduates who had enjoyed the advantages of study under Dean Murray's instruction. The esteem in which he was held is shown by the fact that this gift has received his name, and is known as the Murray Chair in English Literature. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who has been selected as its first incumbent, was one of Dr. Murray's successors in the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church.



PROFESSOR JAMES ORMSBEE MURRAY. Died March 27, 1899.



HONOLULU—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII—THE CATAFALQUE.—[See Page 348.]

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Fighting in the Philippines

(Continued from page 358, Supplement.)

As we entered the town, dead insurgents lay in the trenches. The smoke was thick and the din of battle deafening. Squads of men moved from house to house to clear out the remaining insurgents. Around the corner of the church wall I met the first men of the Twentieth Kansas coming in. There was a rush for the church, and, with a cheer, up went the American flag. In the road dead Filipinos lay here and there like great disfigured dolls thrown away by some petulant child.

The insurgents were still firing at us while retiring. The Twentieth Kansas were in no humor to stop, so on they went after these insurgents.

"On to Malolos!" shouted an officer.

"Hurray!" answered the Twentieth Kansas; and I believe the Twentieth Kansas would still be going if orders had not come to stop. We reached the utmost limits of our present line near Malabon just as the sun was setting. Then, as the excitement cooled, the soldiers stretched themselves along the ground and realized for the first time that they were tired out. As for the rest of us who did not really belong there, we rode wearily back through Caloocan. Sharpshooters had lodged in the houses, and the town had to be burned. In the fading light of day the dry nipa huts, set afire, shot great gothic spires of flame into the sky. The main street of the town was roasting-hot, and we rode through on a gallop. The bamboo huts bursting with flame crackled like musketry fire. Homeless dogs ran howling through the streets. Motherless broods of chickens peeped helplessly. As we rode back to town over the battle-field, the doctors were still wandering about in the darkness, calling into the night from time to time to make sure that they had left no wounded on the field.

American Troops at Malta

WHEN the transport *Sheridan* arrived at Malta with the troops bound for Manila, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in command of the expedition, called upon the Governor-General, and received a hearty permission to land the men for exercise. After the long confinement on the crowded ship this was a welcome change. The English authorities prepared a magnificent reception for the Americans, and, with all the honors befitting the occasion, the troops were met and escorted by an English guard of honor with gay music. Interested crowds gathered to see the review, which took place on the large parade-ground, and when the Governor-General had addressed a cordial speech to the officers, the men were marched past one of the interesting old corners of this most picturesque city, where the Governor and the Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, together with their staff officers, saw the men march by under the starry flag on a lengthy march into the suburbs.

Several hours were spent in drill and the enjoyment of the brilliant sun and summer air, and the return to the transport was made amid universal pleasure at the heartiness of the welcome and praise of the courtesy of the English.

This is the first time foreign troops have ever landed here for a visit of peace, and is significant of the good feeling existing between the two nations.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

MUSIC

Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open.—*A Winter's Tale.*

Versungen und verthan.—*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.*

HOLY WEEK, with its hush of music and its chain of solemn church offices that encourage the minor mode and discourage even an organ, is past. The trumpets and shawms of Easter duly and loudly are resounding. Secular harmony again asserts itself. Boston, San Francisco, and Chicago are steeping in opera, thanks to Mr. Charley of New Orleans, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Grau. But not in ungratefulness to the juicy fruitage of concert and opera since November, not in scorn of dozens of incidents to fructify in the course of this month, a reviewer may infer that the music season of 1898-9 here has fairly worn out its welcome. The frankness with which candid musical people are saying as much is amusing; and less insatiable but stanch patrons refer with distinct indifference to all the songs of the sirens yet to be carolled. To tell truth, the warblings or twangings of any genus or sex of sirens, after such a prodigal expense in music during five months, suggest the rocks and whirlpools of bankruptcy. Musical people carry pitifully empty pocket-books just now. The dearest soloist of a winter never makes amends for a cheap hotel in summer, and an orchestra chair for a Wagner cyclus cannot be worn at a spa. As for most professional auditors of music, they are crying out, like *Wotan* in "Die Walküre," "Eines will ich noch! Das Ende, das Ende!" Some of them are preparing to take French leave of further claims on their judgments—as the humble writer of these lines confesses being about to do. We are running away from pretty tangible duty, nevertheless. There are yet orchestral concerts, if not of the serial kind; there are yet to come four or five weeks of opera in English by the Castle Square Company; a star benefit to Maurice Grau late this month, tendered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House and the singers of his company; at least a dozen recitals from one or another artist are to come off—by Madame Carreno, Lady Hallé, Madame Schiller, Madame Lehmann, Madame Sembrich, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Rosenthal, and more. But the Oratorio Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra (in a magnificent evening of Macdowell, Goldmark, Tschaikovsky, and Strauss), the Paur Orchestra, and the Kneisel Quartet are done with work till autumn. The last Philharmonic occurs as late in the season as to-night. So general is the feeling that the season has overstaid, in view of its unprecedented expense and of the discouraging pecuniary result in the concert part of it, that many plans published in the autumn will not be carried out. The Berlin Orchestra quietly gave up its projected visit. The Chicago Orchestra long ago decided to stay away. The "Bach pianist" Zeldenrust will not come. A fair score of small musical affairs from distinguished foreign singers are not considered safe enough pecuniary risks to be advertised. The mood of New York at least echoes Prior Aymer in *Ivanhoe*, with his discreet "*Conclamatum est, poculatum est*—we have drunk and we have shouted; it were time we left our wine-flagons!"

There has been some criticism of the propriety of Mr. Grau's purposed benefit on the 21st instant. It is chiefly from confusing success with profits. The present manager and lessee of the Opera House seems to be of the same mind as was honest Handel when he tried opera-giving in London, with the result of a mountain of debts dismissed but not paid. We can read between the lines a commentary on the risks and disappointments and ill fortunes of impresarios (unless they are fully guaranteed by the State) in the fact that Mr. Grau during last month spent the bulk of his earnings to pay the debts incurred by the bankrupt partnership in which the late Henry E. Abbey was his associate. The amount that was parcelled out by the manager between the different individuals with claims to be satisfied is reported as in the vicinity of $60,000. Under the circumstances, the benefit purposed by the company and the stockholders seems not at all a superfluous testimonial to the Metropolitan's impresario.

Art and Honesty.

The Castle Square Company took up "The Mikado" last week, with a brilliant performance of Sullivan's sprightly work—to counteract a very bad one of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." This week it is reviving (a word I always write with reluctance when an opera full of vitality is concerned) Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Mr. Hedmont begins his connection with performances in English at the American. The repertory before the company's vacation (do the Castle Square singers ever have a real vacation?) will offer "Carmen," and in a double bill "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "Trial by Jury." The company's local season has been exceedingly successful. In Chicago the tributary company organized by Mr. Savage begins at the Studebaker Theatre this week with "Faust." The chorus long in training in Chicago is described as likely more than to rival the quality and intelligence of the New York one, and to be full to overflowing with incipient prime donne and primi uomi. One may smile at this possibility; but it is out of just such opportunities for practical study of scores at the beginning of stage-work and routine knowledge that our Eastern or Western young men and young women can secure a chance for a career, and are likely to be competent for it. I know of no better normal school, for many musical post-graduates (as well as undergraduates) who will scorn the idea, than hard work in general repertory under a good chorus-master and a good stage-manager. It is, or should be, a training honorable in all. Let no young and unknown singer think it too humble.

The Chicago Castle Square.

The important tidings are current that Dr. Hans Richter's breach with the Imperial Opera of Vienna is final. In fact, Dr. Richter will have withdrawn from all conducting responsibility in Vienna this month, expressly avoiding any definite farewell. Dr. Richter will be heard after this only in Buda-Pesth, Baireuth, London, and a few other European cities. There has been more than one rumor of his being brought at last to a New York engagement, but nothing definite is current. To speak frankly, it is much to be doubted whether Dr. Richter would be satisfactory or satisfied in the kind of local position outlined by his American friends.

Dr. Hans Richter.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Samoan Bombardment

THE story of the troubles growing out of the contest for kingship in Samoa was told and illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 25. Chief-Justice Chambers's decision in favor of Malietoa Tanu was not accepted by Mataafa, nor by the German residents of Apia. There was at that time no American war-ship in those waters; and though Captain Sturdee, the British naval commander, co-operated with Mr. Chambers, the question of the succession to the kingship continued in dispute. When the *Philadelphia* reached Apia, on March 7, Admiral Kautz found a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. It was not merely that under the provisional government, which represented Mataafan and German interests, the decrees of the Supreme Court could not be enforced, but the lives of Americans, including the Chief Justice, were in constant danger. Mataafa's armed followers surrounded Apia. British and American residents and the adherents of Malietoa Tanu expected from day to day to be attacked.

Admiral Kautz summoned the consuls and senior naval officers to a conference on board the *Philadelphia*. It was decided that the provisional government should be dismissed, and the American admiral issued a proclamation calling upon Mataafa and his chiefs to return to their homes. Herr Rose, the German consul, then issued a counter-proclamation, upholding the provisional government. The Mataafans assembled in large force about the town. The Americans took a large number of Malietoans under their protection, and an ultimatum was sent to the Mataafans, threatening them with bombardment, to begin at one o'clock P.M. on March 15, in the event of refusal to disperse. This was ignored, and the Mataafans threatened to attack the United States and British consulates. The *Philadelphia*, with the British vessels *Porpoise* and *Royalist*, opened fire upon the villages east and west of Apia. Three British sailors were killed by Mataafans during the night, and an American sentry was killed at his post. German residents took refuge on board the cruiser *Falke*; other inhabitants of the town were received on the *Royalist*. A despatch dated Apia, Samoa, March 20, said that the bombardment still continued, and that the chiefs of the Tanu party, who were exiled to other islands, had been brought back.

Princess Kaiulani

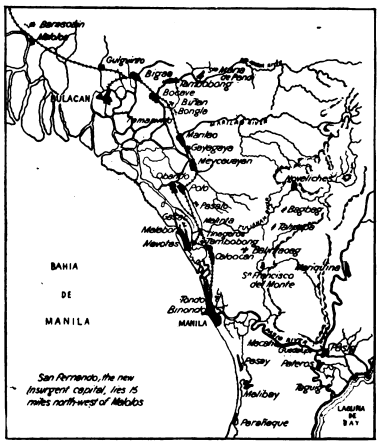
IT was said in Honolulu that no funeral of a Hawaiian sovereign was ever made the occasion of more impressive ceremonies than those which were seen at the Hawaiian capital on March 12. Twenty-four years ago, upon the announcement of the birth of Princess Kaiulani, a national salute was fired; and every race seemed to contribute its share of commiseration the other day to an event of extraordinary interest, which "closed up forever the visible evidence of the late monarchy."

The daughter of Governor A. S. Cleghorn and the Princess Miriam Likelike, of the Kalakaua dynasty, was born on October 16, 1875, in Honolulu. In 1889 she was placed at school in England; four years later made a short stay in Washington; and in 1894, accompanied by her governess, continued her studies in Germany. Then followed three years of travel, preceding her return to Honolulu in November, 1897. Since that time she lived quietly at Ainahau, the Waikiki home which she had received as a baptismal gift from Princess Ruth. The news of her death on March 6 was unexpected, and in her native islands was received with general expressions of sorrow.

The funeral procession was so thoroughly representative of the various elements in the population, native and foreign, that it might itself have been regarded as typifying the passing of the old order, in which strange usages still survived from the days of that splendid old savage Kamehameha I. Curious objects which served as banners and decorations, and recalled the epoch before the advent of sea-rovers and missionaries, were mingled with the flags and uniforms of the forces of the United States army and navy and the National Guard of Hawaii. Delegations from secret societies, members of the local government, societies of Hawaiians, and the great men of a little group were in line. It actually took the procession thirty-five minutes to pass a given point. The avenues leading to the Kawaiahao church were thronged with people for two hours before the time set for the services.

Diary of the Revolt

Friday, March 24.—The first public intimation of an immediate advance northward: "General H. G. Otis's brigade struck tents this morning. The Filipinos have concentrated their forces at Malabon and Polo; extremely active in the vicinity of Malabon, evidently anticipating



an attack." Of the two places mentioned in the despatches, Malabon seemed an untenable position, for it lay on the shore of Manila Bay, exposed to bombardment by the war-ships. Polo, north of Caloocan, on the Manila-Dagupan railway, offered better conditions for defence, and it was assumed that a stand would be made there.

General MacArthur, as commander of the northern division, would be primarily responsible for the success or failure of the movement.

General Otis cabled: "City quiet, business progressing; no indications of excitement.... Old battle-lines surrounding city maintained, and city cannot be safely uncovered."

Saturday, March 25.—At daybreak General MacArthur, with the brigades of Generals H. G. Otis and Hale, commenced an advance on Novaliches, northeast of Caloocan, and in the centre of the Filipino lines. The commanding general's despatch stated that, from Novaliches, MacArthur would swing to the left and strike *north of Polo;* that Wheaton's brigade (which had been transferred from Pasig to the neighborhood of Caloocan) would press forward at the proper time, to prevent the enemy from retreating towards the south or east when MacArthur should have gained a position on the north; and that Hall's brigade, on the old line north of Pasig, was "demonstrating" west of the pumping-station—*i. e.*, engaging the Filipino forces east of Manila, to prevent them from interfering with the execution of the plan just outlined. The enemy was 12,000 strong on the northern line, and the first object of the movement was to "take a large fraction in reverse," or to cut off the hostiles at Malabon and Polo from the main body, and to compel their surrender before marching on Malolos.

Our advance developed a sturdy resistance on the part of the Filipinos, who contested every point with great courage and skill; and as for the natural obstacles in the

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line of advance, the country proved to be even rougher, the undergrowth more dense, and the streams deeper than the American leaders had anticipated. By the hardest sort of fighting—the same eager, masterful spirit that carried our troops to the top of San Juan hill, in the Cuban campaign—MacArthur succeeded in accomplishing a part of his task, but could not quite reach the point designated. "Perfected northern movement not yet completed"—thus the official despatch ran. "H. G. Otis's and Hale's brigades, with dismounted troops of the Fourth Cavalry, the turning column [*i. e.*, assigned to make the détour and cut in north of Polo], met heavy resistance over difficult country, and are camped to-night six miles north of line from which advance was taken up. Wheaton's brigade at Caloocan drove the enemy one and one-half miles north across the [Tuliahan] river. Hall, on extreme right, encountered considerable force, and routed it. Fighting heavy near Caloocan. Movement continues in the morning." Our casualties were 176 (26 killed). The enemy's loss was much greater.

A press despatch stated that the natives near Malabon "fought like demons, at times actually leaving their trenches and with reckless bravery charging the Oregon regiment."

Sunday, March 26.—Official despatches were to the following effect: MacArthur, with moving column, had driven the enemy, but could not get to a point north of Polo, on account of the roughness of the country, and was obliged to strike the railway south of that town. This enabled most of Aguinaldo's troops to escape on the north. Still, it was thought that he might offer resistance, "as the best of his army, consisting of released prisoners of war, formerly native Spanish troops," had concentrated there. At daybreak the hostiles in Malabon set fire to the town and withdrew towards Polo. Wheaton's brigade, following, encountered a detachment of the enemy near Malinta, and at the same time came up with MacArthur's advance-guard. From that hour the character of the movement changed. The attempt to enclose a portion of the enemy's forces between parallel columns was abandoned, and MacArthur's entire force combined to push the Filipinos backward upon Malolos. The fighting south of Polo and near that town was determined. MacArthur, with his three brigades united, and with artillery and cavalry, engaged the enemy.

Colonel Egbert, of the Twenty-second Infantry, was mortally wounded while leading a bayonet charge. As he was placed on a litter, General Wheaton rode up and dismounted. Bending over the litter, in the midst of the flying bullets, he said:

"Nobly done, Egbert!"

"Good-by, General," was the answer. "I must die. I'm too old."

He was only sixty, but since 1861 had been in the army, and had served with distinction in the civil war, the Indian campaigns in the Southwest, and the Santiago campaign.

The army gunboats on the coast and in the estuaries west and north of Polo were very efficient. At 4.30 P.M., General Otis, from his headquarters at Manila, was able to report: "MacArthur has driven enemy, strongly intrenched in large force, north of Polo." In the evening important gains were announced on the same authority: "MacArthur's advance is beyond Meycuayan, two miles beyond Polo, nine miles from Manila, and fifteen miles from Malolos. . . . Insurgents stoutly resisting behind succeeding lines of intrenchments, from which troops continually drive them."

To some of those who watched, very hopefully but very anxiously, this seemed too much like pounding the centre for steady gains in a game of football—as though it had been too easily assumed that Malolos was the goal, and final victory would be won on reaching the Filipino capital. But then Aguinaldo took up the goal-posts and carried them back fifteen miles to the northwest. By his order, the seat of his government was removed from Malolos to San Fernando.

Monday, March 27.—A despatch received at the War Department this morning: "MacArthur holds Marilao; severe fighting to-day, and our casualties about forty. The insurgents have destroyed bridges"—thus impeding progress of artillery and supplies. "Our troops met the concentrated insurgent forces on northern line commanded by Aguinaldo in person, and drove, with considerable slaughter. They left nearly one hundred dead on the field, and many prisoners and small arms were captured. The column will press on in the morning."

In the afternoon there was severe fighting beyond Marilao, and a brilliant charge of the South Dakota regiment, led by Colonel Frost, routed Aguinaldo's troops with slaughter, our loss being three officers and four enlisted men killed, and one officer and twenty-two enlisted men wounded. A supply railway train reached Marilao, and MacArthur pushed on. The troops were reported as being in excellent condition and spirits. A proclamation, signed "Luna, General-in-Chief," directed that all towns abandoned should be burned. "In consequence thereof," General Otis observed, "much country north in flames."

Tuesday, March 28.—MacArthur advanced only to the outskirts of Marilao, as it "took until late afternoon to repair road and railway bridges and to send cars through with supplies."

Wednesday, March 29.—The enemy's resistance was less vigorous. MacArthur advanced at 6 o'clock in the morning from Marilao and passed rapidly to Bocave. At 11.45 he proceeded to Bigaa, and at 3.15 in the afternoon started for Guiguinto, three and one-half miles from Malolos. Guiguinto was reached at 5.15, and here the first serious resistance of the day was encountered. The Filipinos made a stand just beyond the station, at a river crossing, and from their trenches withstood the musketry fire for half an hour. The artillery was got into position by "working it over the railroad bridge by hand and swimming the mules." Then the position was captured, and General MacArthur went into camp. Casualties for the day were about seventy.

Meantime, in other quarters, there had been developments which should be briefly noted:

South of Manila three thousand Filipino troops from the lower Luzon provinces had concentrated. "'Lawton will take care of them," said Otis.

The monitor *Monadnock* had shelled Paranaque, south of Manila, on the bay, for the purpose of destroying military stores. Half the town, including the church, was laid in ruins.

In Negros Island, Colonel Van Valzah of the Eighteenth Infantry had been intrusted with the command *vice* General Miller. The additional troops, sent to protect the inhabitants of Negros from raids of Montéses, had arrived.

Two large boats had been seized in Manila Bay. The boats were loaded with provisions, and had on board a considerable sum of money for the use of the hostiles.

In Washington it was said that MacArthur (whose rank in the regular army is that of Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant-General's Department) would be made Brigadier-General of regulars at the next opportunity.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

ALWAYS WATCHFUL.

THE milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.—[*Adv.*]

SWEET SCENTS ON BOARD.

THE entire world has been in wonderment at the dimensions of the steamer *Oceanic*, but what is generally unknown to them is the magnificence of the decorations of the saloons of this gigantic vessel. A reporter stated to us that it was a fairy-like palace, and that everywhere you were charmed by the perfume of flowers. Information taken, the cause of this was due to the FLEURS SACHETS of ORIZA-LEGRAND, which had been used for the interior decorations of the *Oceanic*. (They are to be found at all perfumers' and druggists'.) —[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

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THE most efficacious tonic to excite the appetite, DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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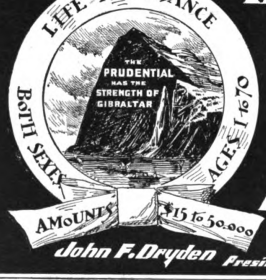
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Lt.-Col. J. H. Smith, U. S. A., Commanding Expedition.



Admiral Sir John O. Hopkins, R. N. Sir Francis Grenfell, Governor-General.

MALTA—REVIEW OF AMERICAN TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERIDAN" BY THE BRITISH OFFICIALS AT VALETTA.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUR GREAT FEATURES OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



REMINGTON
IN CUBA

THIS famous illustrator, whose drawings of soldiers and horses are known the world over, has gone to Cuba as special artist and correspondent for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. In Cuba Frederic Remington has found a congenial field, portraying as he does the routine and amusements of garrison life in the tropics and the relations of our soldiers to the people of the West Indies. Two of his recent drawings in this series, depicting the "American Regular" and "One of Gomez' Men," are of a particularly striking type and will stand as examples of his best work. The artist's correspondence accompanying his sketches is full of the same breezy and individual life. Taken together, his pictures and letters reflect in a graphic manner the changed conditions developed by the American military occupation of Cuba.



PALMER
IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE noted war correspondent whose book "Going to War in Greece" told so brilliantly the story of the Græco-Turkish war, is now in the Philippines as a special writer for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The resources of a modern war correspondent, while campaigning with an army in an almost unknown quarter of the world, are limited only by his ingenuity and daring. In these qualities, as in the force of his literary style, Frederick Palmer stands alone. Since he is likewise an expert photographer, the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY are sure to have the most faithful record of American military operations in the Far East. After the present campaign against Aguinaldo is ended Mr. Palmer will travel through all the important groups of Islands, including many unexplored regions of the Philippines.



REUTERDAHL
WITH THE NAVY

THE marine artist whose stirring pictures of naval engagements during the Spanish war made all nautical experts acknowledge him as the foremost in his line, is now at work on a new series of paintings for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Reuterdahl will depict not only the exteriors of our warships, but also typical scenes of sailor life, showing our Yankee tars aboard their battleships in time of peace as well as war. Among the subjects selected for his brush are the following: "In the Fighting Top," "Clear for Action!" "With the Compliments of the German Admiral," "You may Fire when You are Ready, Gridley!" As the titles indicate, these illustrations make a unique and highly characteristic pictorial record of some of the latest achievements of the American navy.



WENZELL
IN LONDON & PARIS

THIS exquisite illustrator of American society life has now undertaken to reveal himself amid new surroundings. This month he sails for Europe, where he will depict for COLLIER'S WEEKLY some of the famous social events of the Old World. As fit subjects for his brush he has chosen such scenes as the Henley Regatta, Houseboating on the Thames, The Queen's Drawing-room; to be followed by illustrations of similar brilliant events across the Channel, such as The Grand Prix, A Garden Party at the Elysée, A Night on the Boulevard. Reproductions of these charming drawings will be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY in May, to be continued throughout the summer. He may confidently be expected to add an entirely novel and refreshing glimpse of fashionable life as it exists in London and Paris.

AMERICA'S MOST PROGRESSIVE WEEKLY

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AMATEUR SPORT

Modern Golf—the Game of the Strong

THE tendency of modern golf in great Britain seems to be more and more towards lengthening the big competitions, until they have become in great measure a test of physical endurance as well as of golfing skill. I am not concerned, for the moment, with criticising this tendency—on the whole, it seems to be a good one, and to make for just results—but all I wish to do is to note the fact. The latest change that might draw attention to the tendency is in the inter-university golf match (always meaning, with us, Oxford *versus* Cambridge, though there are many other universities in the land). This match, as now played, is decided by the result of thirty-six holes, eight playing on either side. Heretofore eighteen holes had been deemed sufficient test; but it is notable that in all important matches, no less than in this, thirty-six holes begins to be the "unit," so to speak—the recognized length of a match. In previous years a single round of eighteen holes has been taken as the unit.

No doubt it is better so. Eighteen holes is a short course, and the shorter the course, the less chance there is of luck coming equal. "Luck comes equal in the long-run," is the common saw; but eighteen holes is not long enough of a run to equalize fortune. Thirty-six gives twice as good a chance of arriving at this equality.

But the inter-university match is not the most important fixture that shows this sign of the times. It is apparent in both the amateur and the open championships. In the amateur championship, which is decided by tournament play, a round of eighteen holes used to be the deciding course (except in case of a halved match) in each heat. But now this has been deemed inadequate for the decision of so important a matter as the final tie, and the length of course for this final struggle only has been extended to thirty-six holes. The extension is for the better; our only regret is that we cannot carry out the principle in every heat. That would make the total time occupied too long; and, even as it is, the strain on muscle and nerve is pretty severe for those who survive until the end.



HAND-HAMMERED BALL. OLD GUTTA-PERCHA BALL.

The open championship gives us the same indications. Until a few years ago the score of thirty-six holes, or one full day's golf, was thought a sufficient test for deciding who should hold this the highest honor of golfing merit. Now the authorities that have power in the matter have come to the conclusion that the best golfer of the year is not to be picked out from the mob of his fellows by any ordeal less protracted than four rounds of eighteen holes, occupying two full days' golf. We all know very well that even this test is not infallible. Golf is a game of glorious uncertainties, and generally it would be a safe bet to wager, before the championship was played, that, whoever was the winner, you would pick a man to beat him in a hole match within a month of his championship win. So much depends on the chance of a man's being "on his day" or "off his day." There is no man who is always "on," though there seem to be a good many who are always "off," if we may judge by their own lamentable accounts of their performance. Still, the majority have days "on" and days "off," and the proportion of the "on" days to the "off" becomes larger the higher we go in the scale of play. But for all this there are differences of degree, and generally it is the fortunate player whom the date of competition finds "right on top of his game" that comes out on top of the list too, though many, in point of merit, are virtually equal. The best player is he who, having a great game in him, is capable of producing it most often, and most "pat to the occasion."

The open championship—four consecutive rounds of score play—is a severe enough ordeal of golf; but it is not so wearing and nerve-trying as the amateur contest. Of course the man that is beaten in the first round has no great trouble. He can smoke his pipe and criticise the rest, with no sense of responsibility, all through the tournament. But this is a piece of fortune that does not befall everybody, and perhaps few would enter for the competition if they thought that result very probable in their individual case. The vision that the golfer sees before his mind's eye when he sends in his name is himself struggling through all the early heats of the tournament, and being worsted, if at all, only in the semi-final or final tie. And this means fighting day after day, twice a day for four days maybe; fighting hand-to-hand contests which even the very fact of the shortness of the course—eighteen holes, to wit, until the final—makes only a severer trial of the nerves; for, however blissfully confident a man may feel of his ability to beat another "in the long-run," it is only too painfully apparent that this is not a "long-run" matter. In a single round he must demonstrate his superiority—that is to say, must demonstrate a superiority having sufficient margin to cover the balance that ill luck on his own part and good luck on that of his opponent may put to the latter's credit. "In the long-run luck comes equal," but certainly it is not always equal in the course of a single round.

On the whole, one is surprised not so much that a good player is sometimes beaten in this tournament by a less good golfer, but rather that this *contretemps* does not arrive more often. It really very seldom has happened that one of the very best has been beaten except by one of the very best, although it has very often occurred for one not quite of the very best to be several holes up at some point in the round against one of the champions. But generally, towards the end of the round, a sort of paralyzing influence from the great fame of the champion seems to creep over the inferior man, so that he cannot play his game with any confidence. He lets his vantage slip from him, and again becomes yet another instance of the rule to which he had seemed likely to prove an exception.

Yet, seldom as this upsetting of expectation has happened, it is very sure that it would have happened even less often had the length of course for these earlier ties been thirty-six holes, as in the final tie. For if the better player is troubled by the fact that luck in eighteen holes may easily turn the balance against his better skill, there is no doubt that the same feeling gives no little encouragement to the inferior player. In a thirty-six-hole match the better player's confidence in his skill would be doubled, the weaker player's hope in the assistance of fortune would be halved. It is, in fact, a pity that all the matches cannot be made two rounds in length; but life is short, and golfers, after all, are human.

This is a point of view that we are running a little risk of forgetting. We do not want to make our big competitions too exhausting, whether to mind, nerve, or muscle, but we want to make them of sufficient length to eliminate the element of luck as far as may be. For this reason that method of play which is called distinctively the "American tournament"—in which all play all, and the winner of the greatest balance of matches is victor—is fairest of any; but again, even more than before, life is short, and a decision on these methods would take long in reaching.

On the whole, it appears to us as if the golfing authorities of the United States had hit on a most excellent compromise in weeding out the less efficient by a preliminary trial by score, and following this up with a tournament between the survivors. Of course alternatives are easy to suggest; the survivors might be even further reduced by allowing only six or four to go into the tournament, and then conducting the matches on what we call "American tournament" plan. That might seem fairer to one man, and some other modification might strike another as better. The exact point through which the line of compromise should be drawn is very much a matter of taste. The fairness of the principle of the compromise seems beyond argument. It is a principle that is certainly as fair as our own method, and certainly less exhausting. The conditions of golf are tending ever more and more to the point at which it will be impossible for a man that has not unusual stamina to win a big competition. Perhaps this is a legitimate aim. It may very fairly be argued that golf is an athletic game, and that in any branch of athletics a man ought to have the advantage of his strength of muscle and general endurance. Stamina has its reward in all these others—even in billiards a man needs to be in hard physical condition to win a big tournament.

Very likely this is quite a fair line of anological argument. At the same time it is quite sure that we had fallen into a way of regarding golf a little differently from these other athletic pastimes. We had always looked on it so much more as a game of skill than as a game of strength that it seems to bring a disturbing element into the focus when we have to regard strength as an essential for successful golf. A game of skill, rather than of strength, it still is, and will ever remain, so far as the individual strokes go, though even here, other things being equal, the stronger man has the advantage. But other things seldom are quite equal, and a little inequality in some of these "other things" is more than enough to overbalance a considerable difference in strength. But in the case of these long-drawn-out competitions strength—the kind of strength for which endurance is a synonym, and is perhaps better called "a strong constitution"—becomes an essential quality. No man can last, and play his best game, throughout such a long ordeal as the amateur championship tournament without a fine measure of this strength, and in point of fact we find results and records coinciding with this necessary inference.

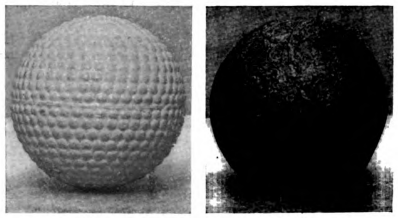
Maybe it is a good tendency—good probably so long as it is kept within reasonable limits—but no doubt it is the increasing tendency of modern golf to make success especially the portion of the strong. And after this excursion to the threshold of prophecy, the odds should be somewhat heavy that our next amateur championship will be won by the man of weakest physique in the lists.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

The Golf-Ball

EVERYBODY knows that the original golf-ball was made of leather stuffed with feathers, but few golfers of this generation have even seen a specimen of the old-time handicraft. The accompanying illustration gives a fair idea of its appearance, and Mr. H. T. Peters, a St. Andrews veteran, has given the following account of the ball in the making:

The leather was of untanned bull's hide, two round pieces for the ends and a piece for the middle, being cut to suit the weight wanted. These were properly shaped, after being sufficiently softened, and then firmly sewn together, a small hole being of course left through which the feathers might be afterwards inserted. But, before stuffing, it was through this little hole that the leather itself had to be turned outside in (so that the seams should be inside), an operation not without difficulty. The skin was then placed in a cup-shaped stand (the worker having the feathers in an apron before him), and the actual stuffing done with a crutch-handled steel rod, which the maker placed under his arm. And very hard work, I may add, it was. Finally the aperture was closed and firmly sewed up, and this outside seam was the only one visible. When I say this, I of course refer only to new balls. Veterans showed the effects of service in open seams with feathers outlooking, and on a wet day the water could be seen driven off in showers from a circle of protruding feathers as from a spray-producer. A ball perhaps started as a "twenty-eight" and ended a pounder. Consequently a new one had to be put down at every hole if the match was an important one.



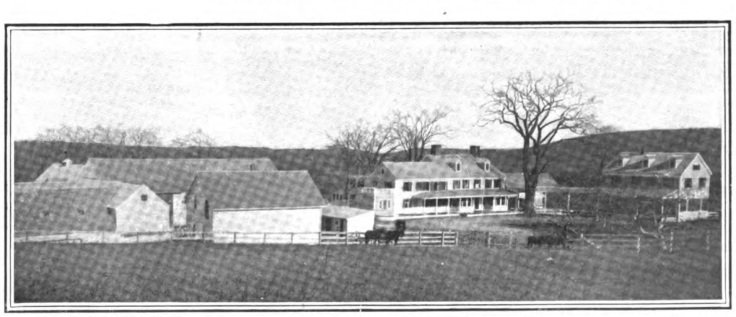
MODERN BALL. FEATHER BALL.

In spite of its shortcomings, there was nothing better than the "feather" ball, and it held the field alone for an odd century or so. And then, in 1848, a formidable rival appeared. Sir Thomas Moncrieff, an ardent and ingenious lover of the sport, conceived the idea that golf-balls might be made of gutta-percha, and having secured a piece of the raw material, he gave it to Willie Dunn, of Musselburgh, and asked him to make the experiment. The lump of India rubber was roughly fashioned into shape and given a fair trial, but it would not fly. It would start away from the club all right, and then suddenly "dook," or pitch downward. Nobody could account for these erratic movements, but the fact remained that it could not be driven, and it was then contemptuously thrown away.

The legend goes on to say that the caddies began to play with the discarded ball, for want of anything better, and as they hacked away at it with their irons they made a curious discovery. The more the ball was cut up, the better it flew. The experiments were renewed, and some one suggested that the ball should be nicked into lines with a shoemaker's hammer. This was accordingly done, and with the happiest results: the flight was now all that could be desired, and the days of the feather ball were numbered.

It was some time, however, before the battle was finally decided in favor of the new ball. Allan Robertson was bitterly opposed to the innovation, on the very reasonable ground that his "feather" ball business would be ruined if the "gutty" came into general use. For the time being he tried to check the rising tide by buying up all the gutta-percha balls that he could find and destroying them. And yet, ten years later, we find him making his famous 79 over the old St. Andrews course, and using one of the very balls that he had done his utmost to discredit.

It is generally supposed that the gutta-percha ball ousted its rival on the strength of its longer carry. But "Old Tom" Morris seems to think that the carry of the two balls was much the same; and certainly a well-made "leather and feather" ball went off very sweetly from the club. It was simply the question of durability, and, above all, the difference in price, that turned the scale. A "feather" ball cost three and sixpence, while the gutta-percha could be turned out at a shilling. The life of a "feather" ball was not long at the best, and a heavy "top" in a bunker was liable to extinguish it at any time. Finally the "feather" ball was at a severe disadvantage in wet weather, for it quickly absorbed moisture and became sodden and overweight. To-day the "feather"



MYOPIA HUNT AND GOLF CLUB.

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ball reposes in museums, along with the pterodactyl and the Stone Man, and the "gutty" reigns supreme.

For a number of years golf-balls were moulded in a smooth press, and then nicked by hand into the familiar geometrical patterns. Some of the workmen became very expert in their art, the lines being nicked with almost mathematical exactness. But of course this extra labor added to the cost of the ball, and of late years all balls are moulded and scored by machinery, and in a single operation. In the moulding of the lines they must not be too shallow, or the ball will not fly, nor too deep, or the markings will become clogged up by mud. In other respects one pattern is as good as another; but the latest fashion seems to be for a surface covered with small bosses, or points, as shown in the illustration of a modern ball.

In the old days, feathers are said to have been weighed by Troy weight, though nobody can pretend to give the reason why. Naturally the same convention was continued when the gutta-percha ball was introduced, and a "twenty-seven" ball is supposed to weigh twenty-seven pennyweights Troy. As a matter of fact, the numbers nowadays refer rather to the size than to the weight of the ball, and the latter may vary (in different makes) by as much as two pennyweights. But the diameters, as gauged by the accurate modern moulds, are nearly always uniform. The old hand-hammered ball seems to have been a heavier ball, size for size, than the modern one, and a "composition" ball will generally outweigh one made of pure gutta-percha.

From the nature of their material, balls are naturally divided into pure gutta-percha and "composition" balls. The latter are prepared by a patent or secret process, and their material is a compound of India rubber and other ingredients. The well-known Eclipse ball was the earliest of the "putties," as they were christened, and for a time it threatened to displace the "gutty" altogether. Its great merit was its indestructibility. It could stand any amount of hard pounding without vital injury, and all that it needed was a new coat of paint from time to time. But it could not be driven so far as a "gutty," and it was almost impossible to get it to lie dead upon a green that was at all keen. Of late years it has dropped out of sight.

Various other attempts have been made to find a substitute for rubber. Even steel has been tried, and the pneumatic celluloid ball was expected to do great things at the time of its introduction. Unfortunately it was so hard that no club head could stand the force of impact, and it was quickly discarded. The latest novelty is the so-called "Bullet," which is having a great run abroad. It is a very small ball, but heavy in proportion, and it is said to show excellent results in practice, especially against the wind. It is asserted that the ball is artificially weighted, and if so the ball is only a revival of an old idea.

The "O.K." ball deserves a word, since it is supposed to be constructed upon strictly scientific principles. In this ball the circumference is heavier in proportion than the centre. As a consequent, angular momentum is increased and the ball spins faster during its flight through the air. Since the stay of the ball in the air is dependent largely upon rotation, it follows that the greater spin should result in the longer carry. The "O.K." is also a small ball in proportion to its weight, and so offers less resistance to a head-wind.

According to newspaper reports, it has been left for the American inventor to produce the final golf-ball—the ball of the future. We are informed that at a recent trial somewhere out West the inventor pitted himself against all the crack players of the club and outdrove them with ease, using only an iron putter, and that with one hand. The new ball, after making a tremendous carry, would run nearly as far again in a succession of gigantic bounds. Three hundred yards was hardly more than a half cleek-shot for this wonderful ball, and apparently the chief difficulty lay in getting it to stop at all. It is evident that if the "Kangaroo" ball is to come into general use, our courses will have to be lengthened out and the holes placed a mile or so apart. The ball itself is said to have a centre of pure rubber, around which catgut is tightly wound. There are other layers of twine and gut, and a final coating of gutta-percha. Unfortunately the ball is inclined to be very brittle, and is sure to go to pieces after three or four strokes. All of which is important, if true.

Having determined the material properties of the golf-ball, it may be interesting to look at it in action. What is it that makes a golf-ball fly through the air? I use the word "fly" advisedly, for a well-driven ball looks and behaves like a living thing. A 10-inch shell is hurled through the air; a baseball is hammered through space; but it is only the golf-ball that really flies. We have all watched and admired that inexplicable way in which it suddenly unfurls its invisible wings and proceeds to float along as though the law of gravitation had been temporarily laid off duty. Anybody can see for himself that a golf-ball stays longer in the air than we have any reason to expect; but why?

Several years ago Professor Tait of Edinburgh contributed two articles to London *Golf* on this interesting subject, and his theories seem to fit the facts with remarkable precision.

It is a matter of common observation that a well-hit ball leaves the club head at a comparatively low angle of trajectory, and then almost immediately begins to soar, as though it were entirely independent of gravitation. It floats along as though it were made of thistle-down instead of solid gutta-percha, and its path for nearly half the total range of carry is *concave upwards*.

We know by practical experiment that a well-struck golf-ball will remain in the air for as long as six seconds. Now, assuming that a non-rotating sphere is projected at an inclination of one in four and remains in the air for six seconds, it *must* (the air's resistance being as the square of the speed) attain a range *at the very least* of four hundred yards. If there were no air resistance, the range would be nearer eight hundred yards. Now no such carries are ever achieved in actual practice, and the conclusion follows that the ball which takes six seconds or so to travel must have some form of buoyancy or levitation.

Of course the longer a projectile stays in full flight, the farther will be the distance covered, and the ballooning-like propensity of the golf-ball is the means by which it is enabled to defy the deadly pull of gravitation. The ball must have time in which to travel. Having determined the value of this featherlike buoyancy of the well-hit golf-ball, we naturally wish to know how it is produced. Professor Tait says it depends entirely upon the speed of the ball's rotation, but this rotation must be the result of direct underspin. Without underspin a ball to carry 250 yards would have to leave the club head at a velocity somewhat greater than that of sound. It is easy enough to put the wrong kind of spin upon the ball, but then, instead of a good, we achieve a marvellously bad drive. A poor drive may be sliced or heeled or topped, the consequent deflection being to the right, to the left, or downward. A good drive is undercut *only*, and as there are three chances to one against our putting on the right kind of spin, it is not so remarkable that the bad drives should outnumber the good ones. It is rotation, then, that produces deflection from the true line of flight, and that this is often considerable may be shown by watching the course of a badly sliced ball. Professor Tait has calculated that a ball driven off an elevation of one in four, with such speed as to carry 136 yards *if not rotating*, would carry 180 yards if, other things being equal, it had underspin of only half the rapidity of that due to ordinary slicing. "Hence," concludes the professor, "the problem of long carry is much more a question of underspin than of anything else. It is the 'raking' drive that gives the longest carry."

Professor Tait subsequently confirmed the truth of his theories by a series of practical experiments. A ball attached to a long piece of untwisted tape was repeatedly driven into a mass of clay at a short measured distance, and as a result the tape was invariably found to be twisted, and in such a manner as to indicate underspin. It was also shown that clubs with rough striking surfaces gave a perceptible increase of rotation to the ball; and, indeed, every player knows by experience that his driver heads must occasionally be roughened up in order that they may get a grip upon the "gutty."

The mathematical problems entering into the flight of the golf-ball are really very complicated, but we can at least understand that the ball rotates in the air, and that this rotation is set up by the impingement of the club head upon the surface of the ball. Here comes in the efficacy of the lines, or mouldings. The ordinary idea seems to be that it is the resistance of the air, acting upon these lines, that causes the sphere to revolve. This is entirely erroneous: the spin is imparted by the club alone, and the markings simply assist it in getting hold of the ball.

The practical deduction from all this seems to be that underspin is necessary in good driving, and that to put it on, the ball must be struck a trifle below the belt and with a free follow-on, after the fashion of the draw-shot at billiards. If the cue is checked from going freely through, the amount of "draw" is perceptibly reduced; and the same is true of golf-ball and play club. Finally, the run of a topped ball is long, as compared with its carry, and this is due to its overspin, which takes marked effect at the instant of impact with the ground. Conversely, a ball with underspin will be retarded upon reaching the ground, but the loss is very slight, and carry is much more important than roll.

Van Tassel Sutphen.

DISSOLUTION of the old triangular league, comprising Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams, has been the chief outcome of the winter season of amateur diplomacy among the minor New England colleges.

The league had maintained itself for so many years, and with such a degree of success, that many will view its demise with regret. Nevertheless, if I mistake not, there can be found plenty of men who have played upon the various teams of the three colleges during the past fifteen years, who will insist that this dissolution, far from being unaccountable, is both natural and commendable. Repeatedly it has seemed the triangle was ill balanced, especially in football, and it is even more evident that its affairs have from time to time given occasion not only for some temporary friction, but also for the existence of feeling more vigorous than was helpful.

However, it is especially fortunate the last step has been free from any particular bitterness, and from suggestive explanations and damaging charges. Some, to be sure, contend that Dartmouth's action in forcing the issue comes with decided ill grace after her assent, last spring, to a three years' agreement. But none appears to attach bad faith to her action.

Dartmouth, it would seem, has finally determined that she outclasses her opponents, and this conviction, coming after years of a growing belief in her superior prowess, is fittingly expressed in a frankly avowed resolve to seek more worthy game, and, incidentally, make a gamble, ethically considered, for larger stakes. She thus becomes an athletic free lance, and whether this freedom will be for her advantage remains to be seen. Certainly that character cannot long be maintained with thorough success; therefore her chief problem will be the forming of desirable athletic connections. Whether this can be done appears a trifle problematical.

DARTMOUTH it would seem can hardly hold out to Brown or Wesleyan especial advantages for a permanent league, and perhaps the circumstances which tend to make Williams and Amherst quite willing to part with Dartmouth will tend to operate against satisfying association with the more remote colleges. The comparative inaccessibility of Hanover presents a difficulty which must be reckoned with, and it is extremely doubtful if a reciprocal arrangement of much permanence can be effected with any college at a distance.

This practical difficulty has always put Dartmouth at a disadvantage, and it will continue to do so. Sufficient reasons are patent why Amherst and Williams feel not grievously disappointed at Dartmouth's rather peremptory announcement of an intention to lift herself by her boot-straps into a higher realm of athletics. For years the two Massachusetts colleges have been displeased—and quite rightly so—by Dartmouth's persistent adherence to her time-honored policy of playing the older men of her graduate departments, especially the Medical School—a policy which has put her strictly collegiate competitors at a distinct disadvantage. Dartmouth men have always enjoyed a liberal supply of "beef" on her elevens.

The great possibilities, apparently, for special work at Hanover have made it a quite normal thing for Dartmouth to have on her teams men of years not tender, and on occasions to retain especially desirable players for generous periods.

Sportsmen are thankful that the withdrawal of Dartmouth has not been accompanied by any unpleasant features, such as might have been expected. It is thoroughly gratifying that even hints at professionalism are rare, and that the general New England tone seems to be one of respectability and honor.

EXCEPT in the matter of the "summer-nine" baseball-player, the rules governing sport at Williams, Amherst, and Dartmouth seem to have kept pace with the general reform movement, and are, on the whole, fairly satisfactory, though Dartmouth, in the matter of scholarship standard, appears somewhat too indefinite in ruling to meet the requirements of the day.

Each has a one year's residence rule to be enforced upon athletes coming from another college. At Amherst a man may carry one condition and remain on an athletic team; at Williams, one condition disqualifies him until it is made up; at Dartmouth, the ruling declares a student must keep in "full standing" to be eligible. What "full standing" is, the rule fails to state.

There is considerable confusion, too, as to the actual number of years a man may play and be eligible to the teams of these colleges. Four years appears at each to be the number he may represent any one of the three; but Williams takes no account of how many he may have played previously on another college team; Dartmouth limits the number to four; and Amherst is the only one to deduct from the four years' team membership she permits her athletes the time they have played on another college team. Amherst is the only one with the proper ruling, in other words.

ALL three fall short of the modern movement in permitting an athlete not advanced with his class to continue in athletics until the four years' playing-limit has been reached. In short, a man might enter the Freshman class, be dropped each year, play four years of football, and still be a Freshman.

No provision is made against summer-nine baseball-playing, except where the athletes are paid money; and even then these sins have been viewed most leniently. Some new and much-needed rules are to be made on this feature. At present a student of any one of these three New England colleges may, during vacation, barter his baseball skill for a summer's board and lodging, and still be eligible. Indeed, one of the faculty members of one of these colleges writes me frankly, "We ignore the whole business, as several men thus earn a large part of their next year's living."

There is an honest confession for you! All the same, this identical college has justly experienced the inevitable revulsion of feeling to "summer-nine" playing, and is in consequence now busily engaged framing the needed protective rules.

STRANGE it is what ignorance of the ethics of amateur sport comes to light every now and again in localities and among men whom one naturally would consider enlightened. In commenting, some weeks ago, on the character of club football elevens in the Middle West, and remembering that last year the team had played a man now a professional boxer, I classed the Akron Athletic Club eleven with those of the Duquesne and Pittsburg athletic clubs. I am pleased to say that the comparison was unjust to the Akron club team, which in the main was composed of men of respectable and, in many cases, prominent local families, and all of whom were engaged in business, and did not neglect it for football. The presence of the professional boxer last year, and the knowledge that one man had been paid (and therefore professionalized) for the time he lost from the factory where he was employed, misled me as to the character of the others.

But the point of this recital follows. While looking up the Akron club, one of its local sponsors wrote me: "The boys merely formed themselves into an association, elected a manager, secretary, and treasurer. *Of course, had they made anything, they would have divided* [italics mine, C. W.], but as it was the other way, they had to make up the deficit."

In other words, had the club made money, every member of the team would have received his share and become a professional. As it is, the Akron club, organized merely by the players, and practically playing for gate receipts, is an offence against the ethics of amateur sport. There are a number of little clubs throughout parts of the West, organized similarly, that would undoubtedly resent being called professional—and yet that is precisely what they become by dividing gate receipts. So also does a man become a professional when he is paid for time lost from his work. If he cannot afford to lose the time from his factory or business, whatever it may be, he cannot afford to play football.

I hope Akron and vicinity will consider carefully what is here written, and not again depart from the canons of amateur sport.

WHAT with the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association, composed of Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, and the recently organized Poughkeepsie Highland Amateur Rowing Association, composed of the West Shore Railway officials and merchants of Poughkeepsie, it looks as if their race on the Hudson next June would not be lacking management or advertisement. This is one way of conducting college boat-racing. I confess to believing it not the best way.

If any further reason for preferring New London was needed, the multiplication of regatta officials on the Hudson supplies it. "Management" and advertisement are precisely what university boating does not want. When Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and their managers, the Messrs. R. R. officials and Poughkeepsie merchants, have a season or two experience in boat-race-booming, the college men will arrive at the same conclusion.

Caspar Whitney.

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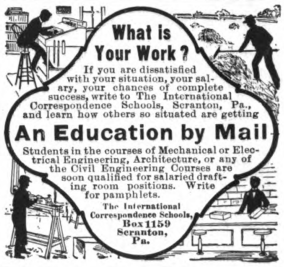
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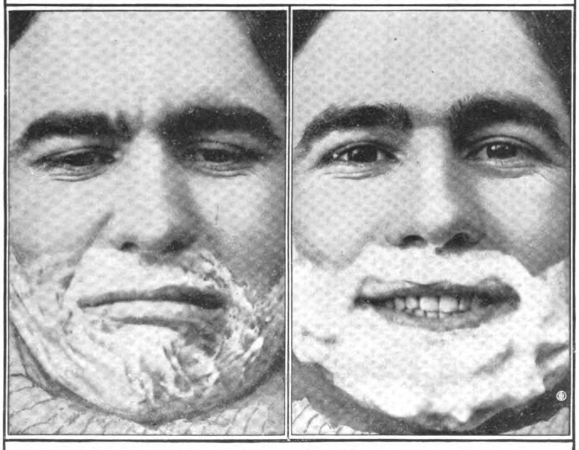
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FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES—*The Revolt*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

BLOCK-HOUSE BATTLE OF MANILA—(*Continued*).

MANILA, *February 9, 1899.*

At the beginning of the fight all the Spanish block-houses north of the Pasig River, that originally formed the Spanish line of defence against the insurgents on the north side of the city, were in the hands of the insurgents, with the exception of block-house No. 8,* which lay unoccupied next to the Nebraska camp, near the river. The San Juan stream empties into the Pasig just above this block-house. Block-house No. 7 lies a few hundred yards north of the San Juan bridge. In my last letter, on the taking of the hill of San Juan del Monte, I told how Colorado and Nebraska took block-house No. 7. The succession of block-houses Nos. 6, 5, 4, and 3, about one kilometre apart, extended north towards the bay. Two Utah guns, under Captain Wedgewood, shelled these block-houses early on Sunday morning, February 5, from Sampaloc Cemetery. The enemy's position was heavily intrenched along this front, and during the whole night Filipino Mausers had played upon our lines. After Captain Wedgewood had shelled the three block-houses, the Colorado and South Dakota regiments charged the enemy's position, and driving the Filipinos from earth-works and block-houses, picked them off as they fled back into the country. It was a great chance for the American sharpshooter, and he made the most of it. At 9.30 Sunday morning the Americans had possession of the insurgent line from San Juan bridge to block-house No. 4, a distance of two miles. The hill of San Juan del Monte on the right was still untaken. How Nebraska and Tennessee took this hill I have already told, but on the left of the second division, from block-house No. 4 to the sea, lay a stretch of bad country, the taking of which was to give our forces some hard fighting.

THE CHARGE UP CEMETERY RIDGE

On the north of the city near the beach runs the Manila and Dagupan Railway, now called the Kansas and Utah Short Line. At 9.30 on Saturday night, February 4, the Twentieth Kansas moved along the turnpike near the railway for three-quarters of a mile beyond our line. They met with a stubborn resistance from the enemy, who, charging them six times, came within one hundred yards of their firing-line. But the Kansas regiment, with one gun of Battery B, Utah, drove the enemy at every point.

After the taking of block-houses Nos. 4, 5, and 6 on the north of the city, the main object of the attack on Sunday morning was Binondo church on Cemetery Ridge. From our lines to this position there stretched up hill about two miles of broken country sparsely dotted with nipa huts and groves of trees. Towards the top of the ridge was a great cemetery, with the Chinese church at one corner and the Binondo church at the upper end. This cemetery was cut into sections by barbed-wire fences. When the advance began on Sunday morning the line ran as follows: first came Kansas near the shore, next the Third Artillery acting as infantry, beyond them Montana, Pennsylvania, and South Dakota. The whole line went forward at the same time. Kansas through the continuous village along the road to Caloocan. The Third Artillery, moving along three dikes with swamps on either side, found themselves in a regular cul-de-sac, out of which they got as soon as possible, with the loss of twenty-five men. They came out practically in battle-line. Although to either side of them our men were shooting heavily, they had not fired a single shot up to that moment. Indeed, the Third Artillery was so well under the control of its officers that not a shot was fired by them during the entire day except on command, and then Major Kobbé made use of volleys only. The wisdom of this order was apparent as soon as the Third Artillery came out from the jungle into the open. On a little elevation to their right lay the Chinese church, whose walls were lined with insurgents firing down upon the Montana and Pennsylvania regiments in a hollow still farther to the right. One battery under Lieutenant Kesler fired volleys at the church, and that, combined with the shells of Captain Grant, Utah Battery B, so demoralized the enemy that they deserted the Chinese church, and flying up the hill, made their last stand on Cemetery Ridge, where is Binondo church. Captain O'Hara, Third Artillery, who does not know when he is in danger, led his men up the hill in full view of everybody, as if they were marching up Broadway, and took the Chinese church at 2.30 P.M.

In the mean time Pennsylvania and Montana were in hard straits. They had fought their way up through the Tondo district, among the houses and clumps of trees, and had at last reached an open field beyond which lay the steeper incline of the Chinese cemetery with its barbed-wire and its impeding graves and head-stones. On their left from the elevation of the Chinese church a strong body of insurgents threw a flanking fire into them. In front, from strong redoubts and from Binondo church, an uninterrupted hail of bullets barred their way. At 2.30 the Third Artillery had taken the Chinese church and thus relieved their position somewhat; but it remained to South Dakota to clear the way, by closing in on the right and taking the insurgent redoubts on Cemetery Ridge. This Colonel Frost, South Dakota, did a little after 3 P.M. Then at the head of his regiment he charged up the final slope to the right of Binondo church, while a portion of Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Hawkins and Major Bell, forced their way through the wretched barbed-wire fences of the cemetery, and came up to Binondo church just after South Dakota reached that place. The Utah guns of Battery B, under Captain Grant and Lieutenant Critchlow, during this attack, had advanced along the winding road of the cemetery, amidst the hottest of the fire, stopping from time to time to shell the enemy's position. About 4.30 P.M. Cemetery Ridge was ours, and the light uniforms of the insurgents could be seen scattering over the plain ahead like frightened flocks of grouse. Over the ridge after them went the Third Artillery, and following them the rest of our line, with a shout and a hurrah. The Indians were stampeded, and this sort of hunting was too good sport for our men to stop immediately. Down into the plain they went, and would have gone to Caloocan, were it not that orders came from General MacArthur's headquarters to stop. It would not do for us to spread out our lines too far. The fight for Cemetery Ridge had been a splendid display of American dash.

As for Kansas, they fought their way straight along the Caloocan road. Swamps and jungles barred the passage. Great thorns and trailing vines tore their clothing and tripped them up. It was as if nature had taken sides with the insurgents. But those fellows from Kansas, under Colonel Funston, did not seem to mind it much. They kept right ahead, and nothing could live before the terrific fire of their old Springfields. From what I saw of Sunday's fighting I should say that the reason our losses were not greater was that our uninterrupted fire kept the insurgents down behind their breastworks, and when they fired they did not dare to stand up and take good aim, but were apt to shoot high in the air.

WITH THE FIRST (ANDERSON'S) DIVISION.

Undoubtedly the insurgents were surprised at our aggressive tactics. The patient endurance of both our generals and our soldiers through long months of petty annoyances and insults had been put down by the insurgents to cowardice on our part. They had long since been used to the defensive fighting of the Spaniard. They were far better armed than they had ever been before, and opposed, as they thought, to an inferior enemy. They expected to carry our positions by storm. Nevertheless, with the racial cunning of the Malays, the insurgent leaders used a feint in attacking Manila. During Saturday night it was noticeable that while the whole insurgent line at the north of the city charged the positions of the Second Division, the First Division, south of Manila, was left entirely unmolested. The idea was that the fierceness of their attack would force us to draw nearly all of our troops from Anderson's Division to re-enforce General MacArthur's line. It never occurred to Aguinaldo and his followers that the Second Division would not only be able to hold its own, but by magnificent charges would drive the insurgent army before them. On Sunday morning, therefore, the insurgents in force, estimated at six thousand, made a furious attack all along the line of the First Division, and especially against the Fourteenth Infantry, near block-house No. 14.

BLOODY LANE

There is a road leading past Singalon church and block-house No. 14 one stretch of which is called by the Spaniards Bloody Lane, on account of the large number of soldiers killed there in fighting the insurgents. On the 13th of last August, when our troops entered Manila, it was at this point that nearly all our losses occurred. An impenetrable jungle on either side makes any advance except by road nearly impossible. Again, on February 5, we found that the Spaniards had named the spot well, for the fighting here was the fiercest of the day. The *Monterey* shelled the insurgent trenches uninterruptedly; a battery of Sixth Artillery drove shell after shell at the enemy; but still the Filipinos, in their deep earth-works, held their ground. It was only by the fearless charges of our infantry that we succeeded in dislodging them. At 7.30 the American forces opened fire all along the brigade. At 10 orders came to charge and take the positions of the enemy, who were then in the old Spanish intrenchments. The North Dakota regiment and one battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry had open ground to cross, and found little difficulty; but the second battalion, opposite block-house No. 14, went through a tangle of bamboo and thorn-bushes. The fire of the enemy was very heavy, and the whole of the two companies under Captain Murphy, which advanced, must have been swept out of existence had the Filipinos known how to shoot. As it was, six killed and eleven wounded lay about block-house No. 14. Lieutenant Mitchell, in the lead, was mortally wounded while taking his men straight down Bloody Lane, for the tangle was too thick to charge effectively through the jungle. Those who were near him say that he stood a moment before falling, and exclaimed,

"Never mind me; go ahead!"

Lieutenant Miles then took the lead with Company M and part of Company I. The whole distance to be traversed from our original position was only two hundred yards. That the two companies got through Bloody Lane under the concentrated fire along this lane seems incredible. At fifty yards from the block-house the fire of the enemy was so fearful that Lieutenant Miles-called for volunteers. Eight men sprang forward, and with the lieutenant at their head, rushed the block-house. It was literally true that the insurgents went out as he came in. During the charge there were many narrow escapes. A bullet passed through the hat of Lieutenant Miles, and a sergeant was hit five times. Three bullets passed through his clothing, one carried away the magazine of his rifle, and another took off one of his fingers. This charge had not lasted more than twenty minutes, and the whole of General Ovenshine's brigade had carried the first position of the enemy in the old Spanish trenches. But fifty yards beyond were some new trenches, deeper and stronger than those already taken by the Americans.

This was a time, as Captain Murphy afterwards said, when no one knew the time, but approximately it was 10.30 in the morning. A road lay between the new American position and the second line of insurgent trenches. To cross this road meant the loss of many men. Rather than suffer this loss, one gun of the Sixth Artillery was brought up to pound the insurgents into submission, but even the *Monterey* and the Sixth Artillery, dropping shell after shell in among the insurgents, did not succeed in dislodging them. At 12 o'clock new orders came. The whole of the right wing of General Ovenshine's brigade was to swing in a pivot movement against the flank of the obstinate enemy facing Captain Murphy's battalion. The nature of the ground rendered this operation particularly difficult. Under a severe fire the men had to cross a swamp where the water in places reached to their waists. This time, with infantry fire in front and on the side, the insurgents found their trenches untenable, and the flanking party, when they came out of the jungle to the Pasay road, saw the last Filipinos disappearing in the distance. The Fourteenth Infantry in this fight lost twelve men killed and one officer, and thirty-four men wounded. Too much praise cannot be given for the splendid way in which officers and men charged. To understand it thoroughly one must have gone over the ground. Fallen trees, over which one stumbles, are scattered through the bush. Long thorns catch and hold one fast. Mud-holes and swamps break the uniformity of this jungle. Apparently our flanking movement was not only unexpected, but an entirely new military method to the insurgents, for they ran and did not stop until they had reached Paranaque, four miles to the south. In the mean time the second brigade of General Anderson's division was meeting with equal success, if not with such stubborn resistance.

THE CHARGE ON SANTA ANA AND SAN PEDRO MACATI

From General Anderson's headquarters on Artillery Knoll he could personally see and direct all the movements of General King's brigade. Our lines ran along the bank of the Tripa stream for two miles. On the other side of this stream a perfectly open plain led up to the insurgent position at the English cemetery near San Pedro Macati. To the left, on the banks of the Pasig River, lay Santa Ana, also in the hands of the insurgents. Between Santa Ana and our own lines the enemy were strongly intrenched, and on the north, to our left, they were flanked by the Pasig River. Here they had two Krupp guns, which, however, were of little use to them, as they only succeeded in firing them twice. Near these guns was a strong bastion fort, from which the insurgents made a good fight. Lieutenant Hawthorn's battery of Sixth Artillery was stationed near block-house No. 11 with the old Astor Battery guns, and Captain Dyer, in charge of another battery of Sixth Artillery, was at headquarters on Artillery Knoll. Our artillery was immediately in the rear of our first line along the Tripa stream. The line of infantry at this point ran as follows: Next to the Pasig River, on the north, was the Idaho regiment; then came Washington and two companies of California, while four companies of Wyoming and one of California were in reserve, but soon joined in the fight. There was in front of our position, running up to San Pedro Macati, 18,000 yards of open rice-fields. These paddy-fields with their ridges proved excellent ground to advance over, since the men could halt and lie down behind the ridges, which furnished enough protection for a momentary stop. At about 8 A.M. General Anderson gave the order to advance. The men waded through Tripa stream and came out into the open ground. Then from the stone walls, the English church-yard, and these earth-works in our front, and from Santa Ana, and from strong earth-works to the left front, came a driving storm of insurgent bullets. These nearly all went high. As it was, our serious losses occurred before we really got started. There were many Remingtons among the enemy, and the smoke from these revealed their position. Immediately our batteries opened fire. It was a beautiful sight to see the artillery shelling over the heads of our advancing troops, and Captain Dyer, who at home ranks as an expert on the theory of artillery, showed that practice and theory, in his case at least, go hand in hand. He was handicapped, however, by lack of horses. The brunt of the fighting fell, as usual, on the infantry. The Washingtons swam an estuary under fire, and California advanced so rapidly that they got into Santa Ana in time to cut off the retreat of the insurgents between there and our line. Idaho stormed the bastion fort, while California poured their fire in from the side. In this fort alone the insurgents lost about one hundred men. Our movement at this point was a flanking one, which to the insurgents here also was as deadly as it was new. Those that were not shot down were driven into the river. One hundred of them tried to swim across, but only twenty succeeded in reaching the other side.

The charge did not stop here, but with a splendid rush our soldiers went on to San Pedro Macati. In front of this village there is a hill, and the insurgents threatened to make a stand there. Our loss in storming this position must have been much greater had it not been for Captain Haan and his Company A of the engineer corps. All of these men knew the country well, for before they entered Manila on August 13 they had gone over the ground more or less to draw maps. Captain Haan led his men to the right, and reached the ridge above San Pedro Macati in time to pour down on the insurgents a flanking fire. After the fight Colonel Smith, than whom there is not a better regimental commander in the volunteer service, threw his arms about Captain Haan and exclaimed,

"You're the sort of a man I like."

At ten o'clock the infantry of General King's brigade of the first division were in possession of San Pedro Macati. It took them just three hours to clear the insurgents out of three miles of territory and take two important villages. For such magnificent work it would be unfair to praise any individual. Suffice it to repeat General King's own words:

"As to my volunteer brigade, their enthusiasm and spirit were fine to see."

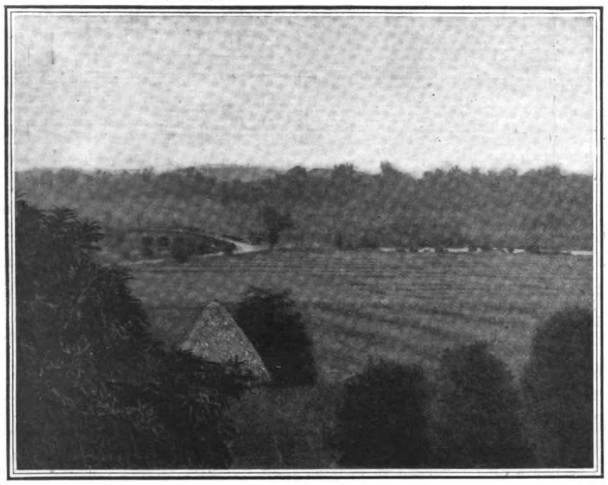
This battle about Manila I have called Block-house Battle, because the fighting-ground exactly corresponded to the long line of old Spanish block-houses, fifteen in number, circling the city of Manila. The success of our army was universal. In the first division General King's brigade, starting at block-houses Nos. 11, 12, and 13, swept the enemy before it, just as the tempest drives along a lightly laden ship. General Ovenshine's brigade, meeting with severe resistance, fought five hours for the possession of a few hundred yards of country, but finally drove the enemy for miles back into the country.

In General MacArthur's division the success was even greater. General Hale's brigade took block-houses Nos.

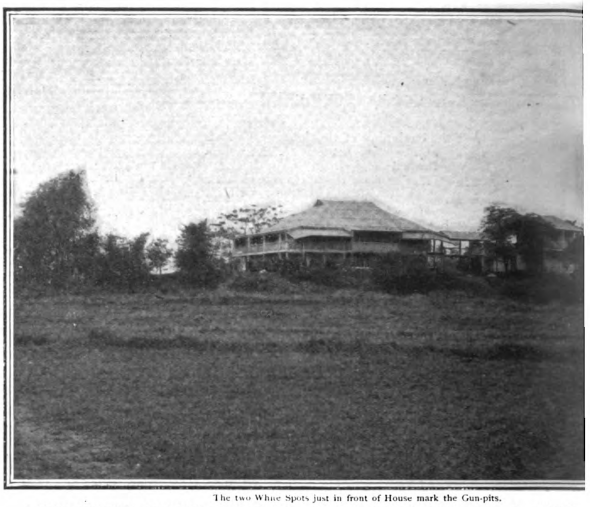
* See map of Manila and its defences, page 270, HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 18, 1899.

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San Juan Bridge.



SAN JUAN HILL, WITH RESERVOIR ON TOP, FROM SANTA MESA.

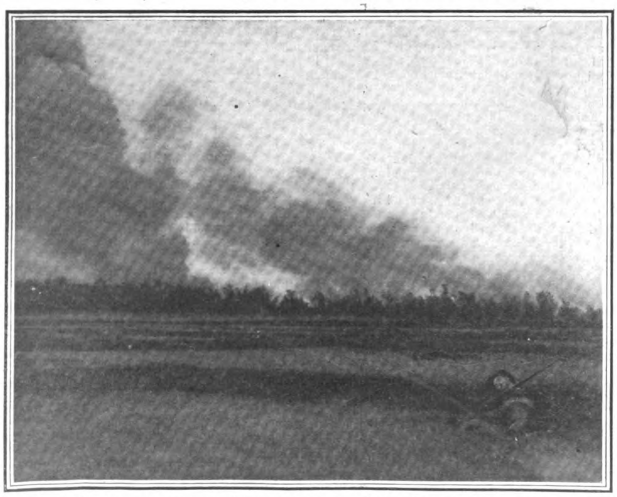


The two White Spots just in front of House mark the Gun-pits.

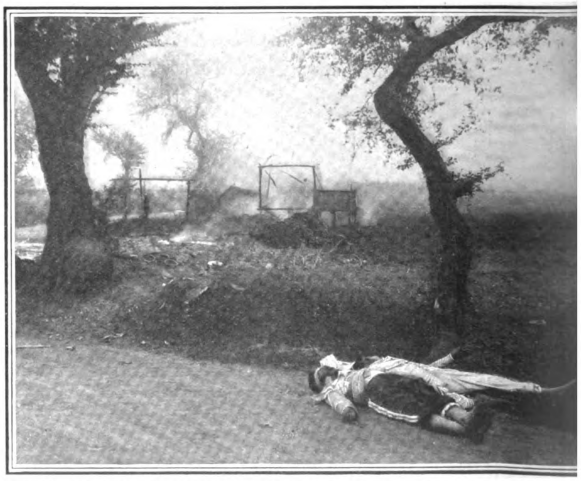
LIEUTENANT WEBB'S TWO MASKED GUNS OF BATTERY A, UTAH ARTILLERY, AT SANTA MESA.



THE MONTANA REGIMENT WAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE ON CALOOCAN.



GROUND OVER WHICH THE MONTANA TROOPS ADVANCED ON CALOOCAN—DEAD AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE FOREGROUND.

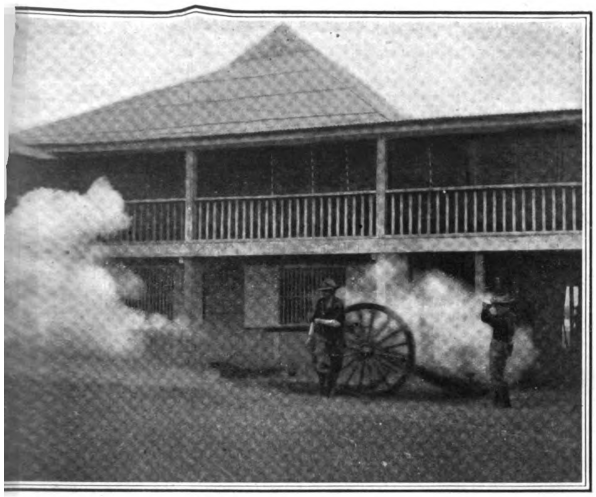


DEAD INSURGENT OFFICER AND SOLDIER ON THE ROAD TO SA PEDRO MACATI, AFTER THE CHARGE OF GEN. KING'S BRIGADE

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT C. F. O'KEEFE, PHOTOGRAPH I

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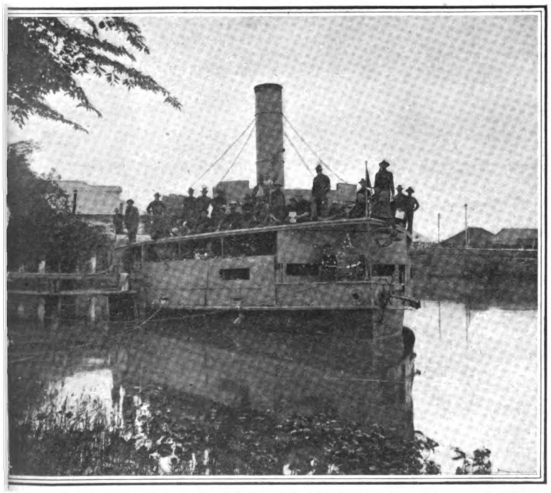
SANTA MESA—LIEUTENANT WEBB WATCHING THE EFFECT OF A SHELL ON SAN JUAN BRIDGE.



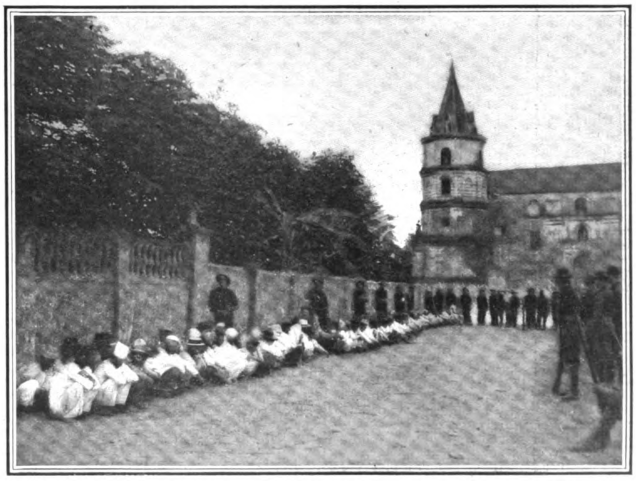
SAN JUAN BRIDGE, SHOWING EFFECT OF BOMBARDMENT BY UTAH ARTILLERY.



THE ADVANCE ON CALOOCAN—ON THE FIRING-LINE OF THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS.



TIN-CLAD GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY" READY TO ADVANCE UP RIVER.



INSURGENT PRISONERS OF THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT AT SANTA ANA.

TTLE-LINE, FEBRUARY 5 TO 10.
NT, OFFICE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.

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4, 5, 6, and 7 from the enemy, and occupied the reservoir on the hill of San Juan del Monte; while General H. G. Otis's brigade shoved ahead two miles, and took block-houses Nos. 1 and 2, the latter on the now famous Cemetery Ridge. On Sunday night our lines had lengthened from about eight to fifteen miles.

IN THE CITY

There are men on such occasions as the present who are apt to be forgotten. One of these sat in the palace at the end of the telegraph wires from both divisions. He was a man who has been much abused of late, and undeservedly so. His has been a most difficult position. For months he has dealt with a problem whose difficulty was sufficient to tax the ingenuity of the greatest statesmen—how to deal with an incipient rebellion when hampered by the contradictory orders of ignorant politicians at home. General Otis, when thrown on his own resources by the rush of unforeseen events, proved his ability to master the situation here. Next there was General Hughes, who had to look after the enemy among us in the city. It is now understood that an uprising of the natives in Manila had been ordered by the Filipino government. With the Thirteenth Minnesota and the First Oregon General Hughes kept order in the great circle within our lines. Wherever Filipinos attempted to gather they were shot down. There was in the city an insurgent army on paper, composed of officers and companies. This army did not have a chance to assemble. In reserve to meet any emergency which might arise General Hughes held the flower of the army of the Philippines, the Twenty-third United States Infantry.

The enemy in town did succeed in doing some harm. A few of them shot at all passers-by from houses and churches, but were quickly dislodged. At ten o'clock, just back of General King's brigade, a lot of insurgent sharpshooters got into Paco church, and shot at ambulances and provision and ammunition carts on their way to and from the front. One company of Washington was sent to dislodge these insurgents, but found they could not do so without great loss of life. Captain Dyer was obliged to turn his artillery upon the church, which soon caught fire. Even after the church was burning the insurgents stuck it out in the tower, and again the artillery had to turn its attention to them, this time destroying the tower.

From a military point of view, the chief thing to be noticed in the Block-house Battle was the splendid charging of our troops. The artillery was greatly handicapped for want of horses. In the first division the field-artillery was obliged to remain stationary, and was practically only miniature siege-guns. In the second division the men of the Utah batteries themselves dragged their eleven field-pieces about. I myself saw the men of Battery A, under Lieutenant Gibbs, dragging their guns up San Juan Hill, stop to serve them from time to time. Captain Grant in the same way dragged and served his guns for two miles back of General H. G. Otis's brigade. If the Utah men had not been an unusually hardy lot they could not have undergone the strain.

For a gray-haired rifle, the Springfield did remarkable work, and kept the insurgents well down behind their trenches. The insurgents themselves acknowledge that they are more afraid of the Springfield than of the Krag-Jörgenson, because the wounds inflicted by the Springfield are so much more severe. On the other hand, the smoke of our powder revealed our positions in every case.

As for the insurgents, they fought with courage, but, like all undisciplined troops, when once broken fled in panic. Their chief difficulty lay in their poor marksmanship. Our impetuous charges and our flanking movements were new to them and filled them with terror. The number of their dead and wounded will never be known. Up to date we have buried seven hundred natives, and we have about three hundred of them in our hospital. Their wounded do not bear pain as well as ours, neither do they rally so rapidly. Why the insurgents did not make use of any of their machine-guns I cannot understand, unless it is that they were short of ammunition.

Another important question as yet unanswered is how many of Aguinaldo's men were engaged in Sunday's fight. We captured forty thousand rounds of ammunition at Santa Ana, but beyond that we took little ammunition and few rifles. It seems that for every man that had a rifle there were two men ready to pick it up when he fell. One thing is certain, that the insurgents were almost sure of coming into town. They thought we were cowards. In the district of Binondo the police seized a large quantity of rice which was ready for distribution to the insurgent forces when they came into Manila.

That Aguinaldo was prepared for a fight is evident from the proclamation he issued to his army Saturday night, February 4, stating that peaceful relations were suspended between the United States and the Philippine republic. This proclamation was followed by another, more bombastic than any of his proclamations have hitherto been, calling on the Philippine people to fight, and declaring that the United States government had broken faith with him.

As for Aguinaldo's declarations that he was going to carry on war according to the rules of civilized nations, it is proved false by every act of his army. On the road to Caloocan, a Filipino officer came forward under a white flag, and when we went out to meet him the whole Filipino line blazed away at our men. The Filipino officer expressed his deep regret that his countrymen were savages and did not understand the rules of war. This I believe to be true. The "red cross" was as a red flag to a bull rather than a badge for protection. The evidence of Chaplain Pierce, a member of General MacArthur's staff, is interesting on this point. Early in the day the chaplain pulled off his red cross and buckled on his revolver. He says that while attending the sick at the provisional hospital at Singalon he was shot at at least fifty times by sharpshooters. The surgeons were fired upon repeatedly. Not a litter bearing the wounded reached Singalon church without being followed by a shower of bullets. Every ambulance to which the wounded were transferred was made a target by Filipino soldiers. A soldier seated beside a driver on an ambulance was picked off and killed. Had the insurgents been good marksmen, not a wounded man would have escaped. These incidents were not accidents, for the sharpshooters bided their time, and the appearance of a litter was the signal for a general fusillade. A wounded man being brought in by Dr. Shields was shot and killed on the way by a Filipino soldier in a tree. Dr. Shields left the dead man, went back with a rifle, and succeeded in shooting the Filipino.

The character of the native fighting is best shown by an incident which came to my notice. An insurgent sharpshooter was troubling a company of our men. Owing to the smokeless powder, he could not be located. At last we thought we had detected him in a tree, and a squad of men were sent out to dislodge him. On arriving at the spot, our men found a hut near the tree, but no trace of the sharpshooter. Looking into the hut, they saw an old man peacefully rocking a baby to sleep. Surely they had been mistaken in the spot. Still, they took the precaution of leaving two men in the brush near the tree and hut. Half an hour later the sharpshooter began his work again, and the two men in hiding, firing up into the tree, brought down the man who had been rocking the baby to sleep.

THE ADVANCE ON THE WATER-WORKS

February 10.

During the past months of inaction there has been one bugbear which has worried everybody in Manila. What would become of us if the insurgents should destroy the water-works? That they did not destroy either the reservoirs or pumping-station, even after hostilities began, is one of the mysteries which will never be explained. Perhaps they realized that to cut off the water-supply of Manila would injure their own people as well as our army. The reason why General Otis had not taken the water-works before the battle of February 5 was that to take them would have brought on an immediate conflict with the insurgents, which was against the positive instructions from Washington—"Do nothing to bring on a conflict with the insurgents."

How galling to American pride this enforced attitude of the Manila government has been can only be understood by those who had to submit to growing insurgent arrogance.

At noon on February 5 Colonel Statsenburgh sent a message to headquarters saying that he would move on the water-works at Santolan, four and one-half miles distant, and take possession if he could have two extra companies under his command. It was thought better, however, not to move that day. At about half past one Monday afternoon two 3.2-inch and two Nordenfeldt 3-inch guns, under the command of Major Young, Utah Battery B, started with one battalion of the Nebraska and one of the Colorado regiment for the pumping-station, under command of General Hale.

On our right, over an uneven and thickly wooded country dotted with houses, a battalion of the Tennessee regiment moved along parallel with our line, sweeping the country of insurgents. On our left a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry marched up the road to Mariquina, two miles north of the pumping-station, on the river Mateo. Thus for four miles out a large tract of country was traversed by our troops.

The advance was made as follows: In our front a thin line of skirmishers stretched out on both sides at right angles to the road for about a mile, while the four guns were dragged by the men of Battery A up and down from hill to hill along the rough highway. We saw the insurgents gathered on the second ridge, and our guns stopped to throw a few shells among them. These shells effectually scattered the enemy. In this manner our advance continued for the first three miles. It was a beautiful sight to see our long line of skirmishers moving slowly over the hills, disappearing in gullies and brush, to reappear again further on. The artillery, after the German fashion, kept along almost on the firing-line.

About one mile out we ran across the horse of Dr. Young, who, early that morning, had ridden through the lines under the mistaken idea that the pumping-station was already in our possession. None of our advance posts stopped him, supposing that he knew what he was about. The doctor, who had received his commission of captain-doctor only two days before, was originally a sergeant in the Utah battery. Through this wretched mistake he rode to his death. His horse was wounded in the fore leg. Further along we found the doctor's body, stripped of clothing, with two wounds, one through the chest and arm, the other through the forehead. About the wound in the forehead was a burned powder mark, showing that the shot had been fired at close quarters. Near him lay twelve empty American revolver cartridges. He had sold his life dearly.

We moved along, gritting our teeth, and feeling that we would have no pity for the savages who finished off our wounded in this barbarous way. To Major Young, who commanded our artillery, the blow was severe, for the doctor was his cousin, and the major had also lost a nephew in Sunday's fight.

About a mile and a half from the pumping-station the insurgents developed a strong fire from a piece of timber on our left. We could hear the sharp crack of the Mausers, but only a few Remingtons gave out light puffs of smoke to show where the shooting came from. Our line of skirmishers turned a little to the left and gradually worked up on the enemy, while our four guns wheeled into position and threw shells into the edge of the woods. As we moved on again, the bullets began dropping about the road and whistling nearer our ears than was agreeable. The men on the guide-ropes quickened their pace and galloped down the hill. The guns rumbled heavily over the uneven road. Pop, pop, pop, followed by a volley, came from our left. On the top of the next hill we stopped again to shell the enemy, who were moving back. Now we could see white figures skirting the brush along the edge of the wood. Our line of skirmishers was close upon them and forcing them back rapidly. To the left, the Colorado line had a little work to do, but with the aid of our four guns quickly dispersed those insurgents who showed any disposition to hold their ground.

On the road ahead, at the crest of the next hill—the last one between us and our goal—a few figures had gathered. A shell or two soon sent them on their way, and we trotted down hill and up to the last ridge.

Below us lay the pumping-station, to all appearances still intact. Beyond and amid a grove of trees rose the towers of the church of Mariquina, surrounded by hundreds of nipa huts. On the other side of the valley, stretched in indistinct ridges of gradually fading blue, the mountains of Luzon Island.

General Hale stationed the guns on the brow of the hill, and the Colorado line on the right was ordered down to take possession of the water-works. Just before reaching the pumping-station some invisible insurgents fired heavily upon us from beyond our lines on the left. The big water-pipe afforded us protection, and in safety we reached the engine-house with its surrounding houses. Here everything was in order. Doors were locked and apparently no harm had been done. But in the engine-room the quick eye of Lieutenant Connor, who is in charge of the water-works of Manila, discovered that something was wrong. The cylinder heads had been removed, and some of the piston-rods. We hunted everywhere in vain. We even looked along the river-bank, but found no sign of the missing parts. Later both the cylinder heads and the pistons were found hidden in the coal. This attempt at concealment seemed almost childish. Had the insurgents destroyed the works, they might have made Manila a very unhealthy place for our troops. It almost seemed as if the insurgents expected to enter Manila, and preserved the water-works for their own future use. As it was, the few days that the city went without water made life uncomfortable.

THE TAKING OF CALOOCAN

February 11.

A few days before the taking of Caloocan, which lay in front of the extreme left of General MacArthur's Division, we saw many train-loads of insurgents land at the station in Caloocan, two miles in our front. This showed that Aguinaldo was concentrating his forces at this point. After the battle General Otis told me that for several days the insurgent bolomen had been coming down river secretly, and had gathered back of General MacArthur's Division. The danger was evident, for if we left the enemy time to prepare both in our front and our rear, the damage done to this Division might be very serious. In order to clear the insurgents from our front at least, General Otis ordered the attack on Caloocan at 1 P.M., Friday, February 10.

It was said that Caloocan was an insurgent stronghold, and certainly we had seen natives at work for several days digging trenches on every side of the town. The *Monadnock* opened the day by shelling the town, and the four Utah guns of Battery B, under Captain Grant and Lieutenant Critchlow, followed suit. Caloocan lies in a grove of trees which extends along the shore in a narrow strip to Manila. Through this wood the Twentieth Kansas had to advance, while beyond the wood were open rice-fields leading from the centre and right of the brigade of General H. G. Otis to the line of wood at Caloocan. Here the Montana Infantry and Third Artillery were to move forward.

It was like a great Fourth of July to hear the distant boom of the guns of the *Monadnock*, and the rushing shells cutting through the woods until they exploded with a thundering roar. Our field-pieces from Cemetery Ridge made less noise, but certainly did effective work.

A wooded ravine ran at right angles from the right of our lines for three-quarters of a mile into the open rice-fields. At the end of the ravine, Major Bell, commanding one company of Montana volunteers, was stationed to protect the right, while the rest of the brigade advanced.

At last the three signal shots were fired, and Kansas started through the wood for Caloocan. Their Springfields roared incessantly, and dominated the lesser explosion of the enemy's Mausers. I advanced with the Montana along the edge of the wood, the Third Artillery on our right. At first the bullets were few and far between, but soon they began to zip past and kick up the dust about us in an unpleasant way. We advanced by rushes, often covering as much as one hundred yards at a time. Then we lay down along the irrigating-dikes of the paddy-fields, which afforded excellent protection, and banged away in the direction of the enemy. From left to right, keeping up with the Kansas in the wood, one company after another would rise from the ground and rush forward, while the rest of the line fired. I could see on our right, half a mile off, Major Kobbé, Third Artillery, riding behind his firing-line, swing in so as to flank the enemy. The old Springfields soon covered the plain with a line of smoke. With each breath of powder and smoke our men seemed to gain new enthusiasm. On the line of the wood, half a mile before we reached Caloocan, a bunch of some forty insurgents made a good stand in deep intrenchments. In front of their position our line was checked a little, but our advance on the right soon flanked the Filipino trench. It must have been a very uncomfortable spot, with two Montana companies popping at it. One by one white figures moved out of the trench and ran crouching back into the woods.

Kansas were driving the insurgents on our right. The Third Artillery had forced the enemy from their front into the woods on the right of Caloocan, and we were approaching the main defences of the town. Major Jones of the quartermaster's department rode his horse with the firing-line throughout the engagement. Although it is contrary to army regulations for an officer to ride in the firing-line, you could not have dragged the major off his horse.

"Those fellows can't shoot," he said; "as long as they aim at us, we are all right."

As we approached Caloocan, the bullets came thicker and thicker; but, curiously enough, as the excitement grew, the men seemed to notice the bullets less and less. It certainly was a stirring sight to see our line advancing in the open, driving the insurgents at every point, and gradually closing in on the doomed town. Just then my attention was diverted to a soldier by my side, with whom I had spoken a few words during the advance. He fell, not as we read of in books, throwing up his arms and clutching at his coat, but sinking in a limp heap. I bent over him, and found that he was shot through the head. A few steps beyond, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace was shot through one lung. Back of us I noticed other figures lying here and there, with men of the hospital corps bending over them.

Nearer and nearer the town we came. The enemy were deserting their trenches now, and our men no longer sought cover to shoot, but scrambled along with a shout, firing as they went. Occasionally one would stop to take surer aim at some running Filipino.

(*Continued on page 368.*)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

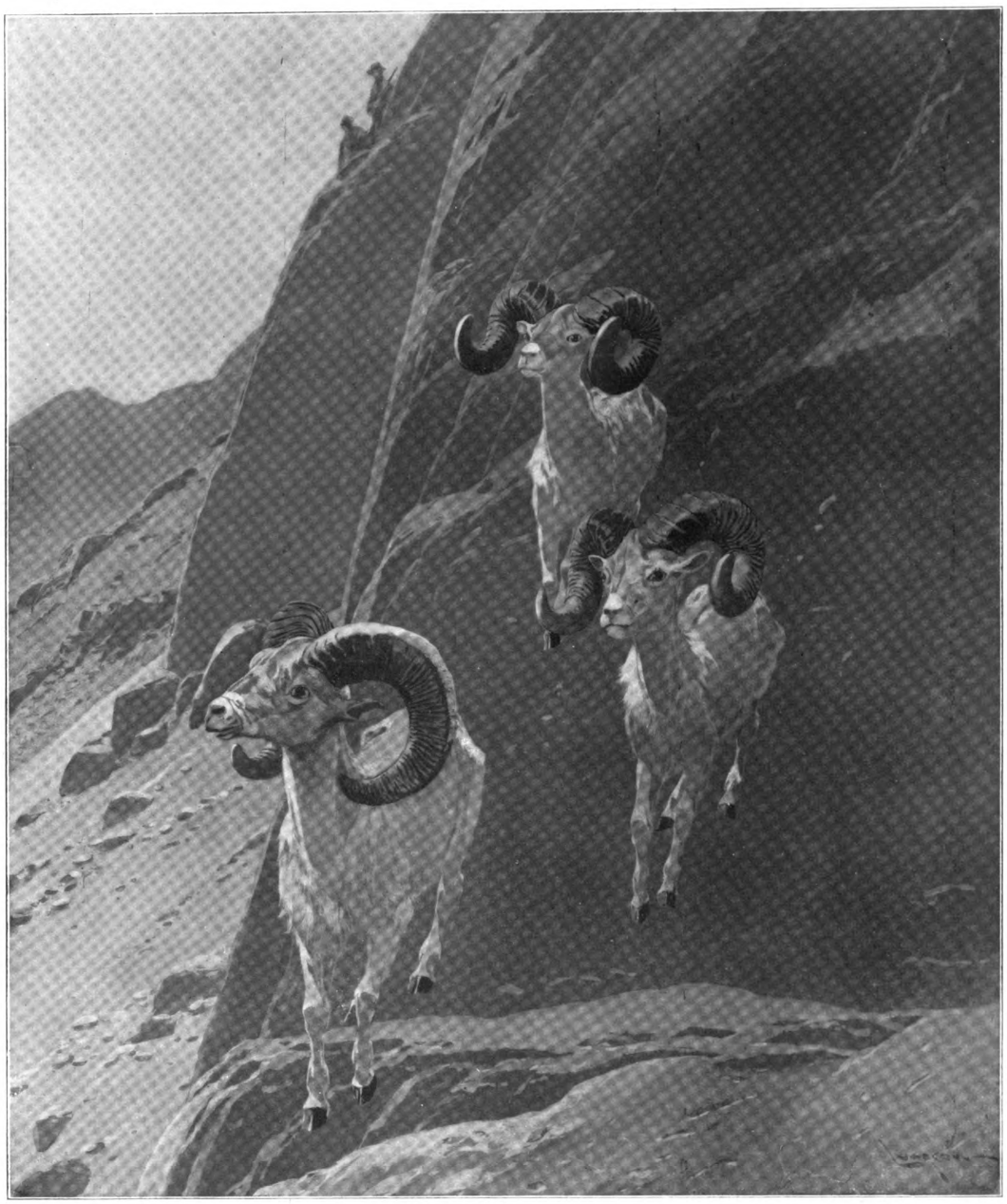
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AN INCIDENT IN ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP-HUNTING.

DRAWN BY FERNAND H. LUNGREN.—[SEE PAGE 367.]

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Our Legislators

LEGISLATURES assembled in three-fourths of the States during the first days of January. The great majority of these bodies have adjourned, and the work of the rest is so far advanced that judgment can fairly be passed upon them.

A review of the field shows that no general verdict can be rendered in favor of or against legislatures as instrumentalities of government. One cannot say that the law-makers of our States are, as a class, good or bad. In one commonwealth the people seem well satisfied with the work of those whom they chose to represent them, while in another the voters are utterly disgusted with the record of the session. In some States the legislators have been industrious, faithful, and efficient; in others their performances have been so shameful as to scandalize the community.

New England has, on the whole, maintained ancient standards of law-making better than other parts of the country. The New Hampshire Legislature adjourned only sixty-six days after it assembled, having occupied less time than any other body since the biennial system was introduced, twenty years ago; but it had done the necessary work. A Concord authority, familiar with proceedings at the capital of the Granite State, announces himself "not among those who declare the deterioration of law-makers and law-making," and says that "a New Hampshire Legislature is a body of average New Hampshire men." Much the same thing seems to be true of the adjoining State of Maine. Here the impression left was perhaps somewhat more negative, but, at any rate, there was nothing to justify severe criticism.

The strongest possible contrast is presented when one compares with this showing on the Atlantic coast the record for the chief State on the Pacific. The session of the California Legislature was one long succession of scandals. Corruption was proved against many of the members, and the Speaker of the lower branch felt constrained to resign by the disclosures of his bad character. The situation was as bad in the mining State of Montana. Here too corruption was openly charged, and the honesty of many members was involved in doubt, to take the most charitable view possible.

Between the Rockies and the Atlantic all sorts of legislatures have sat—good, bad, and indifferent. Perhaps the best of the lot was the one in Indiana, which passed laws establishing radical reforms in local government. The Illinois body has furnished a striking illustration of the power which the people can wield when they choose to exercise it. By an almost unanimous vote it repealed an act which was passed by good majorities two years ago, with the support of many members who now opposed it, public sentiment in the mean time having overwhelmingly condemned the law as a surrender of popular rights in the matter of important franchises. The North Dakota Legislature enacted one law which is of national interest, requiring a longer residence than heretofore in order to secure a divorce—a change that will end a scandal which has been a reproach to both country and State.

The record of the Albany law-makers is not yet made up, but one thing can already be said: Whatever good there shall be in it will be chiefly due to the influence and insistence of a Governor who believes in reform, and who uses all of his great power to extort it from those who do not want it. Pennsylvania lacks such an executive as ROOSEVELT, and nothing in the way of improvement will be secured at Harrisburg. The two greatest States in the Union long ago ceased to elect legislatures which could serve as models for smaller commonwealths. An investigation into charges of bribery at the Pennsylvania capital has developed a lamentable lack of robust character in the public men who gather there. It is not so much the fact that promises of money and offices were freely made to influence the action of legislators which is depressing, as the revelation that such offers seemed so natural that they do not appear in a single case to have been spurned with the contempt which a high-minded man would feel for so great an insult.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the election of United States Senators by legislatures tends to lower the standard of law-makers in the States. Not that a Senatorial election must necessarily demoralize a legislature. This is clear enough when one considers the case of Maine, where there was practically no opposition in the dominant party to giving Senator HALE another term; or even that of Indiana, where a lively struggle within the Republican party for the nomination ended with the decision of the caucus a few days after the opening of the session. But there have been several instances during the past winter where weeks of a legislature's time were largely wasted before the struggle over the choice of a Senator was ended, while in Delaware, Utah, and California the session expired without an election. The corruption which has been unearthed at half a dozen capitals is directly traceable to the fact that the function of choosing a Senator devolves upon men who are—or should be—sent to the legislature primarily to make laws for the State. The little commonwealth of Delaware, with a most honorable record for her public men, is now covered with shame because a vulgar millionaire set out to buy the Senatorship, and in the process sought to corrupt both the general body of electors and the members of the Legislature. Addicksism would have been unknown in Delaware if her law-makers had never had any duty to perform except that of making laws.

But, after all, it rests with the people whether a legislature shall be good or bad. There are good legislatures in States which are distracted by controversies over Senatorships, and there are bad ones where only State issues are at stake. The election of Senators by popular vote might help to clear the air, but it would not of itself prevent fogs or avert storms. Nothing worth having is obtained without hard work, and no State will have an honest and efficient body of law-makers which trusts to luck in their choice.

MUNICIPAL elections were held in several Western cities last week, and the results are full of encouragement. In Cleveland, in Toledo, in Chicago, and in more than one smaller place the contests turned largely, if not altogether, on municipal issues. In Chicago the platform upon which Mayor HARRISON ran for reelection absolutely ignored national politics, and the only resolutions adopted by the Republican convention to which any attention was paid during the canvass were those relating to city affairs. In Toledo the overshadowing issue was the question of municipal ownership of "public utilities," Mayor JONES running as an independent candidate to champion this policy, after the Republicans, who elected him two years ago, had refused to renominate him. In Cleveland a Republican Mayor running for another term was defeated by about 3000 plurality, while all of his party associates on the ticket were successful by pluralities ranging from nearly 6000 to over 9000, because many thousands of Republicans were bent on destroying the machine which had dominated the city government. "Political partisanship has been practically eliminated from a municipal campaign in Chicago," said a journal of that city which warmly supports the Republican national administration, but earnestly favored the election of the Democratic Mayor. "It was not a party fight, for party lines were obliterated," said the leading Democratic newspaper of Cleveland in commenting on the election of the Democratic candidate. Republicans and Democrats in Toledo combined to defeat Mayor JONES, while others of both the great national parties worked zealously in his behalf, because they either opposed or favored the municipal principles which he represented. All this furnishes abundant cause for rejoicing. People at a distance may differ as to whether the results of all the recent elections were the best possible, but there can be no question that the way of reaching those results was the only sound way—to decide questions of municipal administration upon the municipal principles of candidates, and not upon their attitude toward silver or the war in the Philippines.

THE victory for the principle of municipal ownership in Toledo is an event of much more than local interest. This is the first time that the issue has been squarely presented to the voters of a city, and all of the circumstances combined to make the result decisive as to public sentiment in a place of 100,000 inhabitants. Mayor JONES has openly and ardently advocated the policy of city ownership of lighting-plants and street-railway systems during the term just ending, and he sought another term upon the express pledge that he would put his theories into practice if the people should give him the chance. Everybody knew that a vote for JONES meant a vote for this policy, and although the "organization" of each of the great parties was against him, he polled twice as many ballots as both of their candidates. It is evident enough that this result was helped by the strong personality of the man who embodied the idea of municipal ownership, but it is equally plain that the idea can be rendered very attractive to a large element in any city by a skilful advocate. Indeed, at almost the very time when Mayor JONES was winning a victory for this policy from the voters of Toledo, Governor PINGREE of Michigan was carrying the same policy through the Common Council of Detroit, as he had previously carried it through the Legislature of his State. The Governor has long favored the operation of the street-railway lines in the chief city of Michigan by the municipality, and he has now secured in succession the law that he needed at the State capital and the virtual acceptance of this law by the Detroit Council, which has made him chairman of the commission to carry the scheme into effect. Governor PINGREE is thoroughly convinced that the city can run the roads on the basis of three-cent fares with universal transfers, and it is easy to see how captivating such a programme must be to the masses. These developments in Toledo and Detroit are signs of the times, which no student of governmental tendencies in this country can afford to disregard.

THE Samoan complications furnish an excellent illustration of the difficulties in which our government is always liable to be involved when it attempts to regulate the course of affairs in remote quarters of the globe. It would take a column to set forth all the considerations involved in the controversy between the rival native chieftains, and the series of events which culminated in the shelling of various villages by war-vessels of the United States and England. As well as can be judged at such a distance and upon the somewhat scanty information thus far received, the representatives of our government in the islands have behaved with discretion, and the latest indications point to an amicable settlement of the points at issue between this nation, Germany, and England. But why should the United States have anything to do with the squabbles of savages in the South Seas? What have we ever gained by interference in Samoan affairs? What good have we done the natives? In short, what is there, except a great deal of bother and worry, to show for this venture of ours in attempting to help govern a group of distant islands, with which we have no community of interests? These are the questions which have occurred to most Americans as they read the recent despatches from Samoa.

IT is gratifying to observe the steady progress which is making in the administration of penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions, through the substitution of business methods for the old system of political rule. In the West, State after State is learning the wisdom of a non-partisan management. Repeated alternations between Republicanism and Populism in Kansas have educated the people, until they now generally agree with their new Governor that "reforms can never be completed if the management of our prisons and reformatories is to be given over to politicians as a reward for party services." Indiana has been through an equally bitter experience, and a few years ago was shamed by the inefficiency and scandals bred of the spoils system into the abolition of politics from all such institutions. Minnesota has learned the same lesson so well that, when the Republicans lost control of the State last fall for the first time in forty years, the Populist Governor refused to make any change in the wardenship of the prison. One result of all this is that Eastern States are already looking to the West for officials bred under the non-partisan system, Connecticut having recently sought a warden for its State prison in Minnesota, and Boston a superintendent of its almshouse in Indiana. Every such vindication of sound methods where they have been applied makes it all the easier to introduce the reform in States still suffering under the old system.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE first literary fruit of Kipling's convalescence was this letter to the newspapers:

HOTEL GRENOBLE, NEW YORK,
Easter day, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to attempt some acknowledgment of the wonderful sympathy, affection, and kindness shown towards me during my recent illness, as well as of the unfailing courtesy that controlled its expression? I am not strong enough to answer letters in detail, so I must take this means of thanking, as humbly as sincerely, the countless people of good-will throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay. Very faithfully yours, (Signed) RUDYARD KIPLING.

He comes back slowly, but he is really coming. The most we can do for him now is to forget all about him for a while until he has a chance to find himself, and draw a long, long breath, and get his bearings.

CONGRESS has authorized the coinage of 50,000 silver dollars of new design, which are to represent Uncle Sam's subscription to the monument to Lafayette which is to be erected in Paris. On one side of the coin will probably appear Lafayette's prayer for the United States (about forty words), and on the other, probably the faces of Washington and Lafayette, and perhaps those of Lincoln and Grant also. President McKinley was invited to appear on the coin with his four eminent predecessors, but resolutely declined. Paul Bartlett and Karl Bitter are expected to offer competitive designs for the sculptural part of the monument, and it is expected that there will be something ready, either in permanent material or in staff, which can be unveiled on July 4, 1900. Perhaps the architectural part may be completed by that time in its true material, with the statue in staff in its place.

AN interesting fight is in progress in Massachusetts over the matter of giving the public-school children instruction about alcohol and tobacco. Two bills touching the matter are now before the Legislature, one of which is strongly backed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the other by the teachers of the State and the leading educational authorities. One bill would intensify the provisions of the present law; the other would modify them. As the whole question is being pretty well thrashed out, there is ground for hope that a sound and sensible enactment covering this vexed subject may result.

THERE is every indication that the problem of a successor to Dr. Hall in the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York has been solved by the agreement of the trustees and the committee of the congregation to call the Rev. Alexander Connell, of the Regent Square Church in London. Dr. Connell has been to China on a tour of inspection for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and it has been because of his absence from home that the summons to him has been so long delayed. He is thirty-one years old, but already a man of eminence in his calling.

AMONG other things that you notice nowadays, when you put your ear to the ground, are the preliminary rumblings of the World's Fair at St. Louis. It is set for 1903, and that is only four years off, so that it is high time the money to make it should be coming into sight. It is coming. One reads from day to day such items from St. Louis as that the master-plumbers have met, and agreed to invest a $1000 apiece, or more, in the stock of the fair; or that the wholesale salesmen have dined, and agreed to subscribe $100,000. St. Louis expects her own citizens to subscribe for $5,000,000 worth of stock. On March 30, $810,000 had been heard from, and it was thought to be evident that the whole stock of the exposition company would be disposed of by May 1. Obviously St. Louis is in earnest. Here's hoping that her fair may be a good fair, and that means may be found to enable every citizen of Missouri to attend it. If half the stories about the people in the outlying districts of Missouri are true, their presence at the fair will add greatly to the interest of the spectacle to folks from other States.

FOLLOWING the proposition of the Metropolitan Railway Company, to build an underground railway in New York on terms briefly stated in the last issue of the WEEKLY, comes a new bid from an organization called the Metropolis Contract Company, which says in effect that if the city will guarantee its bonds for $33,000,000 it will build in two years and a half the whole underground railroad on both sides of the island, will pay the city five per cent. of its gross receipts, will carry all passengers for a five-cent fare and give transfers to all surface lines, will pay the interest on its bonds, and will pay the principal within fifty years, at the end of which time the roads will become the property of the city. If the company which makes this offer should prove to be fully competent to perform all that it proposes to undertake, an obstacle to the acceptance of its proposal would be the apparent inability of the city to incur at this time the large additional indebtedness which this new plan contemplates.

Another bit of news which nearly affects the transportation problem in New York is the announcement of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad that it has arranged with the Third Avenue Railroad Company for a transfer system by which the payment of one eight-cent fare will entitle the passengers to use the cars of both lines. The scheme of co-operation between the Third Avenue and Manhattan Elevated roads contemplates the conveyance of passengers from points as far north as New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, and Yonkers, to all points on Manhattan Island, for a fare of eight cents. The intention is that when the Elevated has put in the electrical system for which it has arranged, the two roads (the Elevated and Third Avenue) shall join in building power-houses and producing electricity for their common use. All these propositions and combinations betoken a vast improvement within three or four years in the transportation of passengers in New York and its vicinity, and the provision of such a system of rapid transit as no other city has ever rivalled. The transportation problem in New York being the most difficult in the world, it is only natural that the apparatus for its solution should be the most prodigious and extensive known. In Brooklyn, too, the rapid-transit system is being overhauled, extended, and perfected. A second East River bridge will soon be in the course of construction; a tunnel from Brooklyn to the City Hall Park in New York seems sure to be a part of the underground railroad, and it cannot be very long before a tunnel or a bridge, or both, will alleviate the present difficulties of communication with the State of New Jersey.

The daily problem of fetching to New York every one who wants to come, of carrying out of New York every one who wants to go, and of transferring from point to point in New York every one who wants to move, gives a wonderful opportunity to contemporary science and contemporary energy to show what they can do. Money is abundant, and commercially the job is worth perfecting, so that whatever its prosecution requires will be forthcoming.

PHYSICIANS, both in this country and in Europe, are concerned and greatly interested by the increase of mortality from cancer. In the *Medical News* there was lately published a paper by Dr. Roswell Park, of Buffalo, in which he names cancer as the only disease now known to be on the increase. In England and Wales, he says, the death-rate from it has increased fourfold since 1840. In 1887, in the State of New York, there were 2363 deaths from cancer and 11,609 from consumption. In 1898 there were 4456 deaths from cancer and 12,552 from consumption. A careful study of the rate of this increase of mortality from cancer seems to Dr. Park to warrant the assertion that if for another ten years the relative death-rates are maintained, there will be more deaths in New York State in 1909 from cancer than from consumption, typhoid fever, and small-pox combined. Naturally the medical profession has bent its mind to the investigation of cancer and its causes, but not as yet with conclusive results. The investigators now believe that the disease is undoubtedly parasitic, and therefore infectious, and we are entitled to hope that progress may not be long deferred from that conviction to the discovery of a remedy more effectual than any now in use.

Allusion has several times been made in the WEEKLY to the work undertaken by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop for the care of incurable cancer patients among the poor of the East Side in New York. It is not necessary to enlarge upon Mrs. Lathrop's devotion, or on the fortitude with which her labors have been prosecuted without adequate funds or a suitable place to work in. At present her work is carried on in a little house at 668 Water Street, but recently she has appealed for money to buy the house No. 426 Cherry Street. The price is $15,000. She has raised $6000, which insures her possession of the house, and she will move into it on May 1. She is still receiving subscriptions to pay the balance of the purchase price and the running expenses of her work. As to these expenses, Mrs. Lathrop says: "If I had all I needed it would take $600 a month. I have got along with $50."

THE widow of Baron de Hirsch, who died in Paris on April 1, has been credited with being the chief instigator of the great charities by which her late husband will be best and longest remembered. The baron died in Vienna in 1896, leaving a fortune estimated at $125,000,000, the result of a business career of extraordinary energy, success, and thrift. Before his death he had begun his great work in behalf of the Jews of Russia, and with his wife's help had established the Colonization Society, with a fund of $28,000,000, to aid in the emigration of Russian Jews to the United States and other countries of America. To this work the baroness continued to devote herself after her husband's death. One branch of it to which she gave special attention was the improvement of the condition of the immigrant Jews living in the East Side district of New York. Last year she gave a million dollars for this purpose through Mr. Straus, our minister to Constantinople.

She was the daughter of a banker, Herr Bischofheim of Brussels, and before her marriage was her father's secretary, and so acquired a useful knowledge of business. When she was twenty-two she was married to Baron de Hirsch. At the time of her death she was about sixty-five years old.

IT was noted the other day in the WEEKLY that the Belgian steamer *Belgica* had been in antarctic seas since late in December, 1897; that her commander, Lieutenant de Gerlach, had failed to carry out his plan of returning to Australia for the winter of 1898; that the *Belgica* must therefore have wintered on or near the antarctic continent, and, if so, was the first vessel to do so. Inasmuch as winter is now beginning again at the south pole, it was felt that if the *Belgica* was safe and able to get away she would soon be heard from, and that if she were not heard from this spring there would be grounds for anxiety about her fate.

A despatch from Montevideo says that the *Belgica* arrived there on April 4. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who went with the expedition as surgeon, telegraphs that the voyage has been completely successful, that much new land in Waddell Sea and open water to the far south has been discovered, and that active volcanoes were seen. Later reports say that the *Belgica's* farthest south was 71° 36′, and that the greatest cold was 48° below zero, in September.

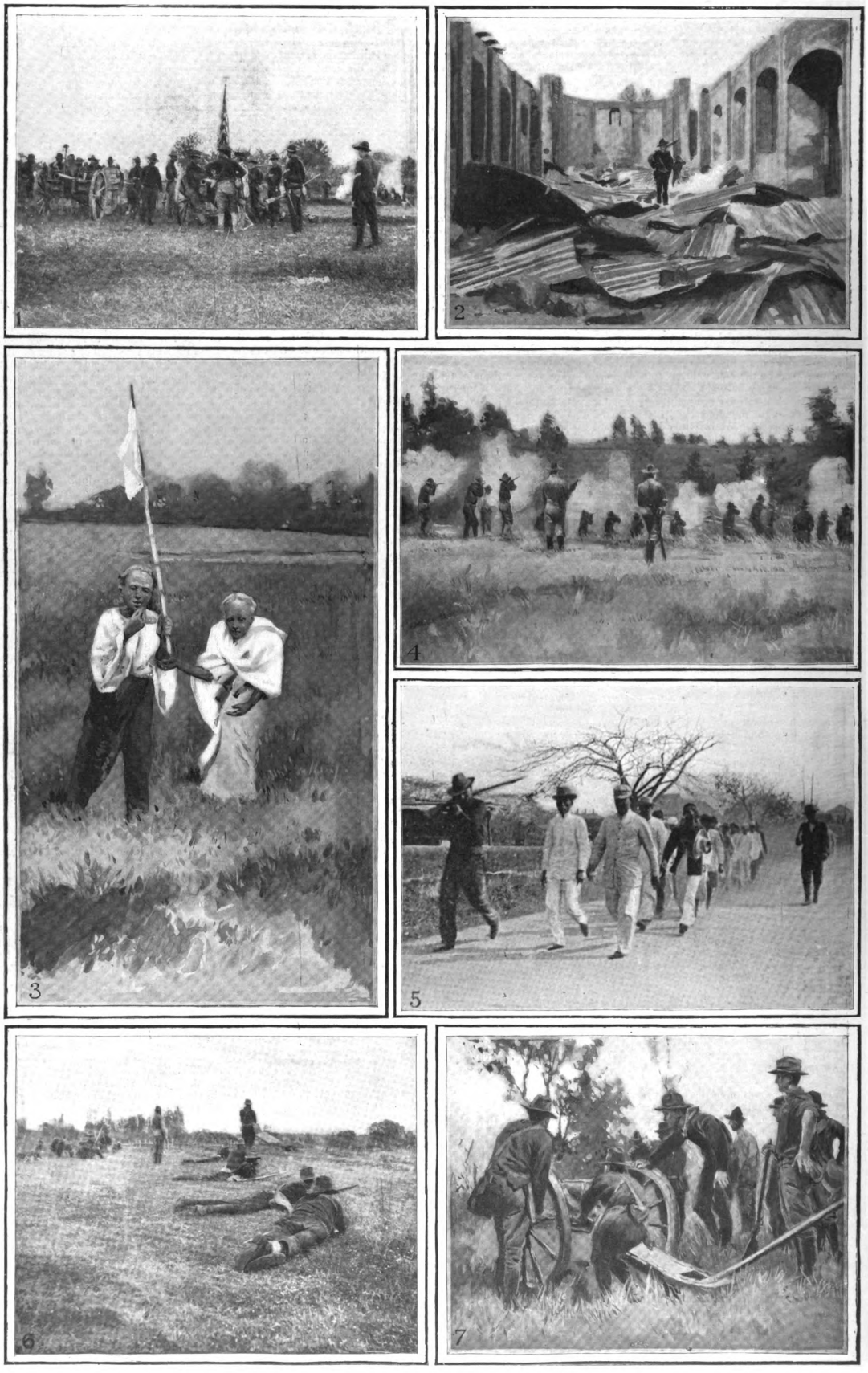
IF half of the newspaper stories are true about the monuments of prehistoric antiquity that are lying around on this continent, it would seem as if American archæology, adequately pursued, ought to furnish a very high quality of sport. For example, if one had a fortnight to spare and a little money to spare with it, how much more interesting than golf it would be to run down a story that was printed in the New York *Sun* of April 2 about an extraordinary structure that is said to exist in Copiah County, Mississippi, about eighteen miles southwest of Hazelhurst, the county-seat! The story is that the inhabitants thereabout have been in the habit of using stone, obtained from what they called a quarry, which had the peculiarity of being found in oblong-hewn blocks. The shape of the stones seems not to have troubled any one until, in 1893, it attracted the attention of Colonel Louis Dupree, of Clinton, a brother of Professor Dupree of the State University of Mississippi. He heard about these squared stones and promptly developed a desire to see the quarry that produced them. He found, according to the information given in the *Sun*, that the quarry was an uncovered piece of masonry which formed part of a broad wall-like structure which extended forty miles across the country towards the Mississippi, and was mostly buried under the soil. He arranged for a survey of it, and expected to publish an account of it, but shortly after he died. A friend of his, Dr. Birdsong of Hazelhurst, took up the work, uncovered the masonry at another point, and from his account, and from the writings that Colonel Dupree left, it appears that this wall, built of stones 30 inches by 18 by 12, connects at one end with a big mound or hill that rises 400 feet above the surrounding country. The explanation given of the structure is that the hill was a place of refuge from floods of the Mississippi, and the wall a causeway leading to it, and along which the people of the submerged district might escape. The writer in the *Sun*, who dates his discourse from New Town, Ohio, quotes at length from Aztec and Mexican legends and traditions which seem to him to indicate that the causeway and hill are marks of the country from which the tribes emigrated who established in Mexico the empire of the Montezumas and built the strange ruined cities in Central America. He thinks that he has found reason to estimate the age of this causeway at about 4000 years.

PRINCETON advices brought to the WEEKLY by the *Princetonian* represents Mr. Laurence Hutton as on the threshold of a promising career as a lecturer. The *Princetonian* speaks of five lectures which he is to give this month in Princeton. Three of them, addressed to Seniors and graduate students of the college, are to treat of "The Literary Life." No one is better equipped than Mr. Hutton to go to the bottom of that subject and give all the information that belongs to it—how to get into the literary life, how to keep out of it; its hardships, drawbacks, perils, regrets, and disappointments, and also its emoluments, felicities, opportunities, and triumphs. He will tell about editors and their relations with authors, about publishers, writers, and critics, and doubtless about printers, and finally readers. Realizing how greatly to edification Mr. Hutton can discourse on all these matters, one hopes that his literary lectures will not always be confined to university audiences.

His other two lectures will certainly get out of college. The basis of them is the collection of death-masks which he gave to Princeton University a year or two ago. The masks have been photographed upon lantern slides, so that his talks about them will be illustrated, and after each mask will be shown pictures of places, scenes, and events connected with the life of the person under consideration. These lectures, says the *Princetonian*, Mr. Hutton will first deliver in Alexander Hall (Princeton), and later in various other places.

THERE is a fine confidence about President Harper of the University of Chicago. He takes to himself the advice, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." His university has now $3,000,000 in buildings and land and $6,000,000 in endowments. Nine millions more, he says, is urgently needed to make it what it should be. His Law School needs a million, his Technological Schools two millions, his Medical School three millions, his Library one million, but he says they can all wait. What he must have immediately is one million, which, when subscribed, will immediately detach a companion million from Mr. Rockefeller, and with these two millions the university can bump along till its other necessities are relieved.

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MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE, FEBRUARY 5 TO 10.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

1. Two Krupp Guns captured by the Idaho Regiment where Major McConville was Killed. 2. Ruins of Paco Church, used as Insurgent Stronghold. 3. Filipinos coming across Fields with White Flag. 4. With the advanced Firing line. 5. Bringing in Prisoners. 6. The Tennessee Regiment clearing out the Country between San Juan del Monte and the Pasig River. 7. One of Lieut. Webb's Guns (Utah Artillery) about to fire in the Advance on the Water-works.

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THE LINES OF FLAG-DRAPED CASKETS, WITH A GUARD AT EACH GRAVE.



RETURNING HOME—SHOWING THE SPACE RESERVED FOR RELATIVES OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.



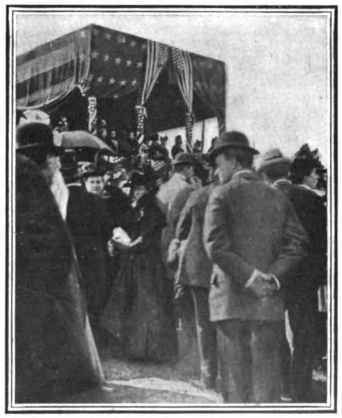
ARRIVAL OF FATHER McGEE, Who read the Service for the Catholic Dead.

The Nation Buries its Sons

THE bodies of three hundred and thirty-six soldiers, who fell during the campaigns of 1898 in the West Indies, were consigned to their last resting-place in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, on April 6. Among the bodies were those of Captain Edgar Hubert, Eighth Infantry, Lieutenant L. I. Barnett, Ninth Volunteer Infantry, Lieutenant William Wood, Twelfth Infantry, Lieutenant R. S. Turman, Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant Francis Creighton, of the Volunteer Signal Corps. About seventy per cent. of the others have been identified.

At the hour of noon the government departments and Federal courts were all closed, and flags everywhere half-masted. A gun was fired at intervals of half an hour at Fort Myer. At two o'clock in the afternoon—the hour set for the ceremonies—ten thousand citizens of the national capital had gathered at the site which had been selected for the interment—a point commanding a beautiful view of the Potomac; and the government and the nation at large were represented by President McKinley and members of the cabinet, General Miles and his staff, with many officers of the army and members of Congress. Military and naval attachés of foreign embassies and legations were also present. The band of the Fourth Artillery, playing the "Dead March," headed the military escort, which consisted of detachments of United States Artillery, Cavalry, and Marines, and the District of Columbia National Guard. The main body of this escort remaining at a short distance, a number of its members entered the enclosure, and one man stood at the head of each grave. Chaplain Freeland of Fort Monroe read the service of the Episcopal Church. Father McGee read the burial service of the Catholic Church in English. The soldiers standing beside each grave threw a handful of earth upon each casket at the words "dust to dust"; and the representative of the Catholic Church consecrated the graves of those who had been of his faith by sprinkling holy water. Volleys were fired, and when the bugler of the Fourth Artillery band sounded the mournful, thrilling "taps," the President and his party and the military escort withdrew. The ceremonies were at an end. Mourners and workmen remained by the metallic caskets.

It is interesting to note that while these victims of the campaign for the liberation of Cuba were being laid in their last resting-place, flags at half-mast were to be seen in all the chief cities of the island.



THE PRESIDENTIAL STAND.

WASHINGTON—THE BURIAL OF 336 SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN, IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON.

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA



By Franklin Matthews

IV. — AMERICANS IN CUBA — THE DESCENT UPON THE ISLAND AND ITS RESULTS

THE peace protocol between the United States and Spain had been signed only a few days when the American descent upon Cuba began. To use a military figure, the first of the Americans who hastened to the island were the scouts, or skirmishers, of a new force or army —that of commercial occupation. The main body of this force did not arrive in Havana until after the Spanish army had gone home. It was a motley mass. There was no coherency or order about this new army. It was a case of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Without being too literal in the application, it may be said that the devil not only took the hindmost, but a good many of the foremost of the arrivals. By the 1st of February Havana was filled with Americans, and there were a good many who wished they had not come.

It was interesting to study this secondary American army. Its members seemed to outnumber the real American army of occupation—the military. There were thousands of men who really had legitimate business on the island; there were hundreds who were mere adventurers in business, syndicate-chasers, franchise-grabbers, political contractors, and the like. Among the first arrivals after the activities of war had ceased were the newspaper correspondents. Their errand was of the highest rank. Next to them in importance were the men who had business interests in the island, vested rights, and other property of various kinds—men who took the first opportunity of reaching the place where their money was at stake. Some of them had been fugitives from the island, and some were Americans who had investments to be safeguarded. Then came the representatives of business houses, whose trade with the island had been interrupted by the war, and who desired to re-establish business connections. Then came emissaries from business men who had never had any dealings in Cuba, but who thought that the new conditions presented a legitimate opportunity for the extension of trade.

Soon there arrived the franchise-seekers, the contractors, the adventurers in business, willing to take hold of "any old thing" for the sake of selling out again; a few gamblers and crooks; men of limited means, hoping to get profitable jobs in the work of regenerating the place on American ideas; some office-seekers with more or less hazy "pulls" in Washington and elsewhere; tourists of all sorts; merchants of small capital intending to open retail shops; and, by no means least of all, the agents of American breweries, who plastered Havana from one end to the other with lithographed advertisements of American beer, giving the Cubans warped and exaggerated ideas of Americans as a nation of hard drinkers.

This second army of American occupation was always seen to the best advantage at night, in and around Central Park in Havana. Its members filled the cafés, crowded the sidewalks, patronized the cabs extensively, filled the theatres that were running, and caused a babel of voices in the centre of town, in which more English words than Spanish could be heard as one passed along. Most of these Americans had serious faces. Their money was being used up every day, and there was little certainty that any adequate return would result from their work. They saluted one another at night, and asked how they were getting on, and the commonest expression to be heard was,

"I think I'll go home next week."

A great many did go home after a few days' visit, but there were some who could not, as the Collector of Customs, Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, and the Director of Posts, Mr. E. G. Rathbone, can testify, for men descended upon them in swarms with applications for jobs; and the lot of the applicants was like unto that of the office-seeker who goes to Washington when an administration changes, and who jumps a board bill, or else takes to sweeping out some place for a livelihood.

The real men of power in this army, however, were seldom seen. They had little time for drinking in public places. They were fighting for position in the future, and they played a great game. This competition became so fierce over one business enterprise that there were resultant hints and finally open charges of corruption and bribery.

One of the storm centres of American commercial occupation of Cuba was to be found in the effort to secure control of the street-railway system of Havana. The struggle began long before the Spanish army left town, and it was characterized by moments of excitement, and at this writing it is by no means finished. A combination of an American and a European syndicate apparently has been successful in defeating half a dozen other syndicates in getting hold of this property and its supposed valuable opportunities, but the struggle has been transferred to the courts, where the agents of the deal have been indicted for bribery. It is not taking sides to express the hope that, for the sake of the good repute of American business methods, the charges that have been made may not prove to be true.

There were many reasons why the street-car system of Havana seemed to be an excellent field for investment. In the first place, the climate of the place is such that one can rarely walk more than a few blocks in comfort. In the second place, the trolley improvements in recent years have made street-car enterprises most profitable in any city of good size. The street-car system of Havana was antiquated, badly conducted, and yet it is said to have paid excellent dividends upon an investment capitalized at $1,500,000. Although there are said to be 6000 cabs in the city, which give expeditious service at very reasonable rates, it was seen that a modern trolley system running to the four leading suburbs of the town, and to the ferry to another suburb, would probably not only secure that increase in business which usually follows improvements in street-car service, but would lessen the number of cabs along the lines of the road in the city. This matter of control of the street-car lines of Havana, therefore, came to be regarded as probably the best business opportunity for American capitalists on the island of Cuba. There are four of these railroads in the city. They run to the suburbs known as Vedado, Principe, Cerro, and Jesus del Monte. They are all controlled by one company, known as the Urbano Company, and the entire length of all the systems is about twenty-five miles. The cars of the company are dirty and old. Each car is drawn at a snail's pace by three mules, except on the line to Vedado, where steam-dummies are the propelling power. There has always been stealing on the line by employés, and the usual corruption attendant upon the management of any enterprise, public or semi-public, by Spanish interests. The Spanish soldiers never pretended to pay fare on any of the lines, and on some of them it was the custom not to charge fare for persons who rode on the platform. The entire system was run down, with miserable rolling-stock and road-bed; and yet, with all these disadvantages, and with the corruption that found a lodging-place there, it managed to pay such dividends that the stock is said to have been quoted at par.

There were seven syndicates after the system. One is known popularly as the Harvey syndicate of New York, and that is the one which secured possession. Percival Farquhar, of New York, was the attorney who looked after the legal transfer of the property. There was an English syndicate, represented by McLean and Dickinson, one of whom was superintendent and general manager of the small railroad running from Havana to Marianao. Another syndicate was English and French in origin, and was known as the Ruffel and Todd syndicate, representing foreign banking interests. Still another syndicate was backed by the International Bank of Paris, whose interests were finally pooled with those of the Harvey syndicate, and which was represented in Havana by a lawyer named Castaneda, well known in Madrid and Cuba. Another was the Toronto syndicate, backed by Mr. McKenzie and the Bank of Toronto. Another was the Tom Johnson syndicate of New York and Ohio, represented by a man named R. Guzman; and still another was the American-Indes company, commonly known as the Widener-Elkins syndicate.

The stock of the company was held in such small lots that it was seen that it would be impossible for any one syndicate to get control by dealing directly with the stockholders. Operations had to be conducted with the board of directors and the officials as the point of attack. One of the syndicates obtained a minor concession, and began constructing branch lines in the hope of getting a foothold in the company's affairs. First one of the combinations and then another seemed to have the advantage in the fierce rivalry. The company that built the branch lines operated under what was known as the Plá concession. It was a legitimate enterprise, but under its franchise the company had the right to buy at cost figures any branch lines built under the concession, and so this flanking operation came to naught by the discovery of a clause in the charter which had been overlooked by many who had interests at stake. The rivalry reached such a stage finally that it seemed desirable for combinations among the competitors, and the syndicates represented by Mr. Farquhar and by Mr. Castaneda pooled their interests. Mr. Castaneda had succeeded in having a meeting of the stockholders called at which only one proposition could be considered. That was an authorization for the trustees to sell the railroad system to the interests he represented. The meeting was held on December 14, and lasted all the afternoon. It was an exciting time. Speeches of such intensity as only Cubans and Spaniards can deliver were made, and the tide surged back and forth. Finally the Castaneda side won, and the sale was authorized. The meeting, under some technical ruling, could not consider any other offer. It might reject the Castaneda proposition, but it could adopt no other. It showed the clever skirmishing that abounded in the fight.

Before the papers could be signed a serious complication arose. Mr. Castaneda was arrested one night—through the influence of rival syndicates, it is charged—and thrown in prison. The Spanish still occupied the main part of the city, and an order is said to have been secured to transport Mr. Castaneda to Spain on a steamer the next morning as a person whose presence was not conducive to the public welfare. Mr. Castaneda was placed incommunicado. He was missed, and an effort was made to get him out of jail, where he had been committed by the civil governor of Havana province. Señor Montoro, Minister of Finance, was aroused, and through his intercession the syndicate lawyer was released. He went straight to the American lines in the suburbs, and also gave a power of attorney in case of any similar trouble.

The control of the system thus passed into the hands of the combined syndicates; but it was charged that the directors were bribed to sell out at ninety-two cents on the dollar, when another company was willing to pay a premium of eight per cent. on the dollar for the same stock. Some stockholders got together and began operations to have the sale of the road set aside, and to prosecute the directors and agents criminally for bribery. It had the effect of tying up further operations. The men who were behind the prosecution in the courts declared that they had indisputable proof of bribery in the shape of documentary evidences. The managers of the Harvey syndicate declared as positively that there was no truth in the assertions, and said it was an attempt at blackmail by certain stockholders who thought they could make a few thousand dollars in that way. The difference between the price paid for the property and the price said to have been offered was $240,000.

The criminal charges came up before the Judge of the Cathedral, Mr. Ayllon, Marquis of Villalba, of whom *La Lucha*, the leading newspaper of Havana, spoke as enjoying "in this community the reputation of being one of the few judges whose honesty and energy have never been doubted." He, in his capacity as a grand jury, found an indictment against the officials. The case was taken before another judge for review, and the men behind the prosecution said they had good reason to fear that they would lose the case. In some way it was transferred to still another judge, and he decided that the indictment must stand and the case proceed. The final result is to be a matter of judicial determination. The Harvey syndicate has the title to the property, and it will probably be passed upon by judges installed in office under a reform of the judiciary by the Americans. Whichever side wins in this case, there will probably be the resultant satisfaction of knowing that it was decided upon its legal merits.

It was the intention of the Harvey syndicate to put the system in the best possible condition. About sixty cars are now in use, and it was intended to increase the number to one hundred at first, and to two hundred ultimately. The double overhead trolley system was decided upon for installation, inasmuch as the heavy rains in the summer made the underground trolley impracticable. It was planned to bring down Italian laborers from the United States, largely because there were no available manual laborers to be had in Cuba, and because Italian labor could be secured which would be familiar with that kind of work.

Among the other syndicates that were planning to operate in Havana was one seeking to control the gas-supply. It was said that the works were bonded to the extent of several times the price that the syndicate wished to pay, and at the time of my visit in February nothing had been done of a definite nature about the matter. There were other syndicates desiring to erect warehouses and piers, but the outlook was not favorable for the investments of large sums in such enterprises.

In Cienfuegos I ran across the agents of an American enterprise that planned to make money out of investments in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. The prospectus was flowery, and the agents were energetic. They told me that they had secured control of the telephone system in Cienfuegos, and that they hoped to get hold of some valuable concessions. The city was sorely in need of a modern water system, and the contract of installing and operating one was another of the enterprises they hoped to secure. They had also taken steps to install a water plant in Santa Clara, but the amendment to the Army bill, passed just before Congress adjourned, forbidding the United States authorities to grant concessions of this nature, has probably put a stop to the prosecution of these enterprises. I remember that in Santa Clara I met an American who was in consultation with a resident of that city. The other man held in his hand what appeared to be a piece of coal. He lighted a match and applied the flame to the black substance, and it gave out a series of sparks. I asked what it was, and was told that it was asphalt, and that the American had arrived there to secure an option on the deposit.

The clause in the Army bill to which I have referred reads:

> And provided further, That no business franchises or concessions of any kind whatever shall be granted by the United States, or by any military or other authority whatever, in the island of Cuba during the occupation thereof by the United States.

It is a constitutional question whether Congress has the right to hamper the executive power in its military operations in a foreign land by such a clause, but there can be no doubt that such a provision in the law in no way interferes with the right of purchase by Americans of property rights from owners. Even if the prohibition as to franchises and concessions were to be construed literally, it probably could not be made to apply to the furthering of plans to improve the health conditions of the cities. It is altogether likely that General Ludlow, for example, could put in sewers and lay pavements if there were immediate necessity for them, disregarding any contracts that may be in existence and also the language of the war bill, on the ground of urgent military necessity. This clause in the law will probably not militate to the disadvantage of Cuba. Necessary work will probably go right along, and where it is desirable to hold off for a while the military authorities may take refuge behind the language of the bill as an excuse for delay.

There can be no doubt that the clause in the Army bill will be respected in spirit by the President and military authorities, and that fact undoubtedly gave a chill to many of the Americans who were as busy as bees trying to secure options of various kinds for future sale. Some of these options were described to me as "options on air," but there was no doubt that a lot of men were chasing around after them. Street-paving contractors were thick. "There's going to be a lot of that kind of work," one of them told me, "and I guess we can get the contracts in such a tangle that we shall all get a bite of the cherry."

Many men in Havana looking for business openings seemed to be inspired by over-zealousness. I remember one man who was always on the jump, and who was continually working over a lot of figures whenever he sat down. I was told that he was from Michigan, and that he wanted to introduce Grand Rapids furniture in the island. Any one who studies the ways of the Cuban people, and observes how devoted they are to the four rocking-chairs that face four other rocking-chairs across a rug in the parlor of every home, will see what a difficult task that American agent will have. The Cubans get mahogany for their furniture, and the pieces are of a most solid and substantial nature. There is no such thing as plush or velvet in common use on furniture, and the American agent was somewhat discouraged toward the end of his stay. There were climatic influences of a forbidding nature against the introduction of ordinary American furniture.

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NEW YORK CITY—THE DEAD OF THE 71ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS ON THEIR WAY FROM WALL ST. FERRY TO THE ARMORY.
Those who Died in the Cuban Campaign were brought North on the Transport *Crook* for Interment in American soil.



BURIAL SERVICE AT THE ARMORY OF THE 71ST REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y.

I remember meeting two men in Pinar del Rio who were looking for good grazing-land, so as to go into the cattle business. They took mules and went over the mountain range to the north. A few days later I ran across one of them in Matanzas province. The Pinar del Rio hunt had been without profit, but, to his amazement, he found beautiful grass much closer to Havana, and in such quantities that hundreds of thousands of cattle could be fed there. Then there were the man looking for chances to grow fruits; the man who had agricultural machinery to sell; the man who had come from Louisiana to restore the sugar-mills that had been destroyed in the war; the man who wanted to buy or to sell lumber, as the case might be; and lots of other men on practical or impracticable errands.

There were two discouraging features, however, for most of those who were in earnest in seeking investments. The Cubans were holding property and other purchasable things at rates that were too high, and the unsettled conditions as to the future government of the island made investors wary. For these reasons I could not learn that there were many new enterprises which the Americans had taken hold of, and it was altogether likely that what new business they had engaged in was simply the buying and selling that grew from the ordinary law of supply and demand in commerce. The Cubans are extremely keen and clever bargainers. They expected a horde of American capitalists as soon as the war was over, and they were prepared for them. Real estate, especially tobacco-producing tracts, went up to double the prices that were quoted before the war; and so, with the clause in the Army bill, the high prices for everything of real value, and the unsettled problem of the future of the country, hundreds and probably thousands of Americans who went to the island in the hope of securing such riches as generally come with the upbuilding of a country made desolate by war, went home disappointed and discouraged.

There was one kind of American visitor to the island, however, concerning the beneficial effects of whose mission there can be no doubt. He was the practical missionary, who not only held religious exercises, but established schools. I met one of these men in Santa Clara. He was a Rev. Dr. Powell, secretary of a college in Tennessee, and he had been sent to Cuba on what might be called a scouting trip for the Southern Baptist Missionary Society. He had formerly been a missionary in Mexico, and he spoke Spanish fluently. Before the Spanish forces evacuated Santa Clara there were twenty-two priests in the city. After they had gone only two priests remained. The people were practically without religious instruction, and the children were clamoring for schools and schoolbooks. In three days Dr. Powell had congregations of from six hundred to eight hundred at his preaching services. The people were actually turned away. But what impressed me more was to see the children flocking to his hotel to be enrolled in the school he arranged to open. They came singly and in twos and threes, and frequently the mothers came along, and, with tears in their eyes, thanked the missionary for opening a school. Dr. Powell was not the only man in Cuba on such a mission, and it is pleasant to record that invariably their efforts to establish schools were meeting with success.

Diary of the Revolt

Friday, March 31.—General MacArthur captured Malolos at 10.15 A. M. The Filipinos before abandoning the capital (as mentioned in last week's diary) set fire to a portion of the city. Only a slight resistance was offered. Our casualties were one killed and thirty-two wounded.

Saturday, April 1.—From Manila, General Otis cabled: "Quiet prevails. Have directed troops at Malolos and on railroad on reconnoitring duty. Find insurgents only in small bodies in the surrounding country, who retire on the approach of our troops. A few of our troops moving to a new position. Preparations for a continued active campaign. Army in excellent spirits." MacArthur made a reconnaissance towards Calumpit, a town on the railway five miles northwest of Malolos.

Dagupan, the northern terminus of the Manila-Dagupan railway, was shelled by the *Charleston*.

Monday, April 3.—A cheerful message from the commanding general: "Present indications denote insurgent government in perilous condition: its army defeated, discouraged, and scattered. Insurgents are returning to their homes in cities and villages between Manila and points north of Malolos which our reconnoitring parties have reached, and desire the protection of Americans. News from Visayan Islands more encouraging every day." Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis sailed for San Francisco. The command of his brigade was assumed by General Wheaton. One thousand Filipinos, intrenched at Quingen, three and one-half miles northeast of Malolos, engaged a reconnoitring party of cavalry.

Receipts from customs and other sources in the Philippine Islands since the United States assumed control (August 13, 1898): To December 31, $1,819,813·25; in January, February, and March, 1899, so far as reported, (including receipts at Manila, Ilo Ilo, and Cebu), $1,168,666·80.

Tuesday, April 4.—A reconnaissance in force was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, commanding the Montana regiment, with two guns and a detachment of cavalry. Near Calumpit about one thousand Filipinos were engaged and dispersed. Our casualties were one killed and four wounded.

The United States Philippine Commission issued a proclamation which suggested the "elevation and advancement" of the Philippine people "to a position among the most civilized peoples of the world," through their acceptance of social principles which have been tested and approved in temperate regions of the Western Hemisphere. The commissioners, after protesting that the "pure aims and purposes of the American government and people have been misinterpreted," and "the friendly American forces have, without provocation or cause, been openly attacked," gave a conspectus of the Administration's intentions.

Wednesday, April 5.—Our casualties in the Philippines between February 4 and April 4, inclusive, as reported to the Adjutant-General at Washington: Killed, 184; wounded, 976.

MARRION WILCOX.

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LONDON

March 25, 1899.

IT is a fact of good omen for peace that an arrangement with Russia is likely to supplement the recently completed arrangement with France. Public interest in the Peace Conference about to meet at The Hague has received a new stimulus. England is the only country that has, so far, announced its readiness to modify its naval estimates if other powers will do the same. England is the rival and France the friend of Russia, but it is the rival, not the friend, who has met the Tsar's proposals with an assurance of practical support. The French naval estimates for the current year bustle with signs of hostility to this country, and great sacrifices are invited from the French tax-payers not only to defend the coasts of France, but to secure respect for her "in every sea" by a powerful fleet, and to be "prepared for a naval conflict" in the interests of her colonies; also to insure for her "superiority over her rivals." In Russia the Tsar's rescript was followed by a great increase in naval expenditure and aggressive action in the Far East. The British people take note of these things, and while they earnestly support Mr. Goschen's intimation that England is willing to reduce naval expenditure if other powers will do so in the same proportion, they are fully aware that it would be imprudent to go farther.

THE project of The Hague Peace Convention, in spite of the notoriety-hunters, is beginning to be regarded here as a historical event of great promise. Well-informed people deplore that the power of the Tsar in his own country, instead of being unlimited, is really confined to a theoretical autocracy. His Majesty's convictions in regard to the peace question are indubitably sincere, and even passionate, but they are not shared by the ring of powerful officials who wield the forces of Russian autocracy without public responsibility for their acts, and who are his Majesty's masters. Surrounded by a zereba of detail, which prevents him from approaching the larger questions of government, the present Tsar is neither more nor less than a passive instrument in the hands of the real rulers of Russia — the chief tchinovniks. Nothing is more amusing to educated Russians than the attempt of certain people in this country, who advertise themselves as the "friends of peace," to represent the Tsar as a Cæsar exercising dominion and influence over imperial Russian policy. The Tsaritsa is an able and most charming and enlightened lady. Much was expected of her; but hitherto the forces against her, and the traditional jealousy of German influence prevalent in Russian court circles, have prevented the Empress from acquiring or from exercising direct influence over public affairs. Hence it arises that while the voice of Russia is the voice of Nicholas II., her acts are the acts of Peter the Terrible.

THE ruin of the Finnish constitution, and the denial of rights secured to Finland on the sacred word of successive Tsars, are probably as repugnant to the Emperor as to the Finns. It is quite certain that the attack on the Finnish rights is not attributable to the Tsar's action. There is equally good ground for believing that the treatment of the Jews in the provinces of the Pale, whose miseries have been justly characterized by Mr. Lecky as "that most hideous story of our century," is beyond the power of the Tsar to alter. This treatment is described by such English Liberals as the Marquis of Ripon as "conduct calculated to incite universal condemnation in all civilized nations," and by Sir William Harcourt as "not only a social crime, but a political blunder." Famine is again decimating the population of whole provinces. Money required to save life at home is lavished on armaments and war-ships. The peace question to be considered at The Hague in May therefore stands thus: Russia invites the nations to arrest their armaments and to refer their disputes to arbitrators, while she herself proceeds, with redoubled vigor, to increase her offensive power by sea and land, and to emphasize her aggressive policy. England, which has more to lose by war than any other power, is not so foolish as to entertain schemes of disarmament because an emperor, nearly impotent in his own country, delivers to the nations an evangel which he cannot persuade his own ministers to adopt. France, staggering under a load of debt which may at any time bring about a crisis, after the receipt of the Tsar's manifesto embarks on a naval programme, directed specifically against England, which will demand the whole financial power of the country. The United States require for mere police purposes and in view of their new responsibilities in Asia a larger navy and army than they now possess. Germany is unlikely to disarm while Franco-Russian energies are feverishly concentrated on the production of more guns, deadlier explosives, and swifter and more numerous war-ships.

IF the Tsar were an effective political force in his own country, the reduction of the Russian fleet would have been a necessary preliminary to the promulgation of his rescript, but he has not power to remedy the wrongs or relieve the distress of his own people, or even to listen to them. Were he to do so, they would tell him, and tell him truly, of widespread misery, chronic famine, scattered homes, husbands parted from wives, children from parents, of the old hopeless, and the young old before their time, hungry and sombre. They would tell him of starved hospitals and schools stunted by peculation and official hatred of the light of education; of the intercepting of letters, espionage, the changing of telegrams, and the denial of civil rights to those who, like the Doukhobortsi, are sincere in love of peace; and, above all, the Emperor would hear of the decay and deterioration of six millions of his Jewish subjects, due to the conditions in which his government forces them to exist.

IF the majority of the English people have seemed indifferent to the peace crusade, it is not that they prefer football to peace, but that the depths of the national heart are not stirred by a soothing form of Russian words which are contradicted by the menacing deeds both of Russia and her ally. The peace enthusiasts are girding at the wrong people, and it is little wonder that their crusade has melted away. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the young Tsar has undoubtedly made the world think; and perhaps the present rulers of Russia and France may be succeeded by men who love peace sufficiently to ensue it. Until that happy moment arrives, however, Mr. Goschen's offer to reduce the British naval estimates is likely to remain the only practical contribution towards the acceptance of the Tsar's proposals. It is interesting to note that, in addition to a great expenditure for powder, the cost of new guns for British defence during the last two years amounts to $9,931,550. Probably no guns that were ever built exercised a more pacific influence than those.

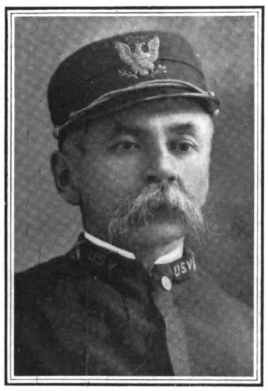
THE open hostility to England shown by the French Minister of Marine in introducing the naval estimates has considerably diminished the interest that would be otherwise felt in the arrangement now completed between France and England as to the delimitation of the Nile region and the settlement of the respective spheres of influence belonging to France and England respectively in the eastern and western Sudan. When the Queen left for the Continent, the other day, a significant departure was made from the hitherto traditional custom of convoying her Majesty across the Channel with war-ships of the cruiser class. The Queen's vessel, on this latest occasion, was accompanied not by cruisers, but by torpedo-boat-destroyers, a class of vessel to which the patrol and defence of the English Channel is now principally confided. The appearance of a squadron of these new twenty-eight-knot vessels off a French harbor was a practical hint that the submarine vessels, upon which the French naval experts rely for the destruction of British battle-ships, will encounter obstacles in the fulfilment of their mission of destroying the British navy which seem to have been ignored by M. Lockroy and his advisers. I learn from Newcastle-on-Tyne that the turbine engines for H. M. S. *Viper*, which is the torpedo-boat-destroyer in course of construction for the British Admiralty, are progressing satisfactorily. This vessel will be ready for her trials in the summer. The turbine engines which are being constructed for another destroyer are also well advanced, and the trials of this vessel are expected to take place in the course of a few weeks. The speed of these vessels is expected to reach forty miles an hour.

LORD HERSCHELL'S funeral service, held in Westminster Abbey, was impressive, and during the hush that preceded the service one was reminded of that essay of Addison's on the illustrious dead buried in the Abbey, where he describes the vanity of human thoughts and deeds and ambitions, and the irresistible fate which is destined to blend opposing statesmen and rival wits in a common grave. The principal feature in the musical service was the Equale of Beethoven rendered by four trombones, as at Mr. Gladstone's funeral. As the remains of Lord Herschell slowly passed up the nave on the bearers' shoulders the stone features of Disraeli, illuminated by a sudden shaft of light, seemed to watch with interest the coffin of one who, like himself, had held high office in the state to which his ancestors were strangers. The graceful and generous offer of the American government to send home Lord Herschell's remains in an American man-of-war is so much appreciated that it is a pity that the real reason for the refusal of the offer has not been made known. It is a fact, I believe, that the Queen had already proposed to the late Lord Herschell's family that his remains should be brought across the Atlantic in a British cruiser, and the proposal having been actually accepted, and arrangements made for H.M.S. *Talbot*, it was difficult, if not impossible, to upset the plan.

ARNOLD WHITE.



LIEUT. JOHN C. GREGG, U. S. A., 4th Infantry. Malolos, March 31.
Photograph by H. S. Stevenson.



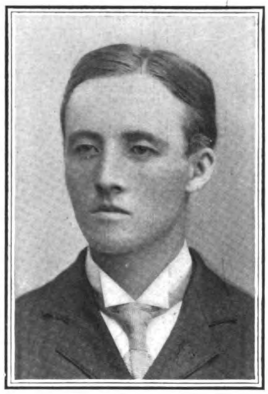
CAPT. DAVID S. ELLIOTT, 10th Kansas Vols. Caloocan, February 28.



LIEUT. FRANK H. ADAMS, 1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 27

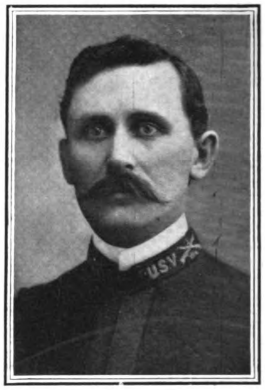


LIEUT. SIDNEY E. MORRISON, 1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 27.



LIEUT. JONAS H. LIEN, 1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 26.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.



CAPT. GEORGE H. FORTSAN, 1st Washington Vols. Polo, March 26.

Life's Repetend

DO ye forget the blossom-time?
Or tint for tint, as rhime for rhyme,
Would ye, O leaves, supply;
To prove, as echo to the ear,
That Near is Far, and Far is Near,
In circling home to die?

JOHN B. TABB.

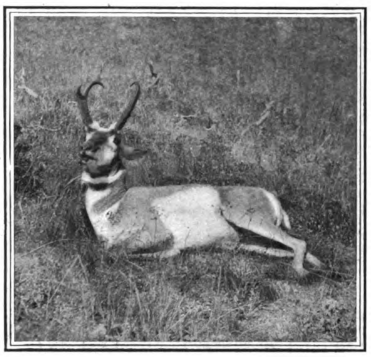
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HUNTING BIG GAME. *By E. O. Stanard, Jr.*

ELK, BEAR, AND SHEEP

WITH four friends I had spent the last two weeks in August on a ranch near the Green River in Wyoming. We were all eager to get into camp by the first of September, when the law would permit us to shoot any game we could find, excepting buffalo—an animal we were as likely to encounter in Wyoming as caribou. Nor had any of us the slightest desire to kill a buffalo, feeling for him only the profoundest sympathy.

There is a bunch of some twenty-five buffalo in Yellowstone Park, but they seldom wander south of its boundaries, and are so tame that, should you find one, it would be as easy to kill as a domestic cow. I have heard of one



A WOUNDED ANTELOPE.

or two men shooting stray buffalo near the edge of the Park, and they ought to have been hanged for it. We were to hunt in the Saw Tooth Mountain range south of Jacksons Hole.

What we all wanted especially were elk, bear, and mountain-sheep. The last we had little hope of getting, as they were said to be very scarce, and very difficult of approach, owing to the extremely difficult nature of the country they frequent.

Mountain-sheep are only found in the most rugged mountain heights. They flourish on the sides of precipices and barren rocky peaks. Their capacity for climbing is unlimited. One would imagine that, with such a slim growth of vegetation as appears in their haunts, they would have to travel many miles in a day to pick up sufficient food; and this may account for their wonderful strength and endurance. They are said to come down at times from their aerial heights in quest of food and water, though this is unusual. They seem well able to live on the tufts of grass scattered through the rocks, while the melting snows furnish them an abundance of water. In winter they paw away the snow for grass and roots, eking out a precarious existence until spring. They are then very easy to kill, being weak and exhausted through insufficient nourishment during the long, rigorous winter.

Starting into the woods in September, all the game we hoped to get had the fairest kind of a chance, being in prime physical condition, and therefore active and alert.

In two parties, of three and two respectively, we set out together one bright morning from the ranch, with horses packed for a two weeks' camping trip. Our plan was to travel together for several hours, then to separate and diverge, so that both parties might not be hunting in the same locality.

We let the three younger members of our company go in one party, while my friend Louis Hall and myself cast our hunting fortunes together for the fourth consecutive season. We had nothing new to discover in each other. The virtues and faults of each were well known to the other—a blessed knowledge on starting upon a camping trip.

We never hunted together, each having his own guide, and starting out in a different direction on leaving camp in the morning. Our difficulty in hunting together was that we were too polite to each other. My friend always wanted me to take the shot, and I naturally grew tired of doing so. "Après vous" was carried to such an extent that the game trotted off uninjured, while we reviled each other for exaggerated and effeminate politeness. So we had to hunt apart—to get game and to prevent quarrelling.

It was glorious to be again in the woods, mounted on an old hunting-horse at the end of a pack-train. We were making only a one day's journey, and that was easy enough; we were free from any care or responsibility, in the highest of spirits, and fairly bursting with the keen joy of being in this wild country, so full of natural beauty.

About five o'clock our guides decided that we had arrived at a suitable place for making camp, and though we had thoroughly enjoyed the day, we were not unwilling to dismount and rest. Our tired pack-animals were soon relieved of their burdens, hobbled, and chased out of camp—or where camp was to be. How they enjoyed rolling, after the heat and fatigue of the long journey!

Picking out level places, our tents were soon put up, our beds thrown into them, and wood quickly gathered for the camp fire. Then supper was cooked, and eaten with avidity. How good fried antelope, beans, and coffee tasted—how wonderfully good! At half past eight we rolled into our blankets and slept like babes.

The following morning was quite threatening, but this did not frighten us, and after a hearty breakfast we saddled up and set out for the day's hunt.

There is a superstition about the first day's hunting. It is supposed to be the hunter's luckiest time. It had worked with us the year before, and why not again? We were in practically the same country—at least within a hundred miles of it—where, just twelve months before, we had each killed a six-point elk.

History might have repeated itself had not the weather gone wrong. Early in the afternoon it began to rain fiercely, and a new slicker was found to be a great comfort. My guide had a little summer coat tied behind his saddle, and this he put on over his cotton shirt.

"Where's your slicker, Milt?" I asked, as the drenching rain was fast soaking him.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't bring it along. We are only to be out two weeks, and I can't get very wet in two weeks."

I asked him if he had any change of clothing in camp, well knowing the shiftlessness of this class of men. He said he had not, and that if he had he wouldn't need it. He contended that it was very bad to take off wet clothes, until they had dried "on you," and then, of course, it would not be necessary, as they would be no longer wet. He said that if he took off those clothes while he was wet he was sure to have the "shakes, or something," even though he immediately jumped into dry things. Well, his theory worked with himself all right, for after making a small bluff that evening at drying himself before the camp fire, he climbed into his rag-bag of a bed just as he was, and in the morning said he never felt better in his life.

My companion's first day was just as profitless and wet as mine. However, it was more eventful. Soon after reaching camp his guide called us out of our tent and pointed out a light-colored object moving far up on the steep and barren mountain-side. With field-glasses we clearly distinguished a large mountain-sheep. My friend was most eager to go after him, and as eager for me to go also; but I declined, as it was wet and sloppy, and climbing was my weak point at best.

I watched them climbing for about half an hour, when they disappeared from view. I listened breathlessly for a shot, but heard none. Milt and I had just finished supper when the weary sheep-hunters stumbled into camp. Their tale was brief and pathetic. The sheep had kept travelling; they followed him until dark, when, very reluctantly, they had to give up the chase and return to camp—disappointed, tired, bedraggled, and hungry; the very frequent condition of the gentleman sportsman out for rest and recreation. But how soon these unpleasant experiences are forgotten, or are remembered only to be laughed over!

The following morning the rain had turned to sleet, and it was windy and cold—a nasty day. We could not deny that on such a day we were indeed "tenderfeet." Our breakfast was served to us "in bed," our Sibley stove lighted, and paper novels produced. We decided there would be other days to hunt, and that any animal out a day like this had trouble enough. This was at eight o'clock.

It was just nine when Milton, my guide, poked his head into our tent and asked for my field-glasses.

"What do you see?" we both shouted when he had gotten outside.

"Only a big sheep ram," he calmly replied.

Up we bounded, pulled on our clothes, and with boots unlaced we emerged from the tent.

We were told to look high up on the side of the mountain, almost on a line with the ridge-pole of our tent. Yes, we saw something move, and with the aid of the glasses clearly distinguished a sheep, even making out his big broad horns.

My friend insisted that it was my turn to hunt sheep; that my guide had discovered the game, and that I alone should go after it. After some discussion, it was decided that both of us should go.



THE BLACK BEAR, AS HE FELL.

Our plan was to approach the sheep from opposite directions, and whoever encountered him first was to shoot to kill.

We said nothing about the chances of shooting one another, there being no time for such irrelevant considerations. We were both shooting thirty-calibre smokeless rifles, advertised to "kill at a mile."

As I looked up at that precipice my heart sank. Not being myself very strong, the odds seemed to favor the other fellow. I wanted that sheep, not feeling at this crucial moment the least bit altruistic.

Our four horses were caught and saddled, and we set out, each with his guide—making a fair start. Our courses from camp were due east and west. We were to ride as far and high as possible, and walk only when it became absolutely necessary. My guide was quite as keen about my winning the race as I myself, and set a pace accordingly. He confided his opinion that our side had the better of it, as we could ride nearer the game from our direction. He also was most encouraging in his assurance that the ram would wait for us, explaining that sheep did not move about much in bad weather, and that it was also about time for their mid-day nap.

Shortly after leaving camp our horses began to climb. It was very bad going, being extremely rough and very slippery. We had to travel over a long stretch of loose shale, the horses struggling and straining to make headway. But we were getting up, and could now look down at our camp, a thousand feet below us. We had not been in sight of the sheep since starting, so we calculated on his being so far undisturbed.

At last our plucky broncos could go no further. Huge jagged bowlders disputed the way. It was only sprinkling now, though the mountain was enveloped in a heavy



LIVE MOUNTAIN-LION, WITH FRONT PAW IN TRAP.

fog or cloud. This was most fortunate for us, as the sheep would be unable to see us until we came very close to him.

Leaving our horses, we now set out afoot across the rocks. After a half-hour's hard climbing I was glad to be informed that we were now a little higher than the sheep, and only had to walk across the rock-pile half a mile to a clump of bushes, immediately beyond which we hoped to find the sheep.

It was warm work. First my slicker coat and slicker pants were shed—for it had practically stopped raining—then reefer coat, sweater, and waistcoat. All these articles of apparel were strewn along the side of the mountain, to be picked up on our return. Milt assisted me greatly, carrying my gun, and even pulling me along in bad places by means of a strap.

Our progress was slow and laborious, now climbing over large bowlders, now sliding and slipping over the loose rock, until I was weary and sore. Every little while I had to sit down to get my breath. But nearer we were getting; only three hundred yards now to the little spur of scrub pine or bushes. (I wasn't then closely inspecting the flora.) At this point we hoped to encounter the ram.

As I sat there panting, I wondered if it could be possible that the foolish animal had waited there all this time. I also wondered where Hall and his guide were at that moment.

After a short rest I staggered on, imbued with a new energy. This last effort brought me to the desired cover. I cautiously peered through an opening, and there, so help me! was a big ram, serenely browsing, not fifty yards away, and almost facing me. Snatching my gun, and hastily throwing a cartridge into the chamber, I held my breath to steady me, and fired for his shoulder. All the gods were with me, for the sheep walked off a few steps and lay down. And *just then* Hall and his guide appeared. They had lost the race by half a minute.

As they approached, the sheep rose to his feet and was staggering off, when I shouted to Hall to finish him, at the same time giving my gun to my guide. I was dead beaten and out of breath. The sheep was mortally wounded, but might manage to crawl away unless again shot. I was unable to go any farther until I had rested.

My guide quickly caught up with the sheep, and despatched him with a bullet through the heart. Hall did some shoot-

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ing also, but said he missed. I didn't stop but a moment, as I was in a perspiration, and most of my clothes were back on the rocks. The day was cold, and I felt it necessary to keep moving. The guides said they would bring down the head, hide, and meat, and collect the horses. So I proceeded to make a bee-line for camp.

I fell down most of the way, and slid for yards at a time, scratching and bruising myself generously. Having gotten half-way down, I could not possibly get back, nor move to right nor left, so had to continue down. It was terribly steep, and the footing most treacherous. There were shelves of solid rock I would find myself on, and once or twice it seemed as if I should have to stay perched right where I was. Then I would either hang on to a bush and let myself down, or make use of niches in the rock—a very ticklish performance. A final drop, and I landed with a thud in the loose rock at the foot of the mountain. A short scramble brought me to good solid turf, and in a short time I was in camp.

It was then a little after two o'clock. Hall rode into camp half an hour later, and the guides with the sheep—head, hide, feet, and meat—appeared about three o'clock, having collected my scattered belongings left among the rocks, and rescued the poor patient horses, that had been standing at an angle of forty-five degrees for the last three hours.

How the men managed to carry the sheep head and meat to where the horses were is a marvel to me. It must have been hard work. My fellow-hunter had had a long hard climb, but was little the worse for it. I staid in bed the rest of the day, and loafed about the camp the day following, suffering no ill results from my hard climb.

Our "mountain mutton" we hung for several days, expecting then to enjoy the tender, juicy meat—a luxury well worth waiting for. But, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for so tough did the meat remain that at the end of a week we gave it up as hopeless, and used it for bear-bait. We decided that an old ram, whether in the wild or domestic state, was an equally tough proposition.

The sheep head posed for numerous pictures, and was then turned over to Hardesty, who deftly removed the "hood," as he termed the scalp—and a splendid hood it was. We then spent much time in taking measurements. The horns at the base measured nearly sixteen inches, and were thirty-four inches long. Yes, I was firm in the belief that the game had been worth the candle.

With the sheep meat and the lean fore quarters of an antelope buck for baits, we set our two bear-traps in likely places where considerable bear sign had been found. We selected sites some five miles apart—one in the heavy timber, the other not far from a stream.

After waiting several days, we set out one morning to "check up" our traps. The first one had not been visited, but the other was gone. Here was real sport indeed!

We were sure a bear had gone off with the trap, as we could plainly see where the heavy clog, or piece of movable timber which is attached to the trap, had been dragged through the high grass.

We had to go only three hundred yards, when we came upon our game near the creek, almost hidden in the willows and bushes. But we immediately discovered it was not a bear, but a large mountain-lion.

At sight of us he made a great effort to get away, but his clog was very heavy, and much impeded by the willows and underbrush. Besides, he must have been very weary dragging this weight so far by his imprisoned front paw.

So, after several unsuccessful attempts to free himself, he settled down sullenly, growling at us, and nervously twitching his long tail from side to side. He looked very fierce, but as he made no attempt to come at us, and even tried to shrink away when we approached him nearer, I gradually grew braver and planted my camera tripod twenty feet from the recumbent feline. Incidentally, the guide all this time had him covered with my gun, so I was not in much danger.

He posed very nicely, and I got several good pictures. Then, picking out the spot where his heart ought to be, I reluctantly shot the beautiful beast, and instantly he fell dead. It was a mean advantage to take of him, but as this was the only way to release him from the cruel trap, I suppose it was an act of mercy.

My guide assured me there were other lions prowling around, as the bait was strewn about and the ground near by tracked up considerably. So turning quickly heartless, we again set the trap, packed the dead lion on a horse, and returned to camp.

The next morning we set off for the site of the trap, and again it was gone. This was growing more exciting. We followed the broad channel made by the clog, and came upon the second lion, in almost the same spot where the first had been encountered.

This time my companion, Hall, did the shooting. We were greatly delighted to have secured a lion apiece. Our guides told us it was very unusual to catch mountain-lions in traps, but this was proving altogether an unusual trip. We were beginning to think we were leading a charmed life.

We had now been in camp five days, and had seen almost no game. The first day out a small bunch of spike bull elk had been encountered, but, not then needing meat, we had passed them by unmolested. Just before leaving the lower country I had shot an antelope, and had fortunately thrown one of the hams into a pannier just before starting on our pack trip. It proved a wise precaution. I was now regretting having given the rest of the meat to a travelling ranchman. We were out of meat and out of patience.

When one has driven a hundred and fifty miles from the railroad and then ridden two days behind a pack-train, he feels that he really deserves at least to see a good deal of game. He has endured many discomforts to get to these famed hunting-grounds, sustained by the assurance that when he once gets there the rare sport furnished will soon compensate for the inconveniences of his long, tedious journey.

And so my spirits were beginning to be somewhat affected. No game was surely bad enough, but the prospect of a bacon diet was a real calamity. We must have meat, and were now on mere murder bent.

On the morning of the sixth day we were silently riding along—I making half-jocular, half-caustic remarks about the unusual abundance of game in this particular section of the country—when suddenly we heard an elk whistle, then a chorus of whistling in different keys, but in richest harmony.

We were riding in the heavy spruce timber, and estimated that the elk were about half a mile distant. Dismounting, we tied our horses and cautiously set out afoot to stalk our game.

The whistling continued with unabated zeal, sounding out clear and shrill through the silent forest.

"The old fellow is singing bass," whispered Pixley; "steer for him." Very quietly we approached, until it seemed unwise to move nearer.

We waited for the old bull to whistle again. His companions were keeping up a perfect din, but singing tenor and falsetto. Presently we heard the guttural bass we were listening for, and plainly discerned a pair of enormous antlers through the intervening trees.

To gain a better view, I moved some twenty steps nearer, and fairly fell over two five-point bulls, who snorted in fright and plunged through the trees into the midst of the bunch. Immediately we heard a great commotion, twigs and limbs of trees breaking, and, like a flash, our bass-singer and all of his "choir invisible" were scurrying through the timber, getting well out of harm's way. There was a little park a short way beyond, and toward this I hurried. I had the pleasure of seeing about thirty elk just disappearing into the timber opposite. One five-pointer was lagging behind. At the edge of the park he stopped to look back, and received a bullet in the shoulder for his indiscretion. I fervently hoped that he was the one that had stampeded the band and made me lose the big head.

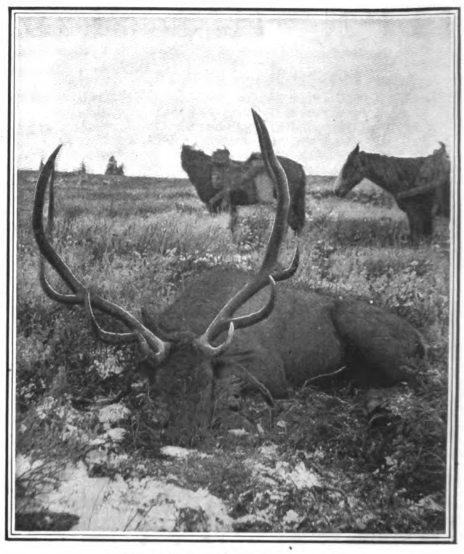
We now had meat, but I had failed to get the animal I wanted, so still had a grief. I sat by at a safe distance while my guide did the butchering—not a nice job. I preferred letting my eyes wander over the scenery, and was thus engaged when a coyote trotted up not far away. He seemed much interested in our proceedings, and was doubtless impatient for us to move on. I watched him cautiously steal up as far as he dared; then he would stop, look about, gather new courage, and come a little nearer. Once more he approached, but his curiosity carried him too far; for, resting my gun on the antlers of the dead elk, I took a shot at him. Instantly he began to spin around in wild gyrations, uttering the most piercing howls.

With my camera and gun I made a charge on him, getting in effective shots with each. We hung the coyote by his hind legs to the limb of a tree, and took off his furry skin like a glove. Filling a couple of bags with elk meat, we tied the same on our saddles, swung the coyote-skin over the pummel of my saddle, and started for camp.

I found myself in a more amiable frame of mind, believing now that there were elk in the country, and even bear, for Pixley told me that he had noticed decided evidences of their being in our neighborhood. We had brought the traps, and now had a bait if a bear would only come that way.

In seeking to trap bear it is always well to leave a bait out for some time before setting a trap. If a bear is within several miles of a carcass, he usually turns up there sooner or later. An elk is too large for him to finish at one meal; so he eats what he can, and plans to continue his daily, or rather nightly, visits until all is consumed. He never carries any meat away, and is not addicted to "making caches." One can easily tell if a bear has visited a bait, by the tracks, the condition of the bait, etc. When such evidences are discovered, the trap can then be set.

The bear does most of his hunting and exercising from sunset to sunrise, and is seldom seen during the day. As a general thing, he is not poking around in anybody's way or looking for trouble.



MY SIX-POINT BULL ELK.

About sunset of the day following the killing of the elk we rode by the remains, but found no traces of bear or any other animal. After assuring ourselves that our bait was untouched, we set out for camp, and had ridden about a mile, when we saw leisurely walking toward us a large black bear. He evidently had whiffed the elk meat from afar and was on his way to the feast. He saw us the same instant, stood up on his hind legs a moment to secure a better view of us, then wheeled about and set off rapidly in the direction of the timber. We spurred our ponies into a run and dashed after him, hoping to drive him across the creek on to a steep hill-side opposite. On our left was heavy timber, and if he struck into that we thought surely we should lose him. So we continued our wild chase, doing our best to overtake him.

However, he easily outstripped us in the race, and had his entire choice of direction, leaving us five hundred yards behind and out of sight when he dashed into the timber.

Shaken up and discouraged, we jogged on, never expecting to see the bear again. However, after riding about a mile we looked through the trees and suddenly discovered a black object just ahead of us, slowly working its way up the hill to our right.

The bear, unwisely, had decided to come out of the timber and to ascend the hill. Hurriedly dismounting, I seized my gun from its scabbard, and shot. The bear staggered, and we knew it was hit. As we afterwards discovered, it had been shot through the hips. He immediately stopped and slowly proceeded to come down the hill, and I became very busy shooting. An approaching bear is apt to make one forget other things. He came slowly, but not directly, towards me, though nearer every step.

I succeeded in getting four bullets into him, and he now appeared to be feeling decidedly groggy. He reached the creek—and we were now getting rather sociable. The bear was struggling to get up the bank, while I was at the top, peering over and shifting about in an endeavor to get in a final shot. It was a sure thing I was not going any nearer, and yet from my position it was most difficult to get a good view of him. He was wobbling about in the willows and muttering to himself, as if in a very bad humor.

It wasn't long before he had moved into a clear space in the middle of the creek. Very carefully I aimed at his head, and the bullet entered his neck. Down he went, and all was over. I don't know who was happier, my guide or myself. Think I was, for this was the first bear I had ever killed out of a trap.

It was now almost dark, so we left Bruin in the stream and hit for camp.

I crawled into my sleeping-bag that night feeling at peace with the world; but I had to kill a good many bears before morning.

We were out early for breakfast, and soon in our saddles, for the bear had to be skinned and his hide brought to camp. Billie the cook trailed into the procession, leading a demure "not-afraid-of-bear" pack-horse.

It seemed a good while, but we finally got to the place in the creek where our bear had been left, and he was there all right. During the night he had frozen stiff, and we had to wait until he thawed out before skinning him. The men set him up between them, and I got a very good photograph of the group.

In life the bear would have stood far above the men, as he measured seven foot five from nose to tail, and by stretching hard we made him eight feet.

About noon the skin was off, and many pounds of tallow had been packed away in various old slickers and sacks; for the natives always preserve all the fat possible. They have innumerable uses for it. I had the pleasure of carrying the skull behind my saddle, and was very watchful that it did not fall off. I also kept an eye on the pack-horse which was carrying the hide. So we entered camp, and another day's work was done.

I should also mention that we packed in a large hunk of "sirloin of bear"—a rare delicacy, my men informed me. Having eaten bear meat before, I did not regard this epicurean treat with very great enthusiasm. Pixley begged



OUR PACK-TRAIN IN THE WOODS.

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to be permitted to make a soup, putting only the feet bones in the pot, adding beans when taken off the fire—then seasoning to the taste. I consented to his making the soup, but firmly declined eating any of it. Was sorry to have to appear so fastidious, but somehow I could not bring myself to eating a soup made from bear's feet. Bear meat is really very good eating—much like roast pork. It takes practice, however, to eat it without thinking. Most people have a natural aversion to eating bear, though really, if that antipathy can be set aside, it is found to be very good eating. And no doubt bear feet are very nice also. I noticed that the sirloin was eaten to the last scrap, though I came back to elk meat after one meal of bear. The soup was never made, and I alone was to blame.

September was now drawing to a close, and a snow-storm was likely to come at any time. So the day was set to break camp and start back to our headquarters at Wells, Wyoming. Here there were comfortable cabins, in which one might defy any storm, feeling confident that no wind would blow away his abode, or weight of snow bring it sagging down on his head. A tent in a snow-storm is a poor place to be. When the ground is covered with snow the hunter's chances for getting game are greatly increased, but to be in camp while the snow is falling is certainly unpleasant.

We started none too soon, for about noon of the first day's pack the storm broke in all its fury, and we were soon travelling through blinding snow. Our horses slipped and stumbled, and had to be frequently rested. It seemed as if Pixley were leading us over all the high mountains in the country. The scenery, I know, must have been magnificent. At one lofty summit we paused to let the horses breathe.

"Too bad," remarked Pixley, "the snow obstructs the view, for from this point you could see all of God's creation—and part of Kansas."

Well, I was more anxious to get down where the view wasn't so grand, and where we might be somewhat protected from the cold wind. We were going out of our direct course, in quest of a cabin the men knew of, where we might put up for the night. I accused them of being lost, and they humored me by admitting it.

However, about four o'clock we dismounted at the blessed cabin, hungry and cold. There was a big fireplace, and a roaring fire soon thawed me out, and made life again seem bright and cheery.

We spent the night very comfortably, and were pleased to see, on the following morning, that the snow had ceased.

"This storm will set the elk moving, and we ought to get that big bull to-day." So spake my ever-hopeful guide.

"All right," I replied; "we will not give up on the last day."

So we sent Billie on with the pack-horses, while Pixley and I struck off through the timber for our last circuit. We rode until noon, seeing nothing. We then built a fire and had lunch, a frugal repast.

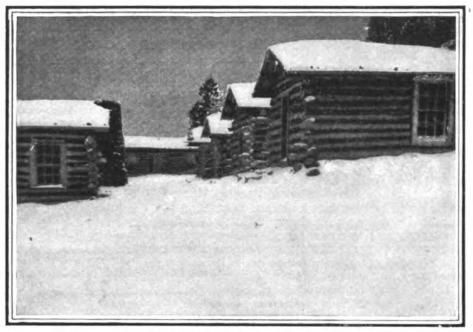
After an hour's delay we were again in our saddles, watching and listening for the elusive bull elk.

At four o'clock, while riding over an open stretch of hilly country, I was aroused from an almost hypnotic state by seeing Pixley suddenly dismount and drop to the ground. Instantly following suit, I crawled up to him, gun in hand.

"There are a hundred elk over that hill," he whispered, "and one big bull."

Cautiously we crawled along the snowy ground, until we reached the summit of the rise. A wonderful sight met my unobstructed view. There were more than seventy-five elk lying together in a close group, all with ears set forward and eyes fixed directly on us. All were cows and calves but one, and his head looked enormous.

In the suddenness of their surprise they lay there and regarded us, apparently unfrightened. I had time to get in a shot before they arose—and missed.



WELLS HUNTING-LODGE, WELLS, WYOMING.

At the report of the gun all bounded to their feet. The bull stood just an instant, making a fine mark. This time he staggered, shot through the shoulder. He tried to run, but tottered and fell. A mercy shot at close range finished him.

The cows were completely bewildered, running about in a circle in a most aimless way. Right there it would have been a simple matter for a native to have secured his winter's meat. Evidently this herd of elk had never been hunted to any extent.

I was greatly delighted to have finally succeeded in getting a heavy six-pointer. I reached Wells Lodge that night, more than satisfied with the results of the trip.

If the Prince came West Again. *By E. Hough*

THE GAME BIRDS HE WOULD FIND AND THE CHANGES HE WOULD SEE

WHEN H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was a young man, he came to America incognito, for the simple purpose of enjoying unmolested an old-fashioned "chicken shoot," the fame of the great prairie-grouse having long before that time spread across the water. The Prince and his modest retinue settled upon the little village of Dwight, Illinois, that point being at the time fairly called the centre of the best chicken country of America. Here they had very fine shooting, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, after the fashion of young men. It is of record that they were at one time arrested and brought before a doughty justice of the peace for violating the law against Sunday shooting. They paid their fines like gentlemen, and it is proof of the pluck and manhood of the future King of England that he bore no malice against the obscure Western magistrate, but, on the contrary, thereafter appeared at church, and in every way respected the traditions of the little country town.

This incident, now almost forgotten, was the first claim Dwight had to distinction, and this early glory is now quite swallowed up in the lustre of her fame as the greatest home for inebriates in all the world.

If you should visit Dwight to-day, it would be taken for granted that you went there to take the "cure," and you would hear more of bichloride of gold than you would of the doings of a certain plain "Mr. Hamilton," who once in the long ago paid his fine and went to church like a gentleman. You would, however, see in the streets or alleys of Dwight unnoted evidence of the royal visit; for, upon his return to England, the Prince of Wales sent to a friend at Dwight a fine brace of English pointers. The good folk of that burg crossed these animals upon the native stock, whether the latter were pointers or setters. There were some splendid bird dogs among these half-breed droppers, and their fame has endured for half a generation—perhaps not to the knowledge of the future King.

Should the Prince of Wales visit us again in his capacity as sportsman—as all American sportsmen wish he might—he would find to-day a different America from that which he saw in his younger days. He would find at the village of Dwight, it is true, still a few of the glorious brown birds which he knocked over before the dogs in the old days of the prairie seas; for even to-day the prairie-chicken clings stoutly to these haunts it loved so well; and I presume that to-day, as was the case twenty-five years ago, the largest and most typical specimens of the American pinnated grouse are to be found in upper Illinois. The Prince might, by good fortune, make a bag of prairie-chickens at the opening of the season at any one of a dozen points within one hundred miles of the city of Chicago; but he would find the splendid open prairies replaced by great corn-fields fenced with wire. He would find the habits of the prairie-chicken essentially changed by this change of environment, and the element of sport in its pursuit also somewhat affected. To-day much of the Illinois chicken-shooting is corn-field shooting—really more difficult than the old open shooting, but not permitting satisfactory use of the dogs, and, above all, shorn of the splendid sweep of the horizon and the mysterious breath of a land still wide and new.

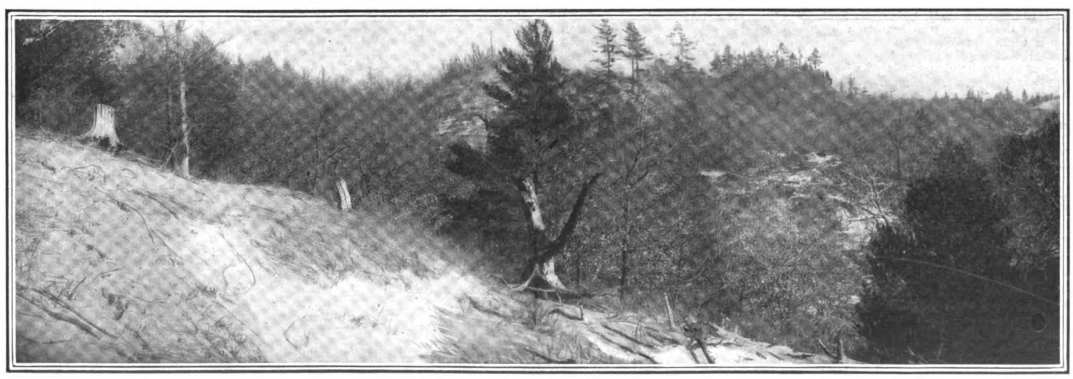


RETRIEVED.

To-day the reign of the old-time "chicken dog" is done in America, and the day of the great brown grouse is also done. One can see no future for this, one of the most noble, though easily the most helpless, of all our game birds. To-day the centre of the chicken country is no longer at Dwight. It moved West from Illinois into Iowa, then up into lower Minnesota, then a short way into lower Dakota. It crossed the sand hills of Nebraska and the wheat-belt of Kansas, tarried for a long time in the Indian Nations, and then dropped swiftly down across the State of Texas.* I should be disposed to say that to-day it is perhaps located in some of the lower tiers of counties of Texas, and closer to the Gulf coast than most persons would imagine. There are some prairie-chickens left in Wisconsin, yet more in Minnesota, and, together with the sharp-tailed grouse, these birds yet furnish sport in widely scattered localities over North and South Dakota and Nebraska.

Good chicken country is much in demand each fall, but "chicken tips" are properly to be deemed extra-hazardous. A section which is good one year may be shot out the next, and a locality which promises well in June may be found gleaned close by the "sooner," or lawless shooter, when the sportsman goes out on opening-day. Chicken laws are apparently made to be broken; certainly the average American citizen has always deemed this bird fair game at any season. Many an Iowa farm was paid for by prairie-chickens trapped during the winter, and many a pair of shoes has been bought for the market

* When Oklahoma was opened the St. Louis and Chicago markets were overrun with game of all sorts. But little comes from there now. This tells the story.—E. H.



WESTERN GROUSE COUNTRY.

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shooter's babies with the proceeds of chicken grouse knocked down with No. 10 shot while they were yet too weak to top the grass.

RISE OF THE BOB-WHITE QUAIL

If the Prince of Wales should come West again, he would find now in the front rank of our game birds a species which at the time of the early settlements in the West was thought beneath the notice of any sportsman. So long as our pioneers had deer and turkey, they did not care for prairie-chickens, and it was only after the prairie-chickens had become more of a rarity that the quail began to receive attention. Really the bob-white quail is a better game bird than the prairie-chicken, and I consider that the sport of quail-shooting over good dogs and in a comfortable country is the cream of all American sport. The prairie-chicken was pursued in August or September, whereas the natural time for quail-shooting is in the later and cooler part of autumn.

The shooting at bob-white is more difficult than that on the big grouse, and, moreover, bob-white is a bird of greater resource. Indeed, this brown little fellow seems to be the hope of Western sportsmen. So far from diminishing in numbers, the quail is actually increasing in all portions of the West where it is native, and this in spite of a persistent slaughter for the markets which runs annually far up into the millions. (One Chicago firm filled one order for 500,000 quail, and did it with ease.) The prairie-chicken followed the wheat-farms into the West, going thus into portions of Dakota where once it was rarely seen; but it could not hold its own upon the land, in spite of the great and peculiar fall migrations from the northward across Dakota and far down into the corn country of Nebraska and Iowa, by which shifting of supply a depleted region was sometimes fed by a new stock of game.

The sharp-tailed grouse of Dakota migrates into the timbered portions of Minnesota during the late fall, and the pinnated grouse also pulls his well-bestockinged legs up into his feathers and hies him farther South in the early winter, evidently not altogether loving the snow with which he is so well fitted to combat. Upon the other hand, brave bob-white, the hardy Highlander of game birds, stalks ever boldly, though barelegged, into new regions, and where he goes he holds his ground, giving and taking with the elements; cut down to a handful now and then by the severe winters, but never receding from a country where he has once tarried and tuned up his pipes.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, but which I take to be one of the most important incidents in the history of Western game birds, that the bob-white quail is moving steadily northward, farther and farther each year, following the little barren farms which are pressing into the slashings of the logged-off lumber regions. He has for many years been working steadily northward in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and already his advance-guards are not far from the Strait of Mackinack.

Within the last few years he has appeared in Minnesota, and is now well north of St. Paul, and still following the farms. It is altogether likely that this bird will eventually reach the shores of Lake Superior, though of course it will meet years of practical annihilation from severe winter weather. This is the most widely distributed of all our game birds.

RUFFED GROUSE

In three Western States—Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—the ruffed grouse is a large factor in the plans of sportsmen, and in very many other States of the West it is found in sufficient numbers to be considered an occasional, if not regular, source of sport. This bird may be said to hold its own very well, subject always to its own mysterious fluctuations in numbers. It is very abundant in the pine forests in the upper portions of the States mentioned, though the conditions there are not such as to make its pursuit pleasant to the sportsman.

The upland shooter of the East, who works hard all day over the hills and forests for three or four of these grand birds, is shocked when he learns of the work of the market shooters in this wilderness country of the West. From the one town of Tower, Minnesota, there have been train-loads of these birds shipped out, and that, moreover, against the law. Some enterprising market shooters in Wisconsin baited a disused logging road with rice, left it for a few days, and thereafter had all they could do potting the birds which gathered there to feed. There has been seen on the station platform of a little Wisconsin pine-woods town a pile of ruffed grouse higher than one's head, this being the shipment of one day.

WILD-FOWL

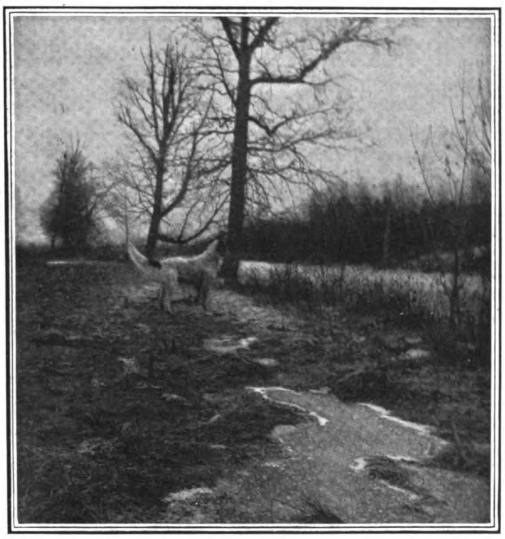
It is likely that more than half the ammunition used by Western shooters is expended upon wild-fowl. Our friends the trap shooters are apt to regard themselves as a large factor in the sportsmanship of the country; but in reality trap shooting is but a drop in the bucket compared with the game-shooting in America, even in these days of lessening game-supply. The proof of this lies in the records of the ammunition trade.

In trap shooting nitro powder is used exclusively, and nitro powder is also used almost exclusively by those men best to be called "modern sportsmen." Yet the great cartridge-factories load even to day ten cheap black-powder cartridges to one of the nitro powder which most of us would consider indispensable in these times. You will find the cheap cases of these black-powder loads in the outlying districts—along the lagoons of Texas, the pond holes of the Indian Nations, the shallow lakes of far-away Dakota.

Were the Prince of Wales's visit deferred ten years it is likely we should be obliged to take him to some club preserve in order to show him the best of our Western wild-fowl shooting. Practically all of the best wild-fowling grounds of the Middle West are now going under preserve. Many of the famous localities of a quarter of a century ago have long since lost their glory. The Kankakee marshes of Indiana, Tamarack Lake and the Kandiyohi Pass of Minnesota, the Preston lakes of Dakota, even Reelfoot and the glorious New Madrid country—these are names with but an empty sound to many shooters of to-day.

There are, roughly speaking, four lines of the migratory flight of the wild-fowl—the two coastwise flights, the Mississippi Valley flight, and the flight which crosses the Platte and Arkansas rivers. The Mississippi Valley flight is undoubtedly waning, though this spring there have been very large numbers of birds in over the Illinois River and Kankakee marshes, so we have again the old cry that "there are as many ducks as there ever were." Really this is but a temporary shifting of the migratory line. Our migratory birds—ducks, geese, snipe, and plover—are holding their own very much better than the upland birds, though showing great decrease. It is the opinion of many conservative persons that if spring shooting is persisted in, our wild-fowl must surely disappear. We cannot always delude ourselves with the belief that the "flight has moved further West." The question of spring shooting is warmly debated at the present time in many of the Western States.

Briefly, we may say that Michigan has abolished spring shooting, that Illinois never will do so, that Wisconsin has partially done so, that Minnesota will probably do so at an early date. All these things depend upon the obstinate ignorance of that class who think there are "just as many ducks as there ever were," who say that the "flight has only moved a little further West," and who think that there will always be a Dakota to which they can go for their shooting.



A POINT ACROSS WATER—DOUBTFUL.

To-day the best wild-fowl shooting is to be had at the extremes of the migratory flight in the United States, at such points as Turtle Lake and Dawson in North Dakota, and on the Gulf coast of Texas, at such points as Rockport, Matagorda, or Galveston. The best canvas-back country in America to-day is at Lake Surprise, near Galveston, Texas. There are a great many canvas-back which breed on certain isolated lakes near Dawson, North Dakota. The most famous canvas-back lake on the Mississippi Valley flight is Lake Koshkonong, in lower Wisconsin. In all the localities above mentioned the wild-celery plant is of course to be found.

If not molested by spring shooting, large numbers of wild-fowl would breed in Indiana and Illinois. They do breed largely even now in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. North Dakota is a famous breeding-ground. Thence into the illimitable North the home-seeking birds press on each spring. The warfare against them begins with the Indians, who rob their nests, taking the eggs for food. The South-bound fowl reach the most northern of the United States in September, and they are at once merrily received. By November they are half-way across the United States. In early December they reach the wintering-grounds on the Gulf coast, where they are pounded at until February by local shooters, shooters who nowadays go from the North to shoot during the winter, and by all sorts of market hunters, who are meeting or following the flight. In February and March the birds turn North again, scattering out over the country in search of food, and in all the country they cross they have no respite until they strike the Canadian line. Better sportsmen than we are, the Canadians allow "law" to any creature pursued, and they respect the breeding season as well as the season of infancy, and they enforce the game laws which they enact. In the United States we respect neither natural season nor enacted law. We only say the "flight has moved further West."

WESTERN GAME LAWS

The attitude of the West in regard to game laws is largely that of a people long free and proud of the right to bear arms. We are unwilling to believe that the old times will not always endure, unwilling to think that there is no longer any West, with its ever-ready abundance, a little farther on. Progress we have made in game laws, it is true—a progress that has been greater in the last three years than in the last seventeen thereto preceding.

Many of our Western States have excellent game laws upon their statute-books, but the executive side of the laws is, almost without exception, pitiably weak, the enforcement of the laws being left partly to politics and chiefly to chance. Minnesota and Michigan have good laws, and their enforcement has for some years been good up to the limit of the machinery allowed. In Wisconsin for some time almost the reverse has been the case. In Illinois there has never been a determined fight made on the commission-houses which make the key to the law-breaking situation in that State. In Indiana there is a crippled fish commission, with no appropriation of consequence, and no actual game protection. In Iowa much the same situation obtains as in Indiana. Nebraska and Kansas have no warden system worth the name. South Dakota cares little for her game laws. In North Dakota there had been no effort at enforcement of the laws until the enactment of the present non-resident shooting-license law, which latter has been better enforced than any other game law in that State.

This non-resident license law is a purely Western idea. Its utility has not yet been thoroughly worked out to a proof, but it is gaining ground very rapidly in certain of the Western States. Michigan charges a non-resident $25 for a deer-shooting license, and is trying to make this extend to all sorts of game. Wisconsin charges a $30 deer license for non-residents, but the law is a farce, for hardly a dozen licenses are collected during the year. Minnesota will probably have a deer-license law before many years. Illinois is toying with a $5 non-resident license bill in the present session of her Legislature. The theory of the non-resident license proposition is that it provides a fund for protective purposes very much larger than could be obtained by any State appropriation. The non-resident clause is usually accompanied by a resident license clause, a resident shooting license costing commonly fifty cents or one dollar. Let a State raise a fund in this way, and the connection with politics is obvious.

A GENERATION OF SLAUGHTER

Thus, let us say, if the Prince of Wales should come West again, he would find that since his first visit we have destroyed all our buffalo, are destroying our elk and other great game animals as rapidly as possible, have annihilated the wild-pigeon, have set the seal of extinction upon our pinnated grouse, and are in process of destroying even our magnificent supply of wild-fowl.

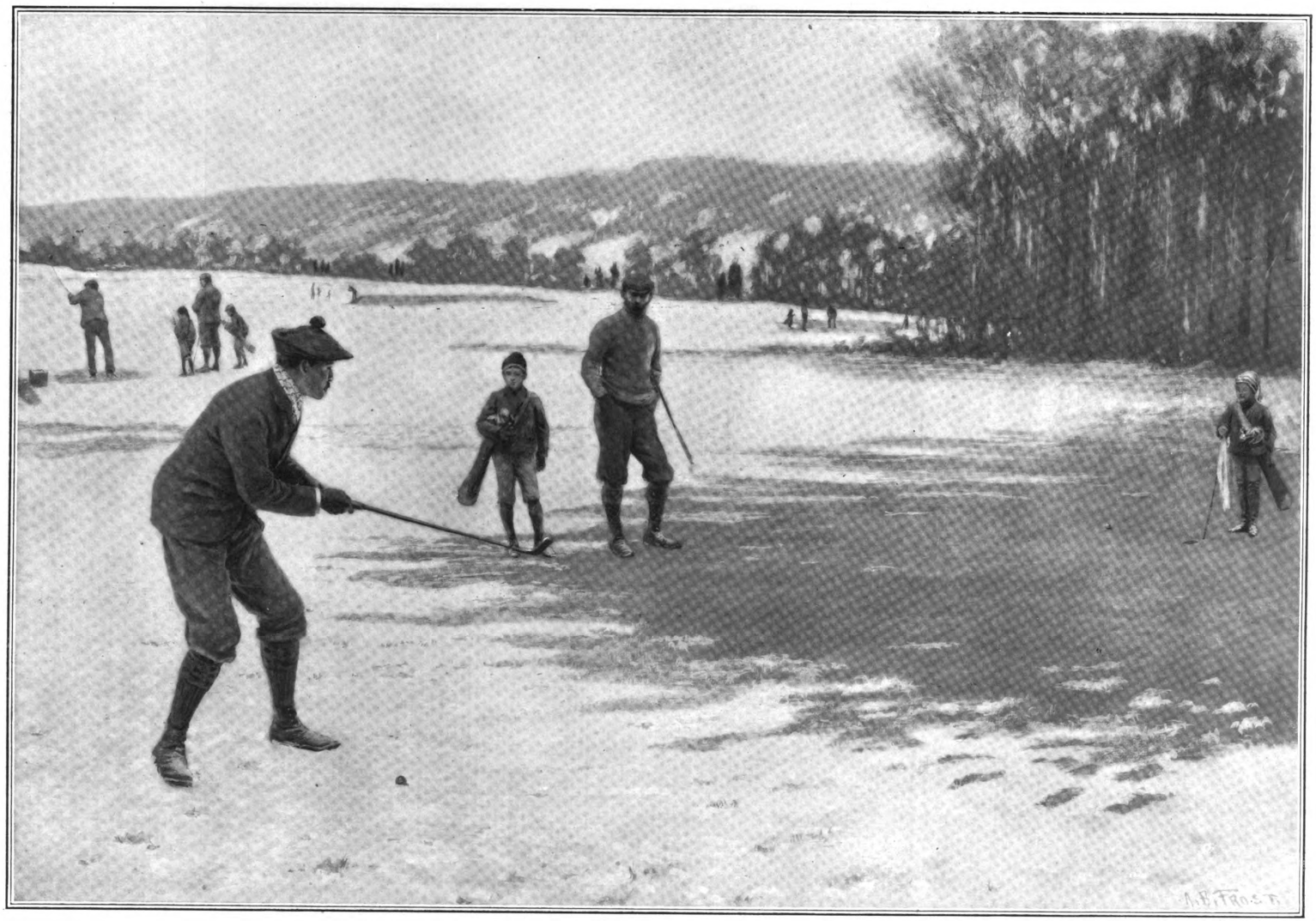
The idea of the sale of game or the destruction of game might not be new to an Englishman, but the Prince could not fail to note the difference between the conditions in England and those obtaining in America. In the former country game is sold, but it is reared systematically as poultry; the shooting seasons are rigidly observed, and the game laws are held in absolute respect. In our Western country we respect these laws less than any others, rebel at the "English idea" of preserves, and allow a few individuals to sell continually the property of the people without making any recompense or reparation, and without the least effort toward keeping up the supply, notably decreasing as it is under the ever-increasing demands of a rapidly extending civilization.

The Prince would find here to-day a population of 75,000,000 Americans, of whom perhaps 71,000,000 never heard of a game law. Of the remainder, perhaps 2,000,000 have heard of game laws but vaguely. Yet another million have heard, but openly scoff. A portion of the remaining million, and that largely located in the West, is made up of persons who think that game laws are a good thing, who are willing to talk about game laws, and pass "resolutions" regarding better laws, but who are also willing now and then to violate the laws themselves, and who oppose any such stringent movement as the abolition of spring shooting, on the ground that if they do not kill the birds "some one else will." Of actual upright sportsmen willing to face the facts, to sacrifice selfish pleasure, and to put up their guns after a decent limit and at a decent date, I really doubt if we have 10,000 in America.

This has been such a big country, such a glorious land, so full of all manner of possibilities for out-door manhood, that it is hard indeed to think of restricting in any wise the full liberties that our fathers enjoyed before us. It is unpleasant to be asked to believe that there is no longer any West. We shrink from the suggestion that the days of our Western game are numbered, and with the pride and confidence of more than a hundred years of free shooting we rebel at the thought that it is now time we should do something to keep step with the continuous output of guns and ammunition, with the steady growth in numbers of our shooters. The field sports of America have done much to make the American character what it is, and no section more than the West has abounded with opportunities. Yet the sporting resources of the West have been exhausted more rapidly than those of any other section of the country. If the Prince should come hither again, he would find that his own old Roundheads have most used to the full their free shooting privileges in this country, and would see that the descendants of his Cavaliers, our Southerners, whether by tradition or environment, will be the last to exhaust the game which nature has given them, and which it should be the wish of a gentleman sportsman to protect as well as to destroy.

In America we have no Cavaliers nor Roundheads, and we have not yet need for Old World methods. Yet we in the West surely do need to reflect that this country cannot be always new, that we cannot be always sending our product to the market without putting a limit upon the seasons and quantities of our shipments. We are learning the idea of game protection in the West slowly, perhaps too slowly eventually to save our game, but with the help of enlightened action there may yet much be done. Perhaps we may one day have good game laws in the West, and may enforce them when the Prince of Wales comes West again.

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WINTER GOLF—"PLAY THE LIKE IN FOUR!"—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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TRAP SHOOTING AT CLAY TARGETS. *By A. W. Money*

MUCH attention has recently been attracted to this sport by the tournament which took place on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, in New York, during the progress of the Annual Sportsmen's Exposition, held in the body of the building, March 2 to 15.

It was astonishing to see the number of men, women, and children who climbed those long flights of steps, to stand in the coldest, draughtiest place imaginable, deafened by the reports of the gun in such a confined space, yet held there by the fascination of a sport they barely understood.

All day long the little black and yellow targets were spinning merrily toward the high screen erected to prevent the shot from falling into the street below; over 800 of these were thrown every hour; and all through that fortnight, good weather or bad (and it was mostly bad), to "bike"—upon their humbler brethren of the mud-pie-smashing persuasion. Now one but seldom finds a live-bird shooter that cannot also hold his own at targets, and nearly all live-bird-shooting clubs have accommodation for target-shooting.

At the Madison Square tournament one of the very first of New York's crack live-bird amateurs declared to me, on my asking why he did not try his hand at it, that he would rather throw snowballs at a wall or shoot craps than shoot targets; and yet, the next day, behold the scoffer among the shooting enthusiasts, smiling when a target disappears in a puff of black dust as he fires, and assuming a look of blank surprise when the elusive little black object pursues its course untouched!

Many and various are the advantages of the sport of target-shooting over the kindred one of live-bird shooting from traps. In the matter of expense, for instance, while live birds cost from twenty-five to thirty-five cents each, targets cost but one to two cents apiece. Another great advantage of target-shooting to those enthusiasts who can never get enough, or to those who can but seldom spare any time to devote to the traps, is the amount of shooting which may be enjoyed in a short time.

At an average live-bird shoot, with a fair number of contestants, each man would probably not have a chance to shoot at more than twenty-five to forty birds in a day, whilst at a target shoot of the same size he would need from 200 to 300 shells.

Target-shooting is not nearly so easy nowadays as it was a few years ago; several changes have been made, in the way of shooting as well as in the traps used to throw the target, and the object of these changes has been to make the sport more difficult. It is now the common custom at most clubs to throw the targets from three traps, placed close together; this is what is called the Sargeant system. The shooters stand on the segment of a circle, so that each man is equally distant from the centre trap, and as he does not know which trap will be pulled for him or what the flight of the target will be, the shooting is more like that of live game in the field, and correspondingly more difficult than it was formerly. The targets are also thrown more swiftly than used to be done.

Another innovation is the use of the magazine trap, which is worked by electricity, or, where that cannot be applied, by a man seated as on a bicycle, who, by treading a pair of pedals, keeps an arm of the machine rapidly revolving, the machine itself being fed continuously by a clever automatic arrangement. The targets are thus thrown out by centrifugal force. By means of an electric connection with this arm, a target can be let fly at any moment that a button is pressed by the puller.

With either the Sargeant system or the magazine trap the result is that a continuous flight of targets can be obtained, and delays from their breaking in the trap are avoided, whilst the angles are sharper, and the shooting is thus made more difficult.

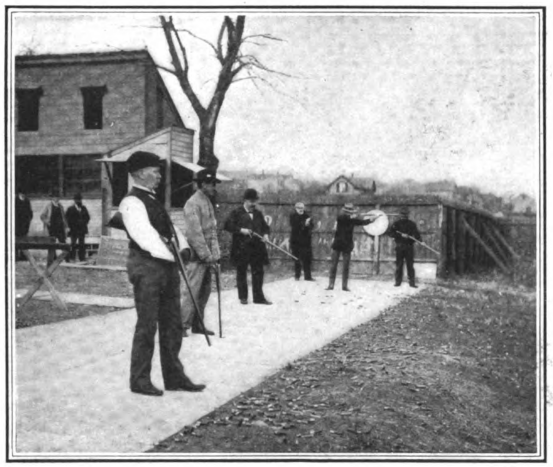
It follows that, as shooting becomes more difficult, means must be found to overcome this, and in consequence we find to-day that there has been a great improvement in both the guns and ammunition used by the shooters, in the position at the traps assumed by most of those who have any pretension to call themselves good shots, and in the quickness shown in getting on to the object to be shot at.

The guns, for instance, are better balanced, shoot a closer pattern, and much more attention is paid now to the pull-off being light, quick, and instantaneous, with no slow creeping action or varying pull.

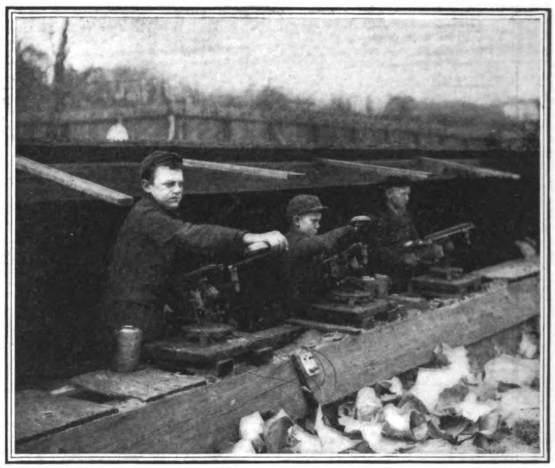
The ammunition which would have fully satisfied a man a few years ago would now have no sale. The shooting public have been to school, and nothing now will satisfy them but the best that can be produced.

There are also few or no miss-fires, no smoke, no strong fumes from powder, and the ignition of each cartridge is as quick as lightning, whilst the distressing recoil, which formerly caused sore shoulders and aching heads, is a thing of the past. Of the heroes at Santiago, it would be interesting to know how many had learnt to shoot quick and straight by their work at the traps.

There is one phase of trap shooting which I never remember to have seen mentioned in print or heard remarked on, and that is its effect on the manners and customs of those who take part in it.



A SQUAD SHOOTING BY THE SARGEANT SYSTEM.



MAGAZINE TRAPS.

shooters—expert and amateur—were struggling to get their entries accepted, and counting themselves lucky if they succeeded.

All the "old guard" were there, of course—that is, the professionals and manufacturers' experts, who do so much to keep up the interest in trap shooting by attending tournaments throughout the country; but the most striking characteristic of the shoot was the number of men who, appearing one day as spectators, were the next day to be seen among the shooters themselves.

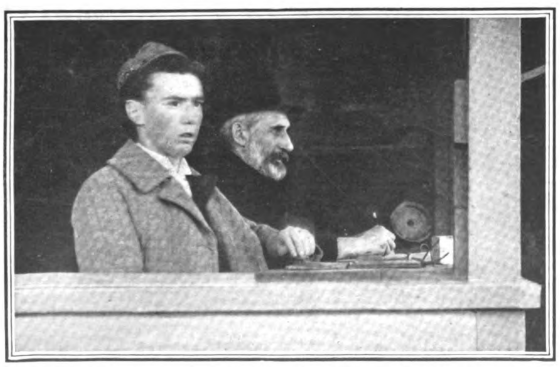
What cared they that with them was perhaps one of America's best shots breaking every target, while they were making such a steady succession of misses that the crowd looking on broke into cheers when they finally succeeded in breaking one?

They had found a new sport, and enthusiasm was running high. Who can deny that their two, three, or four hits in twenty-five shots gave them more pleasure than the twenty-five straight kills of the veteran could give him?

Yet, even to the old war-horse in the trap-shooting world, a good score is far from becoming a mechanical, unexciting performance. One of America's champion clay-target shots told me that he had found by actual experiment that at the end of a clean score of twenty-five his pulse would invariably be above normal.

This recruiting of the ranks of clay-target shooters is only what one may see at any shoot, and the enthusiasm of a beginner is only to be compared with that of a man newly bitten by golf mania.

Live-bird shooters are rapidly joining the army of target-shooters, though only a short time ago it was the custom among them to look down with the immeasurable scorn of the horseman for the cyclist—till he himself learns



THE SCORER'S BOOTH.—"PULLING" THE TRAPS.

Amongst trap shooters there are men of all sorts and all grades, from the town-bred and college-educated millionaire to the illiterate cowboy, and yet it is essentially a quiet gentlemanly sport. A man who indulges in rough, coarse language or boisterous horse-play is soon made to feel that he is out of touch with his surroundings, and soon learns to control himself.

It is essentially a game of skill, and requires great concentration of mind if a man wishes to excel in it.

It cannot therefore fail to be a good school for the rising generation, teaching them how to handle a gun with safety to themselves and others, how to bear disappointment with equanimity, and teaching them, above all, the great lesson of life—that success can only be attained by steady persevering effort; for I never yet knew of a man becoming a first-class target-shot who had not given a good deal of time and thought to it.

It looks so delightfully easy to the novice, until he essays it himself, and then he finds it the most difficult kind of shooting he has ever tried his hand at.

It is a phase of target-shooting worth noticing that whilst the attendance at large tournaments has fallen off very much indeed, the number of clubs established for this form of sport has increased enormously, and the number of private individuals who have their own set of traps, and amuse themselves and their friends by their use, has also grown with the same rapidity.

Thus to-day in the United States there are ten times the number of targets being shot at than was the case a very few years ago. This shows a healthy state of things, and that, as a sport, target-shooting has come to stay.

The enormous number of target-shooters formerly collected at any big tournament were drawn there by the valuable prizes advertised to be shot for; but as the public found out that they could win none of these unless they were able to hit almost every target they shot at, they very naturally decided to stay at home and shoot at their own club, or, if there was none, to set to work and establish one.

Another interesting point in target-shooting is the great rivalry which now exists between these different clubs, and the great number of team races which are being daily shot between them.

Most of the colleges in the United States have now got their team for shooting at clay targets, and inter-university matches are of common occurrence.

Formerly the sport was looked upon by a very large class of men as a means of making money; to-day all that has ceased, and target-shooting is carried on, as it should be, as a clean manly sport—not for filthy lucre, but for honest rivalry, and to show who is the best man.

The idea that a woman is unsexed by entering into some of the sports which have hitherto been indulged in only by men is a thing of the past, and God forbid that it should ever be revived! The woman of to-day is emancipated from all such slavish notions, and will never allow herself to be enslaved again.

Bicycling, lawn-tennis, and golf are now almost part of a girl's education, not to speak of basket-ball, fencing, etc., which they are taught at their schools amongst themselves, and the improvement in the physique of the fair sex from following up these healthy out-of-door exercises

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is a constant subject of remark. There are also many women shooters to-day, and of all the forms of shooting they can indulge in there is none so suited to their sex as that of clay-target shooting.

In it there is no suspicion of the cruelty which must always exist to a certain extent in all forms of shooting where animal life is concerned, and which is naturally repugnant to the gentle heart of a true woman.

There is also none of the exposure to weather or the excessive fatigue that must at times accompany game-shooting, and there are no snakes to be encountered.

There is nothing unwomanly or unladylike in the sport; and even if only used as the speediest, safest, and best way of teaching how to handle a gun with safety and effect, it is of the greatest possible service in this respect.

The same, too, as a means of training the boy to the proper use of a gun. Where can a boy learn so well the danger that exists, both to himself and others, in handling a gun carelessly, as at a club where target-shooting is carried on.

The first thing he sees on entering the club-house is the rules for shooting, amongst which are always the following:

Any person pointing a gun at any one shall be fined $—.

No shooter may place a shell in his gun until he is at the shooting-mark.

No shooter may turn away from the score until he has removed the shells from his gun, under a penalty of $—.

No shooting is allowed on the ground, except by the shooter at the mark, under a penalty of $—.

These and other similar rules are always rigidly enforced at all clubs, as otherwise, with so many shooters and so many guns, there would be great danger to life and limb; and thus the tyro in shooting learns as his first lesson that the gun is a good servant when properly handled, but far too dangerous a weapon ever to be trifled with.

Later on, when in company with others in the bush, he remembers these lessons, and does not risk his companions' lives by handling his gun carelessly, leaving it lying about loaded, climbing fences with the gun cocked, etc., etc.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to close this article with one or two hints which may be of use to the beginner at target-shooting:

1. When shooting, stand in an easy unconstrained position, the left foot slightly advanced, and the left knee slightly, but only slightly, bent.

2. Clasp the gun firmly with both hands, and press it firmly against the shoulder. When ready to shoot, keep the muzzle of the gun pointing at the top of the screen behind which the trap is being worked, and watch at the top edge of the screen for the first glimpses of the target, following its flight with your gun, and pressing the trigger at the moment you find you have got the correct alignment.

3. Be quick in your movements, but not jerky.

4. Watch when the shooter in front of you fires, and you will easily, after a little practice, detect the reason for his missing, if he does so, and this will help you to avoid the same fault.

5. Keep your mind concentrated on what you are doing at the moment, so that brain, hand, and eye may all work in perfect unison.

FISHING FOR FONTINALIS. *By E.T.D.Chambers*

FISHING for fontinalis is not only the typical sport of the average angler throughout the great northeast of the American continent, but it is more closely identified with his early angling experiences than any other form of the art. Whether the recollections of his first fishing-days carry him away to an out-of-town excursion to the pond or river-side with an indulgent parent, or whether they run back to the barefoot loiterings of his schoolboy days in the shallows of the purling brook with a hazel rod and a worm for bait, nine times out of ten the visions that a grateful memory conjures up for him of the earliest finny victims of his craft are those of speckled trout. What joy in after-life may compare with that which attended the capture of the sly old trout that had so long defied his boyish skill? What later heart-throb more satisfying than the sensation that thrilled his youthful being when first his happy cast was followed by the bound, clear out of the water, of the arched bow of crimson and olive and white and gold that—to borrow the language of Ossian—"springs from the deep and tries aerial ways," carrying back with him the gay deceit at the end of the line, and making merry music with the clicking of the reel?

Many fishermen have a decided preference for the open sea and the coarse large game fish that prey upon the smaller species inhabiting the same salt waters. Differing in their tastes from these men who go down to the sea in ships and see the wonders of the deep are the contemplative disciples—the "honest scholars"—of gentle Izaak, who, in holiday-time at least, "hate contentions, and love quietness and virtue and to go a-fishing," and who take for their own the Waltonian sentiment:

> I care not, I, to fish in seas;
> Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
> Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
> And seek in life to imitate.

Early spring finds them counting the weeks and days that must elapse until the streams and ponds of Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut break the icy fetters that have held them winter-bound, and the return of the open season for trouting permits them to fish for fontinalis once again.

Of all the game fish that challenge the attention of the angler, there is none that equals in beauty this *Salmo fontinalis*—alias, the American char, or brook trout. Strictly speaking, fontinalis is not a trout at all, but came to be called one through a mistake of the Pilgrim fathers, who, when they saw it in New England, supposed it to be the same fish that they had known in their own Devonshire streams. It is distinguished from the true salmon by a peculiar arrangement of teeth on the vomer, by its very small scales, and usually by numerous crimson or orange-colored spots, which are especially conspicuous in the breeding season. But why describe a form that is so familiar to every Eastern angler? What fisherman in the Northern, Middle, or Eastern States, or in Canada, is not accustomed to the gorgeous livery of the spawning fontinalis? The brilliant silver of the female fish, marked upon its burnished sides with orange and purple spots, their centre often dotted with crimson, is the very embodiment of grace and beauty, while even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the male specimens of the species. Artists have vied with one another in the effort to portray upon canvas the brilliant contrasts afforded by the mottled brown and green of its vermiculated back, the golden sheen of its variously colored sides, with the blood-red streak upon their lower parts, and of its anal, ventral, and pectoral fins, with their pencilled margins of black and white.

The splendid game qualities of this beautiful char have established its claim to precedence over the great majority of the fish that rise to the angler's lures. A well-known fisherman in Pennsylvania once declared that to play a speckled trout gave him a higher and keener sense of delight than to hook and play a lordly black bass. "Both," he said, "make a glorious and intelligent struggle for life. But there the comparison ends. The trout fights like a trained boxer, the other like a savage. One arouses all my admiration, and the other my blood. With one I feel as though I was engaged in a friendly contest; with the other, almost as though it was the life of either myself or the bass.

To meet him at his best it is necessary to fight the speckled trout, as the brook char will continue to be called despite the ichthyologists, in the cold rapid water of some northern Canadian river. The liveliest trouting in the waters of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania is on the wane by the time that the sport is at its height in the province of Quebec and to the north of Lake Superior. Even in the Adirondacks and the streams and lakes of Maine the higher summer temperature of the water has an enervating effect upon the fish. It has practically become a bottom feeder in the Rangeley district of Maine, while it rises freely to surface lures in the Nepigon and the Montmorenci. Even when successfully coaxed to take a trolled fly in the rivers of the Northeastern States, with the season well advanced, it lacks the athletic development, pugnacious methods, and muscles of iron that come from colder and clearer water and a lower temperature. For highest development of its powers of resistance it should then be sought in the rapid waters of the Lake St. John and St. Maurice districts of Canada. I have had magnificent sport, even in the month of July, in the river des Aigles and in Lake Epipham. The des Aigles is a rapid stream two to three days' journey to the north of Lake St. John, and a tributary of the Aleck—another good river for both trout and ouananiche, which in turn empties itself into the Peribonka. Lac des Aigles is famous for its three and four pound trout. In this far northern territory I found the May-fly still upon the water in the month of July.

Perhaps the most brilliantly colored specimens of the brook trout are those obtained from Lake Edward—a hundred miles north of Quebec. Some of them were on view at the recent Sportsmen's Exhibition in New York. They love to linger deep down in the cold crystal waters of the great lake, so deep, indeed, that they rarely rise to the fly. Not all anglers are fly fishermen, however, and beautiful Lake Edward offers about the best trolling and bait fishing for fontinalis that I know of. Good stout tackle is necessary to successful sport in Lake Edward. It is a peculiarity of this lake that few small fish are taken out of it, but many that run from one to seven pounds in weight; while the best of fly fishing is to be had in the adjacent lakes, especially in those lying between it and the St. Maurice territory, and also in the autumn months in the Jeannette River, which is its discharge, and where the fish that inhabit its waters retire to spawn. In the pools beneath the rapids of this picturesque stream one may feast his eyes upon a scene of surpassing beauty in the months of August and September. In all the splendor of their nuptial coloring of olive and white and purple and gold and fiery red may be seen hundreds of these most beautiful of God's finny creatures, impelled by the instincts of connubial desire and a natural sense of the duty of reproducing their kind. Here I have seen a securely hooked fish so closely attended by its amorous mate that the bitter permitted itself to be taken in the landing-net to which the angler was towing the other.

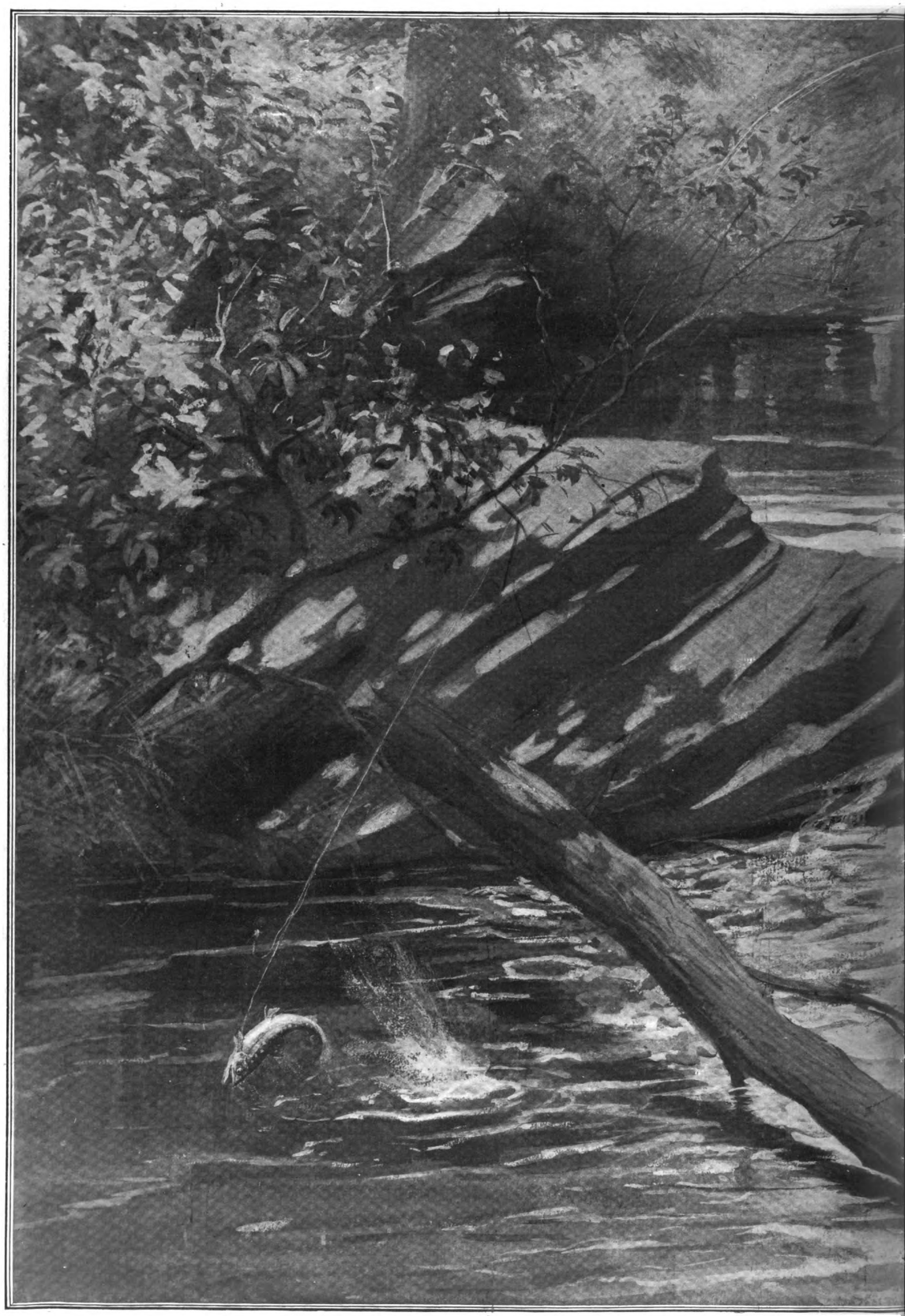
All the smaller tributaries of the large rivers flowing into Lake St. John are famous trout streams, and so are the waters within the limits of the Laurentides National Park. This famous preserve contains 2640 square miles. Roughly speaking, it includes all the central portion of the territory enclosed between the townships bordering on Lake St. John to the north, and along the St. Lawrence to the south, that skirt the Saguenay on the east, and stretch on the west to the limits leased to various fish and game clubs on the eastern side of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. It encloses the headwaters of the rivers Montmorenci, Jacques-Cartier, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Batiscan, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Chicoutimi, Murray, and many others. These are, beyond, any question, amongst the finest trout streams of the world, and the protection now accorded them will keep them so. One catch that was exhibited in 1897 included a dozen fish running in weight from five to nine pounds each. Catches almost as marvellous occur from time to time in other northern Canadian waters, outside the limits of the protected park. Messrs. A. N. Cheney, State Fish-Culturist of New York, and W. F. Rathbone, of Albany, took twenty-five speckled trout on the fly in September, 1897, that weighed in all 101¼ pounds. Ten of Mr. Cheney's fish weighed 45½ pounds, and ten of Mr. Rathbone's 41 pounds. This catch was made in the river Moisie, at the outlet of the lake of the same name, upon the territory of the Triton Fish and Game Club. The tract leased from the government by this club is some five hundred miles square, and contains 320,000 acres. Many of its lakes are yet unknown, but nearly two hundred of them have already been mapped. The club is composed almost entirely of American anglers, and has a ten-thousand-dollar club-house upon its territory. There are any number of such clubs in northern Canada, and some of them control even more Canadian territory than the Triton does. Their protection of the fish and game in the tracts that they lease insures their continuance. Nor is there any reason to dread the locking up in the hands of clubs and other lessees of all the available north-country trout waters. Mr. A. P. Low, the intrepid Labrador explorer, reports that in the far-away Hamilton River, above the Grand Falls, there is the finest trout-fishing in Canada.

The magnificent Canadian sea trout that are taken in the St. Lawrence in July and August, and also in the estuaries of salmon streams, are structurally identical with *Salmo fontinalis*, and although honored with a variety of scientific names by schoolmen, are apparently our old friend the speckled trout, who ran away to sea, to return larger and more lusty from feeding upon the flesh-pots of the briny deep, and brighter and more silvery in color, like a salmon freshly run from its late salt-water habitat. These sea trout rise greedily to the angler's salmon flies, and afford splendid sport when fought upon a grilse rod.

The influence of American sportsmen upon Canadian angling methods and equipments is already very marked. Fifteen years ago a split-bamboo rod was quite a novelty to a Canadian. Now it is found upon every lake and stream, and is sold in all the tackle-shops of Quebec and Montreal. Greenheart and lancewood are still largely used, however, and the steel rod has also its advocates; but Canadians, like Americans, are learning how much more of lightness and elasticity there is in a well-made cane rod, and how materially its use contributes to the full enjoyment of fly fishing.

The flies that kill fontinalis in the Eastern States, such as the Parmachenee belle, the Beaverkill, the professor, the Jenny Lind, the Jock Scot, and the blue and silver doctors, are equally successful in Canadian waters. Many of them, however, are too good for the purpose. The doctors and the Jock Scot are no better killers on the majority of Northern lakes and rivers than are the hackles, grizzly king, professor, Parmachenee belle, coachman, Montreal, and many other flies that cost but one-tenth of the money that the small salmon flies bring. They are not by any means epicures, these beautiful, wild, uneducated trout. They seize with avidity such combinations of silk and feather as few would venture to offer to their English or Long Island congeners. Except in the clearest of water and the warmest weather, they readily rise to lures as large as salmon flies. Their game qualities cannot be overrated. I have killed salmon in rivers upon both sides of the St. Lawrence, yet never have I had the king of fresh-water fish take the fly in the same gamy manner as fontinalis often does. *Salmo salar* has the advantage of size and weight on his side, and consequently can make a more protracted fight than his smaller cousin. His runs are of course much longer, much more exciting, and generally more numerous than those of the trout, and he throws himself higher and oftener out of the water in his efforts to escape. But he almost invariably sucks in the fly from below, while the brook trout will spring high out of the water for the gay deceit, describing, in his descent upon the fly, that peculiarly beautiful curve so familiar to Northern anglers and to lovers of the canvases of Brackett and Pope and Kilbourne and Frost. And what a battle royal does then ensue! What a variety of resources does the captive summon to his aid! How he makes for the rapid water that lends force to his struggles! Now he runs at such a pace that the reel sings again, and the angler's heart is in his throat as he contemplates the possibility of having to yield all his surplus line. The firm but gentle pressure of the rod—now as crescent-shaped as was the fish when it leaped in air, has stopped his run, and he may either repeat his skyward somersaults or double on his former course, and make another desperate effort to escape by endeavoring to secure the slack of the line. Now he is down in a dozen feet of water, tugging at the line with all the energy of despair, and shaking his head violently in desperate efforts to be free. This is indeed an anxious moment for the angler if he has failed properly to test his flies before he risked a cast where big fish are apt to be found. He has other things to think of, too. If there be rocks about the pool, his experience has taught him that fontinalis will make an effort to wind the line about them, and so gain time and opportunity to disengage himself, if possible, from the hook. If there be logs or sticks or weeds or overhanging bushes within reasonable distance, he is as sure to make for them as a fox to run to cover. If the fishing be from boat or canoe, he is certain to endeavor to dart under it. But if the angler's ingenuity prove equal to that of his fish, and if the hook still holds and the casting-line is what it ought to be, a pretty vision may soon be his. Nearer and nearer to the surface of the water rises the shadowy form of the big fish, the white-pencilled margins of the under fins assisting to mark its graceful course in gradually diminishing circles. Now you may give it the butt! Gently, though, for although the pressure drew the beautiful object toward you on its side, disclosing the red and white of its under surface, and contributing to the belief that the fight was at an end, the sight of the landing-net has inspired the fish with new life, the reel once more makes merry music, and the lately exhausted victim of your artifice takes another excited run or a straight deep dive towards the bottom of the pool. The struggle is not likely now to be of very great duration, and if the netting is rightly done, the battle of the strong will soon be over, and on the bottom of your canoe or upon the greensward beside you your eyes may feast upon the very loveliest picture in the entire album of finny nature, and your heart be full of thankfulness that such beautiful prizes are within your reach.

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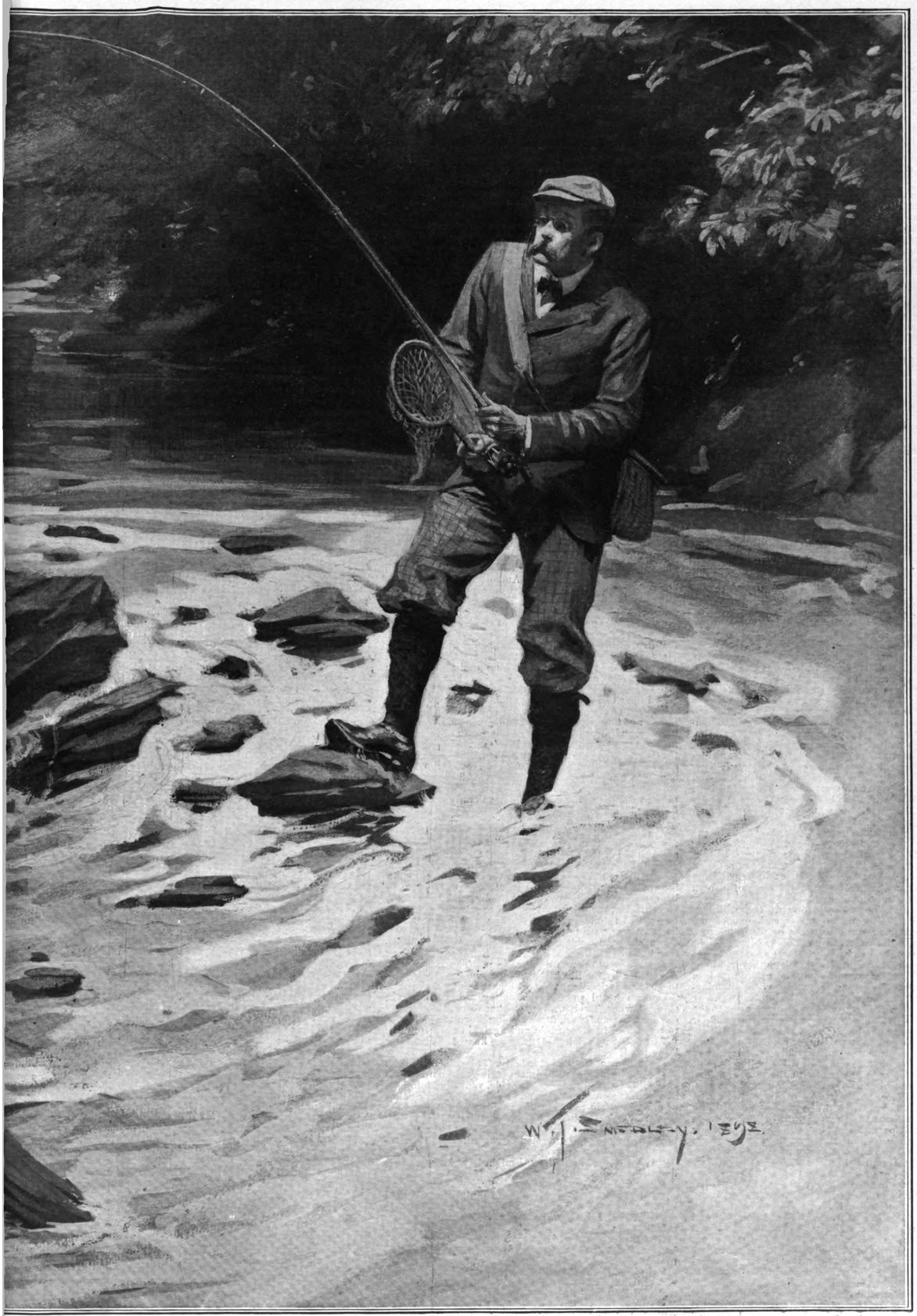
TROUT-FISHING IN A PENNSYLVA

DRAWN

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A STREAM—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

T. SMEDLEY.

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When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE UNDER SIDE.

And from the Middle Class Quarter they presently passed by the moving ways into a remote quarter of the city, where the bulk of the manufacturing was done. On their way the platforms crossed the Thames twice, and passed in a broad viaduct across one of the great roads that entered the city from the north. In both cases his impression was swift, and in both very vivid. The river was a broad wrinkled glitter of black water, overarched by buildings, and vanishing either way into a blackness starred with receding lights. A string of black barges passed seaward, manned by blue-clad men. The road was a long and very broad and high tunnel, along which big-wheeled machines drove noiselessly and swiftly. Here, too, the distinctive blue of the Labor Company was in abundance. The smoothness of the double tracks, the largeness and the lightness of the big pneumatic wheels in proportion to the vehicular body, struck Graham most vividly. One lank and very high carriage, with longitudinal metallic rods hung with the carcasses of many hundred sheep, arrested his attention unduly. Abruptly the edge of the archway cut and blotted out the picture.

Presently they left the way and descended by a lift and traversed a passage that sloped downward, and so came to a descending lift again. The appearance of things changed. Even the pretence of architectural ornament disappeared, the lights diminished in number and size, as the factory quarters were reached. And in the dusty biscuit-making place of the potters, among the felspar-mills, in the furnace-rooms of the metal-workers, among the incandescent lakes of crude Eadhamite, the blue canvas clothing was on men, women, and children.

Many of these great and dusty galleries were silent avenues of machinery; endless ashen furnaces testified to the revolutionary dislocation; but wherever there was work, it was being done by slow-moving workers in blue canvas. The only people not in blue canvas were the overlookers of the work-places and the orange-clad Labor Police. And fresh from the flushed faces of the dancing-halls, the voluntary vigors of the business quarters, Graham could note the pinched faces, the feeble muscles, and weary eyes of many of the latter-day workers. Such as he saw at work were noticeably inferior in physique to the few gayly dressed managers and forewomen who were directing their labors. The burly laborers of the old Victorian times had followed the dray-horse and all such living force-producers to extinction; the place of his costly muscles was taken by some dexterous machine. The latter-day laborer, male as well as female, was essentially a machine minder and feeder, a servant and attendant, or an artist—under direction. The women, in comparison with those Graham remembered, were, as a class, distinctly plain and flat-chested. Two hundred years of emancipation from the moral restraints of Puritanical religion, two hundred years of city life, had done their work in eliminating the strain of feminine beauty and vigor from the blue-canvas myriads. To be brilliant, physically or mentally, to be in any way attractive or exceptional, had been and was still a certain way of emancipation to the drudge, a line of escape to the Pleasure City and its splendors and delights, and at last to the Euthanasy and peace. In the young cities of his former life the newly aggregated laboring mass had been a diverse multitude, still stirred by the tradition of personal honor and a high morality; now it was differentiating into a distinct class, with a physical difference of its own—even with a dialect of its own.

They penetrated downwards towards the working-places. Presently they passed underneath one of the streets of the moving ways, and saw its platforms running on their rails far overhead, and chinks of white light between the transverse slits. The factories that were not working were sparsely lighted; to Graham they and their shrouded aisles of giant machines seemed plunged in gloom; and even where work was going on the illumination was far less brilliant than upon the public ways.

Beyond the blazing lakes of Eadhamite he came to the warren of the jewellers, and with some difficulty and by using his signature obtained admission to these galleries. They were high and dark and rather cold. In the first, men were making ornaments of gold filigree, each man at a little bench by himself, and with a little shaded light. The long vista of light patches, with the nimble fingers brightly lit and moving among the gleaming yellow coils, and the intent face, like the face of a ghost, in each shadow had the oddest effect. The work was beautifully executed, but without any strength of modelling or drawing, for the most part intricate grotesques, or the ringing of the changes on a geometrical *motif*. These workers wore a peculiar white uniform without pockets or sleeves. They assumed this on coming to work, but at night they were stripped and examined before they left the premises of the company. In spite of every precaution, the Labor policeman told them, in a depressed tone, the company was not infrequently robbed.

Beyond was a gallery of women busied in cutting and setting slabs of artificial ruby, and next these were men and women busied together upon the slabs of copper net that formed the basis of *cloisonné* tiles. Many of these workers had lips and nostrils a livid white, due to a disease caused by a peculiar purple enamel that chanced to be much in fashion. Asano apologized to Graham for the offence of their faces, but excused himself on the score of the convenience of this route. "This is what I wanted to see," said Graham; "this is what I wanted to see," trying to avoid a start at a particularly striking disfigurement that suddenly stared him in the face.

They continued along one of the lower galleries of this *cloisonné* factory, and came to a little bridge that spanned a vault. Looking over the parapet, Graham saw that beneath was a wharf under tremendous archings—archings like those of a Gargantuan cellar. Three barges, smothered in floury dust, were being unloaded of their cargoes of powdered felspar by a multitude of coughing men, each guiding a little truck; the dust filled the place with a choking mist, and turned the electric glare yellow. The vague shadows of these workers gesticulated about their feet, and rushed to and fro against a long stretch of white-washed wall. A shadowy, huge mass of masonry, rising out of the inky water, brought to Graham's mind the thought of the multitude of ways and galleries and lifts that rose floor above floor overhead between him and the sky. The men worked in silence under the supervision of two of the Labor Police; their feet made a hollow thunder on the planks along which they went to and fro. And as he looked at this scene, some voice hidden in the darkness began to sing.

"Stop that!" shouted one of the policemen; but the order was disobeyed, and first one and then all the white-stained men who were working there had taken up the beating refrain, singing it defiantly—the song of the revolt. The feet upon the planks thundered now to the rhythm of the song—tramp, tramp, tramp. The policeman who had shouted glanced at his fellow, and Graham saw him shrug his shoulders. He made no further effort to stop the singing.

And so they went through these factories and places of toil, seeing many painful and grim things. But why should the gentle reader be depressed? Surely to a refined mind our present world is distressing enough without our bothering ourselves about the miseries to come. That walk left on Graham's mind a maze of memories, fluctuating pictures of swathed halls, and crowded vaults seen through clouds of dust, of intricate machines, the racing threads of looms, the heavy bent of stamping machinery, the roar and rattle of belt and armature, of ill-lit subterranean aisles of sleeping-places, illimitable vistas of pin-point lights. And here the smell of tanning, and here the reek of a brewery. And everywhere were pillars and cross-archings of such a massiveness as Graham had never before seen; thick Titans of greasy, shining brick-work crushed beneath the vast weight of that complex city world, even as these anæmic millions were crushed by its complexity. And everywhere were pale features, lean limbs, disfigurement, and degradation.

Once and again, and again a third time, Graham heard the song of the revolt during his long unpleasant research in these places, and once he saw a confused struggle down a passage, and learnt that a number of these serfs had seized their bread before their work was done. Graham was ascending towards the ways again, when he saw a number of blue-clad children running down a transverse passage, and presently perceived the reason of their panic in a company of the Labor Police, armed with clubs, trotting towards some unknown disturbance. And then came a remote disorder. But for the most part this remnant that worked, worked hopelessly. All the spirit that was left in fallen humanity was above in the streets that night, calling for the Master, and valiantly and noisily keeping its arms.

They emerged from these wanderings, and stood blinking in the bright light of the middle passage of the platforms again. They became aware of the remote hooting and yelping of the machines of one of the General Intelligence Offices, and suddenly came men running, and along the platforms and about the ways everywhere was a shouting and crying. "What has happened now?" said Graham, puzzled, for he could not understand their thick speech. But the thing that every one was shouting, that men yelled to one another, that women took up screaming, that was passing like the first breeze of a thunderstorm, chill and sudden, through the city, was this: "Ostrog has ordered the Black Police to London. The Black Police are coming from South Africa. The Master is to be guarded by the Black Police." Asano hesitated, came to some swift decision, and told him the thing they cried.

Graham heard some one shouting, "Stop all work; stop all work," and a swarthy hunchback, ridiculously gay in green and gold, came leaping down the platforms towards him, bawling again and again, in good English: "This is Ostrog's doing—Ostrog the knave! The Master is betrayed!"

For a moment Graham stood still, for it came upon him that these things were a dream. He looked up at the great cliff of buildings on either side, vanishing into blue haze at last above the lights, and down to the roaring tiers of platforms, and the shouting, running people who were gesticulating past. "The Master is betrayed!" they cried. "The Master is betrayed!" Suddenly the situation shaped itself in his mind: Ostrog had disobeyed. His heart began to beat fast and strong.

"It has come," he said. "I might have known. The hour has come."

He looked at Asano in sudden doubt.

"I did not know," said Asano, simply, "or I would have told you. For I am on your side, Master, and not on Ostrog's. I have made my choice. I am on your side."

Graham thought swiftly. "If you are against me—" he said, and left the sentence unfinished. "What am I to do?"

"Go back to the Council House," said Asano.

"Why not appeal—? The people are here."

"You will lose time. They will doubt if it is you. But they will mass about the Council House. There you will find their leaders. Your strength is there—with them."

"Suppose this is only a rumor?"

"It sounds true," said Asano.

"Let us have the facts," asked Graham.

Asano shrugged his shoulders. "We had better get towards the Council House," he cried. "That is where they will swarm. Even now the ruins may be impassable."

They went up the stepped platforms to the swifter one, and there Asano accosted a laborer. The answers to his questions were in the thick vulgar speech.

"What did he say?" asked Graham.

"He knows little, but he told me that the Black Police would have arrived here before the people knew—had not some one in the wind-vane offices learnt. He said a girl."

"A girl? Not—?"

"He said a girl,—who came out from the Council House, crying aloud, and told the men at work among the ruins."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE ATLAS CHAMBER.

As Asano and Graham hurried along the ways to the ruins about the Council House they saw everywhere the excitement of the people rising. Everywhere men and women in blue were hurrying from unknown subterranean employments up the staircases of the middle path; at one place Graham saw an arsenal of the revolutionary committee besieged by a crowd of shouting men; at another a couple of men in the hated yellow uniform of the Labor Police, pursued by a gathering crowd, fled precipitately along the swift way that went in the opposite direction.

The cries of "No niggers!" "Curse the niggers!" and "The Master is betrayed!" became at last a continuous shouting as they drew near the government quarter. Many of the shouts were unintelligible. "Ostrog has betrayed us!" one man bawled, in a hoarse voice, again and again, dinning that refrain into Graham's ear until it haunted him. This person staid close beside Graham and Asano on the swift way, shouting to the people who swarmed on the lower platforms as he rushed past them. Presently he went leaping down and disappeared.

The way to the Council House across the ruins was impassable, but Asano met that difficulty, and took Graham into the premises of the central post-office. The post-office was nominally at work, but the blue-clothed porters moved sluggishly, or had stopped to stare through the arches of their galleries at the shouting men who were going by outside. Here, by Asano's advice, Graham revealed his identity. They crossed at once to the Council House by a cable cradle. Already, in the brief interval since the capitulation of the Councillors, a great change had been wrought in the appearance of the ruins. The spurting cascades of the ruptured water-mains had been captured and tamed, and huge temporary pipes ran overhead along a flimsy-looking fabric of girders. The sky was laced with the cables and wires that served the Council House, and a mass of new fabric, with great cranes and other building-machines going to and fro upon it, projected to the left of the white pile.

The moving ways that ran across this area had been restored, albeit for once running under the open sky. These were the ways that Graham had seen from the little balcony in the hour of his awakening, not nine days since, and the hall of his trance had been on the farther side, where shapeless piles of smashed and shattered masonry were now heaped together.

It was already high day and the sun was shining brightly. Out of their tall caverns of blue electric light came the swift ways, crowded with multitudes of people, who poured off them and gathered ever denser over the wreckage and confusion of the ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central building. For the most part that shouting blue mass consisted of shapeless swarms, but here and there Graham could see that a rude discipline struggled to establish itself.

The cable carried them into a hall which Graham recognized as the antechamber to the Hall of the Atlas, about the gallery of which he had walked days ago with Howard to show himself to the vanished Council, an hour from his awakening. Now the place was empty, except for two cable attendants, who seemed hugely astonished to recognize the Sleeper in the man who swung down from the cross-seat. "Where is Helen Wotton?" he demanded. "Where is Helen Wotton?" They did not know. "Then where is Ostrog? I must see Ostrog forthwith. He has disobeyed me. I have come back to take things out of his hands." Without waiting for Asano, he went straight across the place, ascended the steps at the farther end, and pulling the curtain aside, found himself facing the white Titan.

The hall was empty. Its appearance had changed very greatly since his first sight of it. It had suffered serious injury in the violent struggle of the first outbreak. On the right-hand side of the great figure the upper half of the wall had been torn away for nearly two hundred feet of its length, and a sheet of the same glassy green film that had enclosed Graham at his awakening had been drawn across the gap. This deadened but did not altogether exclude the roar of the people outside. Through it there were visible the beams and supports of metal scaffoldings that rose and fell according to the requirements of a great crowd of workmen. A dexterous, loud-hissing building-machine, with lank arms of red-painted metal that caught the still plastic blocks of mineral paste and swung them neatly into position, moved at intervals across this green-tinted picture. For a moment he stood regarding these things, and Asano overtook him.

"Ostrog," said Asano, "will be in the small offices beyond there." They had scarcely advanced ten paces from the curtain before a little panel to the left of the Atlas rolled up, and Ostrog, accompanied by Lincoln and fol-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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"HE SAW A CONFUSED STRUGGLE DOWN A PASSAGE."

lowed by two black and yellow attendants, appeared crossing the remote corner of the hall, towards a second panel that was raised and open. "Ostrog!" shouted Graham; and at the sound of his voice the little party turned. Ostrog said something to Lincoln and advanced alone.

Graham was the first to speak. "What is this I hear?" he asked. "Are you bringing negroes here—to keep the people down?"

"It is none too soon," said Ostrog. "They have been getting out of hand more and more since the revolt. I underestimated—"

"Do you mean that these negroes are on the way?"

"They may be starting now. As it is, you have seen the people—outside?"

"No wonder! But—after what was said. You have taken too much on yourself, Ostrog."

Ostrog said nothing.

"The negroes must not come to London," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln, who at once came towards them, with his two attendants close behind him. Asano drew close to Graham. "Why not?" asked Ostrog.

"White men must be mastered by white men."

"The negroes are only an instrument."

"But that is not the question. I am the Master. I mean to be the Master. And I say these negroes shall not come."

"The people—"

"I believe in the people."

"Because you are an anachronism. You are a man out of the past—an accident. You are owner perhaps of half the property in the world. But you are not Master. You do not know enough to be Master."

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln again. "I know now what you think—I can guess something of what you mean to do. Even now it is not too late to warn you. You dream of human equality—of a socialistic order—you have all those worn-out dreams of the nineteenth century fresh and vivid in your mind, and you would rule this age that you do not understand."

"Listen!" said Graham. "You can hear it—a sound like the sea. Not voices, but a voice. Do *you* altogether understand?"

"We taught them that song," said Ostrog.

"Perhaps. Can you teach them to forget it? But enough of this! These negroes must not come."

There was a pause, and Ostrog looked him in the eyes.

"They will," he said.

"I forbid it," said Graham.

"No," said Ostrog. "Sorry as I am to follow the method of the Council— For your own good—you must not side with—Disorder."

Lincoln laid his hand on Graham's shoulder.

Then—Asano had stepped forward and thrown Lincoln's arm aside. Something flashed, and Graham saw this something was a razorlike blade, fantastically engraved, that the little Japanese had drawn. Lincoln recoiled; the attendants seemed to hesitate.

"Go back!" said Asano very quickly to Graham. "Go back. You are in his hands here. Get back to the people."

For a moment Graham did not understand. Then he saw Ostrog's face. "Look!" he said; and Asano half turned as Ostrog gripped the wrist and throat of the Japanese.

Graham suddenly understood Asano. He turned towards the curtains that separated the hall from the antechamber. The clutching hand of one of the black and yellow attendants intervened. In another moment Lincoln had grasped his cloak. He turned and struck at Lincoln's face, and incontinently an attendant had him by collar and arm. He wrenched himself away, his sleeve tore noisily, and he stumbled back, to be tripped by the other man. As he went down he saw Asano's knife descend on Ostrog's wrist, and then he was staring at the distant ceiling of the hall.

He rolled over, struggling fiercely, and suddenly one of the attendants shrieked and went down under Asano, with the knife driving the blood before it through the side of the neck. The other attendant sprang to secure the blade, and Graham struggled to his feet.

Lincoln appeared before him, and went down heavily again with a blow under the point of the jaw. Graham made two strides, stumbled. And then Ostrog's arm, dripping blood, was round his neck, he was pulled over backward, fell heavily, and his arms were pinned to the ground. After a few violent efforts he ceased to struggle, and lay staring at Ostrog's heaving throat and wondering what had become of Asano.

"You—are—a prisoner," panted Ostrog.

Graham tried to see what had happened to Asano, and turning his head, perceived through the irregular green window in the walls of the hall the men who had been working the building-cranes gesticulating excitedly to people unseen. A bullet smashed among the mouldings above the Atlas. The two sheets of transparent matter that had been stretched across this gap were rent, the edges of the torn aperture darkened, curved, ran rapidly towards the frame-work, and in a moment the Council Chamber stood open to the air. A chilly gust blew in by the gap, bringing with it a war of voices from the ruinous spaces without, an elvish babblement—"Save the Master!" "What are they doing?" "The Master is betrayed!"

And then he realized that Ostrog's attention was distracted, that Ostrog's grip had relaxed, and wrenching his arms free, he struggled to his knees. In another moment he had thrust Ostrog back, and he was on one foot, his hand gripping Ostrog's throat, and Ostrog's hands clutching the silk about his neck.

But now men were coming towards them from beyond the dais—men whose intentions he misunderstood. He had a glimpse of some one running in the distance towards the curtains of the antechamber, and then Ostrog had slipped from him, and these new-comers were upon him. They thrust and pulled him, to his infinite astonishment. They obeyed the shouts of Ostrog.

He was lugged a dozen yards before he realized that they were dragging him towards the open panel. When

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he saw this he pulled back; he tried to fling himself down; he shouted for help with all his strength. There were answering cries.

The grip upon his neck relaxed, and, behold! in the lower corner of the rent upon the wall, first one and then a number of little black figures appeared, shouting and waving arms. They came leaping down from the gap into the light gallery that had led to the Silent Rooms. They ran along it, so near that Graham could see the weapons in their hands. Then Ostrog was shouting in his ear to the men who held him, and once more he was struggling with all his strength against their endeavors to thrust him towards the opening that yawned to receive him. "They can't come down!" shouted Ostrog. "They daren't fire. It's all right. We'll save him from them yet."

For long minutes, as it seemed to Graham, that inglorious struggle continued. He flung himself down to gain time. His clothes were rent in a dozen places; he was covered in dust; one hand had been trodden upon. He could hear the shouts of his supporters, and once he heard shots. He was dragged along the floor.

He could feel his strength giving way, feel his efforts wild and aimless. But no help came, and surely, irresistibly, that black yawning opening came nearer.

The pressure upon him relaxed, and he struggled up. He saw Ostrog's gray head receding, and perceived that he was no longer held. He turned about, and came full into a man in black. One of the green weapons cracked close to him, a drift of pungent smoke came into his face, and a steel blade flashed. He saw a man in pale blue stabbing one of the black and yellow attendants not three yards from his face. Then hands were upon him again. He was being pulled in two directions now. It seemed as though people were shouting indistinguishable things to him. Some one was clutching about his thighs; he was being hoisted in spite of his earnest efforts. He understood suddenly; he ceased to struggle. He was lifted up on men's shoulders and carried away from that devouring panel. A thousand throats were cheering.

He saw men in blue and black hurrying towards this—and firing after the retreating Ostrogites. Lifted up, he saw now across the whole expanse of the hall beneath the Atlas image, saw that he was being carried towards the raised platform in the centre of the place. The far end of the hall was already full of people running towards him. They were looking at him and cheering.

He became aware that a sort of body-guard surrounded him. Active men about him shouted vague orders. He saw close at hand the black-mustached man in yellow who had been among those who had greeted him in the public theatre, shouting directions. The hall was already densely packed with swaying people, the little metal gallery sagged with a shouting load, the curtains at the end had been torn away, and the antechamber was revealed, densely crowded. He could scarcely make the man near him hear for the tumult all about them. "Where is Ostrog?" he asked.

The man he questioned pointed over the heads towards the lower panels about the hall on the side opposite the gap. They stood open, and armed men were running through them and vanishing into the chambers and passages beyond. It seemed to Graham that a sound of firing drifted through the riot. He was carried in a staggering curve across the great hall towards an opening beneath the gap.

He perceived men working with a sort of rude discipline to keep the crowd off him, to make a space clear about him. He passed out of the hall, and saw a crude new wall rising blankly before him, topped by blue sky. He was swung to his feet; some one gripped his arm and guided him. He found the man in yellow close at hand. They were taking him up a narrow stairway of brick, and close at hand rose the great red painted masses, the cranes and levers and the throbbing engines of the now inactive building machine.

He was at the top of the steps. He was hurried across a narrow railed footway, and suddenly with a vast shouting the amphitheatre of ruins opened again before him. "The Master is with us! The Master! The Master!" The shout swept athwart the lake of faces like a wave, broke against the distant cliff of ruins, and came back in a welter of cries. "The Master is on our side!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONCERNING GOLF IN HOLLAND. *By James Cunningham*

I WAS working my way through the Dutch pictures in the Rotterdam gallery, steering my course by the stars in Baedeker, and I arrived at No. 263, by "Jan Steen (1626–79 A.D.), Feast of St. Nicolas"—a family group. This picture I was doggedly examining when I was surprised to notice in the centre of the canvas the figure of a little boy who holds in his hand an undoubted golf-club. Now Jan Steen is not an artist who deals in broad effects; when, for example, he paints you the graceful curves of a potato peeling, there can be no doubt in your mind as to what sort of vegetable the peeling belongs to. There is the same perfect fidelity about this drawing of a golf-club. It is a boy's driver, with a long head, rather of the Hugh Philp or prebulger shape, and reddish in color; the head is nicely "whipped" to a thin shaft with black string. There is a grip of leather, or similar stuff, and there are two small round black marks in the face about an inch apart, resembling the ends of two small pins driven into the wood. The club is about the right length for the boy, who is holding it above his head. I feel sure that that boy played golf; for though there are more ways of wielding a golf-club than of making tribal lays, only one of them is right, and the boy has it.

In one hand he holds a small round gray object, manifestly a golf-ball. The house in which the family party is gathered is that of a cobbler, who, by-the-way, appears very much bored by the festive occasion; he probably was the maker of the ball, which was, no doubt, covered with leather. The little boy, in fact, has received a golf club and ball as his present from Santa Claus.

In the large Ryks Museum of Amsterdam I looked in vain for pictures of golfing scenes, nor could I find there any specimens of club or ball in the collections of Netherland antiquities.

The well-known picture-gallery in Amsterdam, however, belonging to the Six family contains a picture by Peter van Hoogh (1630–77), in which there is a golf-club; it is in the hands of a little girl, who is playing golf while her elders look on. The club is inferior in make to the other, and is probably intended to be used with a lighter ball. The obliging and intelligent servant who shows this collection to visitors, on being questioned, began describing a game still played in Holland, which, however, turned out to be the "tame, villatic" croquet. On his attention being called to the difference between a golf-club and a croquet-mallet, he told me that some years ago he had made a club like the one in the picture for his master's children, forming shaft and head out of one piece of wood. In order to prevent the head from splitting (*caput gehen*), he had driven into it two pegs of hard wood. These are the round marks in Jan Steen's club face.

Still keeping my eyes open for traces of golf in Holland, I arrived at Middelburg, in Walcheren, a delightful old-fashioned Dutch town. Near it lies Veere, now one of the decayed burgs of Holland, once a busy seaport, carrying on a considerable trade with Leith, Edinburgh, and the Fife coast towns. It seemed likely that there might be found here some record of the trade in golf-balls, which, in the reign of James VI. (*vide* A. Lang's *Golf*, in Badminton Library), were imported into Scotland from Holland; and, indeed, in the town-hall are still preserved old documents relating to the Scottish trade. The custodian, who seemed also to be the police force of the faded burg, was very ready to tell all he knew about these papers, and his knowledge is pretty full, for he is engaged in copying out for historical purposes the old contracts made with Scottish merchants. He told me, amongst other things, that a person bearing my own name had been burgemeester of Veere in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He may have been a golfer too—God rest his soul!

At Middelburg I made the acquaintance of Mr. den Boer, a bookseller of that town, who informed me that a game called kolf (pronounced gol-f) was played there in a sort of court or alley belonging to a club, to which he kindly introduced me.

This is the game of which Mr. Lang, in Badminton, has quoted a description taken from *The Statistical Account of Scotland, 1795*.

Concerning this game, Mr. Lang observes, "There is no specific resemblance whatever between golf and the Dutch game called kolf." This is true as regards the mode of playing the game, though the clubs and balls used are simply the golfer's iron putter and feather ball of broddingnagian proportions. An etching by Rembrandt in the British Museum represents a man, seen through a window, who is playing this game. This form of "kolf" must therefore be at least as old as the seventeenth century. Whatever may be the origin of this somewhat effeminate sport, whether it was a bastard form of golf-made-comfortable, or a game of independent growth, it seems certain that there was played for many centuries in Holland another Dutch game of golf, "het kolven," which closely resembled the real article as we know it now.



GOLFING ON THE ICE AT SANDVLIET, HOLLAND.
FROM A WOOD-CUT OF A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VANDREVER (ABOUT 1673).

Mr. J. Ter Gouw, in his book on Dutch sports, *De Volksvermaken*, claims that "a game called 'het kolven' is a real game of the father-land; it had Holland for its birthplace and home, and it was unknown to Germans, French, or English, except so far as they had seen it in Holland." It is certainly a very ancient sport in that country. There is a statute of the town of Naarden, dating from the fifteenth century, to this effect: "No one is allowed in the churches or church-yards to play with golf-clubs [*doen mit kolven*] or balls or at ball-throwing." It may seem to us that a *church* is an odd place in which to golf, except perhaps on hot Sunday afternoons in imagination during the sermon; but the large vacant floor spaces and empty intercolumniation, for which Batavian ecclesiastical architecture has sometimes been censured, must be kept in mind, and the spacious floor of a pre-Reformation edifice, unencumbered with pews, such, *e. g.*, as the cathedral at Haarlem, would provide a suitable place in all weathers for some sort of putting game, probably with small pins (*paaltjes*) instead of holes. The same may be said of the church-yard and its walks, with the additional advantage that smoking and strong language might there go forward unrestrained. There are in the town church of St. Andrews waste *spaces*, popularly called the believers' galleries, whither the preacher's voice and eye do not penetrate. If Tom Morris were employed to lay out *these* as putting-greens, it might solve the question of Sunday golf.

Even a century earlier than the Naarden statute, according to Ter Gouw—that is, in the fourteenth century—this game, "het kolven," had been forbidden in certain parts of Amsterdam, probably on account of danger to the lieges.

Bredero was a Dutch poet, born at Amsterdam 1585, died 1618. In his "Moortje," a comedy founded on Terence's "Eunuchus," he introduces a peppery old gentleman who is standing on the ice watching some golfers. The old man grumbles in this wise: "On my right hand a good man's wife [*i. e.*, a "lady"] got a golf-ball on her pate. Had I the power for once, I should certainly forbid it." From this it appears that the balls were probably small and light, and that they flew to some distance. It appears, from the pictures now reproduced of Van Ostade and Vandrever, that Dutch golfers did not mind playing into a crowd. Both the striker and the about-to-be-struck seem as indifferent to the danger as if they were Christian Scientists. In the same poem occurs a line, "He also got a golf-club [kolfje] from Klaesje Buytenaer [probably the sixteenth-century Hugh Philp] without knot and without crack." Here the diminutive form of *kolf*, *kolfje*, a little club, is used, just as I have often heard in the east of Scotland a golf-club called a gowfie. ("Kolf," in Dutch, is pronounced almost exactly like our "golf" if the l is sounded; not "goff," as the game is now usually called, but gol-f, as it was pronounced a generation ago in Scotland.) From this line it appears that the club was small, of somewhat slender make, and of wood. Grabner, an old writer on sports, praises golf as a very pleasant and healthy game, since it was mostly played in the open air, and sharpened the eye.

The poet Le Francq Van Berkhey (Leiden, 1729) found, as Professor Tait in our day, that the game was not only amusing but instructive, since it provided material for scientific research in calculating the curves described by the ball.

These notices serve to show that a game called "het kolven" was known in Holland from a very remote antiquity, and still practised down to the eighteenth century.

The game was practised on various sorts of ground—in churches and church-yards, on the tops and sides of the broad grassy dykes, along the roads, where they were open enough, and, in winter, on the ice.

The earliest representation of authentic golf yet discovered is the Flemish miniature (1500–1510) reproduced in the *Illustrated London News* of June 9, 1894, and described by Mr. Mayhew. The "course" is a field surrounded by palings. There are three players, each having only one club. One player has teed and is "addressing" his ball, but from his "stayed" grip and the look of his club he does not seem to be meditating a full drive. One of the other players is "holing out." The attitude of the latter may be recommended to the notice of a distinguished golfer and author, whose grip of the putter seems to get lower and lower, [illegible] more and more deadly as it descends. Etymologic[illegible] speculation is as unsafe as it is fascinating,

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but it may be of significance that the Dutch word for a hole is "put," from which one is tempted to derive our word "putt," which used to be pronounced "poot."

In a picture attributed to Van Ostade and owned by the late Colonel Boothby (a reproduction of it appears in the Badminton Book of Golf), and in the picture by Vandrever reproduced here, the game is being played on the ice.

It is improbable that there could ever have been anything like our golf links in Holland. The only likely place for them would be the dunes which protect the west coast from the sea, such as those of Zandvoort, or of Domburg in Walcheren; but these do not appear on inspection to be suitable. The grass is too sparse and too coarse, the surface of the ground too hummocky. They would provide admirable bunkers, it is true, but nothing else. Then, the inland parts of Holland are given over to grain-growing and fat pasture-land, and were probably always too valuable for golfing purposes, even had they been suitable. Holland, indeed, might be described as a vast cow-park, protected from the sea by a line of bunkers and dams—two necessary accompaniments of golf, but not in themselves sufficient to constitute golf links. It is therefore possible that the full development of the long game did not take place except on tracts of smooth ice. That the whole game was somehow played on ice is proved by the complete set of clubs, including various irons, which appear in the Van Ostade picture.

In the picture by Vandrever (Adrian—about 1673), an engraving of which is at Fingask, Perthshire, several players are standing on the ice. The one who is driving off, apparently without having called "Voor" to the skater in front, is left-handed; he plays with a short club, as Varden does, while his antagonist, looking on, boasts a driver which, in the matter of length, would have satisfied the late lamented Bob Kirk.

In the two pictures the players seem to belong to the upper classes of society, whereas the figures on some tiles in the possession of R. B. Sharp, Esq., the well-known golfer, include types of peasants, who are wielding rudely formed golf-clubs in a workmanlike manner. These seem to prove, what has been pointed out by Mr. Mayhew, that golf was a well-known and popular sport in the Low Countries.

Further proof may be found in the existence of proverbs, still current, which refer to various points of the game of golf.

In striking off, the player made with the hand a *tuitje* (pronounced toytee)—our "tee"—a "small heap" of sand or other matter, on which the ball was placed in fair position for a clean swipe (*een fiskschen slag*). Hence arose the proverb, "Het balletjè op het tuitje zetten"—to place the ball on the tee—a saying which now bears the meaning, "to venture on a fresh stroke." Thus in current use it has survived the game whence it was originally derived. Note the diminutive of ballet—English pellet, the little ball—contrasted with the larger balls used in some other Dutch games of ball, such as the *malien-bahn*, or *paille-maille*.

There are some other Dutch proverbs, of more or less common occurrence in the language of to-day, which throw light on the game of "het kolven." "Das is wie een kolfje naar mijn hand"—"That lies to my hand like a golf-club"—said of anything that exactly suits the speaker. I was told that every schoolboy still uses this proverb. Alas that the boys of Holland know nothing of golf except by way of metaphor! They are in a worse case than the young Scots woman who had "not yet got further than love in the abstract." Another proverb is, "The best golfer will at times make a miss"; another is one of those touches of nature which make us all kin: "One must not throw the club after the ball." Yet another is very significant of the nature of the course on which the game was played: "You must play the ball as it lies." Now what was this game of "het kolven," which was played with "kolfjes" so long ago in Holland? That the name was applied to a distinct game, and not to all kinds of games played with any sort of club or mallet, seems certain. The instinct for ball games was strongly developed in old Holland. There were many varieties of bat-and-ball games, such as *malien-bahn* (*paille-maille*), tennis, etc., each being distinguished by its proper name.

We may then conclude that "het kolven" was the name of a specific game of club and ball. From the various scraps of information here collected, it seems that it was played on wide spaces, such as frozen lakes or rivers, and country roads; that the ball was struck from a tee and flew long distances through the air; that it was played from hole to hole; that the ball had to be played where it happened to lie, so that the play between holes must have comprised several consecutive strokes; that the clubs were slender wooden implements with grips of leather, and heads "whipped" on to a supple shaft for driving, and metal-headed clubs for other parts of the game; that the ball was a small light object, probably made of leather stuffed with hair, or some such material—in a word, that it was golf.

If Holland, then, was the native home of golf, it seems reasonable to seek in the Dutch language the origin of the nomenclature of the game. There are two golfing expressions, the derivation of which still remains mysterious, the words "stymie" and "dormy." I may have my guess as well as another.

There is a Dutch verb *stuiten* (pronounced styten), meaning to hinder or stop. I would suggest that when an old Dutch golfer found himself stymied he did not at once yell for the abrogation of Rule XX., but said, "Stuit mij!" (pronounced styt my), which is good Dutch for "It stops me." This phrase, with the elision of t before m, which would naturally take place in Scotland, would be contracted into "sty' my"—"stymie."

Again, there is a Dutch word *door-mijmerer* (pronounced dorr-mi-meren), meaning to muse, to be absent-minded. One can fancy again our phlegmatic friend, 4 up and 4 to play, muttering, "Ik door-mijmere"—"I may think of something else"—"dormy."

Golf, as an out-door game, is no longer played by Hollanders. The game which is now, or was recently, played in the covered courts, called "kolf-bahnen," has possibly no connection with the ancient "het kolven," except the name; but it too was at one time a popular out-door sport. Its decline and fall are recorded by the learned Ter Gouw as follows:

As the game became more and more popular, it came about that the roads were actually sometimes blocked by the players, and the game was naturally forbidden on the highway. In the seventeenth century (the date of Rembrandt's etching mentioned above) golf-alleys (*kolf-bahnen*) were laid down in the wine-houses with large level floors, and nicely turned golf-pins (*kolf-palen*) stuck therein. The balls were made heavy and elastic; they were perfectly round, of worsted wound together and covered with leather, while the clubs (*de kolven*) were finished with heavy copper ends or heads (*klikken*).



FROM "THE FEAST OF ST. NICOLAS."—By Jan Steen (1626–79).
One of the earliest Traces of Golf in Holland.

In the eighteenth century these golf courts or alleys were roofed over, to protect them from sun and rain, wind and falling leaves, so that people might golf undisturbed in all weathers. These formed long wooden sheds, eighty feet long and twenty broad, covered with tiles; the floor, which consisted of a mixture of earth and lime, was made hard, smooth, and perfectly level. At a quarter distance from each end stood a pin turned out of hard wood; for two feet of its height it was thickly coated with bell-metal, so as to give a sharp sound when struck by the large leather balls. Round the golf-alley were little tables and stools for the onlookers. So one finds them in North Holland still. The game, in fact, had been reduced almost to parlor golf.

Through the kindness of Mr. Den Boer, I was shown the golf-court belonging to the Middelburg club. It stands in a pretty garden behind the club house, in one of the principal streets of the town. The building is a long shed, perhaps twenty-five feet in height, lighted by day from the roof, and fitted up with gas-pendants for night. The floor is a level space of asphalt, some sixty feet long by eighteen feet broad. Round this playing-court on its four sides runs a passage ten feet wide, separated from the playing surface by a strong wooden partition about two feet in height. When in play the surface of the court is thinly sprinkled with sand, to make the balls bite. There are certain white lines painted on the floor, which are required for the game, and at a distance of twelve feet from each end stands a stout pin, about three feet in height and of considerable weight—fifty or sixty pounds at least. I was shown a "kolf." The head, made of iron, was very heavy—one or two pounds probably. It was cut out of sheet-iron about half an inch thick, was perfectly flat on both faces, and shaped something like an iron without any loft. It might be described as a monstrous putting-niblick, with perfectly straight face and back. The shaft was between four and five feet long, of about the thickness of a garden-rake handle—of course it had no spring.

It was evidently only to be used with a short swing. Indeed, in trying a half-swing I nearly smashed a gaslier. Unfortunately the club porter could not find a single ball on the premises, though he searched all the boxes which stand round the court. The rusty state of the iron and the absence of balls told only too clearly their tale of a neglected and dying game. The balls, as described by the porter, are rather bigger than croquet-balls. They are made of thread wound hard together and covered with leather. They cost, when new, five *guilders* (8*s.* 4*d.*), and can be made up again for half that amount. At one end of the court stands a stove for warming the balls, as they are then found to run more truly. I suppose that in winter they get frozen and have thus to be thawed out, just as, on the other hand, American golfers in summer carry round their golf-balls in an ice-pail.

I did not form a clear idea how the game was played, but it consists essentially in putting at the pins, with certain modifications introduced by the sides of the court and the aforesaid white lines. The club porter admitted that the court was now all but disused. He went over a pathetic list of old players by name, known to my companion—how such a one was now dead, another disabled, and so on; so that in Middelburg the game appears to be extinct, as it is becoming in other parts of Holland. As I left the club I looked into the billiard-room, with its three well-kept tables and its comfortable air of daily use, and I breathed a prayer that the day would never be in St. Andrews when the board of green cloth would flourish and the green turf be left to the sheep and the rabbits.

Such was the game which was still played with great vigor in Holland in the eighteenth century. While the sport was in full bloom, there was a Dutch amateur championship played for annually. The prize, which consisted of a silver golf-club with a velvet grip, bound with gold and silver thread, was subscribed for by the various landlords who owned *kolf-bahnen*. As soon as a match of this sort was announced in the journals, famous golfers came from far and near to take part in it. Matches for money stakes were also frequent. In the end of the seventeenth century the landlord of "De Witte en de Zwarte Hond," at Rotterdam, wrote over his golf-court these lines:

> Golfers, here hang club and ball:
> Players plenty, Rotterdamers all;
> Whoever will golf, come to the tee,
> But bring some ducats along with ye.

For play was deep and betting high, and a writer so late as the beginning of this century assures us that many Amsterdamers had been brought to ruin through the golf-courts. At this period, in the gardens round Amsterdam, wherever a fashionable public was expected, nicely appointed golf-courts were to be found. In playing the game they availed themselves of one singular adjunct which may be commended to the attention of those golfers who are always seeking for some new thing, especially in putting. Every one who has been in Holland knows the long straight clay pipe of the Dutch farmer, with its metal cover. This pipe plays several parts besides its proper one. It is, for one thing the barometer of agricultural prosperity. When the price of wheat is high and the farmer's spirits good, he carries his pipe in his mouth raised aloft like the horn of a unicorn; but when the market is falling, the pipe hangs its head like a tulip in a thunder-storm. It also played its part in golf. When held in the usual way it interfered with the free use of both hands in swinging the club; but out of a hinderance they made a convenience. The pipe-stem was held horizontally between the teeth, and so was not only out of the way, but served the knowing ones as a "guide to the hole"—*hulplijn* (help-line). As we have already said, even this debased form of golf has almost disappeared in Holland. Ter Gouw accounts for this as follows:

"Two enemies have driven out golf between them—billiards and the railway. When the period of railways began that of the golf-courts closed, and even the old proverb, 'As level as a golf-court' was changed into 'As level as a railway.'" The good Ter Gouw gives no proof of this, and he is, perhaps, as regards railways, guilty of the fallacy of "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." He goes on to say, with more show of reason: "But, after all, the decline of golf had begun some years before, through the competition of the billiard table, which, even in country villages, drove out the golf-courts. One sees golf-players in North Holland still, but only among peasants and old-fashioned citizens, especially on market-days at Hoorn, in the park. On the island of Texel the same thing has happened; new ideas and encroaching civilization (*veldwinnende beschaving*) have caused the decay of many peculiar and local customs. Among them golf now finds itself left with comparatively few followers."

From which catastrophe may we in mercy be delivered!

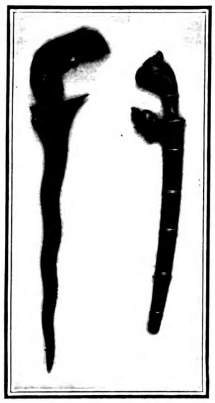
> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and games decay.

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THE SPORTS OF MALAYA. *By Caspar Whitney*

BOATS are almost, if indeed not quite, as intimate a part of the daily life of the Malay Archipelago native as of the Siamese, but there are not so many different types of craft, they are not made of such excellent wood, and the floating population is very much less.

And yet the Malays are, next to the Siamese, the most pronounced river-people in the world. Like the Siamese, they settle along the waterways, and, like them too, they build their houses six to eight feet off the ground, on piles, as a precaution against both flood and fever. In the Malay Peninsula probably three-quarters of the people live on the river-banks, but in Java and Sumatra and Borneo, although they settle along the rivers, there is also a very considerable number who live in the so-called up-country. Still, the average Malay, wherever he live, is never very far from water. Nor need he be in Sumatra, Java, or the Malay Peninsula, where the rainy season is long and heavy, the streams countless, and the larger portion of land swamp.



KRISS. TUMBUK LADA.

That boat of the Malay which answers to the use of the Siamese *rua chang* and smaller canoe is called the *tong-kong;* it has a flatter bow and stern than the Siamese boat of the same size, and is propelled by paddles. It is at once the living and trading boat of the native—the boat one meets often on the small streams. The style of deck-house gives it a picturesqueness not attained by any other of the Eastern boats, but its lines are not so good as those of the *rua chang*—the Siamese "row-boat," so to say.

The type one encounters most frequently on the small waterways, however, is a dugout, which may be a very narrow small canoe manned by one, or may be enlarged until it becomes a Tringganu (one of the native districts of northern Malay) canoe arranged for twenty to twenty-five paddles. Commonly they are built for one, two, and four paddles, are very buoyant, and easily driven. I used one of four paddles in reaching the head-waters of some of the small streams in Sumatra, and, despite our upsetting five times by running upon sunken logs that could not be seen in the deep red water, I found it comparatively roomy, and a most handy craft on very narrow streams overhung by thick tropical foliage, creepers, etc.

The other distinctly Malayan craft is the *prau*, which has a sharp-pointed bow, and a stern so finely drawn as to leave just room for a helmsman. A few of these boats are used at Singapore as passenger-carriers from wharf to steamers, in which case they are pulled by oars and manned by Tamils (*i. e.*, Indians from Madras), but on the rivers of the peninsula and of Sumatra the *prau*, when not under sail, is invariably paddled. It has by far the best lines of the Malay boats, and is as graceful and dainty as any in Eastern waters. It is the craft in which the Malay pirates, of a time not so long gone, were wont, from the many indentations of their shore-line, to steal out upon the unsuspecting and sluggish-moving coaster; it was the troop-ship of the old days when feuds carried a chief and his fighting crew from one river to another. It is fast under sail, and most seaworthy I found it on some of the larger rivers.

There is yet another boat, the *sampan*, seen in greatest numbers at Singapore, which, although not notably graceful in lines, is certainly the most serviceable boat in the Far East.

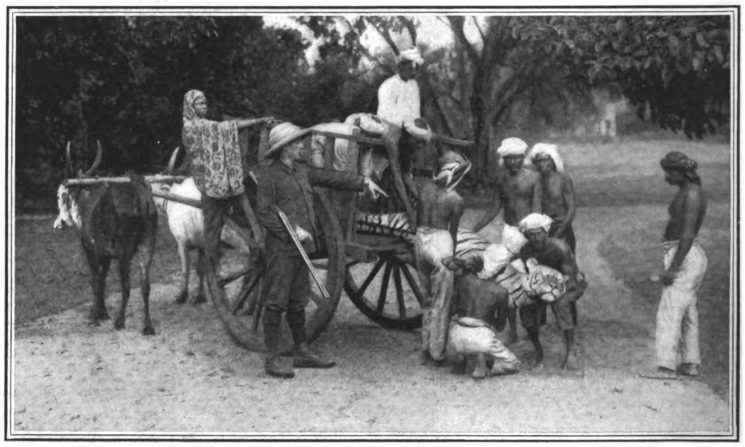
The *sampan*, with some slight differences of rig, remains the passenger ferry and general bumboat of the ports of China, all Malaya, and Burma. It will really carry an extraordinary load, and moves with remarkable ease for a boat of such beam. It is propelled by one man and two oars. The oarsman stands to his work, facing the bow, and pushes instead of pulls the oars, the rowlock being of the usual Asiatic variety—to wit, a piece of rotan twisted about the top of an upright sunk into the gunwale, and which must be liberally sprinkled with water every now and again to still its nerve-trying squeak. The oars are a little shorter than our single oar, and made of two pieces—the handle and the blade—the latter being fastened on. This is true of all oars throughout the Far East.

Under sail the *sampan* is seaworthy and surprisingly fast. Her crew is, almost without exception, patient, plodding, persistent John Chinaman—the industrial backbone of Siam and Malaya. The *sampans* seen at the ports of China and Malaya are identical in lines, but those at Penang (on the extreme northern coast of the Malay Peninsula) are manned by Tamils, and have their stern painted over in diamond-shape patches of yellow and blue. The *sampans* at Rangoon, Burma, are also manned by Tamils, and even more resplendent in yellow and blue; but their stern-posts have a little higher and sharper rake bowwards.

The Malay has naturally no more relish of vigorous bodily effort than the Siamese, but a warmer blood flows in his veins, and on occasion it runs riot, or, more correctly speaking, runs amok (not amuck, as we improperly Anglicize and vulgarize it), until his energy is spent. Amok, however, is not, and never has been, a popular game; the sport is too much confined to the man doing the running, and it has lost its vogue. I saw only one man so selfishly disporting himself, and he was promptly brought to earth by a favorite piece of male bamboo that in peaceful times serves me as a very dependable walking-stick.

Some of that warm blood which courses through the Malay's veins is sporting blood, wherein he differs from the Siamese; he is manly and well mannered—wherein he again differs from the natives of the Land of the White Elephant.

Although the Malays' native sport is not of an extended or a very energetic nature, yet what play they have reveals a decided disposition of sport for the sport's sake. They do some little fencing with that favorite and somewhat famous weapon of theirs, the kriss, but it is exceedingly crude, and seen nowadays but very seldom; in fact, it is not easy to find men who know the game well enough to exhibit their skill. There is another fencing game in which the tumbuk lada is employed. The tumbuk lada is the Malayan dagger, with a very short and much-decorated handle, and a very narrow blade from eight to twelve inches in length. It is a great favorite with the Malays, and few fail to carry one stuck into their sarong at the waist. The fence-play with the dagger does not, however, reveal a great deal of skill; it attains much dramatic action, but the energy of the opponents seems mostly expended in jumping about and in posturing. Little of the style employed in the play would be relied upon, I fancy, in serious work with the weapon.



AFTER THE HUNT—BRINGING HOME THE TIGER.

There is yet another game which combines the Siamese-Chinese arm-thrust and parry with a kind of savatte. This begins with an ostentatious parading of the combatants, prolonged by many threatening gestures and theatrical strutting, such as we see on the Chinese stage, accompanied by the ear-splitting crash of the cymbals. In the course of time the men make passes at each other with the hands and feet; and though very little real work is done, yet sometimes considerable dexterity is shown in the kicking feature of the game. There is so little of either of these native games nowadays that one must search, as I did, long and persistently in the interior to learn anything of them.

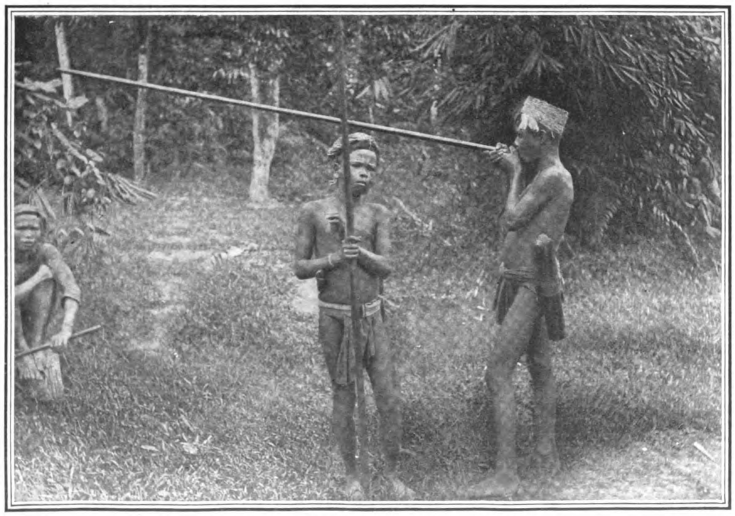
All that now remain of native sport are animal-fights and occasional canoe-racing. The animal-fights once included matches between buffalo, wild cattle, and, in Java, between tigers and goats with steel-tipped horns; but the larger animals have become too hard to get, and too valuable, so that now cock-fights and goat-fights are only left of a one-time lengthy programme.

Speaking generally, there is now really no native sport worthy the name. The introduction of English games, and encouragement of canoe-racing, have given those natives who wish for it an opportunity of enjoying the genuine article. Not many Malays care for football, or any game so vigorous; nor do they sustain much of an interest in the canoe-racing, except at the annual sports held at the different ports of the peninsula.

But they are very keen on horse-racing, and some of those who can afford it have even here and there, and for a very brief time, attempted a modest racing stud of one or two members. The Straits-born Chinaman, however, is an anomaly, and does go in for athletics; he plays football and lawn-tennis, and holds annual track games, which are interesting chiefly because of the novelty of an athletic Celestial.

There is really a great deal of good sport on the peninsula, but it is essentially English, and includes Association football (Rugby is not played in the East, because it is too wearing in a tropical climate), cricket, lawn-tennis, golf, some rowing and swimming, and horse-racing. Cricket and football and horse-racing attract the greatest attention, and there are ample provisions for all three throughout Malaya. Every English settlement in the peninsula has a Jubilee flag-pole and a sports-field. When you come to think of it seriously, those two suggestions of loyalty and athletics are largely answerable for the breadth and wealth of the British Kingdom. The regiments and Raffles school give Singapore a comparatively large supply of cricket and football players, and elsewhere in the peninsula the government service and the planters fill the ranks.

Matches are arranged every winter between Singapore and some of the native states, Perak and Selangor being the most active in cricket and football; and always in



ABORIGINAL HUNTER USING HIS BLOW-GUN.

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cricket, and occasionally in football, Singapore and Hong-kong meet annually. There is also some rowing at Kwala Lumpur (Selangor), Penang, and Singapore. Every port on the west coast of the peninsula—Penang, Telok Anson, Port Dickson, and Malacca—holds New-Year sports, the expense of which is borne privately, and, strangely enough, to which none subscribe more liberally than the Chinamen. Indeed, except at Singapore, two-thirds of the expense money of these annual sporting events is subscribed by Chinamen.

These sports extend to a programme of from fifteen to twenty events, including sailing and rowing and paddling races, and, at Singapore, water-polo, diving in fancy costumes, and (for the natives) walking a greasy boom is added. Of course there is golf everywhere, and up-country, in the more hilly states like Perak and Selangor, some sport-giving courses are to be found.

The Malay takes no prominent part in any of these, aside from the paddling and some of the rowing races, and for racing purposes he even seems to grow more indifferent each year to the canoe, that has served him so long and so competently. The managers of the sports usually have some difficulty in getting a good number of entries for the *Pulo Brani* (a boat on the *tong-kong* lines, but built for five and seven paddles) and *Jalo* (the single dugout) boat-racing. The *Jalo* is the canoe used by the Malay boys, who flock about incoming steamers at Singapore, and dive after small pieces of silver money thrown into the water.

I have seen Malays playing football at Singapore, but not many of them care for the game; a statement equally applicable to cricket.

There is no polo in the native states of the peninsula, which is not strange, considering the few Englishmen, and the thorough occupation of their time by the government or by their coffee-planting or tin-mining. But that there is none at Singapore, where a regiment is stationed and the government's servants have more leisure, is occasion for surprise. To within a year or so a field was provided at the race-course, but the officers of the regiments recently stationed at Singapore seem to have preferred playing mixed doubles and mixed foursomes, and therefore the handsomest recreation-field in Singapore is the women's lawn-tennis grounds, while the erstwhile polo-field has been given over to golf. This comment is true also of some of the posts of India. If there had been more polo-players and fewer mixed doubles partners on the Afghan frontier at the beginning of the recent outbreak, the difficulties of Sir William Lockhart would have been lessened. I have been surprised to find so many afternoon-tea rounders among England's Far Eastern army officers. More of polo and less of mixed doubles seems to be the proper prescription.



MALAY TANDOK DANCERS.



MALAY VILLAGE.

Singapore, of course, has more sport and greater facilities for it than any other port in Malaya. The recreation-field on the Esplanade facing the water is as handsome as any I have seen thus far, and large enough for two cricket creases and two football-fields; while at one end is the club-house, and at the other end the pavilion. Here also are held all athletic events—the running-tracks being on turf. There are yet two other fields of good size farther inland, where general practice and scrub play is held. The golf-course is rather mediocre.

Perhaps the greatest interest is created by the spring horse-racing, to which the peninsula wholly and annually devotes itself, and which is professional for the most part, though many of the horses are owned by men who race them for the sport of it. Every meeting includes events for gentlemen jockeys. There is a regular circuit, which includes Singapore, Johore, Penang, Batu Gajur (Perak), Kwala Lumpur, and Deli (Sumatra), and in the peninsula proper are, in addition, frequent gymkhana meetings throughout the dry season. The race-course at Singapore is the most pretentious, but does not compare with that of Happy Valley at Hong-kong. Horse-racing is about the only sport Sumatra affords; the Dutch, of course, have none, and no more have the natives, if I except an occasional stupid animal-fight. The same is true of Java, so far as European sport is concerned, though the natives have more animal-fights than in Sumatra, but the natives of both Sumatra and Java are not encouraged in sport by their Dutch controllers.

The bicycle is more popular in Singapore than in any other Eastern port; and naturally, since the roads thereabouts are not only very picturesque, but literally the best in the world. The only drawback to thoroughly good sport is the rain.

It rains at least once a day in Singapore throughout the year!

The big game of Malaya is varied, fairly plentiful, and hard to get. The Malay is not naturally a hunter, and I found him disinclined to profit by experience. Like most inhabitants of the comparative wilds, he is a fair tracker,—but mere tracking is simple enough in the swampy jungles of the Malay Peninsula or Sumatra. He has no intelligent conception of hunting, as the white sportsman does it. The Malay and the Siamese do their killing of game chiefly by building a platform near a drinking-pool, lying in wait there for the tiger or rhinoceros or deer, and shooting it as it drinks.

Far in the interior of the peninsula and of Sumatra I found the Sakais, the aborigines of Malaya, who still hunt small game and birds with a blow-gun, shooting poisoned darts.

Perhaps the sport the Malays—men and women—love best and in which they usually excel is dancing; their motions are grotesque, sometimes rapid, more frequently slow; a sort of composite of the Japanese, Siamese, and Indian styles. Often masks are worn, and always the event is made the occasion of much good cheer. The music is weird, yet soft, and so melodious that it quite fascinated me, and is certainly the most attractive of any I have heard among barbaric or partly civilized peoples.

These Malays, by-the-way, are of the same type found in the Philippines; many of their customs and implements are from a common pattern, while their dispositions are similar. I found them tractable under firm but absolutely fair dealing.

In the northern part of the peninsula, in what is really Lower Siam, there are rhinoceros and a few elephants. In the district of Pahang there are elephant, sladang (one of the varieties of wild cattle), tiger, and deer. Selangor has deer and tiger; in fact, wherever there are deer there are tiger, and deer are scattered pretty well over the peninsula. There exists here also a goat like our Rocky Mountain variety, but its color is that of our big-horn instead of white, and it is very rare and hard to get. There are occasional tapir.

In Sumatra there are elephant and rhinoceros, but very hard to kill, because of the exceedingly dense jungles and the swampy character of the soil. They travel in runways of such closely packed jungle,—one could pass within a dozen feet and you not see it. I followed the tracks of one rhinoceros five days before I finally got it;—and, in fact, the rhino came pretty near getting me on our final interview. Tiger and deer are fairly plentiful.

Java has rhinoceros, tiger, and deer. For any one district in Malaya, Pahang in the peninsula affords probably the greatest variety of game, and in most numbers. Certainly it is much easier of access than Sumatra. Java is almost too thickly settled to provide good sport.

It is difficult to get natives in Malaya—by which I mean Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java—who are both dependable servants and serviceable guides, and their hunting skill is inferior. They never hunt for sport; they seek meat or ivory or hides or the rhinoceros horn (to sell for a big price to Chinamen, who prize it highly as a medicine), and their almost invariable method is lying in wait in the dry season on a raised platform at the drinking-hole. Indeed, it requires long and arduous hunting to score by stalking.

Nowhere does the game come easily to hand, therefore success brings the keener pleasure.

Singapore, *January 31, 1898.*

To an Unknown Reader

In years to come, when I have passed away,
Your careless glance upon this page may fall;
So then, my unknown reader, pause, I pray,
And hearken to my faint and far-off call.

O youth, as graceful as a willow bough,
As gladsome as a fawn with nimble feet;
O youth, with noble alabaster brow,
Flushed with your morning splendor, fresh and sweet:—

Dear boy, mine ears shall never know your voice,
Mine eyes shall never know your princely grace,
And I shall never in your smile rejoice,
And never, never see your fine frank face.

O maiden, with the starry eyes of brown,
With golden ringlets, cheeks of peach-bloom glow;
O maiden, wearing love's and beauty's crown,
As radiant as a sunrise over snow:—

Dear girl, I never by your side shall tread,
And never shall I hear your gentle sighs;
I never shall behold your lips of red,
And never, never see your splendid eyes.

I love you, though our paths shall never meet,
Though you shall flourish after I have fled,
Though living voices seem to you more sweet
Than lays of him deserted with the dead.

Will you neglect me in that far-off day?
Shall I forgotten and forsaken lie?
Ah, then my heart should bleed, though turned to clay,
And that would be another death to die.

O unknown reader, for your sake I pine;
Beside you let me cease my wandering.
I love you; let me take your hand in mine,
And tell you stories, laugh or weep or sing.

For you I suffered in far-distant days;
For you I lost man's favor, maiden's hand;
For you my feet forsook their boyhood ways;
For you I wandered through the stranger's land.

From death's dark empire shall my soul depart,
Your smile, your friendship, and your love to win;
Behold! I come and knock upon your heart:
For God's sake, reader, rise and let me in!

Walter Malone.



ONE OF MY PACK ELEPHANTS.

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A TOUR AWHEEL.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

THE BICYCLE OF 1899. *By Walter J. Masterson*

EVERY year a variety of new devices indicating the progress in bicycle construction are presented to wheelmen in selecting new wheels. During the past twelve months the manufacturers, while working upon their '99 products, have succeeded in making marked improvements on many minor details, but few radical departures will be noticeable this year. There will be a variety of novelties in construction, but this class will be designated as belonging to the genus "freak" rather than as being of any marked utility. The improvements this year are general rather than confined to any special wheel. Improved details of finish, reduction of weight, smaller tires, strengthened spokes, modified gearing, and the reduction in the size of frames seem to sum up the general cycling situation. Bicycle construction has attained such position that riders do not look for startling departures nowadays. The vast army of riders seem as particular as ever regarding the selection of modern types of wheels, but well-tested machines seem to receive the preference.

In a general sense the bicycle of '99 differs in small respects from the type of wheel offered to the public last season. During recent years the aim of the manufacturers has seemed to lean to the introduction of some radical change rather than to the modification of small details. While the cycling public abroad was presented with the chainless model in its approved form in '97, it remained for the American makers to experiment with this type until last season before marketing it as a practical and up-to-date bicycle. In previous seasons the leading makers were convinced that the chain wheel had attained its highest point in the matter of construction, and it has been due to this fact that close attention has been devoted to perfecting a chainless wheel that would combine all the essential points of a good easy rider, and at the same time be placed on the market at a moderate cost. Recent trials with chainless bicycles, over all conditions of road, have resulted so satisfactorily that the scepticism regarding the usefulness of the type has disappeared. The chainless type will unquestionably rank as the leader this year. Last season the big manufacturers restricted their chainless outputs to a few thousands, and maintained a prohibitive price upon them. This fact was not due, as was generally supposed, to the high cost of construction, but rather to the lack of sufficient machinery to build chainless wheels to meet the big demand which might ensue.

Every rider has repeatedly found fault with the chain type, owing to the liability of chain breakage. The chainless model does away with all this, and it seems likely that the experts who always demand the latest and most approved patterns in cycle construction will be found forsaking the chain for the bevel gear. The latter has ceased to be an experiment, so that conservative riders, who were apprehensive last season in selecting this style, can rest assured that the perfected wheel of this season will combine all the excellences of a well-tested model. Aside from making an easy-riding type, the '99 chainless is constructed upon such simple principles that any rider having an ordinary knowledge of the make-up of the bicycle can repair any displacement of gear or remedy any small mishap.

It is a singular fact that the average rider, who will take a stock chainless and make an experimental ride of, say, from twenty to thirty miles, will declare that it runs hard. Very often this is true; but riders who have ridden the chainless wheel constantly maintain that it is necessary to cover from seventy-five to one hundred miles before the running-gear attains easy alignment. It is only natural to expect that with such a radical change it will take several seasons to convince the general riding public that in this latest model cycle construction has made an enormous stride. When the safety wheel first appeared, in the eighties, a majority of the cycle cranks refused to accept the innovation as a type that had come to replace the high wheel, but the most rabid of the old school were finally forced to concede that the safety meant a revolution which had come to stay, and that the ordinary was doomed. The evolution of the chainless does not make such a sweeping change as did the advent of the safety, but the advantages of the bevel gear over the chain must with experience become obvious.

The advent of the bevel gear does not mean the displacement of the chain wheel. The latter will still have a strong following, as usual, this season; in fact, a great many conservative riders will stick to this type to watch what they will persist in calling the "experiments" with the chainless. While there is a class of riders who make a practice to secure a new mount every season, a large element will satisfy themselves with chain wheels, or perhaps convert their wheels into sort of chainless types by the use of gear-cases. The latter, as manufactured by several firms, make an excellent substitute for the bevel gear. The gear-cases have been well perfected, and are now made to fit almost all wheels, obviating any possibility of the accumulation of dust, etc., on the chains. Nevertheless, the gear-cases are merely a makeshift for the chainless, and of course by no means combine the same running facilities that the bevel gear possesses.

Riders who show a preference for gear-cases instead of the chainless will find that such attachments add materially to the weight of the bicycle; but the excess is trifling when compared with the advantages. The question of the weight of road wheels figures prominently with nearly all riders. Americans place more particular stress on this detail than foreign riders. It will be found, however, that the chainless wheels weigh a trifle in excess of the chain model, but experienced riders will allow that the addition is no manifest disadvantage. All-around riders will explain that for general riding purposes the most suitable bicycle should weigh from twenty-four to twenty-eight or thirty pounds. There are lighter roadsters, but the sacrifice of weight frequently turns out disadvantageously. For park riding light wheels are admirable, but for all-around touring, where sandy roads and mountainous country are encountered, the stronger and heavier bicycle is the more serviceable. A great many new riders make an error in selecting light wheels. Without decrying the stability of the light type, the cautious rider who wants to feel secure under all riding conditions will accept a little leeway in point of weight.

While the manufacturers have been striving for years to produce a pneumatic tire that will resist puncture, no great degree of success has been attained. The leading tire-makers this year will put out tires that will be remedied of all defects of previous years, but the non-puncturable tire is still lacking.

Prices this season will be more uniform. The practice of some makers of holding out on high prices for special models, and making what they called a medium grade at less cost, has gradually died out. The action of the representative makers in listing high-grade bicycles at reduced figures means the gradual abolition of dealers who have foisted cheap outputs of inferior manufacture upon the public. The general reduction in the cost of standard wheels will be a boon alike to the rider and the manufacturer. With a range of choice of from six to eight standard makers, intending purchasers can secure bicycles of guaranteed quality and of the very latest improvement for from $40 to $80. From the riders' financial stand-point the reduction is of inestimable benefit. It places within his reach a wheel put on the market by firms of such established reputation that the veriest novice need not feel afraid of being victimized, and at a price which last season he would have had to pay for an inferior product. Reciprocating benefit accrues to the trade. Manufacturers have had it impressed upon them in recent years that what the riding public needs is a good wheel at a moderate price, and they are at last convinced that when the demand is complied with the public will rally to the standard machine if placed within a reasonable limit of price. By fixing an almost uniform tariff, price-cutting and the sale of cheap inferior wheels, both of which practices have been so injurious to the trade, are done away with. For several years the riders' slogan has been an up-to-date and reliable machine at a fair and moderate cost, but the higher-grade manufacturers held out stubbornly, and it is only as a result of the established evil of over-production and the no less apparent apathy of the

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public toward paying big prices in recent years that the standard makers have climbed down.

The American rider of to-day has become essentially a touring wheelman. The advancement of touring interests abroad seems to have awakened greater interest in riding in this country. Where heretofore visits to adjacent points satisfied the most enthusiastic wheelmen, explorations awheel to far sections now seem to have a large following. The general improvement of the public highways, which offer increased facilities to cyclers, is also largely responsible for the increased vogue for touring. The average rider who contents himself with a weekly or semi-weekly run to a suburban point never, according to the touring element, appreciates the benefits or advantages that cycling controls. Trips to distant points enable wheelmen to explore the country in a new and individual fashion, and bring to view scenic and landscape features which would otherwise be overlooked. Touring also helps to mark much more definitely the line which divides votaries of the wheel into two classes —one devoted to it for the opportunities presented for necessary and beneficial exercise and recreation, and the other embracing scorchers, century-riders, and mileage cranks. The former class has been largely recruited by the increase of interest in touring, and if there were no other attraction to be derived therefrom the tourist element in cycling would be welcome, as tending to reduce the ranks of the scorching brigade. Those who cover from thirty to fifty miles daily derive pleasure and benefit from the pastime, while the class who feel forced to get over the greatest possible amount of ground at the highest possible rate of speed are too frequently a menace to public safety, and make injurious labor for themselves instead of beneficial recreation.

There has been a growing demand for brakes in recent years, and there will in all probability be a universal call for them this season. The objection to the brake has been ascribed to the fact that it added weight. While the old style spoon brake was admittedly a clumsy attachment, the increased weight was so nominal that it should not enter into comparison with regard for a rider's safety. Brakes are important, and should be used by all riders. This year there are a great variety of types upon the market, many of which seem to possess the advantages that their manufacturers claim for them. The types which are invisible and others working with the pedal crank will be likely to be much used. A large class of riders hold a strong prejudice against the use of brakes, alleging that experienced riders can back-pedal in the face of the most perilous predicament and bring their wheels to a full stop. This argument is ridiculous, and lacks confirmation from riders who have suddenly experienced the need of stopping up suddenly. Persons who ride, either in the city or the country, run a big hazard in not fitting their wheels with brakes. For the safety of pedestrians, as well as the riders themselves, the use of brakes should be compulsory.

In the country riders are frequently forced to dismount and walk down steep hills where riding would be possible with a brake. Accidents would be rarer in cities also were all wheels fitted with brake attachments. In recent years several riders have suffered serious accidents, directly the cause of failure to equip their bicycles with brakes.

The question of suitable gears is a great problem for riders, and is likely to figure conspicuously this year. It seems singular, but this is a question upon which a wide diversity of opinion prevails among all classes of riders. In the selection of chainless wheels riders will have small option, as the interchange of the bevel gears is not so varied as to allow of the same changes as with the chain bicycle. In the latter, riders will select gears ranging from seventy to nearly one hundred inches. Practical wheelmen who have experimented with different gears upon a variety of roads declare that the extremely high gears are impracticable for all-around riding. For general use the wise rider will remain within a limit of from seventy-two to eighty-four inches. Of course, if a man possess several wheels, it is natural that he will possibly use an extremely high gear on one wheel. For riding over level territory strong riders will find high gears most suitable, but for hilly sections the medium gear is best adapted. The extremely high gears are most affected by the scorching element, who feel that the one object in cycling is to cover a great amount of ground in a short period of time. It frequently happens that a sense of fatigue which affects some riders can be attributed solely to the use of too high gears. A high gear may be suited to one rider, while a companion lacking equal strength is forced to actual labor to propel a bicycle fitted with an equal gear. Suitable gears are an important consideration, and the most satisfactory method to acquire a proper one is for riders to experiment with different sizes until satisfied.

One of the most important features of cycling is the question of lamps. The market is overrun with all classes of bicycle lamps, at all prices, but the sagacious rider will avoid the cheap class, as they are a constant source of annoyance and unsatisfactory.

Small comfort is attained in riding if a wheel is fitted with an unsuitable saddle. From the large assortment of saddles offered, it would seem a simple matter to select a comfortable seat, but oftentimes riders will experiment with various types before getting any satisfaction. There is small variety of change in the construction of the saddle this year over last, and it behooves new riders to avoid the extreme in the new variety. There is a large class of riders who seem to secure great satisfaction out of the hard leather saddles that are devoid of elastic springs and paraphernalia warranted to produce easy riding. These saddles with some of the old standard manufacture seem to have the greatest call. The inflated saddles also seem to give excellent satisfaction.

The tastes of riders may vary, but the most fastidious will be enabled to select from a big assortment of wheels and list of sundries this spring to acquire a complete cycle outfit.

A War Echo

ON Saturday, April 1, the bodies of fourteen members of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers who had died in the Santiago campaign, and had been brought North on the transport *Crook*, were met at the Wall Street ferry by the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. N. Y., composed of their comrades in Cuba. The coffins, draped with the national colors, were placed upon artillery caissons, and the procession moved along Wall Street, Broadway, through Washington Square to Fifth Avenue, and so to the armory. As the escort entered Broadway the chimes of Trinity Church played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," changing as the first caisson appeared to "Rock of Ages." Along the line of march the church-bells tolled a requiem, and flags were everywhere displayed at half mast.

At the armory funeral services were conducted by Chaplain A. B. Bradshaw, with appropriate music by the full regimental band.

v. P.

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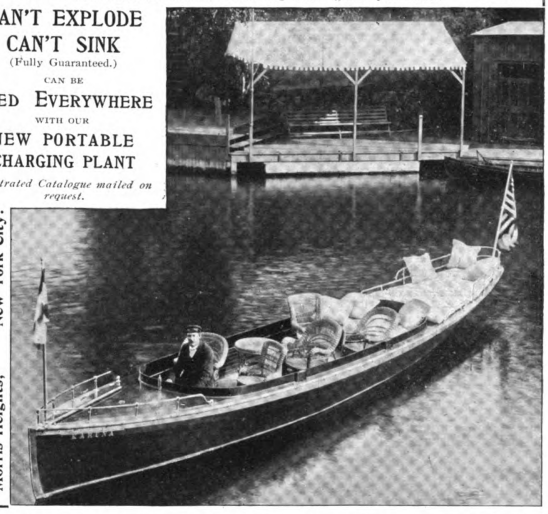
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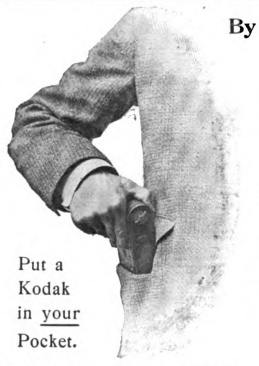
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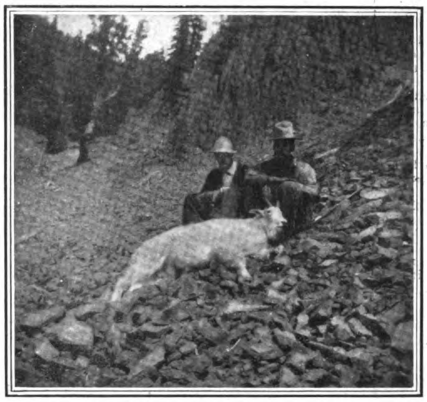
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GOAT-HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES. *By Walter McClintock*

ON the eastern slope of the Rockies, and just south of the province of Alberta, Canada, is the reservation of the Blackfeet Indians. Before the opening of the Great Northern Railroad, in 1887, this magnificent stretch of country was their exclusive domain, and they lived their wild life undisturbed by civilization. Their reservation now stretches far eastward over the rich rolling prairies, while to the westward are lofty mountain ranges, covered with vast timber belts, and until recently abounding in all kinds of large game.

With the opening of the country came many changes. Immense tracts of land were sold by the Indians to the government, and the game which had been plentiful in the mountains and on the prairies rapidly disappeared. The Blackfeet yielded to an advancing civilization which closed around them. Their condition changed from that of a wandering tribe to that of one having settled habitations. They engaged in the raising of cattle, which was the only occupation possible for them in this cold Northern climate. At the present time they have large herds of fine cattle and horses, while many of their houses are well built and comfortable.



THE DEAD BILLY.

During last summer I lived amongst these Indians, and found them extremely hospitable and kind. I worked with them on their ranches, and they quickly came to look upon me as one of their number. I accompanied them on pleasure and hunting expeditions over the prairies and into the mountains. These experiences I shall always remember with the keenest pleasure. In their company I completely forgot civilization, and enjoyed as they did their wild free life. With them I came into closest contact with nature, and the mountains and prairies over which we wandered became my home in the truest sense.

During a violent ten days' storm, which marked the beginning of autumn, Billy Jackson, a well-known Indian scout and guide, G. H. Harrison, an Eastern sportsman, and myself were shut up together under the agency's hospitable roof. We agreed that as soon as the weather was settled we would make an excursion into the magnificent St. Marys country, to hunt for Rocky Mountain goats. Jackson's ranch, a few miles from the agency, was to be our rendezvous. On the afternoon of September 9 the breaking clouds and reappearing sun gave the eagerly looked-for sign that the weather had cleared. Early the next morning I threw the "diamond hitch" upon my pack, taking great care that every rope was tight, and headed across the prairie for Jackson's. The long storm had made the air cold, but peculiarly clear and exhilarating. The high peaks of the Rockies, white with the fresh snow and sharply defined against the western sky, made an imposing procession from north to south. None but he who has experienced it can realize the delightful sense of exhilaration and independence which one feels amidst such magnificent surroundings when mounted upon one's own horse, and closely followed by a pack-horse carrying all one's possessions. The ride across the prairie seemed short, for my saddle-horse was in fine condition after his long rest, and the pack-horse followed readily. It was late in the afternoon when I picketed my horse at Jackson's. The pasture, with its old cottonwoods, long yellow bunch-grass, and clumps of alder, seemed so beautiful in the clear bright atmosphere that I lingered to enjoy the scene. Close by ran "Cut Bank," a clear mountain stream, having its source but a few miles distant, in the snow peaks of the Rockies.

In the evening I made my bed in the open, a short distance from the ranch. Near by was pitched the lodge of an old Indian squaw. During the day not a sound was heard from this quarter. But just as I was falling asleep I was aroused by a mournful wail. The night was still, and, according to the Indian belief, there were evil spirits hovering near. In order to drive them away, she and her companions huddled around their little fire and chanted far into the night.

Early the following morning the herd was driven into the corral, the pack and saddle horses selected and roped. In a short time the packs were on and everything was in readiness for the start—everything excepting the horses; for it is a peculiarity of most pack-horses that at the beginning of an expedition they seem to realize the trouble ahead, and spend their first energies in seeking to evade their task. The start having been made, instead of keeping in line and moving in their usual gait, they persistently straggled off upon the prairie. Pack-horses very much resemble men in disposition. First of all, there is the ambitious horse, that is only contented when leading the rest, and in that capacity is invaluable; then the reliable, hard-working horse that attends strictly to business; the stubborn and lazy horse, which tries to shirk at every opportunity, and when held down to work groans and grunts as if worked to death. No pack-horse outfit is complete without its Buckskin, distinguished alike for his color and for his endurance and tractability. Our Buckskin was no exception. The hardest drives never seemed to tire him. At the day's finish he was generally in the lead. After his long rest at the ranch, Buck was feeling unusually fine, and he was on the lookout for fun. The chance soon came. His stomach was so round and yielding from his recent high living that the cinches did not hold, and the saddle slipped. Buckskin expressed his disapproval in one of his highest bucks, landing stiff-legged on all-fours, which gave the pack such a jar that it turned completely, and away he went. As the pots and kettles began to fly, his example proved instantly contagious to the others, for they turned at once and galloped in the opposite direction across the prairie. It was a complete stampede. Jackson followed the main outfit, while I started to overtake Buck, who was fast disappearing in the distance. On coming up with him I saw that everything had been kicked off except the cinch-rope and pack-cover, which were dragging on the ground. Going back over Buck's trail, which was plainly marked by cooking utensils and provisions of all kinds, we gathered together, little by little, the precious contents of his pack.

The following day was our last upon the prairies, for we were now very close to the mountains, and our next drive brought us well up with them. The evening camp was pitched by a small stream flowing into the Lower St. Marys Lake.

After supper I strolled upon the high ground back of camp. The St. Marys Valley in the after-glow of sunset was most beautiful. I sat a long time enjoying it, for the details of such a magnificent view could not be taken in at once. In the distance, and at the head of the upper lake, were the snow peaks of "Divide Mountain," "Kootenai," "Almost a Dog," and "Red Eagle." Beneath lay the beautiful Lower St. Marys Lake, on either side of which was the rolling prairielike country, which stretched to the snow peaks before us.

The following morning, when we rode along the shore of the Upper St. Marys Lake, the sky was of the intensest blue, and in the clear air the high peaks toward which we were moving seemed deceptively near. In the afternoon we climbed well up on the side of Goat Mountain, where the trail became rough, and the rocks were slippery and dangerous. Once, when on the edge of a precipice overhanging the lake, Buck's pack again turned. If he had lost his head and stampeded, he would have gone to certain destruction. But, unlike his previous performance, he stood perfectly still, letting us repack him without moving. He was too sagacious and experienced a pack-horse to lose his life so rashly. It was late in the afternoon when we had skirted the side of Goat Mountain and were slowly approaching "Going-to-the-Sun." On its slope the trail became wellnigh impassable, for the timber was thick, and much of it had fallen. Jackson took the lead with an axe and chopped a way through. It was slow, hard work. At such a time the real disposition of the pack-horse is quickly manifested. The lazy horse chose to descend instead of ascend, and we were compelled to skirt through the heavy timber to head him off; and then the mean horse broke from the trail, the others following. In driving them back the packs were torn and loosened by the underbrush, and it was found necessary to repack them. It is said that at such times many men who are never known to swear suddenly become violently profane, and no man who has not driven a pack outfit through thick timber on a steep trail can justly sit in judgment upon such offenders.

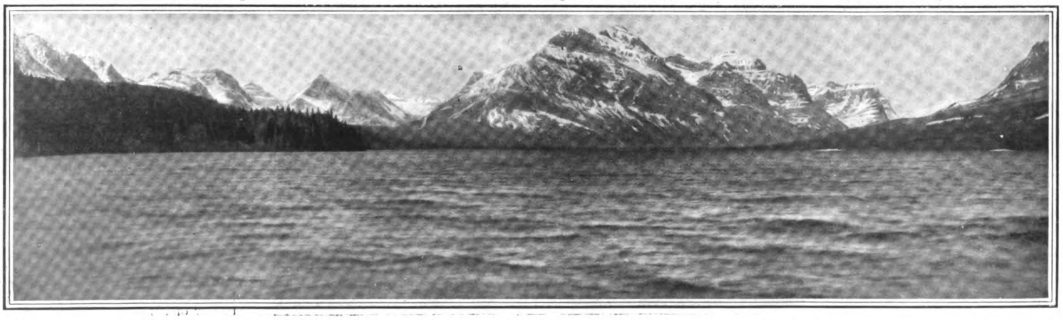
Toward sundown we came to Bearings Creek, a large, swift stream, which went roaring and plunging down toward the lake. Following the stream, we climbed rapidly upwards, passing many beautiful falls. The timber became smaller and more scrubby, and at nightfall we passed from the timber into Monroes Basin. It was surrounded by towering peaks, which in the fading twilight were grand and impressive. Our camp was pitched on a grassy slope one hundred feet above Bearings Creek, which sent up a deafening roar. When it had grown dark we were joined by two prospectors, who, desirous of sharing our night's camp and company, had followed our trail.

After a warm supper, we forgot our hard day's work and sat closely around the small camp fire, the night air being cold. The Indian invariably builds a small camp fire. He finds it more convenient for both cooking and comfort, and speaks with derision of the white man's fire as large and wasteful. From behind the peak of "Red Eagle" the moon rose, covering the crag towering above us with a silvery light, in strange contrast with the black depths of the gorge beneath, and making the whole scene one of enchanting and impressive beauty.



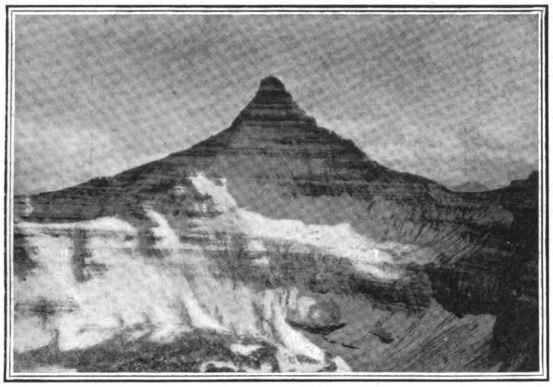
PACK-TRAIN FORDING A RIVER.

One of the prospectors named Whately related an actual experience alone in the mountains not far from Cooke City, Montana. Impelled by the lucky finding of some rich specimens, he had unconsciously worked too long, and, although totally unprepared, was compelled to sleep out. The weather luckily was warm and pleasant. Finding a depression filled with long soft grass, he stood his rifle against a neighboring tree and lay down to sleep. During the night he was awakened by the heavy breathing of a large animal, and the oppressive sense of a disagreeable smell. At first he was dazed, and half conscious of something standing over him, but lay perfectly still. Soon there were a grunting and snuffling close by his head,



THE SHORES OF ST. MARYS LAKE, WITH THE SURROUNDING PEAKS.

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"GOING-TO-THE-SUN" MOUNTAIN—THE HOME OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT AND BIG-HORN.

which made him realize that he was in the strange and horrible position of being underneath a grizzly-bear. A cold sweat came over him, and he was paralyzed with fright. The grizzly had been prowling about, led by his scent of the remnants of the prospector's supper, and so happened to walk over the prospector's body, partly covered by the grass and hidden in the depression. His rifle was standing against the tree, and it was of course impossible to reach it. He had no knife, and he realized that the grizzly might at any instant discover him. Acting on a sudden impulse, he doubled up his knees, and with all his strength plunged his fists and feet simultaneously against the stomach of the brute. It was a complete and terrible surprise for the grizzly, which, in turn, was even more frightened than Whately. It ran squealing and bellowing into the timber, while Whately, whose knees were knocking together with fright, gathered together his small outfit as quickly as possible, and struck out for Cooke City in the dark, not daring to pause until he was safely in the settlement.

Upon waking next morning, and while still under my blankets, I looked out from my tepee upon the ledges of "Going-to-the-Sun" which faced us, fully expecting to see some goats gazing down at us; for both goats and sheep have been shot from that very camp. While Jackson was carefully scanning with his field-glass the ledges and rock benches for sheep or goats, of which he discovered two or three of each, I took a snap-shot of him and our tepees with my camera. Through a temporary rift in the morning mist, which was fast dissolving before the rising sun, I fortunately caught an exquisite glimpse of Red Eagle, showing sharp and clear in the distant blue.

After breakfast Harrison and Jackson started off to climb the mountain back of camp in search of goats, while I gladly accepted the invitation of the prospectors to join them. But, to my chagrin, the horses were nowhere to be seen on the mountain-side. After examining their tracks, I found they had slipped by the camp, and were probably working their way along the back trail. I explained matters to the waiting prospectors, who at once left me and started off for their day's work. On the homeward trail, and some distance down the mountain, I found the entire herd quietly feeding and resting in a small park. It seemed late to start off alone for a hunt, the surrounding country being entirely new to me, and the mountains rugged and dangerous for climbing. On the other hand, I chafed at the prospect of being left alone in camp on so beautiful a day. Saddling Buck, my sure-footed pack-horse, I started up the basin. Riding along the stream, I watched carefully through my glasses for goats and sheep on the numerous rock shelves high up on "Going-to-the-Sun." Buck proved to be a skilled mountain horse. He climbed carefully and slowly. In dangerous places he never became excited or hesitated, but picked his way with precision.

Several times I heard a noise like that of heavy thunder, caused by the masses of ice which the warm sun had detached from the massive glacier hanging high above me.

At the head of the basin the climbing became so rough and difficult that I picketed my horse in a convenient place and continued afoot. I saw many beautiful flowers blooming by the side of snow-drifts, and passed through patches of huckleberries of unusually large size and delicious flavor. About noon I stopped for lunch beside a noisy little stream which flowed from beneath a large snow-drift. The day was warm and bright, and the view from my lofty position was magnificent. After the long and fatiguing climb it was a luxury to lie in the warm sun. From behind a clump of gnarled and twisted pines I carefully examined with my field-glasses the tracks in the snow and the beaten trails of sheep and goats. The width and depth of many of these trails indicate what countless numbers of game formerly inhabited these peaks. The constant tread of their hoofs has worn deep paths in the solid granite. The Rocky Mountain goat is only to be found among the almost inaccessible peaks of the most northern part of the Rocky Mountain chain. Ordinarily he must be approached from beneath. He is either found standing on the edge of a high precipice, or lying upon one of the narrow shelves or ledges so numerous among the higher summits. From his lofty perch he commands a view of the mountain-side beneath him, and if he detects the hunter's pursuit, quickly disappears from sight or reach. Whilst the "big-horn," or mountain-sheep, is more keen of scent and sight, the almost inaccessible haunts of the goat make his hunting more difficult and dangerous, and account for the rarity and greater value of his head as a hunter's trophy. It was now growing late in the afternoon, and I was rapidly giving up hope of seeing any game that day. I had been watching the side of Great Mountain, directly opposite, and turned to examine the mountain at the head of the basin. Far up on its slope I discovered a herd of five goats, with fur as white as snow. Had it not been for their small black horns it would have been impossible to distinguish them from the snow-drift across which they were moving. There were one billy, two nannies, and two large kids. They had crossed the mountain at the head of the basin, and were evidently on their way to "Going-to-the-Sun." They were headed for a grassy knoll high above me, from which the snow had melted, and there was a chance that they might stop there to feed. I saw that my only hope of getting within rifle-shot was to reach the knoll first and ambush them. I waited until they had nearly crossed the snow-drift, and were at such an angle that I would be hidden by an intervening hump on the mountain-side. Crawling from my ambush, I climbed with all my strength. The goats were travelling rapidly, and if I had anticipated their course rightly it would take them but a short time to get to the knoll. I realized, however, that, although speed was necessary, if I lost my wind and had to shoot in an exhausted condition there would be small chance of hitting them. As I approached the knoll it grew very exciting, for every instant I expected to see the goats appear. When I came to the knoll I threw myself flat behind a thick patch of grass, and before I had even time to get my rifle in position the head of a nanny appeared above the edge of the slope. She took a bite of grass and came into full view. I raised my .45–70 and cocked it. The click attracted the attention of the nanny which was in the lead. She stopped and looked squarely at me. I lay perfectly still, which apparently satisfied her, for she continued feeding. I fired, hitting her directly behind the shoulder. Then I gave the billy, which was following, a shot, which seriously wounded him.

By this time the first goat had struggled to a snow-drift, where I killed her with a second shot. In the mean time the wounded billy and the other nanny, with her two kids, had disappeared. It did not seem possible that the billy could go far. I started in pursuit, climbing with difficulty through the deep snow. I soon saw the nanny with her two kids standing at the top of a precipice, gazing stupidly at me. The three were within easy rifle-shot, and seemed absolutely bewildered. The kids were beautiful little animals, and though large enough to care for themselves, I had not the heart to shoot them or their mother.

The billy was nowhere to be seen; so, leaving them, I returned to the knoll, and found from his tracks that he had separated from the other goats. Following his trail, I came upon him lying down. He saw me, and started for a precipitous part of the mountain, where, I feared, I might lose him; for wounded goats frequently go off to die in such inaccessible places that it is impossible to reach them. He ran upon a series of shelves formed by the outcroppings of the horizontal rock strata, and while jumping from one to the other I had another shot. This last bullet slackened his pace, but, with vitality equal to that of a grizzly bear, he still crawled on. The climbing had become difficult and dangerous. The goat jumped down to a lower shelf, and seeing that if he went farther he would escape, I leaned over and fired. Fortunately he sank in his tracks, although I had fully expected to see him roll from the narrow ledge. It was now too late in the day to permit my skinning the goats, so, leaving them where they had fallen, I returned to camp.

Early on the following morning I started back with my pack-horse to secure the goats' heads and pelts. The day was warm and sultry. There were signs of an approaching snow-storm, which would make mountain-climbing both difficult and hazardous. Returning to the snow-drift where the nanny had fallen, I quickly skinned her and unjointed the head. Turning next to the task of passing along the ledges to reach the billy, I found that what had been done the day before with comparative ease and without any feeling of danger, because of the excitement of the chase, now tested to the utmost my strength and self-control. Carefully refraining from looking at the heights above or the rocks below, I dropped safely to the lower shelf, which was just wide enough to hold the body of the goat. I began my work immediately. The natural smell of a goat is offensive, but with the hide partly off it was extremely so. However, there was no escape from it. Behind me was the wall of rock sloping outward so that I could not stand erect; in front yawned the precipice, over which I did not dare to look.

Then came the difficult work of turning the carcass over; for the goat was large, weighing as much as a very large sheep, and in such narrow quarters it was an awkward job. When I had unjointed the head and finished the work, I crawled to the end of the shelf farthest from the carcass, and there sat down to recuperate. I then realized that, while working so very diligently, I had not noticed that the clouds were lowering upon the mountains, and that on some of the peaks the storm had already begun.

There still remained the dangerous and laborious task of getting the head and hide safely away from the ledges. Fortunately I had with me my lariat. Wrapping the head inside the hide, I lashed them with the rope, and throwing the end of it to the shelf above, I crawled up, and then pulled the bundle after me. A projecting rock blockaded my way at a point where the shelf was narrower and the slope steeper. I endeavored to shove the pack ahead of me, but the slope was too great. It started to slide, and fearing lest in such a ticklish place I might be pulled over, I let go the rope. The pack rolled from the ledge, and fell on the rocks below.

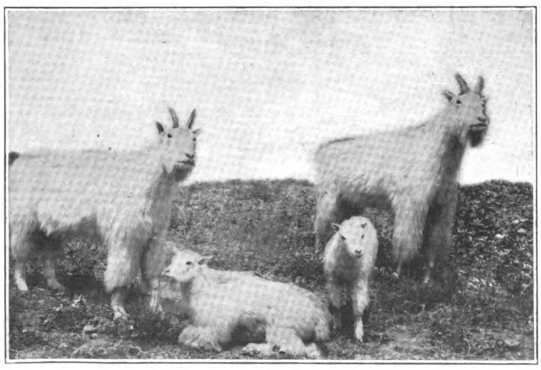
All my labor now seemed in vain, for even if I were able to reach the place where the pack had fallen, I feared I would find the head ruined by the fall. Discovering a way of approach to it from below, I was delighted to find that the head had been saved from serious injury by the thick fur of the pelt. Returning to my first trophy, I made a new pack of both heads and pelts, which, with my .45–70 rifle, I found to be a heavy load for the return trip. When I reached my horse, which I had left picketed far down the mountain-side, I was very tired. I felt that, could I have first counted the cost of my pair of heads and pelts, the task of securing them would never have been undertaken. I got together sufficient small material for making a fire. Over this I toasted some dry bread and bacon. With an appetite sharpened by hard climbing at a high altitude, they seemed the most delicious morsels I had ever eaten.



TIGHTENING A PACK IN THE WIND.

Meanwhile the air had grown damp and chilly. The heavy clouds were creeping lower and growing darker upon the mountains around me, and by the time I had finished my lunch it began to rain. As the indications were that the rain would steadily increase, and I felt that with the rapidly closing day and the growing heaviness of the clouds darkness would overtake me before I could cover but a small part of the trail which lay between me and camp, I resolved to spend the night where I was. I saw that Buck was securely picketed, in order that the scanty forage and the attractions of the home camp might not induce him to desert me. As it was impossible to keep up a fire, I lost no time in seeking shelter from the increasing rain under my blankets and tarpaulin. During the night I was awakened by a feeling of closeness in breathing and of an increased weight of covering. Turning over, I quickly fell asleep again. On awaking in the morning I felt unusually warm and comfortable, but found, to my surprise, on throwing off the tarpaulin covering, that I had been sleeping under an additional blanket of six inches of snow.

The next day, when safely back in camp, and I had completed the task of removing the scalps and "skinning out" the hides with their long, silky, snow-white fur, I appreciated as never before, what many hunters had told me, that one who brings from the Rockies of the Northwest the head of a Rocky Mountain goat, as the trophy of his own hunting, bears a good certificate of much hard work and difficult climbing.



HERD OF MOUNTAIN-GOATS.

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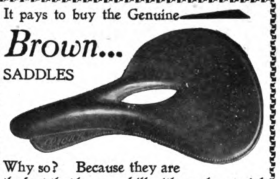
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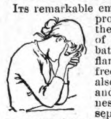
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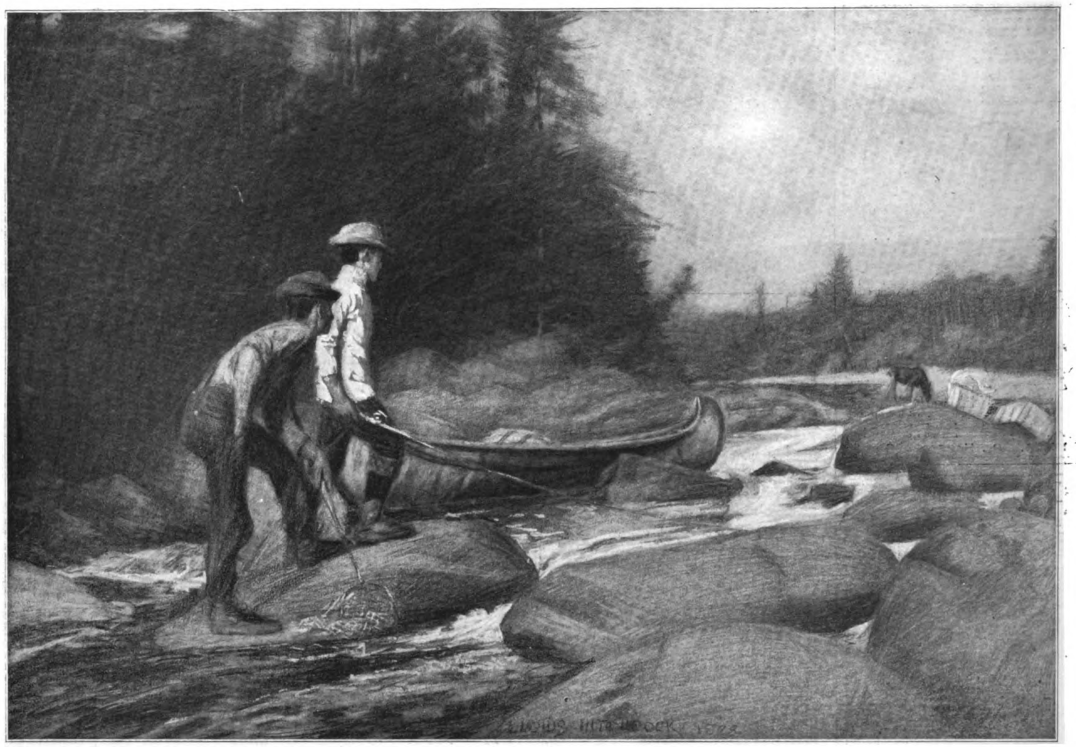


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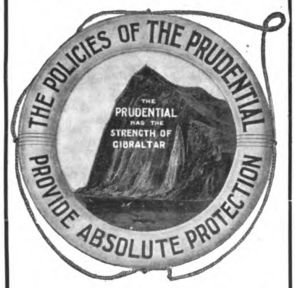
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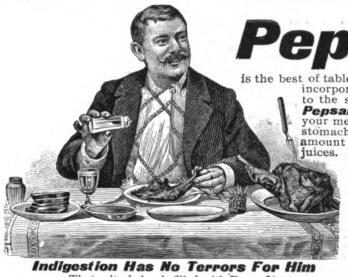
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ASSETS.

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Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,925.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
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Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
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STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

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Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—NO. 2209

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1899

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STEPHEN JOHNSON FIELD,

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 408.]

Born November 4, 1816. Died April 9, 1899.

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The Philippine Problem

THE war between the United States and Spain has been ended formally by the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, as it was ended practically by the cessation of fighting many months ago. But we are still engaged in a war, and not a week passes without its news of more or less serious encounters between our troops and those of an enemy.

When the United States interfered in Cuba last spring, it was to rescue the people of that island from tyranny and help them to establish their independence. We did not seek to annex Cuba, or to establish our supremacy in the island. The country agreed with President McKINLEY when he said, on the subject of intervention, in his message to Congress, that "forcible annexation cannot be thought of," since "that, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression."

To-day we are fighting to enforce the supremacy of the United States throughout an archipelago inhabited by former subjects of Spain, who, like the Cubans, were struggling for independence a year ago, and those who resist are notified that they can accomplish nothing except their own ruin. There are plenty of them ready to run the risk of such ruin, and the result is a constant succession of battles. In these battles the Filipinos lose much more heavily than the Americans, though the list of killed and wounded on our side is already long enough to carry terrible suffering into hundreds of homes, which men left last spring in order to fight Spain and give the subjects of Spain independence. The people read constantly of victories for our forces, but they do not rejoice over the victories.

The truth is that the nation has become involved in the most serious foreign complication ever known in our history. Last spring some vessels of our navy sailed into Manila Bay to destroy the Spanish fleet lying there. This spring tens of thousands of United States soldiers are engaged in warfare with the very natives who rejoiced at DEWEY'S victory over their oppressors. It is the most remarkable transformation scene presented on the world's stage in recent times.

The responsibility for the existing situation is hard to fix. Clear-sighted observers at Manila ascribe the outbreak of the natives against our forces to the prolonged delay in the adoption of a definite policy by the administration. Month after month passed without any announcement as to what our authorities proposed to do. The unhappy experience of the Filipinos with the Spanish had naturally made them suspicious as to the intentions of any foreign nation towards them. They had long been fighting for freedom from Spanish domination, and it was only human nature that they should be apprehensive as to the sort of rule which they would get from Americans.

The commission which was sent to the islands by the President has sought to make up for lost time by the most generous promises, couched in phrases which sound grandiloquent in American ears, but may be no more than the conventional forms of expression in the Orient. The pledges are all that could be asked by natives who have been fighting Spanish tyranny—with one important exception. Everything is based upon their surrender of the idea of independence. The most salient sentence in the long manifesto is the matter-of-fact announcement that "the supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago, and those who resist can accomplish nothing except their own ruin."

Time is necessary to show what effect will be produced by the proclamation. The natives have found by unhappy experience that proclamation pledges by the Spaniards were made only to be broken. It was inevitable that many of them should question whether such pledges would be any more binding when made by Americans. Beyond all this is the evident resolution of a large element to fight to the death for independence, promises or no promises. But President SCHURMAN reports that there is already evidence that the proclamation has done good, and that the commissioners are receiving many natives who profess their allegiance to the United States, and say that they prefer the promises made by the representatives of our government to the tyranny of AGUINALDO.

The people of the United States are studying seriously the ugly problem which confronts the nation. They recognize the courage of our soldiers, but they want that there should be no further occasion for its display. They are shocked at the idea of killing by the wholesale people who are fighting for their independence, even though those people be ignorant and treacherous. The great change in popular feeling on the subject of imperialism, to which we referred a fortnight ago, gains in force every day. Public meetings are coming to be held, which demand, in the language of resolutions adopted at Boston, "that our government shall take immediate steps toward a suspension of hostilities in the Philippines," and toward the recognition of the independence of the people in due course of time; and members of Christian churches are appointing committees to consider the expediency of remonstrating against "the conquest or forcible annexation of other countries," to quote the sentiment expressed by Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. The feeling of the country evidently is that something better is possible than a long war with the Filipinos, such as seems likely if things be allowed to drift, and that an honorable solution of the hard problem can and must be reached at an early day.

THERE is no more hopeful sign for the educational future of the country than the liberality with which the great States of the West support their universities. In the East public education seldom goes farther than the high-school, but beyond the Alleghanies there has been a general adoption of the principle that the commonwealth ought to support in large measure an institution which will give all the advantages of a college at moderate cost. It was inevitable that political considerations should sometimes operate to the disadvantage of such institutions when they must be more or less dependent upon the action of legislatures, and that serious injustice should occasionally be committed, as when the Populist law-makers of Kansas two years ago reduced appropriations so greatly that the salaries of professors had to be severely cut. But in the long-run and in the majority of cases there has been on the part of the people a readiness to tax themselves for the higher education which is most encouraging. The discussion now going on in Iowa as to a vacancy in the presidency of its university illustrates a breadth of view which is really remarkable. While many newspapers urge, with much force, that it would be better, other things being equal, to have in the position a man who is thoroughly familiar by long residence with Iowa conditions, there is also recognition of the truth that the best man ought to be secured, even if he be an outsider. Equally liberal is the spirit manifested as to the compensation which should be given. The salary of the President has been $5000 a year, which is certainly generous, compared with the pay of most heads of colleges in the East, but it has been urged that a larger sum should be offered if that were the only way to obtain the best talent.

THE Samoan complications, after a brief period of considerable tension, seem now likely to be settled amicably. The United States, England, and Germany have appointed commissioners, who will soon sail from San Francisco, and whose early agreement upon the unanimous decision which is required is confidently expected. A melancholy incident of the struggle at Apia has been the ambushing of a party of American and British sailors by native warriors on the plantation of a German, who is charged with having incited the Samoans to fight. Americans have reason for pride in the conduct of Admiral KAUTZ, the commander of our naval vessel at Apia, who has shown marked discretion in a difficult situation. The German government has manifested its desire to promote harmony by appointing as its commissioner Baron VON STERNBERG, who, as German minister at Washington, has co-operated heartily in the efforts to secure a peaceable settlement. The reception of the news from Samoa in this country has been an interesting study. While an occasional voice was heard in favor of war with Germany, if war should be necessary to rebuke her, most public men, as well as private citizens, agreed with the view of Senator THURSTON of Nebraska, that it was "absurd that the three most enlightened nations of the world should think of going to war over some insignificant islands." It is hard, at this distance from the scene of the troubles, to get a clear idea of all the issues involved, and the only rational way of righting whatever wrongs have been committed is to let cool-headed men, representing the three powers interested, investigate on the spot, and decide what ought to be done.

MR. BELLAMY STORER, now United States Minister to Belgium, has been honored with an appointment which implies the administration's confidence in his tact. The selection of a minister to Spain coincides with the President's proclamation of Spanish-American peace under wholly new conditions. It is not too much to say that the problem of our future relations with branches of the great race occupying half of the Western hemisphere is one of the most important which can engage our attention. The man representing this government at Madrid will occupy a position of delicacy at first; of highest distinction if he realizes his opportunity at the opening of a new era.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY has made admirable appointments to the Czar's peace conference, which is to assemble at The Hague next month. That the United States minister to the Netherlands should be a delegate was virtually decided when the capital of Holland was chosen for the meeting-place, and Mr. NEWELL is a creditable representative of our government. Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE, whose name heads the list, has had precisely the training required to render his ability and learning of the greatest value in such a gathering, his experience in the diplomatic service having covered a residence as attaché to the American legation in St. Petersburg when he was a young man, and a return as minister at the age of sixty, while he is now ambassador to Germany again, as he was twenty years ago. President LOW of Columbia stands now at the head of one great university in New York State, as Mr. WHITE long did at another, and the two are excellent types of the American educator who keeps in close touch with public affairs. Captain MAHAN is the one man in the navy who seems peculiarly qualified, by his studies and by his position, to represent that branch of the service with distinction, and Captain CROZIER of the army is an ordnance officer of excellent repute. As to the conference itself, its possible achievements have been grossly exaggerated on the one hand, and absurdly ridiculed on the other. The meeting of these delegates is not going to usher in the millennium; but the fact that representative men from the chief nations of the world assemble in the interest of peace is in itself an event of the first importance. It is cause for congratulation that the United States will have fit spokesmen in this notable body.

THE investigation of the beef scandal before the Army Court of Inquiry has established in the public mind the substantial truth of the charges which were brought. It has been conclusively demonstrated that bad beef was served to our soldiers in great quantities. It has been as fully proved that there was the grossest lack of supervision on the part of those officials of the War Department whose business it was to see that only good meat was provided. Radical reform in the War Department is absolutely essential. Methods and men alike must be changed before public confidence can be re-established. Legislation, as well as executive action, will be necessary to work the revolution that is demanded. Fortunately, political considerations in this case sustain the demand for reform. The War Department is the weak spot in the McKINLEY administration. Algerism and Eaganism have become crying scandals. The case of EAGAN has shown the hopelessness of paltering with such scandals. The ill-judged clemency of the President has reacted upon the administration and upon the party responsible for it. The continuance of ALGER at the head of the War Department is more than a reproach; it is a serious handicap upon the party, which its shrewder leaders see that it cannot afford to carry in the race for the fall elections.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has been to Chicago. He had a great time there and made many speeches. Chicago was glad to see him, and his visit is described as "a continuous ovation." It lasted a day and a half, and there were cheering and hand-shaking all the time, except at meals, and while the Governor was making or listening to speeches. His own chief speech was made at the Appomattox anniversary dinner, given at the Auditorium Theatre on the evening of April 9. One thousand men sat down to dinner, and 2500 persons watched and listened. The Governor discoursed of "A Strenuous Life." He said it was basely untrue to say, "Happy is the nation which has no scraps." "No history," he expressed it, but scraps is what he meant. He gave our parents due credit for fighting the civil war, which, he said, they might have shirked if they had lacked grit. He said that any Americans who shrank from seeing the nation undertake its new duties in Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines were either timid or lazy, or distrusted their country, or were over-civilized and had lost the great fighting masterful virtues, or were ignorant and had dull minds. They believed, he said, in that cloistered life which saps hardy virtues in a nation, as in an individual, or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which has no thought beyond commercialism. As for governing the Philippines, he had scant patience with those who feared to undertake it, but still less with those "who make a pretence of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and cant about 'liberty' and 'the consent of the governed' in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men."

The Governor made a good speech, with fine emphases to it, but it is conceivable that his patience with the shrinkers is somewhat inadequate. Not all of them are timid, except about doing the wrong thing. Some of them are fairly bold; for really it takes something nearly akin to heroism to persist in being a shrinker when heroes are in such demand and so well applauded. There is not much current hanging back about Cuba. As to the Philippines, though it certainly appears at present that there is nothing for it but to go ahead and fight out the fighting end of that job, and then tackle the rest of it, is it strange that honest men have had all sorts of feelings and opinions about those islands? Was there ever before such an acrobatic group of lightning-change real estate as those Philippines have proved to be? It is less than a year since the majority of us learned that there were such islands on the map. Since then, and while we have tried to keep our eye on them, they have appeared as Spanish colonies blighted by tyranny; as our allies in fighting Spain; as the home of lovers of freedom, not on any account to be given back to Spain; as rich islands which we needed in our business; as islands we had bought at a low price, which Spain had to take; as islands we could swap; as islands we could not swap; finally, as rebellious islands full of half-devil, half-child Malays with Mauser rifles in their hands and knives convenient. Small blame to citizens who haven't recognized their duty about the Philippines. If the islands would stop turning handsprings long enough for us to identify them as something we could understand, we would all do better. They do at last seem to be settling down to reality. At present the Philippines appeal to us as a gold brick, and that phase seems likely to last. We are not much used to dealing with gold bricks, but no doubt we can adjust ourselves to the demands of that traffic, and make our arrangements and do our duties accordingly. It isn't the fact that the Philippines were suspected to be a gold brick that has kept the minds of many of us uneasy. It was that it has been impossible to find out what they were, or what was the particular form of duty that we owed them.

Governor Roosevelt addressed the young men of the University of Chicago, and told them that we needed cultivated men, and that our cultivated men needed character. He seems to have given profound satisfaction to Chicago, and when he left town it was to go to Ann Arbor to address the students there. He told them, among other things, that a man who looks forward to a life of mere selfishness is not respectable, and that no man is excused from doing his share in working for the general good. That is a sentiment that needs lots of rubbing in, in our colleges and out of them, and no one preaches it with better grace or more force than Governor Roosevelt.

A MONTREAL correspondent of the *Sun* notes, with something like derision, the prevalence in Canada of what he calls "a veritable *dementia bellicosa*." A certain class, he says, in the Dominion seem to want to get ready to fight everybody and anybody. Sir Charles Tupper says there never was a moment when there was greater need to put the militia in a condition to defend the country, and Major-General Hutton urges the training of every militia-man to be a good shot. It is not apparent that any one has dark designs on Canada; but is it altogether surprising that while a martial orator is warning our northern borderers not to lose the great fighting masterful virtues, the Kanucks should yearn after virtue too, and want to know whether they have modern weapons in their armories? Our Governor of New York is somewhat prone to speak of peace as though it was a tape-worm in our midst, or some insinuating form of long-distance pestilence. "Swollen slothful ease and ignoble peace," he calls it. Is it any wonder that when our emotions are such as they are, our next-door neighbor's breast should swell a little too? There may be no one immediately in sight for Canada to fight with, but the due maintenance of the great fighting virtues is just as important on that side of the border as it is on this. If belligerent enthusiasm is *dementia bellicosa* in Montreal, it is the same in Albany, and if it is a high grade of affirmative patriotism in Albany, so it is in Montreal also.

YALE proposes to celebrate its bicentennial by raising some money for university uses. In the first place, it wants a university fund of two millions, out of which it will build a Commemorative Hall. The hall will cost from $500,000 to a million, and as it is designed to have it built in time for the bicentennial exercises in October, 1901, it is desired that the fund which it is to come out of should be subscribed before Commencement this year.

Besides this two-million-dollar fund, Yale wants $3,545,000 for various specific endowments and other uses in all departments of the university. Even though she gets no more than two millions, she will build her hall and hold her celebration, but $5,545,000 is what she needs to make her really comfortable.

IN an editorial paragraph in the WEEKLY of April 1 the opinion was expressed that certain leading woman-suffragists of the country, by their arguments against the execution of Mrs. Place, had demonstrated their own incapacity for the intelligent exercise of the suffrage. Mrs. Marion Couthouy Smith writes to the WEEKLY dissenting from that opinion, and also protesting that the views of the woman-suffragists in question should not be accepted as representing the opinions of woman-suffragists in general. Mrs. Smith found nothing to censure in the action of the Governor in Mrs. Place's case, and she said so in various letters to the newspapers. She believes that her views on that subject better represent the position of thoughtful and progressive women in general than the opinions with which the WEEKLY found fault.

THERE has come to the WEEKLY from Manila a copy of *The Bounding Billow*, a periodical devoted to the interests of American men-of-war's men, and published at intervals on the U. S. F. S. *Olympia*. The *Billow* is a good paper. This issue of it (Vol. I., No. 7) covers local history in the *Olympia's* parish from last Thanksgiving to the middle of February. Its recent war news has a valuable local flavor. It advertises that it will soon issue this and all its preceding numbers as a book, which, it avers, will be a complete chronicle of the war in the Philippines, and will be sent post-paid to any address for $1 50. Its page is about the size of the page of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and its print is offered as an example of "Filipino type-sticking, no proofs submitted."

VERY pitiful stories come from Havana about the distress of destitute families, used to the comforts of life, but now without means of support, and with very limited capacity for earning money. Such cases abound, and in a general way are the charge of the military authorities, but among them is a great field for private charity. Attention has been especially called to the predicament of the inmates of the Casa de las Viudas (Home of the Widows) in Havana, a large building occupied by the widows of Spanish officers. A recent report says that in this institution are 70 women, 90 girls, and 50 boys, almost all entirely destitute, who have been turned over to the Americans along with the rest of Cuba. The wife and daughter of General Ludlow have interested themselves especially in these helpless persons, and are trying to relieve some of their necessities, and put them in the way of helping themselves. Their pressing needs are for money and summer clothes, both for the women and children. Through Mrs. Ludlow, Miss De Peyster (7 East Forty-second Street, New York) has been interested in their case, and receives contributions and supplies for them.

THE Venezuelan *Herald* of Caráscas takes notice of the compliment lately paid to Mr. F. B. Loomis, our minister to Venezuela, by the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, which sent him a resolution expressing its thanks for his aid in establishing a sample-warehouse in Caráscas, and its deep appreciation of his devotion to American interests.

Another tribute to Mr. Loomis's efficiency was lately paid by President Andrade of Venezuela, who, in his annual message to the Venezuelan Congress, referred to the success of the "intelligent and acute" efforts of the American minister to cement the good relations between the two countries.

THE world of science and the associated world of trade and news have been considerably stirred by the report of the success of Signor Marconi, electrician and inventor, in telegraphing from the South Foreland Light-house on the English coast to Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, without a connecting wire. The distance is thirty-two miles, and is the greatest distance that Marconi's mechanism has as yet overcome, though his experiments have been successfully conducted for many months. The principles of which he avails himself were discovered by other investigators, but he has been highly successful in devising an apparatus by which they are put to practical use. It takes some knowledge of electricity to understand precisely what his apparatus is, though it is described as so simple that a boy can make and use it. His messages are carried by electrical waves, which he excites with a transmitter at one point and reads by means of a receiver at another. The distance which the waves will travel depends, apparently, on the height of the vertical conductor of which he makes use. With a conductor eighty feet high he can signal eighteen miles. His messages will pass through mountains without hesitation, and are not affected by storms. His system is now practically useful to enable ships at sea to communicate with one another and with the shore, for telegraphing through mountains, and for other purposes. What the ultimate development of it may be is past guessing, but it is not expected to supersede the telegraph, and copper stocks are not as yet affected.

THE Lawrenceville School, in New Jersey, has become known in the course of the last fifteen years as one of the leading schools for boys in the country. It takes rank with such schools as the Phillips academies at Andover and Exeter, as St. Paul's, St. Mark's, the Groton School, the Hill School, and others. Since its organization, seventeen years ago, on the John C. Green foundation, it has had but one head master, the Rev. Dr. James Cameron Mackenzie, to whom very much of its success is attributed. Dr. Mackenzie has just resigned his mastership, and will recruit his strength by rest preparatory to undertaking new labors.

To start a good school, whether by providing an endowment or by devoting one's own life to its management, is an admirable work, which is still far from being overdone in this country. The few great schools of thirty years ago still for the most part hold their own, and a number of others of the same class have sprung up. But the demand seems to increase faster than the supply. Money given for education is still given in most cases to colleges. To be sure, there are very many good high-schools all over the country, and especially in New England, which feed the colleges; but the boarding-schools do a work which the high-schools can hardly cover, and their growth in numbers and importance in this country is to be expected.

WORD has come through the Dutch legation at Washington that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will be glad to receive from Dr. William Elliot Griffis a copy of his *The Student's Motley*. The book, as may be remembered, is a condensed edition of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. The abridgment was made by Dr. Griffis, who also added several chapters, which bring the history of Holland down to 1897. The book is very fully illustrated, and the Harpers, its publishers, are having a copy handsomely bound to be sent by Dr. Griffis to the young Queen.

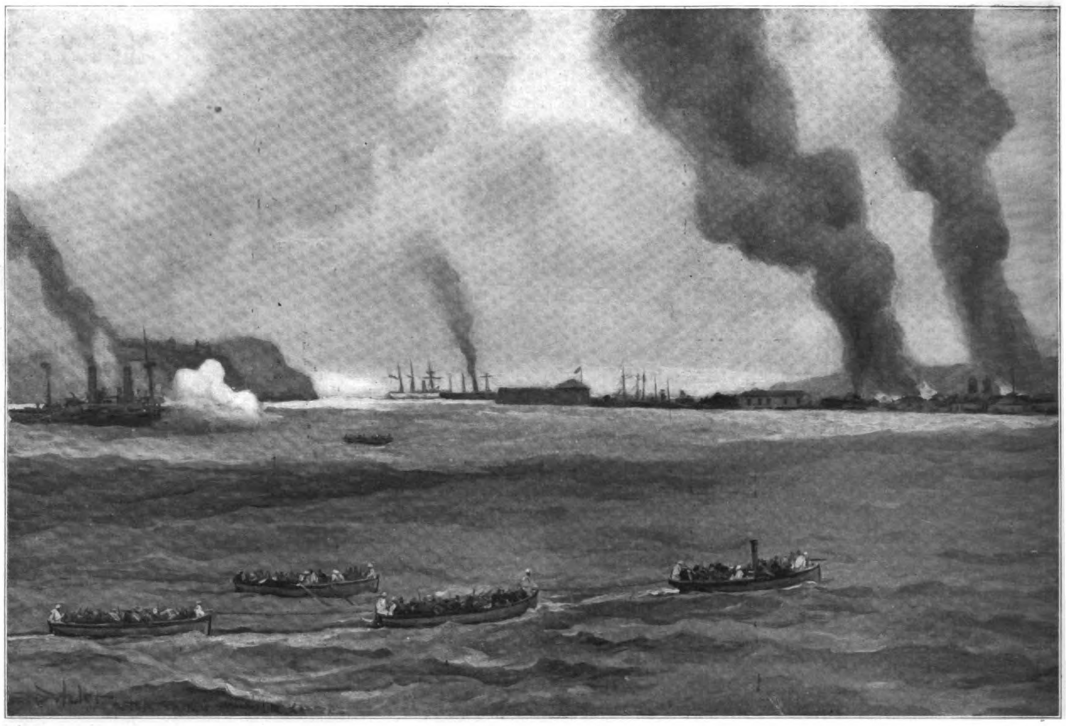
THE announcement of the engagement of Mr. Richard Harding Davis (to Miss Clark of Chicago) has been received with excitement by thousands of Mr. Davis's readers, with emotion by his acquaintances, and with sincere satisfaction by his friends. It may not be an impertinence to say that while it is well for almost every man of due years and discretion to marry, it is a particularly good thing that Mr. Davis should make this important advance in life. He is a writer of wide acceptation, a story-teller to whose tales readers by the myriad turn for entertainment. How important therefore it is, not only to himself, but to a very large part of the reading public, that his knowledge of life should grow as his years increase, and that he should progress towards that fulness of experience which is requisite to the composition of mature and comprehensive books!

It is of doubtful expediency for a writer to marry very early. There is much to see about the world which a bachelor sees to very good advantage. To be foot-loose, and free to start off anywhere on an hour's notice, to have only one's personal wishes to consult about mealtimes and hours of labor, acquaintances and dinner companions, and both the ordinary and the extraordinary incidents of existence, is very handy for a rising writer. It is useful to him to feel entirely at liberty to dodge bullets on the firing line as a war-correspondent, or to fall in and out of love as often as occasion warrants. In the business of letters the rolling stone may gather very valuable mosses, as well as polish and other useful attributes. But there is sure to come a time when the drawbacks of vagrancy outweigh its advantages, and there are peace and all sorts of wisdom and profit in the domesticated state. And so Mr. Davis's friends smile their satisfaction at the news of his engagement, and wonder what new aspects life will disclose to his new point of view.

THE latest order about the canteen and post exchange in the army, issued April 12, in accordance with the Attorney-General's interpretation of a recent law, provides that only beer and light wines shall be sold in the canteens, and that the sellers of these beverages shall not be soldiers detailed for that service, but civilians employed by the proper government authorities. Spirits or "hard liquor" is no longer to be sold at all.

It would seem as if this order retained the better features of the canteen and minimized its drawbacks. That it will satisfy the total-abstinence people is not to be expected. The one thing to be considered in regulating the canteen is the good of the soldier, and what most promotes that should be determined by men who know the soldier intimately and closely observe his manner of life. The canteen ought not to be abolished to please reformers, nor retained to gratify rumsellers. It ought to get absolute justice on its merits.

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THE CAPTURE OF ILO ILO.

DRAWN BY H. DITZLER AFTER A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY W. E. CARKE.—[SEE PAGE 404]

The Fight in Samoa

THE first and second chapters of the story of the strife for kingship in Samoa, between Mataafa, aided by the German residents of Apia, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, Malietoa Tanu, whom Americans and English support, have been given, with many illustrations, in previous issues of this journal.* The very serious nature of the task undertaken by Rear-Admiral Kautz, commanding the cruiser *Philadelphia*, was apparent, and there was no room to doubt that the failure of the representatives of the three nations to act in concert explained the Mataafans' obstinate resistance. There are about 350 white traders and officials in Apia, of whom 75, roughly estimated, are American, 100 English, and 175 Germans. The so-called "German Firm," which is reported to be under the protection of the German government, has gradually become the owner of the best part of the island, by purchasing from the Samoan people everything that lies near the shore, and the most fertile portions of the territory inland. The director and other officers of this company are therefore able to form the opinions of the child-like natives, and to direct their actions in opposition to any other foreign influence.

The continuous bombardment of Mataafa's followers by the *Philadelphia* and the British vessels *Porpoise* and *Tauranga* did not produce the desired effect. Parties of bluejackets, as strong numerically as the inadequate forces at the disposal of the allies permitted, were sent ashore to engage the natives at close quarters. On one occasion twenty-seven of Mataafa's warriors were killed, and there were no casualties among the white men. The third chapter opens with a despatch from Admiral Kautz, which was received at Washington on April 12: "On April 1, while the combined forces of British and United States, under Lieutenant Freeman, British navy, were reconnoitring near Apia, they were ambuscaded. Deeply regret to announce the death of Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale, Ensign John R. Monaghan, Coxswain James Butler, ordinary seaman Norman E. Edsal, and five men wounded, belonging to the *Philadelphia*. The British loss in killed, two men and Lieutenant Freeman." The landing-party numbered 105 men, Americans and British, and these were surrounded on the "German Firm" plantation (shown among our illustrations on page 397) by 800 Mataafans. As soon as the firing began the allies were deserted by the followers of Malietoa Tanu who had accompanied them; unfortunately, also, their automatic gun became jammed and useless. Lieutenant Landsdale was shot while attempting to repair this gun. Ensign Monaghan refused to leave his wounded companion, and was killed. The commander of the party was shot through the heart. After a desperate fight, in which about fifty of the natives fell, the allies were forced to retreat to the beach, where they were protected by the guns of the war-ships. According to their custom, the natives beheaded those who were left wounded or dead upon the field. Priests from the French Mission afterwards brought the heads into Apia. The manager of the German plantation was arrested and detained on board the *Tauranga*, on affidavits declaring that he was seen urging the rebels to fight.

The United States embassy at Berlin made a statement for publication on April 13, which was, in brief, that the German government expressed sympathy, and urged that only the early arrival of the Samoan Commission would prevent further serious bloodshed.

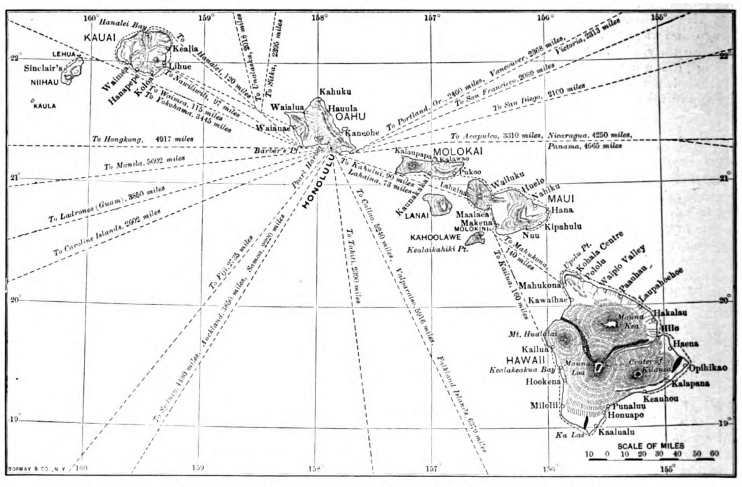
* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, February 25 and April 8.

Spanish-American Peace

THE message to Congress in which President McKinley said, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, *the war in Cuba must stop*," was dated April 11, 1898. The American and Spanish ratifications of the treaty of Paris were exchanged at Washington—and the Spanish-American war thus completely displaced by Spanish-American peace—on April 11, 1899.

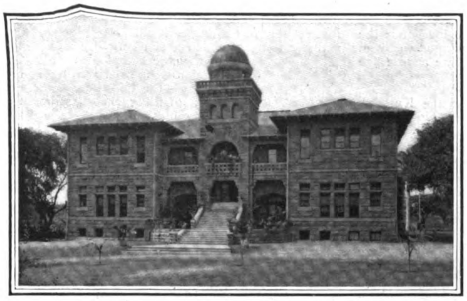
A leading *rôle* was again assigned to M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, who, between July 26 and August 12, 1898, had conducted the negotiations on behalf of Spain. At three o'clock in the afternoon of April 11, M. Cambon, accompanied by the first secretary of the French embassy, M. Thiébaut, arrived at the White House. Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, and Mr. Sidney Smith, chief of the Diplomatic Bureau of the State Department, were on hand to receive them, and the party proceeded without delay to the President's office.

The various branches of the government were represented in the assembly of guests who witnessed the proceedings, and a few other persons were present by special permission. All remained standing while a memorandum, done in duplicate in English and French, was being read—Mr. Hay reading the English version, and M. Thiébaut the French. This was a formal statement to the effect that the Secretary of State, authorized by the President, and the French ambassador, "especially authorized for this purpose" by the Queen-Regent, met at the White House for the purpose of effecting the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace concluded at Paris December 10, 1898, compared the original instruments of those ratifications, and then proceeded to their exchange. After the reading of this document the two copies were sealed, and M. Cambon and Mr. Hay affixed their signatures. President McKinley then handed to M. Cambon the American copy of this memorandum, or protocol, together with the copy of the treaty which bore his signature, receiving from the French ambassador the Spanish copy of the memorandum, and that copy of the treaty which Cristina of Austria, Queen-Regent of Spain, had signed on March 17. President McKinley then issued the proclamation of peace, in which the full text of the treaty was embodied. "And whereas the said convention has been duly ratified on both parts"—thus the proclamation continues—"and the ratifications were exchanged in the city of Washington on the 11th day of April, 1899: now, therefore, be it known that I, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, have caused the said convention to be made public, to the end that the same and every article thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith in the United States and by the citizens thereof."

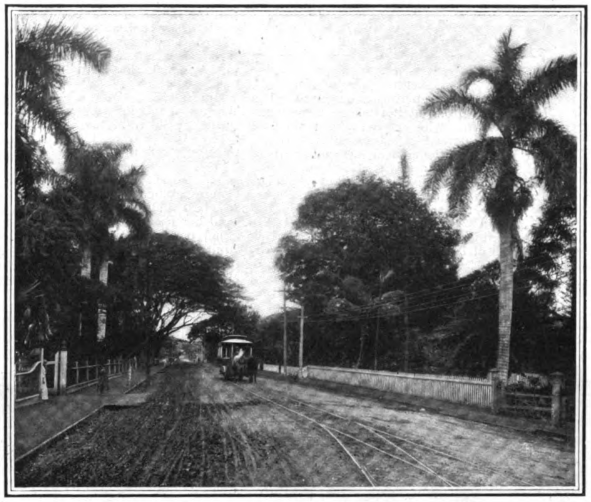


THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—CROSS-ROADS OF THE PACIFIC.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

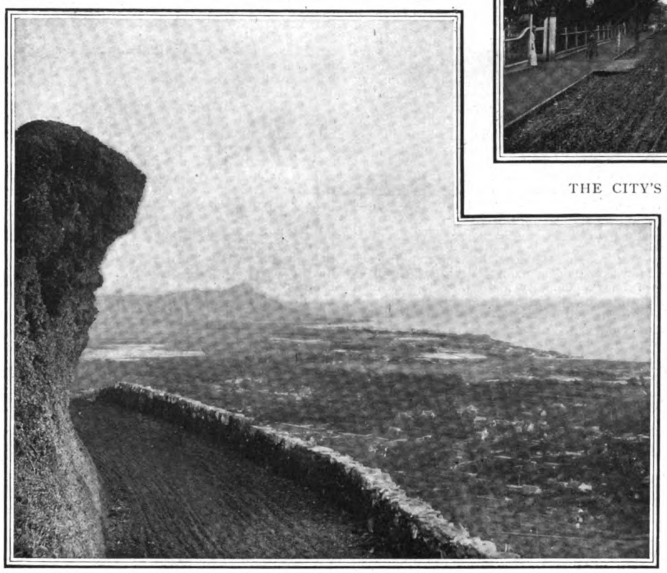
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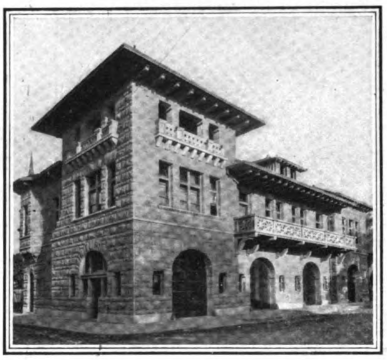
PUNAHOU COLLEGE.



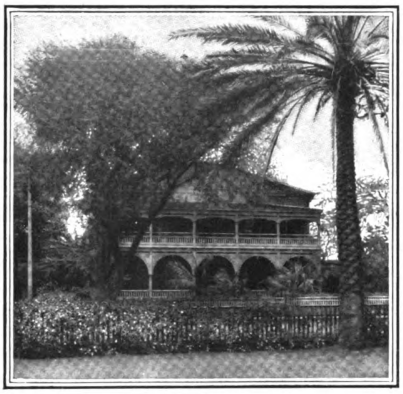
THE CITY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE STREET.



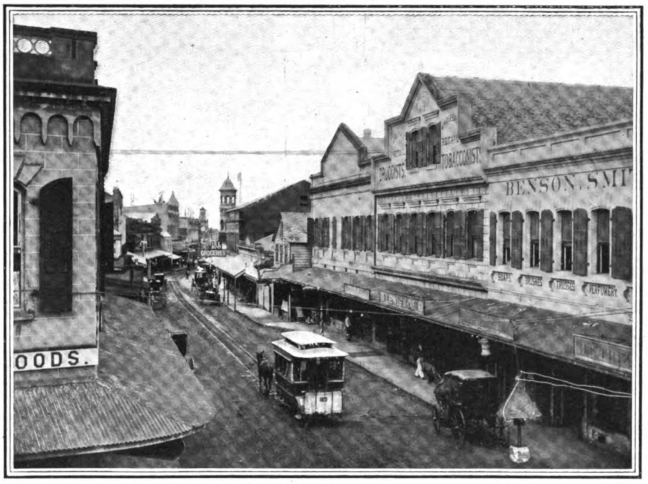
HONOLULU FROM THE PALI—DIAMOND HEAD IN THE DISTANCE.



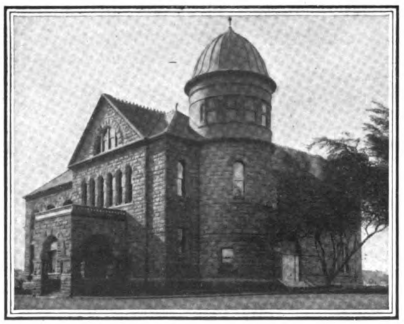
CENTRAL FIRE STATION.



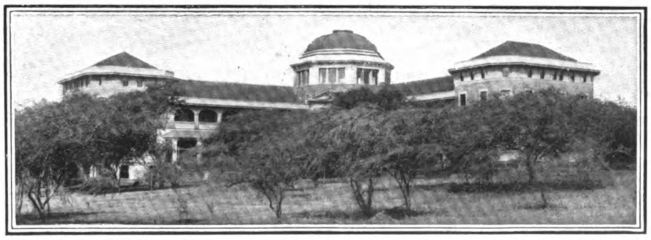
THE PACIFIC CLUB.



FORT STREET, THE CHIEF BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.



KAMEHAMEHA BOYS' SCHOOL.



KAMEHAMEHA GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HONOLULU—SCENES IN THE CHIEF CITY OF OUR MID-PACIFIC TERRITORY.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

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DRAMA

"LITTLE ITALY," a one-act tragedy by Horace B. Fry, had only four performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but it remains in the memory of the few who saw it the most vivid of the many interesting features of Mrs. Fiske's stay with us, and one of the notable events of the dramatic season. The story is one of those squalid tragedies of the Italian colony of New York of which one may read almost any morning when the papers are short of the grander sensations. A young Neapolitan woman whom circumstances have forced into a loveless marriage is homesick for the sunny sloth of Italy, and on the sudden appearance of a former lover, a street musician, deserts her husband. The woman is killed in attempting to escape, and the men fight, after their nature, though without fatal result. The accessories are as sordid as the story. The

A Tragedy of the Slums.



JOBYNA HOWLAND,
Playing *Queen Flavia* in "Rupert of Hentzau."

scene is carefully studied from the most squalid tenement life: the wife is killed while descending in a dumb-waiter, and the men fight with a bread-knife and a poker. A part of Mrs. Fiske's audiences were of such refinement that these details revolted them; but it is pleasant to note that most of them were blessed with more hardy imaginations. For those who, having eyes, could see, Mr. Fry's people were so artlessly true that they rose to the level of artistic creation; and the incidents, which occupied scarcely half an hour, were so adroitly adapted to dramatic presentation that they seemed a mere transcript from the life. The hand of fate was working in it all in its inexorable, just way; but the passion of the lover was so convincing that one's heart went with him, and the disease of homesickness from which the wife suffered was conceived with such imagination that one forgave her. This, I suppose, is the true test of a work of art—that through the workings of fate, which are remorseless, one should feel the divine love that pardons. A fitting share of this effect was due to the actors. Mr. Tyrone Power's rendering of the street musician was broad and elevated, without flinching from truth; and Mrs. Fiske's *Giulia* was one of her most absolute impersonations, steeped in an elementary, almost animal passion of homesickness. Under ordinary circumstances one would have said that their acting was lost in its own art; but Mr. Frederic de Belleville's impersonation of the Italian husband makes the circumstances far from ordinary. No trace of his art was visible. For the time being he simply *was* the rough, affectionate, dull Mulberry Street baker of a husband. The realism of his art was of the kind that comes easy to the Italian actors of the Bowery when giving modern Italian plays; and such actors as Mr. Denman Thompson and Mr. James A. Herne are masters of similar effects in American character. But for an actor to clothe himself in the actuality of a foreign character as Mr. de Belleville does is altogether extraordinary.

Mrs. Fiske's season of repertory plays—"Magda," "Frou-Frou," "Divorçons," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—has a merit of its own outside of the merits of the various performances. The best of American actors, with a very few exceptions, have fallen under the sway of the theatrical trust; and though this so-called syndicate is perhaps not at all as bad in its influences as its foes have painted it, and has many virtues which even its zealous partisans have apparently not taken note of, it has one vital defect. Whenever one of its actor-servants makes a popular success, he is bound up to it, hand and foot. As far as their freedom for artistic growth is concerned, such actors as Mr. Drew and Miss Maude Adams (I mention the most distinguished) might as well be galley-slaves. Mrs. Fiske has foregone the heralding of a more or less suborned press; she has been forced at times to play in theatres that a barn-stormer would pause before, and that the kind of audiences she appeals to are not easily made to frequent. But she plays what she chooses, and what she chooses is the best that offers. She is reverent toward the text of her authors, and she neglects all effects of costume and of scenery that do not directly help on the best interests of her performances. Let us be grateful for that, and while we are all bowing before the Gascon hero of freedom, so successfully exploited by an overmastering trust, let us remember that we have a live artist who also has guarded her panache.

Mrs. Fiske and the Commercial Manager.

In Miss Julia Marlowe's production at the Knickerbocker of "Colinette," which Mr. Henry Guy Carleton has adapted from the French of MM. G. Lenotre and Gabriel Martin, the panache is the thing that is lacking. Miss Marlowe has long been welcomed in Philadelphia, Boston, and other leisurely places as an interpreter of the classical young women of our dramatic literature. Her *Juliet* is the best we have had of late years (almost the only one!), and her *Rosalind* is so full of sweetness and mirth of a kind peculiar to Miss Marlowe that it deserves a place quite by itself. Altogether her art is rare and pure and vigorous in a way that once promised the best. Until last season she had not been adequately recognized in New York, and even then her greatest success—in "The Countess Valesca"—was not along the lines in which her art has been of most advantage to the American stage. If nothing is too low to find welcome in the metropolis, the account, one might argue, is balanced by the fact that no high art is countenanced except the very highest; so, in falling off a peg or two from her best, Miss Marlowe has no doubt strengthened her popularity on Broadway. "Colinette" is "A Comedy of French History and Manners, in Four Acts." It is written either in very heavy verse or in the cantering prose of stageland—it scarcely matters which—and it is a ragoût of several older plays of note, the most currently recognizable of which is "Madame Sans-Gêne." If it bettered the wit and the distinction of its model there would be reason to applaud; but as it is, one can only regret that Miss Marlowe has not been encouraged to abide by the old things that have real value until she can command new things that are similarly fortunate. Meanwhile, however, one must render the things that are due. The play is innocent of harm—which, it is reported, cannot be said of the French original—and as Miss Marlowe enacts the title part, it is pleasant enough to sit through. *Colinette* is a vivandière sans gêne who marries a nobleman, and Miss Marlowe gives the effect of buoyant honesty and wifely loyalty in a manner that, though it lacks absolute conviction, has a gaucherie and naïveté that are very charming. In the last act her encounter with Louis XVIII. gives scope for a few passages of comedy, including an appearance in the uniform of a hussar, which are skilfully, if theatrically, worked out, and which may be warranted to please. Altogether the performance reminds one of the turtle-fed alderman Washington Irving tells about, who smacked his lips over a spoonful of charity broth and pronounced it excellent soup for poor people; but the analogy breaks down in that the turtle most abundantly supplied this year on Broadway has been Mock-Turtle.

Miss Marlowe's Panache.

The production of "Othello" by Mr. R. D. MacLean, Miss Odette Tyler, and Mr. C. B. Hanford, and their company is one of the significant events of the season, but not so much because of any great merit in the performance as because it gives a curious revelation of the attitude of the New York public toward stage presentations of Shakspere. The scenery and costumes were adequate—much better than in the productions of the great actors of the past generation. The acting, if uninspired, was careful and rhetorical; though it seldom illuminated the lines, it as seldom obscured them. And it was especially to be commended for the knowledge and care with which the traditional stage-business of the play was given. The play—let's not forget the play—was the best-acting drama that has been seen on Broadway in many a long year, and is virtually new on the stage to the present generation of New-Yorkers. The critics seemed equally unable to forget that they had last seen Miss Tyler in a kittenish part in "Secret Service," and that Mr. MacLean's *Othello* did not realize their conception of Shakspere's ideal. So far as the more cultivated theatre-goers are concerned, "Othello" might as well not have been produced.

An attempted Revival of Shakspere.

The standard of criticism employed was, properly speaking, not that of the drama at all. In our ignorance of the actual staging of Shakesperean tragedy it is perhaps too much to expect that it should be. The standard was that of the literary critic of Shakspere—the Coleridge-Schlegel-Dowden kind of thing, that has done more to unfit us for scenic representation of our classic plays than all our modern frivolity. We read the plays, though Shakspere never intended that we should, and by reading them we form certain ideals of what they are. When we see them on the stage, where Shakspere meant us to see them, we find that they are false to our literary ideals, and we patronize the people who have put them there. In a young critic, necessarily unfamiliar with the traditions of the stage, this library criticism is perhaps excusable; but Mr. William Winter, the dean of New York critics and the intimate friend of the past generation of Shaksperean actors, writes as follows: "Mr. Hanford gave *Iago* a low-comedy twist, especially in the soliloquies, in which *Iago* appears as the undisguised and veritable minister of hell, and in which all such ebullitions of mirth are completely wrong. A nasal twang and a chuckling 'snigger' are new things in *Iago*." To the literary ear this sounds very well, but as to the stage *Iago* Mr. Winter plainly lacks information. In the last previous production of "Othello" in New York—that of the Italian Company, late of the Bowery—the part of *Iago* was taken by P. Raponi, the comedian of the troop, and was given a characteristic and grotesque expression, at which the Italian audience, though keenly abhorring *Iago's* villany, burst into shouts of joy. More significant on this point is a remark of Edwin Booth's, that *Iago* requires to be played from the point of view of a comedian. And how very "wrong" and "new" Mr. Hanford's conception of the part is we may judge by the following quotation from Gildon's *Reflections on Rymer's Short View of Tragedy*, published in 1694: "I am assur'd, from very good hands, that the person that acted *Iago* was in much esteem of a comedian, which made Shakspere put several words and expressions into his part, perhaps not so agreeable to his character, to make the audience laugh, who had not yet learnt to endure to be serious a whole play." In order to study more closely the contact between the stage Shakspere and his audience I purposely avoided the first night of "Othello" at the Herald Square. The audience I found, which filled the house comfortably, was made up of those people who know Shakspere only as a playwright, and appreciate him as such. Their attitude toward the play was as fresh, wholesome, and responsive as that of the Italian audience, and they laughed with Mr. Hanford's *Iago* unashamed. Only two classes of people nowadays are able to enjoy Shakspere on the stage—the uncultivated and the cultivated. Unfortunately the mass of Metropolitan theatre-goers are ruined by half-intelligence.

Shaksperean Criticism and the Stage.

The two latest plays at the Lyceum will not add to its enviable reputation. In "John Ingerfield" Mr. Jerome K. Jerome presents a stage version of his story of the same name. In the story a hard-headed young tallow-merchant, who has social ambitions, makes a loveless marriage with the daughter of an impoverished family, who has been jilted because of her poverty. Both young people have better hearts than they know, and upon the outbreak of typhus at the tallow factory they go down from their loveless life in town, and take care of their stricken people together. *Ingerfield* dies of the typhus, but not before it is discovered that love has conquered both their hard hearts. The motive has dramatic possibilities, but Mr. Jerome's play is not only badly built (the solution appearing at the end of the second of four acts), but much of it is false and theatrical. The play is sympathetic, however, and is acted as only the Lyceum company can act. It has thus strong elements of popularity. "Rupert of Hentzau," Mr. Anthony Hope's dramatization of his sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is noteworthy as giving Mr. Hackett plenty of fighting, and Miss Howland, "the original Gibson model," plenty of posing. Mr. Lincoln's sentence fits it aptly. It is to be recommended to those that like that kind of thing.

JOHN CORBIN.

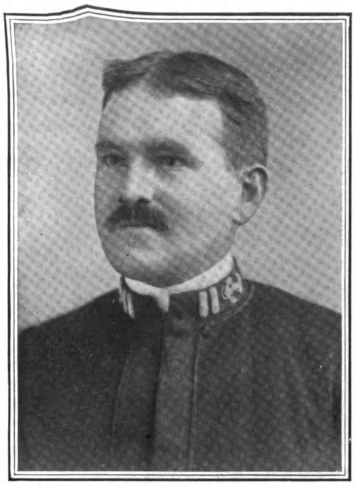
Lyceum Romances.



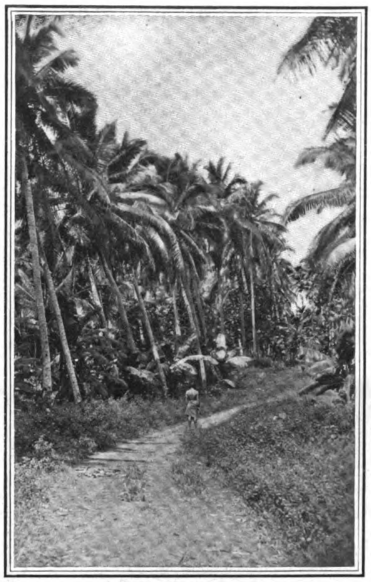
James K. Hackett (*Rudolf*) and Arthur Hoops (*Count Rupert of Hentzau*).

THE FIGHT FOR THE QUEEN'S LETTER.
From the Third Act of "Rupert of Hentzau," playing at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

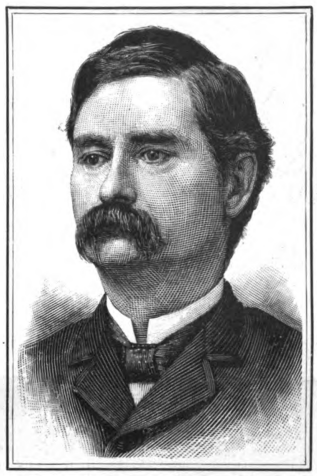
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LIEUT. PHILIP V. LANSDALE, U. S. N.,
Killed at Mulifanua

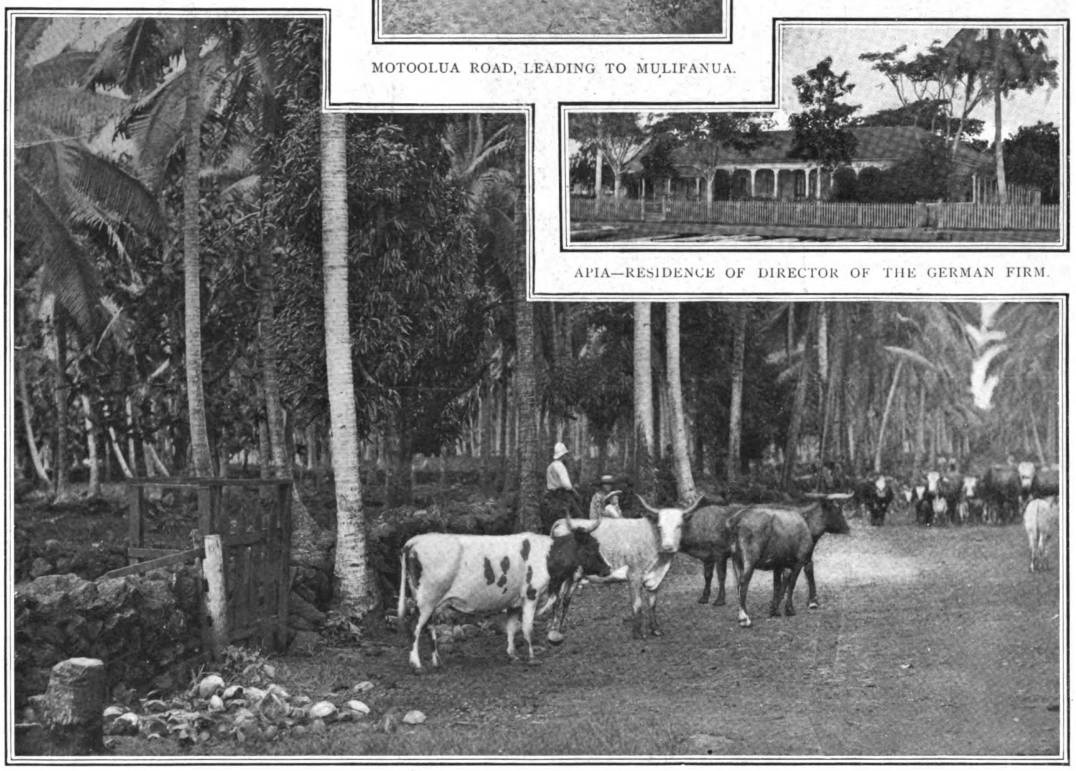


MOTOOLUA ROAD, LEADING TO MULIFANUA.

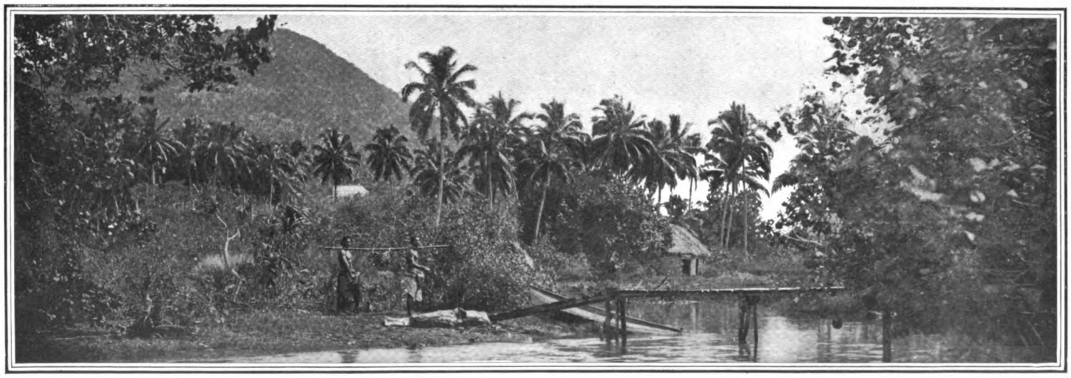


HON. BARTLETT TRIPP,
American Member of the Joint Commission.

APIA—RESIDENCE OF DIRECTOR OF THE GERMAN FIRM.



MULIFANUA PLANTATION OF THE GERMAN FIRM—SCENE OF THE FIGHTING.



R. L. STEVENSON'S HOME, AND MOUNTAIN ON WHICH HE IS BURIED—VIEW FROM THE FRENCH MISSION.

SAMOA—THE SCENE OF THE FIGHTING OF APRIL 1, IN WHICH TWO AMERICAN OFFICERS AND TWO MEN, AND ONE BRITISH OFFICER AND TWO MEN, WERE KILLED.—[See Page 398.]

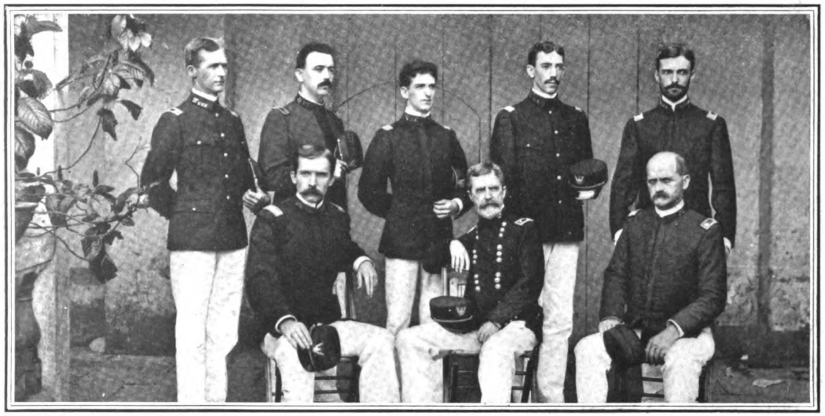
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PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE TOP OF TONDO CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE OF FEBRUARY 22 AND THE FIGHT OF FEBRUARY 23.



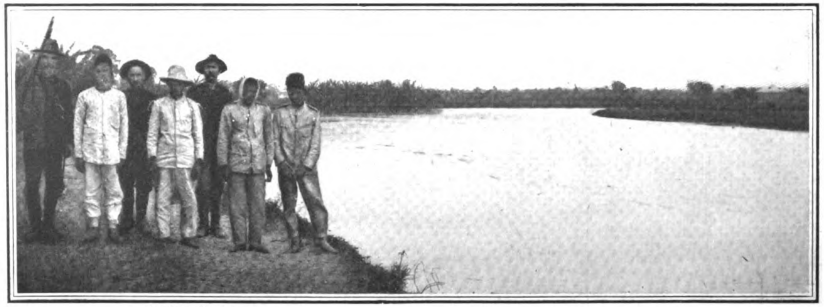
General Anderson.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON, U. S. V., AND STAFF.



A Company of the 23d U. S. Infantry.

REMAINS OF A BARRICADE OF RAILROAD IRON THROWN UP BY INSURGENTS DURING THE FIRE.



Insurgent Prisoners.

THE PASIG RIVER, WHERE INSURGENTS ATTEMPTED TO SWIM ACROSS, FEBRUARY 4.



THE TONDO FIGHT—SOME INSURGENT SHARPSHOOTERS HAVE JUST FIRED FROM THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

MANILA—SCENES ATTENDING THE INSURGENT ATTEMPT TO BURN THE CITY AND MASSACRE THE INHABITANTS.

From Photographs by John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

GRAHAM perceived that he was no longer encompassed by people; that he was standing upon a little temporary platform of white metal, part of a flimsy-seeming scaffolding that laced about the great mass of the Council House. Over all the huge expanse of the ruins swayed and eddied the shouting people; and here and there the black banners of the revolutionary societies ducked and swayed, and formed rare nuclei of organization in the chaos. Up the steep stairs of wall and scaffolding by which his rescuers had reached the opening in the Atlas Chamber clung a solid crowd, and little energetic black figures clinging to pillars and projections were strenuous to induce these congested masses to stir. Behind him, at a higher point on the scaffolding, a number of men struggled upwards with the flapping folds of a huge black standard. Through the yawning gap in the walls below him he could look down upon the packed attentive multitudes in the Hall of the Atlas.

The distant flying-stages to the south came out bright and vivid, brought nearer, as it seemed, by an unusual translucency of the air. A solitary aeropile beat up from the central stage.

"What became of Ostrog?" asked Graham, and even as he spoke he saw that all eyes were turned from him towards the crest of the Council House building. He looked also in this direction of universal attention. For a moment he saw nothing but the jagged corner of a wall, hard and clear against the sky. Then in the shadow he perceived the interior of a room, and recognized, with a start, the green and white decorations of his former prison. And coming quickly across this opened room, to the very verge of the cliff of the ruin, came a little white gray-headed figure, followed by two other smaller-seeming figures in black and yellow. He heard the man beside him exclaim "Ostrog!" and turned to ask a question. But he never did, because of the startled exclamation of another of those who were with him and a lank finger suddenly pointing. He looked, and beheld the aeropile, that had been rising from the flying-stage when last he had looked in that direction, was driving very swiftly towards them. That swift, steady flight was still novel enough to hold his attention.

Nearer it came, growing rapidly larger and larger, until it had swept over the further edge of the ruins and into view of the dense multitudes below. It drooped across the space and rose and passed overhead, rising to clear the mass of the Council House, a filmy translucent shape, with the solitary aeronaut peering down through its ribs. It vanished beyond the sky-line of the ruins. Graham glanced at Ostrog, and saw him signalling with his hands, and his attendants busy breaking down the wall beside him. In another moment the aeropile came into view again, a little thing far away, coming round in a wide curve and going slower.

Then suddenly the man in yellow shouted: "What are they doing? What are the people doing? Why is Ostrog left there? Why is he not captured? They will lift him—the aeropile will lift him! Ah!"

The exclamation was echoed by a shout from the ruins. The rattling sound of the green weapons drifted across the intervening gulf to Graham, and looking down, he saw a number of black and yellow uniforms running along one of the galleries that lay open to the air below the promontory upon which Ostrog stood. They fired, as they ran, at men unseen, and then emerged a number of pale blue figures in pursuit. These minute fighting figures had the oddest effect; they seemed, as they ran, like little model soldiers in a toy. This queer appearance of a house cut open gave that struggle amidst furniture and passages a quality of unreality. It was perhaps two hundred yards away from him, and very nearly fifty above the heads in the ruins below. The black and yellow men ran into an open archway, and turned and fired a volley. One of the blue pursuers, striding forward close to the edge, flung up his arms, staggered sideways, seemed to Graham's sense to hang over the edge for several seconds, and fell headlong down. Graham saw him strike a projecting corner, fly out head over heels, and vanish behind the red arm of the nearest building-machine.

And then a shadow came between him and the sun. He looked up, and the sky was clear, but he knew the aeropile had passed. Ostrog had vanished.

"They are grounding!" cried the man in yellow. "They are grounding! Tell the people to fire at him! Tell them to fire at him!"

Graham could not understand. He heard loud voices repeating these enigmatical orders. Suddenly over the edge of the ruins came the prow of the aeropile, and stopped with a jerk. In a moment Graham understood that the thing had grounded in order that Ostrog might escape by it. He saw a blue haze climbing out of the gulf—perceived that the people below him were firing up at the projecting corners of the vanes. A man beside him cheered hoarsely, and he saw that the blue rebels had gained the archway that had been contested by the men in black and yellow a moment before, and were running in a continual stream along the open passage.

And suddenly the aeropile came sliding over the edge of the Council House and fell. It dropped, tilting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and drooping so steeply that it seemed to Graham—it seemed perhaps to most of those below—that it could not possibly rise again. It came so

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

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closely past him that he could see Ostrog clutching the guides of the seat, with his gray hair streaming; see the white-faced aeronaut wrenching over the lever that drove the engine along its guides. He heard the apprehensive, vague cry of innumerable men.

Graham clutched the railing before him. The lower vane of the aeropile seemed within an ace of touching the people, who yelled and screamed and trampled one another below. And then it was rising. For a moment it looked as if it could not possibly clear the opposite cliff, that it could not possibly clear the wind-wheel that rotated beyond. And, behold! it was clear and soaring, still heeling sideways, upward, upward into the wind-swept sky.

The suspense of the moment gave place to a fury of exasperation as the swarming myriads realized that Ostrog had escaped them. With belated activity the swarming people began to fire, until the rattling wove into a roar, until the whole area became dim and blue, and the air pungent with the thin smoke of their weapons. Too late! The little aeropile dwindled smaller and smaller, and curved about and swept downward to the flying-stage from which it had so lately arisen.

For a while a confused babblement arose from the ruins, and then the universal attention came back to Graham, perched high among the scaffolding. He saw the faces of the people turned towards him, heard their exultant shouts at his rescue. From the throat of the ways the song came, spreading like a breeze across that swaying sea of men. The little group of men about him shouted congratulations on his escape. The man in yellow was close to him, with a set face and shining eyes. And the song was rising. Slowly the realization came of the full meaning of these things to him, the perception of the swift change in his position. Ostrog, who had stood beside him whenever he had faced that shouting multitude, was beyond there—the antagonist. There was no one to rule for him any longer. Even the people about him, the leaders and organizers of the multitude, looked to see what he would do—looked to him to act, awaited his orders. He was King indeed. His puppet reign was at an end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRAHAM AS KING.

HE was very intent to do the thing that was expected of him. His nerves and muscles were quivering, his mind was perhaps a little confused, but he felt neither fear nor anger. His hand that had been trodden upon throbbed and was hot. He was a little nervous about his bearing. He knew he was not afraid, but he was anxious not to seem afraid. In his former life he had often been more excited in playing games of skill. He was desirous of immediate action; he knew he must not think too much in detail of the huge complexity of the struggle about him, lest he should be paralyzed by the sense of its intricacy. Over there those square blue shapes, the flying-stages, meant Ostrog; against Ostrog he was fighting for the world.

One idea was very clear in his mind. He turned to the men who crowded on the narrow bridge that led to his little stage, and who clung all down the crude brick stairway. He pointed to the distant flying-stages. "We must take those," he said. "We must take the flying-stages before those negroes come."

He turned his head to the chaos below. "These people, have they no drill, no order?"

He understood the man in yellow to say he was a master of the ward societies, the secret societies by which the insurrection had been organized. "They have no order here. They have come on the impulse," he said, "each man by himself."

"How can we get them in order? And quick! Can they march as they are—a crowd, a tumult?"

"No," said the man in yellow. "If the ways are not stopped, if the way-men keep them going, we can do better than that." He searched his mind, full of the knowledge of things that were beyond Graham's understanding.

"I have it!" he said. He thrust his way towards the little bridge.

"Pass the word!" he shouted to the men on the stairway. "Pass the word! Each man go back to his ward. Each man to his ward leaders. Get in order there at the ward centres, fall in, and march to the flying-stages."

He shouted this again, and incontinently all the men on the narrow stairs were thrusting their way down and shouting. The tumult in the Atlas Chamber sank to hear, and rose again, repeating Graham's order. The workmen clinging up the face of the scaffolding caught the words and shouted them down. In a few seconds the whole multitude had it. "The Master's word—each man to his ward; each man to his ward leaders. The flying-stages are to be taken! The Master's word. Each man to his ward to fall in there!"

The man in yellow thrust his way back to Graham. "It is the only way. They are hampered here—no rallying-points—no order. It is their only chance of finding their ward captains, to go back. See! They are already swarming back on the ways. The city is a crowd now—in a little while it will be an army."

"But orders! If they go from here, how am I to give them orders?"

"Here, across the Hall of the Atlas, are the telephones to the Public Intelligence Centres. And I will send men to hold up all the central voices of the Babble Machines for you."

Graham made no answer, save a gesture of assent, and moved towards the little bridge. The men about him began to thrust and shout to clear his path. "Way for the Master! The Master is coming!"

As Graham crossed the great hall on his way to the central office, he saw the people in that place still in a dense disorder, in spite of the efforts of the black-badged society marshals. The men about him hurried him along a gallery behind the Atlas. Graham scanned the tumult. He hesitated as if he would speak to the mass below, exhort them to battle. "It is no good," he said. "It is no good. And they would not hear me," and he hurried on. "There is no time. I must speak to the whole world," he said. "I must make a sort of proclamation. And then—those flying-stages."

They took him first into the little chamber from which they communicated with the General Intelligence Machines and with certain of the ward leaders. There an informal council of war had assembled—a portion of the committee of ward organizers that Ostrog had created. "We must capture the flying-stages," he repeated. He was vaguely aware of the ward leaders about him, talking with one another, offering counsel. The man in yellow showed him a plan of the city spread upon a table, and colored to divide it into sections, and with little numbers to show how many men could bear arms in each ward. "All this was Ostrog's planning," said the man in yellow, extending a comprehensive hand. "He calculated everything. Except"—he indicated the people without by a movement of the hand—"*that*."

"How about the flying-machines?" cried Graham. "The flying-machines?"

"They are all against us—all with Ostrog," said the man in yellow.

"Have we none—not one on our side?"

"Not an aeronaut is with us."

"If there was one—there are no machines."

He began to point out the strategic qualities of the city ways about the Roehampton stage.

While Graham was bending over the unfamiliar symbolism of the map, asking eager questions, came men to say that the body of Ostrogites cooped up in the corner of the Council House above had capitulated, that Lincoln was a prisoner. Graham did not understand for a moment. When he did he reverted to the map. "Never mind our prisoners," he said. "We have to capture those flying-stages. Get the people marching—get the people marching."

Then a stir, and through an open panel he heard in the adjacent apartment the click of a lever, followed by the murmur of a Babble Machine. Presently one of the committee came to tell him that the General Intelligence Machines were with him, that the people were massing in their wards all over the city, that everywhere the Londoners, even many of the middle-class Londoners, had risen against the coming of the black police. "Ostrog has miscalculated," said the committee-man.

"There are the flying-machines against us—the flying-machines," said Graham. "We must capture the flying-stages."

He returned to the map, looked up with a question, and missed Asano for the first time. He asked what had become of him. None of these strangers present knew Asano's name. "There were three or four men killed in the Atlas Chamber," said one. "Killed!" Graham understood only slowly. He stared vaguely at the moving figures about him. The little active man in black intervening to protect him was very vivid for an instant.

The man in yellow came pushing his way towards him to report the orders given, the wards gathering rapidly, the people of the Westminster quarter already in motion towards the Roehampton flying-stage. "Good!" exclaimed Graham. "But about the flying-machines. What is Ostrog doing with the flying-machines?"

"The sky is clear," said the man in yellow.

"The flying-machines are our danger," said Graham. "It cannot be long. They are Ostrog's strength. Very soon he will be launching aeropiles at us. What are we to do?"

"In our last fight—" said one of the committee-men.

"In your last fight they were for Ostrog. They are for Ostrog still."

He suddenly remembered a remark of Ostrog's. "Ah! There are guns. On the night of the revolt they were casting heavy guns!"

The men about him looked at one another.

"Some one must find out about those guns," said Graham, pacing. "Even now aeropiles may be souring overhead. They can drop explosives."

"The sky was clear not three minutes since," said the man in yellow; "and they have no explosives. Bombs, grenades, torpedoes—there are none in Europe. Until the aeroplanes arrive from Africa they can do nothing. In Africa they use such things still—in the native villages. But not here—not here."

"We must have those guns," Graham repeated. "We must have those guns." He scarcely noticed the shrill bell of the neighboring Babble Machine until one of his committee-men was back with the news.

"The black police are starting," he said. "Twenty aeroplanes are starting, one after the other, from the flying-stages at Kimberley; and those from the stage at Stanley Falls, and others from Asia, are circling over the Say stage, waiting their turn. They—"

"I have it," interrupted Graham, gesticulating. "One thing, at any rate—get men who can shoot well. They must push across the roof-spaces towards the delivery end of the stages; pick off Ostrog's aeronauts if they attempt to start. Get that done now. See that is done now. Telephone to the nearest centre, and send these men at once."

He continued pacing excitedly. "As for those aeroplanes! There is only one thing. We must capture the flying-stages. We must capture those flying-stages before they get here. Tell me—are the people getting in order? Once the aeropiles are launched they can ruin the city. Every moment is vital."

And then, to exasperate his gathering impatience, came delay, the inevitable pause before the battle began. There came no news from the foundries of Ostrog's lost guns, no news of the starting of the sharpshooters. His shadow went to and fro, to and fro, as the dilatory news of concentration came trickling to him. He wondered why Helen did not come to him; wondered where she might be in that labyrinthine city. Did she know what he was doing? He asked himself what he was doing. Suddenly he remembered his intention of a proclamation to the world. It might be advisable to make that before the battle joined. Of course it was absolutely necessary. Something stirring was needed, something Napoleonic. For a time he paced, meditating exuberant phrases; then he became active, announced his intention, inquired the means for its fulfilment. "There are the people abroad," he said. "The people all over the earth. I must speak to them. Speak."

The room to which Graham was taken in order to make his proclamation was grotesquely latter-day in its appointments. In the centre was a square area of gray marked out in the midst of a bright oval lit by shaded electric lights from above. The rest was in shadow, and the double finely fitting doors through which he came from the Hall of the Atlas made the place very still. The dead thud of the closing doors, the sudden cessation of the tumult in which he had been living for hours, the quivering circle of light, the whispers and quick noiseless movements of vaguely visible attendants in the shadows, had a strange effect upon Graham. For the last time came that doubt of reality, that distrust of all the fabric of space and time. Might he not be dreaming all this in Boscastle even now? The huge ears of a phonographic mechanism gaped in a battery for his words, the black eyes of great photographic cameras awaiting his beginning; beyond, metal rods and coils glittered dimly, and something span with a droning hum. He walked into the centre of the square, and his shadow drew together black and sharp to a little blot at his feet.

Now some such occasion as this he had been prepared for; the vague shape of the thing he meant to say, the thing he meant to do, was in his mind. But this silence, this isolation, the sudden withdrawal from that contagious crowd, this silent audience, and these gaping, glaring machines had not been in his anticipation. For a while he was paralyzed, incompetent. He feared to be inadequate; he feared to be theatrical; he feared the quality of his voice, the quality of his wit. He turned to the man in yellow with a gesture. "For a moment," he said, "I must wait. And meanwhile—what is being done beyond there? Are the people getting into order? Have they arms? Are they marching?"

While he was still hearing the answer of the man in yellow, there came an agitated messenger with news that an aeroplane was passing over Arawan.

"Arawan?" he said. "Where is that? But anyhow they are coming. They will be here. When?"

"Before night."

"Great God! In only a few hours. What news of the flying-stages?" he asked.

"The people of the southwest wards are marching."

"Marching!"

He turned impatiently to the blank circles of the lenses again.

"I suppose it must be a sort of speech. Would to God I knew certainly the thing that should be said! And the people marching! The aeroplanes at Arawan!"

That imminence and the delay of Helen provoked an unreasonable irritation. His belief in his heroic quality and calling lost its assured conviction. The picture of a little strutting futility in a windy waste of incomprehensible destinies replaced it.

"What does it matter whether I speak well or ill?" he said, and felt the light grow brighter.

He had framed some vague sentence of democratic sentiment, when suddenly doubts, those harpies of the soul, assailed him. Abruptly it was perfectly clear to him that the logic of Ostrog was right; that his own cause was but the foolish protest of weakness against inevitable things. He thought of that swift flight of aeroplanes like the swoop of Fate towards him. His mind changed from phase to phase. In that final emergency he debated, thrust debate resolutely aside, determined at all costs to go through with the thing he had undertaken. And he could find no word to begin. Even as he stood, awkward, hesitating, with a foolish apology for his inability trembling on his lips, came the noise of many people crying out, the running to and fro of feet. "Wait," cried some one, and a door opened. "She is coming," said the voices. Graham turned, and the watching lights upon him waned.

His heart leaped. Through the open doorway he saw a gray figure advancing across a spacious hall. Behind and about her marched a riot of applause. The man in yellow came out of the nearer shadows into the circle of light.

"This is the girl who told us what Ostrog had done," he said.

It was Helen Wotton. Her face was aflame, and the heavy coils of her black hair fell about her shoulders. The folds of the soft silk robe she wore streamed from her and floated on the rhythm of her advance. She was tall and beautiful and strong. She drew nearer and nearer, and his heart was beating fast. The shadow of the doorway fell athwart her face and she was near him. He made one step to meet her. "You have not betrayed us?" she cried. "You are with us?"

"The people!" said Graham.

"I knew," she cried—"I knew you were our leader. And it was I—it was I that told them. They have risen. All the world is rising. The people have awakened. You are Master still."

"You told them?" he said, and he saw that, spite of her steady eyes, her lips trembled and her throat rose and fell.

"I told them. I knew of the order. I was here. I heard that the negroes were to come to London to guard you and keep the people down—to keep you a prisoner. And I stopped them. I came out and told the people. You are Master still."

Graham glanced at the black lenses of the cameras, the vast listening ears, and back to her face. "I am Master still," he said, slowly, and the swift rush of a fleet of aeroplanes passed across his thoughts. They were coming, coming.

"Master still," said a voice out of the shadows.

"And you did this? You, who are the niece of Ostrog."

"For you," she cried. "For you! That you, for whom the world has waited, should not be cheated of your power."

Graham stood for a space, wordless, regarding her. His doubts and questionings fled before her eyes. He remembered the thing that he had meant to say. He faced the cameras again, and the light about him grew brighter. He turned again towards her.

"You have saved me," he said; "you have saved my power. And the battle is beginning. God knows what this night will see—but not dishonor."

He paused. He addressed himself now to the unseen multitudes who stared upon him through those grotesque black eyes. At first he spoke slowly.

"Men and women of the new age," he said, "you have arisen to do battle for the race. To do battle for the race! There is no easy victory before us."

He stopped to gather words. The thoughts that had been in his mind before she came returned, but transfigured, no longer touched with the shadow of a possible irrelevance. "This night is a beginning," he cried. "This battle that is coming, this battle that rushes upon us to-night, is only a beginning. All your lives, it may be, you must fight. Take no thought, though I am beaten, though I am utterly overthrown."

He found the thing in his mind too vague for words. He paused momentarily, and broke into vague exhorta-

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tions, and then a rush of speech came to him. Much that he said was but the humanitarian commonplace of a vanished age, but the conviction of his voice touched it to vitality. He stated the case of the old days to the people of the new age; to the woman at his side. "I come out of the past to you," he said, "with the memory of an age that hoped. My age was an age of dreams—of beginnings; an age of noble hopes. Throughout the world we had made an end of slavery; throughout the world we had spread the desire and anticipation that wars might cease, that all men and women might live nobly in freedom and peace....So we hoped in the days that are past. And what of those hopes? How is it with man after two hundred years?

"Great cities, vast powers, a collective greatness beyond our dreams. For that we did not work, and that has come. But how is it with the little lives that make up this greater life? How is it with the common lives? As it has ever been—sorrow and labor, lives cramped and unfulfilled, lives tempted by power, tempted by wealth, and gone to waste and folly. The old faiths have faded and changed, the new faith— Is there a new faith?"

Things that he had long wished to believe, he found that he believed. He spoke gustily, in broken, incomplete sentences, but with all his heart and strength, of the new faith within him. He spoke of the greatness of self-abnegation, of that immortal life of humanity in which we live and move and have our being. His voice rose and fell, and the recording appliances hummed their hurried applause; dim attendants watched him out of the shadows. Through all those doubtful places the sense of that silent spectator beside him sustained his persuasive sincerity. He felt no doubt now of his heroic quality, no doubt of his heroic words; he had it all straight and plain. At last he made an end to speaking.

"Here and now," he cried, "I make my will. All that is mine in the world I give to the people of the world. All that is mine in the world I give to the people in the world. I give it to you, and myself I give to you. For, as God wills, I will live for men, or I will die."

He ended with a florid gesture, and turned about. He found the light of his present exaltation reflected in the face of the girl. Their eyes met. They stood for one full moment apart from all the world, upborne on clouds of rhetoric, in emotional apotheosis.

The lights of the cameras flickered and fell, and the note of the armatures changed. They stood facing each other, still in the shadow.

[To be continued.]

The Philippine Revolt—*Manila's Night of Terror*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

OUR troubles in Manila date from the issuing of President McKinley's proclamation. The government at Malolos made the most of that uncompromising declaration to excite the people. There had been a young man in the provost marshal's office by the name of Sandico. This clever half-caste was able, through his knowledge of the people and the country, to afford us great assistance in the city administration. He professed strong friendship for Americans, and to all appearances was an ardent annexationist. In order to propagate his views among the people, he began founding societies in the city. General Hughes became suspicious of this too friendly native, and investigated the so-called clubs. The result brought about an explanation.

"Señor Sandico, you must stop forming these clubs," said the general.

"But why?" asked Sandico, innocently.

"We know what you are about, and you must stop," answered the general.

Soon after this Sandico left Manila to join the new cabinet of Aguinaldo, and became one of the most rabid anti-Americans in the Philippines. His work in Manila had already been done; how thoroughly subsequent events proved.

The whole trend of American thought and ideas has prevented our dealing with the Filipinos effectively. I do not mean to say that American soldiers have not bullied natives; on the contrary, there has been far too much petty tyranny of this kind. But, so far as our own policy is concerned, we have been slow to interfere with the freedom of action of the natives. Whether insurgents or not, they could come and go in Manila as they wished, so long as we found no definite charge against them. Nothing could have better suited the insurrectos, who are especially clever at working underground.

When Sandico left the city he had laid the foundation for an organized army in Manila itself. Of this organization we were somewhat informed, but so long as the leaders showed no hostile intention we did not interfere with them. The muster-rolls of one regiment of this army were dug up near Tondo church by our secret police. I have seen these papers. The army is called the corps of the "Arma Blanca," or Bolo-men. On paper the organization was perfect—one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and twelve companies commanded by three officers each. The title of this regiment was the anticipatory one of the "Victorious Regiment of Arma Blanca."

From the hour we issued the proclamation up to the present time the focus of all the insurgent movements has been in Manila itself. The plan was for the army of Aguinaldo on the outside to break our lines, while the army of Sandico in town should rise and destroy the city. There was no possible chance for the insurgents to hold Manila against our fleet. The whole purpose of their campaign must therefore have been to annihilate the American forces on land. It is easy enough to deal with an enemy in front, but when you have to deal with an enemy in your own camp, where every servant, every cab-driver, every innocent-looking native who glides barefooted along the streets, is a member of this army, the danger seems almost beyond control. Such a problem faced General Hughes. No better man could have been found for the position—cool when every one else had lost his head, a keen judge of human nature, firm though kindly, he brought to the task an unlimited capacity for hard work. Under his command he had the provost guard, consisting of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, the Second Oregon, and the Thirteenth Minnesota. The number of the enemy was to all practical purposes limited only by the number of natives in Manila. Knives they could get in spite of all vigilance, and how many rifles they had buried about the town, according to their custom, it was impossible to tell.

The provost marshal succeeded, up to February 2, in confining the organized movement in Manila to a few shooting affrays. His methods were those that befit an American gentleman. As an instance, he called up the colonel of one regiment of Arma Blanca, and said to him:

"I know your organization and your plans. Over there on the wall is a map of our lines. Look at it. Study it as long as you please. If you can do anything against us, go ahead and do it; but I warn you that if you rise I will shoot you all down like dogs, because what you intend is murder and arson."

The insurgent colonel, seeing his identity discovered, made the most of it. He walked up to the map on the wall and examined it carefully.

"You are right; we can do nothing against your lines," he acknowledged.

"Then go and tell your people so," said General Hughes.

Up to the present day not a fire has been set or a shot fired in the district where this colonel holds command. Such natives exist, but they are not those who make up the government at Malolos.

The truth is that the Block-house Battle of Manila broke out unexpectedly, on February 4. I do not mean that the insurgents were not preparing to fight us, but that they were not quite ready, especially in the city. The result was a disappointment, for the plan had been to rise inside and attack from the outside. The blow given to the Catipunan, or secretly organized militia of Sandico, was severe; but, in spite of the overwhelming defeat of the insurgent forces on the outside, the territorial militia got together on February 15. Then Sandico, minister of interior in Aguinaldo's cabinet and commander of the territorial army in Manila, issued to officers of his command the following order, than which no more openly devilish document ever came from human pen. The Sultan of Turkey before the Armenian massacres issued an order that the Armenians were to be "disciplined." I cannot give the order of Sandico verbatim, because I might by some peculiar wording betray the source of the provost marshal's information. Our government has this document, and I have been allowed to study it carefully. In effect it says that—

On February 15 the soldiers of the territorial army shall assemble in the streets of a certain district of Manila, armed with knives, revolvers, and rifles, ready for work.

Only Filipino families are to be spared and not molested. All other individuals, of whatsoever race, are to be killed without mercy, after the extermination of the American army of occupation.

Further instructions are given that the signal for the uprising in town is to be given by a general attack from the outside. The territorial militia are to rise in different districts in succession, sharpshooters to begin the work. Details of execution follow. The document ends with high-sounding phrases:

> The eyes of Europe are upon us. Success must follow if every man does his duty. Liberty or death. Let us make war without quarter on the Americans, who have betrayed us. [Signed] Sandico.

It will be seen that this historic document orders the murder of all the foreign population of Manila. Neither women nor children were to be spared. First the United States army was to be exterminated, and then all white non-combatants—men, women, and children—were to be put to the sword. Beside this fiendish plan the night of St. Bartholomew sinks into insignificance.

The war has developed into a race war. After this let no one raise his voice to favor Aguinaldo's government or army. For be it understood that Sandico is not an ignorant savage, but a native educated in Europe—the type of what we can hope for in educating the native. There is no choice of methods. A strong military government, untempered by mercy, is the only method of dealing with this people. Up to the time I set my eyes on this document I had a great deal of sympathy with the native, however mistaken he might be in his vague ideas of liberty. To-day I understand that to them liberty means the opportunity to give unbridled license to their mad racial instincts. Let no mistaken philanthropic movement at home interfere with our government here, or many of our brave men will die in consequence. I have learned to be an ardent anti-annexationist; now, however, that we have undertaken the herculean task of establishing a stable government here, self-preservation requires, for the time being at least, an autocratic government.

On February 15 General Hughes nipped the insurgent uprising in the bud by catching 125 of the insurgent chiefs in council. This night is known to us as "Bolo night."

After that General Hughes managed to prevent any outbreak by imprisoning some of the chiefs and by winning others over to more peaceful attitudes. It was like propping up the dykes of a great river which threatened at every point to break through and drown the city. To poor civilians who know the situation it is a reign of terror. At any moment our coachman may shoot us. The boy who waits on us at table may stick a knife into us, or we may have our throats cut while sleeping. Every one carries a revolver and sleeps with one eye open. Last but not least of all, our houses of dry inflammable wood might literally in a few seconds be burning over our heads.

Yes, fire was the final resort of the territorial army. Seeing that they could not succeed in gathering, they determined to fire the town, in hopes that in the general panic they might be able to get a start. In spite of every vigilance, an unforeseen event hastened the calamity.

On the night of Washington's birthday a fire broke out in the Santa Cruz district. This fire burned a large number of houses belonging to rich Filipinos who had not thrown their lot in with the revolutionists. With a strong wind blowing towards the Escolta, the business street of Manila, it was a hard fire to stop. The regular fire department, manned by natives, proved inefficient, and American soldiers soon voluntarily dropped in and took their places. The English and German volunteer engine did excellent work. Some one kept cutting the hose. The firemen were suspected. At last a soldier caught a Malay bending over the hose and prodding it with a large knife. The soldier, bringing his rifle down with a violent blow, broke the native's neck.

Filipino men and women and Chinamen, bending under heavy loads of clothes and furniture, staggered along the streets. Business men watched with anxiety the progress of the fire towards their property. Platoons of soldiers, their arms stacked, stood at street corners ready to quell any uprising. At a corner, with the flames blowing towards him from the blazing block of buildings across the narrow street, an American tar from the *Olympia* held the hose. Sometimes he was helped by a few soldiers, sometimes by civilians, but nobody except the sailor seemed to be able to bear the heat for any length of time. He stood his ground, determined that the fire should not cross that narrow street; and, in fact, the fire did not cross that street. Soon the fire was under control and we all started for home.

Hardly had we reached our houses when a fresh fire broke out, this time in Tondo district. Our feeling may be imagined when we heard musketry fire in that direction. Tondo is a native district on the north of Manila, next to the sea. It is cut off from the main part of the city by a broad street, the Calle Iris. The tall spires and massive walls of Tondo church, surrounded by a high wall, and a stone building used by us as a police station in this district, break the monotony of thousands of nipa huts. These huts go up in flames very much as a barn full of hay does at home. It seems that about five hundred insurgent soldiers had gotten through our lines into the Tondo district without our knowledge. It is supposed that they filtered in through the swamps near the sea on General MacArthur's left wing.

There was one company of the Minnesota regiment in the police station at Tondo, and General Hughes had placed another in Tondo church to meet any emergency, for this district was a hot-bed of the Catipunan, or secret territorial militia. The orders were that in case of an uprising the two companies should unite on the Calle Iris.

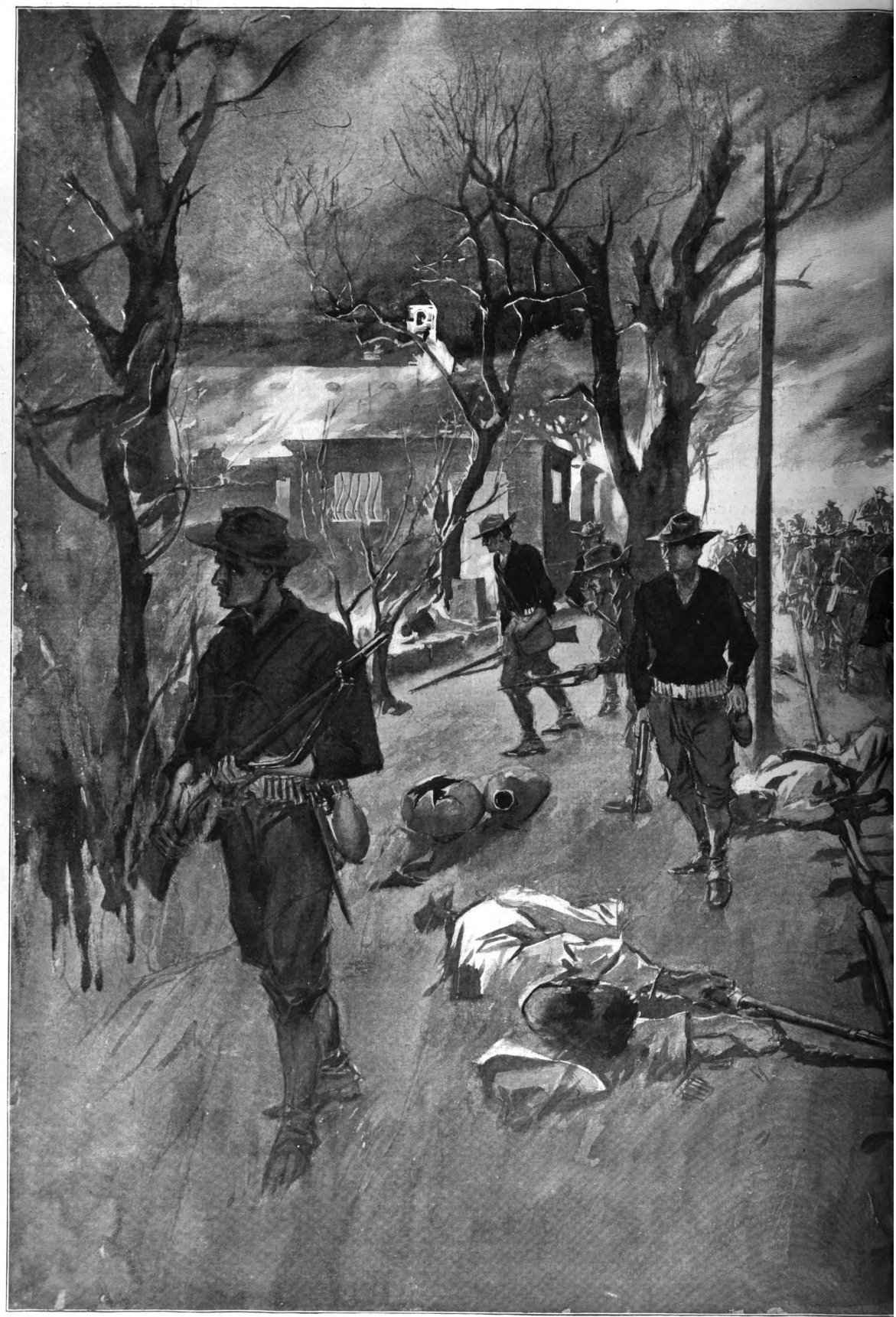
The first intimation that we had of the presence of any insurgent troops in town was the Tondo fire and a fierce attack on the police station. The intention was plain enough. The fire was to drive the company of Minnesota men out of their barracks, after which the insurgents expected to finish them off. As the fire broke out, the insurgent bugles rang long and loud in the city itself, as if sounding a charge. The company in the church joined one platoon from the police station on Calle Iris, but they lost several men wounded in so doing. One platoon of the Minnesota remained. The insurgents, seeing that the fire did not drive out the Americans, tried to rush the station. A guard was standing at the gate. He did not have time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, but stuck it through the bars into an insurgent's face, and pulling the trigger, blew the man's head off.

The insurgents next tried the garden wall, but were met with a sharp fire which prevented their climbing over. The walls of that police station are dotted with bullet-marks. The danger was that this platoon, alone in the midst of insurgents and a terrific fire, would get badly roasted, but the high garden walls protected them.

Soon re-enforcements arrived—two companies of the Second Oregon and two of the Twenty-third United States Infantry. They lined out along the Calle Iris in ditches, and also at right angles to the road skirting the fire. A thousand nipa huts burning is a terrible and magnificent sight. The fire leaped, rolled, and roared in giant waves of flame, which sent rhythmic pulsations of heat even across the Calle Iris. To add to the general hubbub, every joint in the bamboo huts burst with the sharp report of a rifle. This imitation rifle-fire was accompanied by the sound of real shots. Bullets whistled this way and that. One knew not exactly from what direction they came. Now they seemed to come from behind a nipa hut, now from the window of a burning house. It was an occasion to try the coolest man, and, from what I saw of our troops, it seems to me that our soldiers kept their heads. It was a wonder that in the night-time, with unseen enemies on every side, a panic did not overtake the town, and that companies of our men did not shoot into one another promiscuously. A few of our men were no doubt wounded by their comrades, but the wonder is that numbers of them were not killed on Wednesday night.

From the Calle Iris the troops lay watching the fire. Shots still came from the burning district. Our soldiers carefully returned the fire. The flames advancing, drove before them a crowd of women and children carrying bundles of what they had been able to save from the fire. They moaned and chattered in fright, and begged us for mercy. Along with this crowd came a number of men half naked, who probably a few minutes before had been firing into our ranks. No doubt, according to their custom, they had thrown away their insurgent uniforms and now sought our protection. How could we tell who they were? We allowed them to pass our lines into the city.

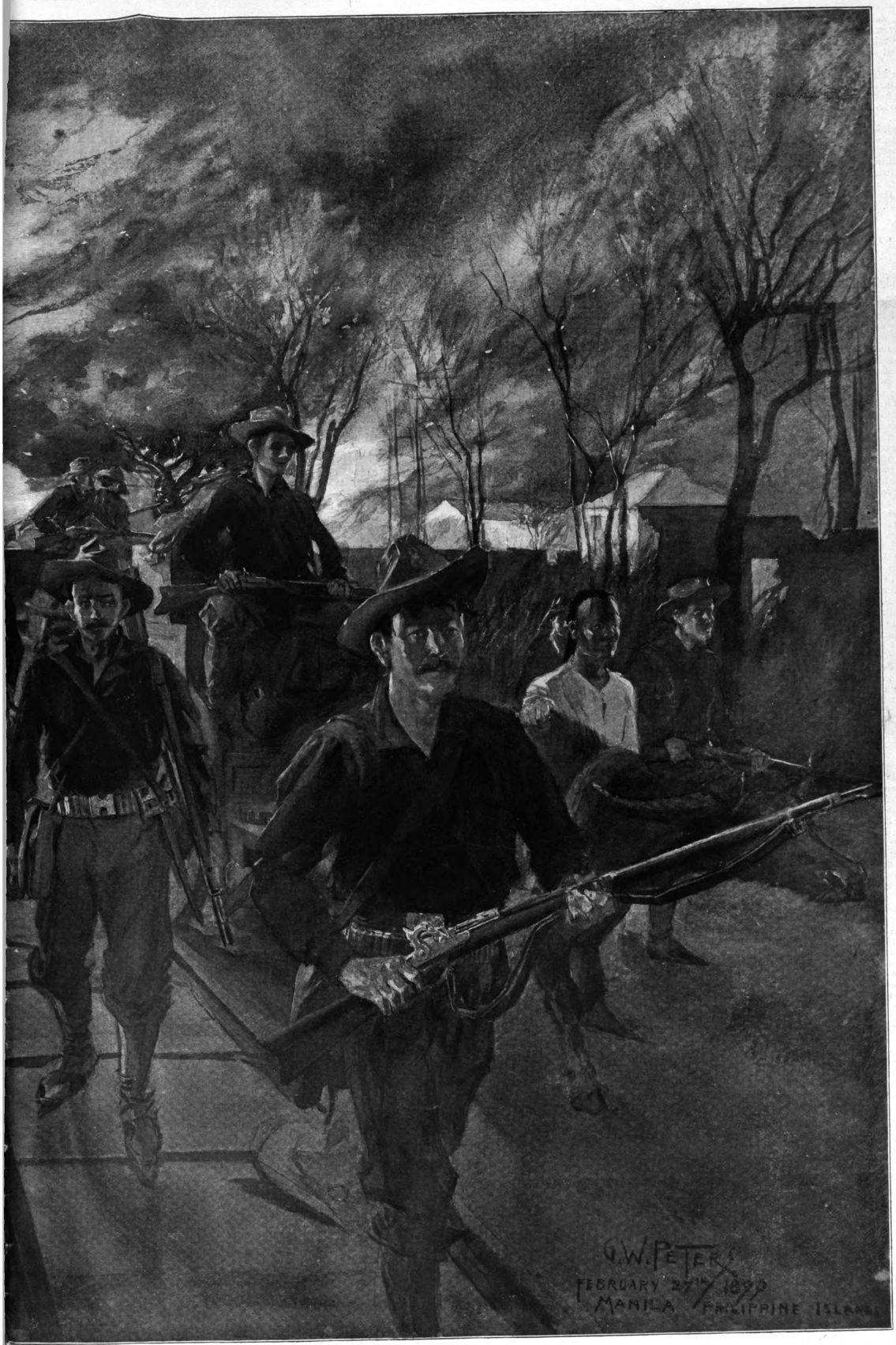
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MANILA—THE AMMUNITION-TRAIN AND RESERVES OF THE 20TH KANSAS VOLUNTEE
THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 10—THE T

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL AR

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COLONEL FREDERICK FUNSTON, MARCHING THROUGH CALOOCAN AT NIGHT AFTER
N WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

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On the fire came, with flaming tongues, and hoarse, threatening roar. Driven by the wind, would it cross the Calle Iris? For some minutes the issue hung in the balance; then the fire died down a little. It was not going to cross.

Suddenly, one hundred yards back of the troops, towards the centre of the city, the filthy little booths of the Binondo market burst into flames. The Chinamen of the district turned to and tried to stop this new fire by tearing down the booths. They were shot at from the houses in the neighborhood, but kept at work, running to and fro, tearing off boards, and taking them out of the way of the flames. Our guards tried to protect these Celestials at their work by firing into the houses where the shots seemed to come from. I say seemed, for the Mauser gave no flash in the night. Over these hurrying and excited men at work in the market-place the great flames threw their yellow light, and cast long moving fantastic shadows everywhere. Gradually the shooting ceased, and the insurgents withdrew to Tondo bridge, which they held until the following day. The fire continued to burn, but finally subsided towards morning. As for our provost guard, they remained on guard watching through the night.

This was the night of terror, when a large army surrounded our lines, when it was known that the mass of the population were enlisted against us. With three great fires started in succession, with shots from unseen enemies whistling on every side, with the insurgent bugle blowing in our very midst, we had only one brigade of three regiments to keep order. From our lines about the city, already too thin on account of the length of our cordon, there was no hope of re-enforcements, for every soldier was needed to hold the line. It was therefore the provost guard against a city full of hostile natives, besides the five hundred insurgents who had crept around our lines and were in the rear of General MacArthur's division—that is to say, between our army and the city. All honor to the men who did their duty so well. Thirteen of them were wounded, but the daylight was at hand, when retribution was possible.

Next day the provost marshal made up his mind to clean the five hundred insurgents out of Tondo. Along the three parallel roads in Tondo the insurgents had built barricades Their particular stronghold was at Tondo bridge. This bridge is higher in the middle than at the two ends. By placing a stone breastwork at the highest point the insurgents made a strong defensive work. Along the road from Tondo to Malabon the enemy had also possession of the houses, from the windows of which they kept the road clear. On either side of the road the ground is wet and swampy. Behind the high dykes built to hold in the water, native soldiers lay to prevent any flanking movement. To add to the difficulty of our advance in the still unburned district held by the insurgents, nipa huts lined the road, squatted on the dykes, and covered the fields, furnishing shelter for insurgent sharpshooters.

Three companies of Minnesota, three of Oregon, and a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, under the command of Major Goodale, started out to clear the country between the city and General MacArthur's division. The artillery could not be used, for fear of shooting into our lines two miles beyond the little insurgent band, and for the same reason our rifle-fire had to be very guarded. A few skirmishers were thrown out in front. They scurried along, hugging the sides of the buildings and seeking protection behind walls. The bullets came hissing down the street; some struck the walls and went ricochetting viciously from side to side of the street. The forces advanced in three columns down the three streets of Tondo. I followed the battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry down the street that led to the Tondo bridge. A platoon of the Oregon regiment had dashed forward, and taking the first barricade, lay close to the ground, while the enemy retired to the bridge. On the right of the road a dense mass of nipa huts covered the ground.

"Take your company and go through there, burning the huts back of you," ordered Major Goodale.

Lieutenant Stritzinger threw his company among the houses. There were a few shots here and there, but soon these were silenced, and the district was in flames back of us. On the right of the road were some larger buildings, evidently the houses of rich Filipinos. With a squad of men I went through them. The insurgents had ransacked them thoroughly. Furniture in a heap lay at the foot of the stairs, mirrors were broken, chests burst open, fine dresses and laces strewn about the place, and broken china along the floor gave uncertain footing. In the yard the horses set loose were whinnying as the bullets rang through the tin roof. In the basement, in a dark room into which one of the soldiers broke, we found about fifty Filipinos. The men, hiding under mattings and furniture, were mostly in their under-clothes, their insurgent uniforms being tucked away in dark corners. The women with their children burst into howls of lamentations as they saw us enter, and dragged themselves at our feet. Before this unexpected assault of frantic supplication we beat a hasty retreat, and joined the firing-line.

Lieutenant Stritzinger's company on the right of the road was now ahead of the barricade we held. The enemy still held the bridge, and their sharpshooters on the right behind the dykes swept the approach to the bridge. There was only one thing to be done—move a company still further to the right and flank the sharpshooters behind the dykes.

Lieutenant Stritzinger waited for orders, but the major was busy on the left.

"Column right," shouted the lieutenant. We marched along a narrow path, and wading a stream, came into another village of nipa huts. Ping! came the bullets crashing through the bamboo.

"Steady there, men. A little more to the right. Go ahead slowly. Don't shoot unless you see something to shoot at," called the lieutenant.

Every hut was set on fire as we passed by. We let loose the dogs which were tied to the houses, to prevent them from roasting. Sometimes we would run upon a whole family cowering behind a hut. All these people were promptly sent to the rear. They all moaned and crouched before us as if they expected to be shot. We came to a large building where evidently insurgent soldiers had slept the day before. Uniforms were thrown about. A little further, and we should be far enough advanced to pour a flanking fire into the sharpshooters who were near the bridge. Directly ahead there seemed to be a rather strong insurgent force, who from earth-works pumped bullets in our direction incessantly. A few of our men were sent in advance. One of these was shot in the chest, and lived only a few seconds. A second was shot in the wrist, and as he sat down to bind up his wound he was shot again, this time through the calf, and almost immediately once more, through the thigh, shattering the bone.

"It doesn't matter," he groaned; "I got two of them."

We were very near the fellows behind the dykes now—not more than forty yards from two of them. They were not in insurgent uniform, but in white. One could see a straw hat and white shoulders rise above the dyke, then a rifle would crack, and the head and shoulders would disappear again. Our men took shots at these insurgents. They got both on the second shot, and the two insurgents fell back with a splash in the water. At this point a young man dressed in spick-and-span white clothes—he had evidently just changed his suit—rushed out of a house and threw his arms around my legs. The violence of the action nearly threw me to the ground. The man appeared to be frantic with fear, like all the rest of the natives, and evidently thought we would shoot him. About five hundred of these suppliant insurgents were taken prisoners that day.

So far we have not succeeded in catching a single insurrecto, such is the rapid metamorphosis of the rebel into the peaceful citizen.

Soon the left of the insurgent line was dislodged, and the main body near the bridge deserted their barricades, and ran for the brush towards the shore. Our company moved across the dykes to join the main body of the battalion on the bridge. On the way we counted nine dead Filipinos. One man lay flat in the swamp, his face buried in the mud. A soldier saw him move a little, and lifting him up, discovered that the man did not have a scratch. He was merely shamming. The native, covered with a plaster of blue-gray mud, ran about, kneeling with folded hands to every American he met, until some one, taking pity on him, made him wash his face and sent him to the rear. A few bullets still kicked up the dust about the bridge, but the fighting at our end of the line was over. The insurgents were evidently bent on escaping the same way they came in, for they made off in the direction of the swamps on the sea-shore near Malabon, at the left of General MacArthur's division. Some of our troops pursued them. When the remains of the insurgent forces reached the swamps, they were on open ground in full sight of the *Callao*, and she picked them off with her machine-guns. Five insurgents stuck in the mud gave the gunners ample time to get good aim. Further out in the bay the *Monadnock* sent several large shells to hasten the insurgents on their way.

How many the enemy lost it is impossible to tell. The conservative estimate is one hundred; the highest, five hundred. On returning, we heard with regret that two Englishmen had been shot in Tondo. They were inside the insurgent lines, and foolishly were looking out of the window watching the fight.

That day the insurgents had been picking at our lines from the outside. Indeed, the firing was rather severe opposite our lines at Caloocan. Our total loss was five killed and thirty wounded.

There is a point of land extending from Malabon towards Manila, and cut from the mainland by swamps and tide-water. At this point the insurgents got into Tondo. It never occurred to us that, after the drubbing we had given them, a large number of insurgents would dare to come around our lines in this way. It was an act of reckless bravery, and shows that the insurgents are not afraid of facing death.

In the Tondo fight I believe that at least two hundred were killed. Navy officers watching the shore from Tondo to Malabon assure me that between five hundred and one thousand armed insurgents tried to get back to Malabon through the swamps. It looks as if at least five hundred insurgents had crept past our lines at one time and another. Here was a body of men who put themselves voluntarily between our fighting-line and the city, knowing that they were bound to be crushed, either by a force still remaining in the city or by a combined attack from our fighting-line and the provost guard. With this fate staring them in the face they did not lose their heads, but fortified their position to the best of their ability. This they did by throwing up in one night a series of barricades which, from a military stand-point, were as well placed as possible. The two roads approaching the bridge of Tondo and the bridge itself were so fortified that, from whichever way the attack came, the insurgents would find protection. The only prospect of success for this band lay in the hopes that we would be obliged to draw from our trenches at Caloocan such a number of men that an attack from without would break the line. When the time came to fight, many of the insurgents stuck to their position with persistence, but the very same men who conceived and executed so daring a plan, when once cornered by our provost guard, actually hid their rifles, and rushing out, kneeled, as if in abject terror, before every American soldier they met.

I cannot help mentioning here the accounts of the battle of the 5th of February sent by Filipinos to Hong-kong papers. These accounts are such a mixture of truth and falsehood that I have no doubt the world at large is under the impression that American sensational journals, combined with the judicious clippings of the censor, have exaggerated the American successes and belittled American losses. One of the Filipino accounts, after stating with reasonable accuracy the military movements, goes on to say that all the public buildings in Manila are filled with American dead and wounded. Here is another instance of Filipino cunning, whose main purpose is to deceive, whether or not any benefit accrues from such deceit. That we have massacred women and children, as this letter reports, is utterly false. A very few non-combatants among the many who remained between the fighting-lines were killed. Indeed, the same account estimates the Filipino dead after the first battle at six hundred. While I think the estimate is small, it is not unreasonable. A fair estimate of the insurgent loss up to the present time is about eighteen hundred.

Since our first move forward, of the week beginning February 5, we have been satisfied to hold our positions and intrench them strongly. The reason for this inactivity is apparent. It is impossible to continue indefinitely stretching out our line. This line, which now extends for twenty miles about the city, is of necessity very thin. We have troops in Cavite, Ilo Ilo, Negros, and Cebu. The present plan of campaign cannot be aggressively continued without more men, and from day to day we await with anxiety the arrival of all the remaining troops destined for the Philippines. When these re-enforcements arrive, no doubt, columns will be sent out into the interior. It is evident to everybody here that at home they are underestimating the number of troops necessary to establish a stable military government in the islands. Experts say fifty thousand men are needed in Luzon alone.

As it now stands, the insurgents, assured that we will make no immediate move forward, are hunting for weak points along our lines and planning devilment in Manila itself. This they have done to perfection. About the plots in the city and the terrible fires I have already written. Around our cordon they have adopted the harassing methods of guerilla warfare. During the night they fire from time to time in such a way that neither our soldiers nor our officers get much sleep, and they manage to kill or wound a few of our men every day. In about two months the wet season will be upon us. Then it will be impossible to move troops in the interior, and the campaign will have to be abandoned until next fall. It is to be hoped, therefore, that nothing will happen to prevent an aggressive campaign as soon as our fresh troops arrive.

March 9, 1899.

The Taking of Ilo Ilo

DESCRIBED BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

February 12, 1899.

THE news of the evacuation of Ilo Ilo by the Spanish reached Manila about the 23d of December. Immediately orders were given to form an expedition of our forces to occupy the place. This expedition—composed of the Eighteenth Infantry on board the *Arizona*, the Fifty-first Iowa on board the *Pennsylvania*, and a battery of the Sixth Artillery on board the *Newport*, all under command of Brigadier-General Marcus P. Miller—sailed from Manila at midnight, December 26, convoyed by the *Baltimore*.

The expedition reached Ilo Ilo on the morning of the 28th, and preparations were made for landing the forces; some delay occurring, the insurgents informed us that in case there was an attempt to land, the landing would be opposed by the native troops. As the orders to the expedition did not contemplate such a condition of affairs, the landing was postponed until further instructions could be obtained from Manila. When this news reached Manila the *Petrel* was sent to Ilo Ilo, arriving the morning of January 6; but nothing was done towards taking the place, as orders had come from Washington to do nothing to bring on a rupture with the insurgents pending the ratification of the treaty of peace. The ships simply lay there in the harbor menacing the town. The insurgents allowed the army officers to land, thus giving them opportunity to obtain information as to the number of men and the defences of the city. About the 10th of January the insurgents sunk three lighters in the entrance to the river, thus partially obstructing the channel, so as to allow only small steamers to pass. During the last week in January the *Pennsylvania* was sent back to Manila, as the Iowa regiment had not been on shore since it left San Francisco, some three months before.

On February 8 the *Boston* arrived from Manila to relieve the *Baltimore*, which left the same afternoon for Manila. The *Boston* had left Manila on the 6th, the day after the battle of Manila, bringing us the first news of the rupture with the insurgents.

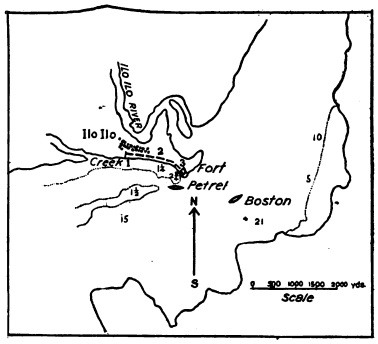
Friday morning, February 10, the army despatch-boat *Butuan* arrived with word that the *St. Paul*, with the Tennessee regiment on board, would arrive in a few hours, and that as soon as she arrived we were to take the town. Immediately a conference was called by General Miller, which was attended by Captain Wilde of the *Boston* and Commander Cornwell of the *Petrel*. The general was inclined to give the insurgents forty-eight hours' notice to surrender, but Captains Wilde and Cornwell insisted on only twenty-four hours being given, arguing that a longer time would only give the insurgents time to perfect arrangements to burn the town, which they had already threatened to do. It was finally decided to allow them only twenty-four hours' notice, and it was sent ashore that afternoon about four o'clock. By this notice the insurgents were informed that they must surrender within twenty-four hours, otherwise we would land troops to occupy the town, and if our landing was opposed we would bombard the town. They were also told that if they burnt the town, we would burn Malo and Jaro, two native villages; also, if they attempted further to obstruct the entrance to the river, or to add to their defences, we would open fire at once.

That afternoon the *Boston* moved to an anchorage eight hundred yards east-southeast of the fort, and the *Petrel* anchored four hundred yards southwest of the fort. In these positions our ships commanded the entrance to the river, the fort, and the trenches extending from the fort along the beach to in front of the native part of the town, about one thousand yards northwest of the *Petrel's* anchorage.

That night about ten o'clock the *St. Paul* arrived. The *Plover*, a British man-of-war, came in a few hours later. The *Pigmy* was already in the harbor. Everything was ready for the taking of the town, which was set for early Sunday morning, Sunday being the fighting-day out here.

Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, the *Petrel* observed the insurgents throwing up intrenchments in front of the native town, about one thousand yards from the ship. Signal was immediately made to the *Boston*, who answered, "If certain of it, open fire on them." At three minutes past nine the *Petrel* dropped two three-pound shells among them as a warning. In a few minutes the natives opened a spasmodic fire with rifles from their trenches along the water-front. As the *Petrel* was close inshore, and the crew unprotected from rifle-fire, orders were given to open fire. The *Boston* opened at the same time, firing the first shot at thirty-five minutes past nine. The fire of the *Boston* was directed at

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CITY AND HARBOR OF ILO ILO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

the fort and native villages back of the town, while the *Petrel* turned her attention to the fort and the trenches in front of the native town. The foreign portion of the town was spared as much as possible. After the firing began, the insurgents fired a few shots from their trenches, and attempted to send men to the trenches opposite the *Petrel*, but a few turns of the *Petrel's* Gatling put them on the run. They also attempted to bring a small field-piece into action, but the *Boston* saw them, and a well-directed shot from one of her six-inch guns convinced them this was not a wise move. The fort was unoccupied, and was riddled by the fire from both ships. During the first part of the firing four insurgent generals—all insurgents are generals—were seen bravely riding down towards the fort, but a few minutes afterwards three of the horses were seen going back riderless. What became of the generals is a mystery. They probably wore the buttons off their blouses skating back to the town.

As soon as we opened fire the insurgents began setting fire to the town, the first house fired being an American storehouse. In a few minutes the town was afire in five or six places, and it burnt all that day and night, destroying the English, American, and German consulates, several residences and warehouses, a large portion of the business part, and the native and Chinese quarters. The next day, after the army had occupied the place, the Custom House and a large warehouse were burnt. Most of the foreign residence part was untouched.

We ceased firing at 10.20, and as the army had as yet made no motion towards landing, the *Boston* signalled General Miller, "Why don't you land troops?" This was answered by, "If you wish troops landed, send a steam-launch to tow boats ashore." Yet there had been three launches hired especially for landing troops. The *Boston* then signalled the *Petrel* to land men, and prepared her own landing-party for going ashore. The *Boston* sent forty-eight men and a Gatling gun in charge of Lieutenant Niblack and Ensign Everhart, while the *Petrel* sent thirty men in charge of Lieutenant Plunkett. The *Boston's* party was the first to land, at 11.20, the *Petrel's* party landing two minutes later. The party from the *Boston* immediately took the fort, hauling down the Filipino flag, which was still flying, and hoisting the stars and stripes at 11.25, amid the cheers from the ships. The landing-parties immediately advanced towards the town, the *Boston's* party occupying it and hoisting the American flag over the city at 12.30.

During this time the *St. Paul* had moved close in to the fort, and at noon the first troops from the Tennessee regiment were landed in the ship's boats. The *Arizona* then moved in, and by six that afternoon all the troops had been landed. The army immediately after landing marched into the town, and as far as the Malo and Jaro bridges, the insurgents having retired to these villages.

One report has it that the action was brought on prematurely by the navy; but we had threatened that if we found the insurgents adding to their defences we would open fire at once, and the threat had to be kept. As it is, we have told the natives so many things that we have not carried out that they think we believe more in mañana than do the Spanish. There is no doubt that it was for the best as it happened, for one of the English captains is authority for a rumor that the insurgents were perfecting arrangements for burning the whole town when we opened fire. The only thing to be regretted is that the foreigners, women, and children did not have a long enough chance to get out of the town, though most of the foreigners had left the night before, going aboard the ships in the harbor; and, so far as can be learned, none of those remaining in the town were hurt, but they were thoroughly frightened.

To show what accurate information we had concerning the defences and forces of the place, it is only necessary to say that General Miller was heard to tell the colonel of the Tennessee regiment, the night before, that there was going to be a good fight, as he would have to fight three for one, there being 5000 men armed with rifles and 16,000 armed with bolos and machetes. Yet the town was captured with forty-eight men, as the *Petrel's* landing-party did not enter the town. To us the whole thing partook of the nature of an opera-bouffe, though it was terribly earnest to the other side, and to those who were left homeless by the fire.

Our hardest work was suppressing the looting of the town. The only man wounded during the day was a seaman in the *Boston's* party, who was shot in the heel by a looter. The doctor who accompanied the party had filled his canteen with brandy-and-water before leaving the ship, so he gave the man a drink from it, and then knelt down with his back to the man's face to examine the wound. While he was dressing the wound the man saw his opportunity and emptied the canteen. When he was taken on board ship he had to be carried, but it was not due to the wound.

One of the "nerviest" things of the day was a Filipino who in the afternoon, even after the army had occupied the place, began firing at the *Petrel* with a rifle from one of the houses about five hundred yards from the ship. As his shots were falling close to the ship, a landing-party had to be sent ashore to drive him out, but they did not succeed in capturing him.

LONDON

April 1, 1899.

THE rising of Parliament for its Easter holiday hangs up for a fortnight the petty political questions which have engaged the attention of the House of Commons during the first portion of the session. During the recess there is much discussion in country houses on the fact that the government, being now in its fifth year of office, is incited by certain influential Unionists to dissolve in the autumn. Although this course would be extremely unpopular among members of Parliament, there is something to be said for it from the government point of view. Every administration loses supporters from the day of its accession to power. Lord Salisbury's ministry is no exception to this rule. I have reason to know that the party managers estimate that a loss of forty seats would be sustained by the government, or eighty votes on a division, if an appeal were made to the country at the present time. The dry-rot that impairs the strength of all ministries as they pass their meridian of life is not likely to exempt the present government from its effects. It is remembered, moreover, that during the last fifty years an appeal to the country has almost invariably led to the substitution of the Opposition for the government of the day. In 1852 the Earl of Aberdeen succeeded the Earl of Derby. In 1857 Lord Derby succeeded Lord Palmerston, and the latter again succeeded his rival after the dissolution of 1859. In 1866, after Lord Palmerston's death, Lord Derby again replaced the Whig Earl Russell, while in 1868 Mr. Gladstone formed his first ministry in succession to that of Mr. Disraeli. In 1874 the Tories again acceded to power, and were displaced by the Liberals in 1880. In 1886 Lord Salisbury was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone, who was ejected from power the same year, having reigned only one hundred and seventy-eight days. Lord Salisbury was Premier for six years, when, on a fresh appeal to the country, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery presided over the fortunes of the Radicals for three years, when, in 1895, Lord Salisbury once more returned to power. If this story conveys any lesson at all, it is that if Lord Salisbury waits until June, 1901, for a general election, the Unionists will be beaten, and the Irish question will break out anew.

If, however, a dissolution were held next autumn on the strength of peace, national prosperity, a reasonably good budget, and a fair harvest, it is possible that the Unionists might again be returned to power. The loss of forty seats would still give them a Parliamentary majority of between sixty and seventy over the Radicals and Irish combined. The temptation, however, to use to the full extent the provisions of the Septennial Act will probably prove irresistible. Then, again, the reduction of the Irish representation by twenty seats is a step strongly pressed on the government by an influential section of the House of Commons. Members of Parliament find the cost of winning and holding their seats an increasing burden, and nothing is more objectionable to the average Parliamentarian than a general election. The advice of the party managers, therefore, will probably be overridden by opportunist counsels, although, as I have before hinted, ministerial changes are in contemplation which cannot be indefinitely postponed.

MR. RHODES'S return to London from Berlin, after a series of interviews with the Kaiser, has created fresh interest in the Cape to Cairo scheme of railway associated with his name. It cannot be said that commercial or expert railway opinion is by any means unanimous in its favor. On the contrary, I find that some of the ablest and most far-seeing persons with whom I have consulted regard the Central African railway scheme as not only commercially impracticable, but as positively hurtful to British interests. The negotiations in which Mr. Rhodes has been engaged in Berlin, while they have encouraged his supporters, have developed opposition at home among influential people who have hitherto been silent. It is contended that Mr. Rhodes's scheme is based on an erroneous economic conception. The proposed line or series of lines from Cape Town to Cairo runs parallel with a couple of ocean routes, and it is contended, with reason, that the sea route will permanently command the traffic in passengers and goods; while for safety and comfort, not to speak of speed, the ocean steamer is infinitely preferable to a narrow-gauge saloon-carriage running to and fro across the equator. The experts referred to contend that the proper method of developing the resources of any particular region in Africa or any other continent is to establish immediate communication with the coast. The example of America, for instance, shows that while five transcontinental lines were necessary, no use has yet been found for a main line running from north to south through the centre of the continent.

It is further contended that if Mr. Rhodes's negotiations with the German government come to anything, the British line from the Victoria Nyanza to the coast of Mombasa will be robbed of a very material part of its traffic by the German line to the coast at Dar-es-Salaam—a line which would probably not be built at all—at all events, for many years—if it were not for the plans and proposals Mr. Rhodes has laid before the Kaiser. These are the considerations which have been submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by well-informed and influential people, and the hesitation shown in granting the desired guarantee to the Rhodesian scheme of the Cape to Cairo Railway is regarded as eloquent of the doubts the government entertain as to the economic soundness of the plan. Furthermore, almost everything commercial in Africa is now in the hands of trusts and powerful combinations of companies, and a strong disinclination is felt by the income-tax payer to being pledged to a guarantee, the liability for which will remain after Mr. Rhodes's genius and energy have disappeared from the scene, and from which no profit will accrue to the present generation.

NO accurate description of English life to-day can ignore the influenza epidemic. Cablegrams report when the great lights of politics and society are laid low, poor things; but they at least have everything that skill and money can provide, and somehow the world drags along during their temporary eclipse. Middle and working class families are the principal sufferers. This year the infection is not of a virulent type, but what it lacks in intensity it makes up in volume. Thousands of families whose woes never reach the newspapers are now the victims of the scourge to an unheard-of extent. The servant difficulty—I am informed, owing to the influenza—has never before proved so intractable. Ladies scarcely able to drag one foot after another are cooking for their sick servants and themselves, while "the chores" are done anyhow or left undone. Whole families are struck down with the disease, and the misery caused by the present outbreak is widespread and tragical. Influenza and the lack of servants are subjects that fill more minds at the present time than Samoa, China, France, or the domestic policy of the government. This servant question approaches a crisis. When education became general and compulsory it was obvious that before very long the taste for domestic service would decline, and that young women with views of life expanded by the Board Schools and the cheap press would take a leaf out of the book of their American sisters, and decline domestic service so long as a subsistence is obtainable from sources not involving the stigma of menial work.

I HAVE taken some pains to get at the facts of the case, and find that the distaste for menial service—the consequences of which are accentuated by the influenza—has extended from women to men. The managing committees of nearly every club in London find themselves unable to obtain trustworthy, clean, and civil English servants on any terms. In large private establishments—such as that of a wealthy peer who still maintains some measure of state—service is often hereditary; but in the great bulk of the middle-class families, employing from one to four or five domestics, vacant appointments are scarcely to be filled at any price. Women of the middle classes have not yet recognized that the march of triumphant democracy has created new conceptions of life among working-girls, and obliterated old class distinctions between them and their employers to an extent little dreamed of by the authors of the extended suffrage and of free and compulsory education. There can be little doubt that the want of servants will lead to considerable social changes in the near future. Already enormous block buildings of flats are being run up wherever there is a vacant site in London, and thousands of people gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of diminishing their household cares at the sacrifice of privacy and comfort. It is probable that the changes will go farther. A fairly well-to-do middle-class street in the West or North of London may contain a hundred private houses, requiring a hundred cooks, a hundred house-maids, and a hundred nurses. The impossibility of procuring ministering angels in sufficient quantity has already enormously increased the resort of the male inhabitants of villadom to club life, and it is to this cause more than to any other that both men's and women's clubs are increasing at a rate which would have made our fathers and mothers gasp and stare.

THE pleasant Italian system, also in vogue in Paris, of having meals sent in from restaurant or trattoria has not yet taken root, though many people with Continental experience have introduced the custom of importing their meals by means of a Norwegian kitchen. The possibility of employing Chinese on a large scale is being broached. More excellent servants do not exist, but the evils that would ensue from an invasion of Chinese domestics are not understood in this country. The only hope for the middle-class house-mother, therefore, seems to lie in the direction of cheapened power. For twenty years experiments with electricity have mocked the hopes of educated people of narrow means. Mr. Charles Tripler's experiments on liquid air, however, seem to promise something like a revolution in the production of power, the cheapening of transport, the abolition of coal as a source of energy, and the amelioration of life generally. American families throughout the length and breadth of the States are acquainted with the servant difficulty, and can smile at the troubles that are beginning to cast a shadow upon the family life of England. The conservatism, the insularity, and deliberation of the British housewife make her rebel against the operation of natural law in checking the production of servants.

IF the problem of expansion in the United States has raised questions as to the efficiency of the Executive in Washington, it should not be forgotten that the English people are also heavily burdened with weak and inefficient administration at headquarters. The difficulties experienced by General Otis in the Philippines are substantially the same as those that existed in Burmah at the close of the last war. Years passed before the country was effectually pacified. Full power was given to the man on the spot, and the work was well done. In Uganda, however, from whence serious news continues to pour in, full power was not given to the man on the spot, but was retained by the clerks in the Foreign Office, who are responsible for British administration in that distant country. Private news concerning Uganda continues to arrive, and it is of a disheartening and sinister kind, and the immediate prospects of the future are not improved by the unwillingness of the Foreign Office officials to receive information. A gentleman who for nearly three years has been engaged in the administration of an important province in Uganda, but who had thrown up his appointment from sheer weariness of the ineptitude of the administration from Downing Street, on returning to England a few days ago thought it his duty to proceed to the Foreign Office and see the particular "wearied Titan" responsible for the conduct of African affairs. In describing the interview to a friend, the Uganda man said that he had not been in the room of the Foreign Office official for more than sixty seconds when he discovered, not only that the bureaucrat knew all that was necessary about the affairs of Uganda, but that he resented any attempt to impart information of a nature that told against the Foreign Office conception as to what the news from Uganda ought to be.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

PROBABLY the greatest surprise that thousands of persons found, when they flocked to Havana in the first sixty days of American military control, was clean streets. I have said that they were as clean as those of New York city under Tammany control. On bright sunshiny days they seemed even cleaner than New York streets. On rainy days they were not so clean as the streets of New York in wet weather. The reason was that there is no



MERCADERAS STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM EMPEDRADO.

foundation for the paving-stones in the streets of Havana. When hard traffic jolts over the square ungainly paving-stones of the city on a rainy day, the black mud, poisoned with the filth and disease germs of decades and even centuries, exudes between the stones, and the streets become black with dirt, just a trifle blacker and thicker than the black mud of lower New York streets when street-cleaning becomes largely a matter of politics—that is, part of the game of getting money out of a public treasury without giving an equivalent. The rain over and the sun shining, Havana's streets under American military rule become as clean as those of any city in the United States.

When the Americans took actual charge of the city, however, the streets were filthy. Dead animals abounded, garbage was encountered everywhere, gutters were foul, and open mouths of sewers running into the ocean or into the harbor were reeking. Nauseating odors filled the air, and the condition of the public buildings was such that the American army officers practically refused to occupy them. To illustrate the frightful condition of the public buildings, let me say that in one of the rooms of the Fuerza Castle, occupied by the civil guard, and in the group of public buildings of which the captain-general's palace was the chief, the bodies of no less than fifteen dead cats and dogs were found. These animals had not died of starvation. They had strayed into this room in their search for food, and had died of the foul atmosphere. A candle would not burn in the place. Thirty-two cart-loads of dirt were taken from the palace of the governor of Havana province. The condition of the captain-general's palace was such that General Brooke would not occupy it, and he went out to a suburb called Vedado, where he and his staff and office help occupied the building in which the Evacuation Commissioners held their sessions.

Major-General Francis V. Greene, who was in charge of Havana when the Spanish forces evacuated, began the preliminary work of cleaning the town; and General Ludlow, who succeeded him, with larger opportunity and a wider scope, carried it on so that within thirty days, and even less, Havana became clean in outward appearance. General Ludlow was charged, in the order assigning him to duty in Havana, with caring for the collection and disbursement of the city revenues, with forming a police force, with providing a sanitation scheme, and also with the general government of the place, under regulations provided by the President. It was in obedience to these instructions that the general burned the midnight oil night after night. His duties were defined clearly. He formed a commission to investigate the matter of city revenue; he took up the work of forming a police force, which was well under way during General Greene's régime, under the guidance of John McCullagh, former chief of police in New York city; he divided the sanitation work into two classes, one that had to do with matters out-of-doors, and the other of which had to do with work inside buildings in the city, one of the departments being known as the department of public works, and the other the department of public health; he established food-depots to feed the starving, and then he carried on the military routine connected with his office.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Black, of the engineer corps of the volunteer army, was in charge of the public works department when General Ludlow came, and it was through the work of his department that Havana was made clean to the eye in a few weeks. Colonel Black first organized his work thoroughly. He formed various bureaus. One had to do with the cleaning and repairing of streets and with the collection of garbage; another bureau had to do with the matter of sewers and water distribution, everything pertaining to public works underground; a third bureau was for the inspection of buildings, similar to such bureaus in most of our large cities; a fourth had charge of temporary public work; a fifth looked after public property; and a sixth was responsible for the harbor, with the work of dredging, repairing and constructing wharves, the care of buoys and fixed beacons, as its especial duty.

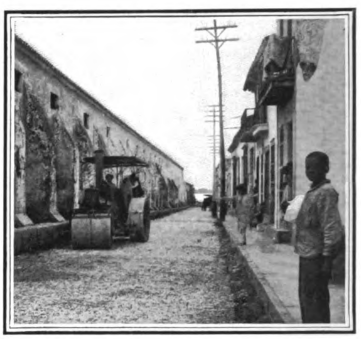
The work of cleaning the streets was placed in charge of Captain W. L. Geary, son of one of Pennsylvania's famous Governors. Captain Geary is a resident of Seattle, Washington. He really began the work on December 2, 1898, and advanced with his carts and laborers as the Spaniards gradually evacuated the town. He is a quiet, methodical, determined officer, with excellent executive ability, and he went about his work in a systematic way. A careful inspection of the city and suburbs had been made. What this meant is illustrated by the following official report, of a comparatively recent date, on the condition of Casa Blanca, the little fishing-village at the end of Cabañas fortress, and directly across the harbor from the captain-general's palace:

> The streets are very narrow, overgrown with grass, and it is evident that they have never been repaired. Some are on a level with the bay, and others six or eight yards above it. There is absolutely no water-supply nor any drainage. The filthy waters are thrown into the streets or into the bay. The same may be said of every kind of garbage or organic matter. Everything is thrown into the streets, and in every place large quantities may be found. The coal deposited there (there are large coal-docks on that side of the harbor) soils the streets and houses near by. The vaults of Cabañas drain near the town, and while the Spanish troops were there the bad smell was terrible. It is not so bad now, because there are no soldiers there.
>
> Almost all the houses are of wood. In the remains of some demolished buildings the Chinese have formed, with the aid of boards and rags, some miserable huts, in which a large number of them live. In one of these filthy huts I counted seventy of them. All these huts are in bad condition, without light or ventilation, and the streets serve for all private uses. Some families of reconcentrados live in a similar way. Some houses are separated by an alley, in which are placed boxes, barrels, and everything that is not useful in the houses, especially if the building is a store. On the shore are great deposits of garbage from the vessels.

Then follow in the report ten recommendations to remedy the situation. These recommendations involved the demolition of the Chinese habitations of rags and boards, the cleaning of streets, construction of gutters, purification of dwellings. The physician who made the report, a Cuban, who wrote in English, closed with these words: "It is necessary to clean the town, for it is a constant danger of infection for vessels in the bay."

The report was made on February 7, 1899. It was estimated that it would require thirty men, working three weeks, to clean up the town in part. That work doubtless has been done by the time this is written. All this shows the kind of work that was necessary in Havana. Casa Blanca was one of the worst places about the town.

Captain Geary laid out the city in districts, got the names of as many men who needed work as he could, appointed superintendents and foremen, hired carts, obtained brooms and shovels, and started in. Early in February, when the work was well under way, the report of what had been accomplished in the previous week showed that 575,000 lineal feet of streets had been cleaned, that 983 cart-loads of sweepings had been taken away, that 585 square feet of paved streets had been repaired, that 2750 square feet of macadamized streets were being repaired, and that 13 scow-loads of street refuse had been taken out to sea and dumped. In that week 650 men were at work on the streets, and the pay for the lowest of them was 83⅓ cents. A great deal of work was done at night, because of the narrow streets and because of the climate. Some of the cleaners were sickly, because they

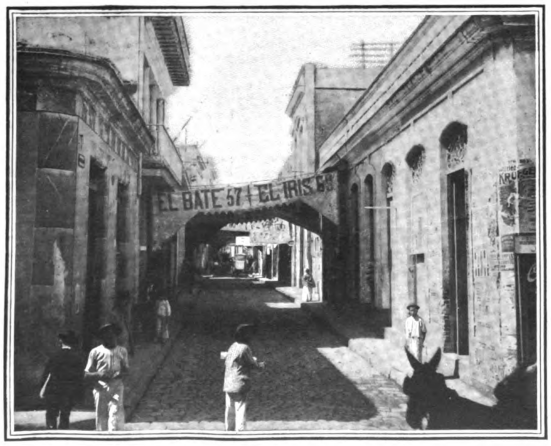


FACTORIA STREET, UNDER REPAIR.

had lacked food. These were put at the easiest kind of work, and day by day most of them showed physical improvement.

Colonel Black's report, made to General Ludlow under the date of February 16, 1899, gave this résumé of the work done in January under Captain Geary:

> An investigation showed that the surface of the streets of Havana was fairly clean, through the efforts of Captain Geary, who had removed 2500 cart-loads of dirt. Captain Geary's force was largely increased. The entire city and suburbs were redistricted, and an inspector was appointed for each district, with from 100 to 150 laborers, in gangs of 10 to 15 men each, under a foreman.
>
> Each gang has a definite length of street assigned to it. In general the equipment of each gang comprises 5 water-sprinkling cans, 3 hoes, 12 brooms, 2 rakes, and 10 shovels, and, for the broader streets, 4 wheelbarrows. Carts follow the gangs and take up and remove the sweepings to the dump-boat. Owing to the narrow streets and the great amount of traffic, the use of the bag system was found to be inadvisable. Later it is proposed to subdivide the districts and assign



THE CORNER OF O'REILLY AND COMPOSTELLA STREETS.



FLORIDA STREET BEFORE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

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HOW THE "NORTHERS" CLEAN OUT HAVANA HARBOR.
Beach between Morro Castle and Cabañas, showing clean Coral and Sand.



STREET-CLEANING FORCE—CORNER OF PRADO AND NEPTUNE STREET.

a definite piece of street to each man. Under the organization, at the end of the month, with a force consisting of 8 inspectors, 38 foremen, 663 laborers, and 63 carts, 150,000 feet of street were cleaned daily, 200,000 feet three times per week, 100,000 feet twice per week, and 35,186 feet once per week, covering the entire city. The total number of running feet cleaned per week was 1,735,186. The cost of cleaning for the month was $16,930 18. The sweepings were carried to sea and dumped.

Within a month Colonel Black's pay-roll for all his departments, the chief of which, so far as the number of employés was concerned, was the street-cleaning department, carried more than 2000 names. In the matter of street repairs Colonel Black made this summary:

Great difficulty was experienced in getting a supply of stone for macadamizing. No new paving-blocks were on hand. Owing to the absence of a complete system of street grades, and also to the certainty that the pavements would have to be torn up at an early date to permit the construction of a sewer system, the work of street repair was confined to filling bad holes or breaks in the pavements. During the month about 3000 square yards of repaving and about 23,000 square yards of macadamizing was done. In preparation for replacing the street pavements, it will be necessary to prepare grade sheets for the entire city street system.

When it came to the question of sewers, General Ludlow and Colonel Black were face to face with the biggest problem in Havana. It has been the general impression that there are no sewers in Havana. That is a mistake. There are nearly ten miles of them, some public and some private. Some of them open into the harbor, like the one that runs under the Custom House, and others into the ocean. The ends of these sewers, in some cases for a distance of a hundred yards, are open, and although there is a good flow in them, they are a source of infection because they are open. Havana is a place not presenting any difficult engineering problems in sewering. There is an easy pitch to most of the streets, and the city runs along the ocean on one side and borders on a blind harbor, but close to the ocean, on the other side. Near the mouth of the harbor, and along the ocean-front, the sewers left no noticeable deposits or odors.

The great problem was how, when, and by whom the sewers should be established. It was conceded that they must be built. The city was full of men who were looking for just such contracts. Colonel Waring had been down there, and had reported that it would cost from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 to do the work properly, and it is said in Havana that a company of his friends was organized to take hold of the work. Michael Dady, the well-known Brooklyn contractor and spoils politician, had a contract for something like $15,000,000 to do the same work on a different plan. There was a good deal of mystery about Colonel Dady's contract. The fact was that the City Council of Havana, before the war, had approved Colonel Dady's plan without authorizing a direct contract. Thereafter steps were taken gradually whereby the city became committed to Colonel Dady's plan, and before the place was evacuated by the Spaniards the council authorized the contract to be signed. Then came the change in control of affairs, with the understanding that existing laws and obligations were to be respected by the United States authorities while in temporary control. When the sovereignty of a country changes, the new rulers may abrogate not only contracts that have been authorized, but those that are in force. It is a delicate question, however, in view of the proclaimed purpose of the United States to act merely as a pacificator, whether it would have the right to throw aside Colonel Dady's contract. As a conquering nation this country could do as it pleased; as a pacifying nation it might revoke the contract on the ground of high military necessity, and because the contract did not conform to good public policy. I know nothing about the merits of Colonel Dady's contract, but I am warranted in saying that practically every man in Havana who had looked into the matter and was competent to judge, whether he was engineer or lawyer, believed that Dady had at least an equity in his authorized contract. This opinion was shared by some of the highest military authorities. There was not so unanimous an opinion as to the wisdom of following out his plan, and, indeed, it is my belief, after talking with the experts, that some other plan is preferred by the officials.

Colonel Waring had urged that work be begun at once. There was delay in Washington. Some of the authorities had said that sewers could be put in in sixty days. A well-known brigadier-general said to me that he had told General Ludlow that he would produce a contractor who would guarantee to put sewers in the town in that time. It was simply ridiculous. There were no maps showing grades and distances; there was no general scheme as to size of main sewers, and their branches and the disposition of them; there was no sewer-pipe to be had in Cuba for drains, and to have decided upon the sizes and amount would have taken time, to say nothing of the difficulty of getting sufficient quantities from the United States in short order; there were no plumbers' supplies in Havana; most important of all, there were not sufficient number of plumbers in Havana to do even a small part of their kind of work involved, and it would have been almost impossible to have secured them from the United States, with the danger of losing their lives from exposure to deadly germs; there were no laborers to be had to dig up the streets, the island being short, it is estimated, nearly 200,000 laboring-men; it would have been necessary to organize a great force of laborers in the United States and to transport them to Havana. All this preliminary work, the formation of a scheme involving a vast study of details, the drawing of plans, the preparation and the award of contracts, the importation of men and materials, could not have been done in less than sixty days after the United States took hold of affairs, to say nothing of the litigation over the Dady contract that might have followed, and by that time it would have been too late to begin.

Probably the most important reason for General Ludlow's decision to put the matter off for a year, even at the risk of a serious yellow-fever epidemic, was the fact that to establish a complete system of sewers in Havana in a short time would simply paralyze the business of the town just when the place needed all its strength for recuperation. The streets in the business part of Havana are so narrow that vehicles are allowed to go only one way in them. There are no sidewalks in the sense that Americans know them. To put down sewers in a street means to block it up completely with piles of dirt. It will be necessary to do this a block at a time if the business interests are to be conserved. To stop all street traffic in the business part of the town, to expose its people to the possibility of a frightful death-rate, just after a war, because of the germs released from the ground, to make haste in a matter that required the utmost deliberation and study so that no mistakes should be made in a work intended to last for centuries, were things for which General Ludlow would not take the responsibility.

Speaking from the standpoint of a layman in this matter of sewering Havana, and after looking over the ground, I am convinced that General Ludlow took exactly the right step. It took courage of the highest order. Everywhere there are predictions—happily not borne out by the indications thus far—that there will be a frightful death-rate this summer in Havana, and General Ludlow chose to face that contingency. It took courage to stand off syndicate-hunters with pulls in Washington. The passage of the clause in the army bill forbidding the award of franchises in Cuba by our government probably has taken a load off the general's shoulders. A thorough, well-developed system of sewering the town is now being drawn up, based on scientific principles, and when it is ready the responsibility will fall upon the authorities in Washington of saying whether that plan or the Dady plan or some other plan shall be adopted.

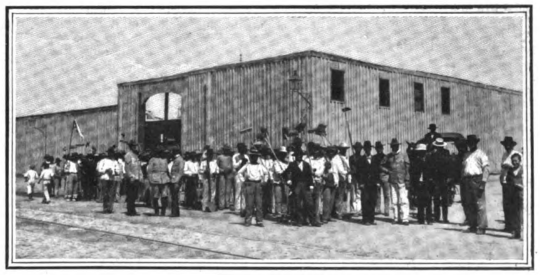
Meantime General Ludlow has gone about the work of justifying his decision. He ordered a plant whereby a disinfectant is prepared from salt water by electricity, and he made arrangements to have the streets sprinkled constantly. By May 1 the plant will probably be in working order. He ordered the erection of a $35,000 plant for the burning of the garbage. He set native Cubans at work cleaning out the open ends of sewers. With these immunes to do the work, he had public buildings, jails, and hospitals, and the like, as well as Morro Castle and Cabañas fortress, Principe Castle, and the Punta, made wholesome, and other buildings put in order for barracks for the troops, who were then encamped in the very places where thousands of reconcentrados starved and died. He kept improving the street-cleaning system, and then he took hold of the matter of harbor improvement. Even at the end of the first month of American control in Havana General Ludlow had the great satisfaction of seeing the death-rate for the month lowered exactly one-half, compared with the corresponding month of the previous year and before war came. There doubtless will be severe sickness in Havana the coming summer, and there may be an epidemic; but I am convinced that when the records are all in, it will be found that General Ludlow not only did a brave thing in refusing to tear up Havana's streets at a critical time, but that he did a wise thing, and he will be justified in the end. He is face to face at this writing with a grave responsibility, and he is meeting it without flinching. What shall be done ultimately about Havana's sewer system I cannot say, but this much I am justified in saying—that no system will be adopted or put in operation in Havana, during General Ludlow's term of office there as military governor, which does not commend itself to his engineering sense of fitness and right. Syndicate-chasers and political contractors might as well understand that now as at a later time.

The matter of purifying Havana Harbor is one in which nature will help greatly. With the present sewers put in a fairly good sanitary condition, there is really only one other source of pollution of Havana Harbor. It is known as "Slaughter House Creek," a little stream of water up at the head of the harbor, where slaughtering was done in the city, and by means of which the offal was carried into the harbor. Of course one of the first things done in cleaning up the town was to regulate this matter of slaughtering animals. Then arrangements were made to dredge the mouth of Slaughter House Creek for several hundred yards. When that source of infection is removed, Havana Harbor will be clean. Dr. Guiteras, the national yellow-fever expert, has been quoted of late as saying that the harbor in Havana was not responsible for the spread of yellow fever. I was surprised to find the water cleaner in appearance than that in the Hudson River opposite New York city. The sewage, as was pointed out by Colonel Waring, that runs into the harbor can readily be cared for by the mere process of solution.

Havana's harbor has been called dead because no streams empty into it. No current runs from it into the ocean. That is true, but it does not follow that the harbor is never cleaned by nature. I saw no less than three storms—"northers," they are called—drive millions upon millions of gallons of sea-water into the harbor, until it must have been scoured thoroughly with pure salt water,

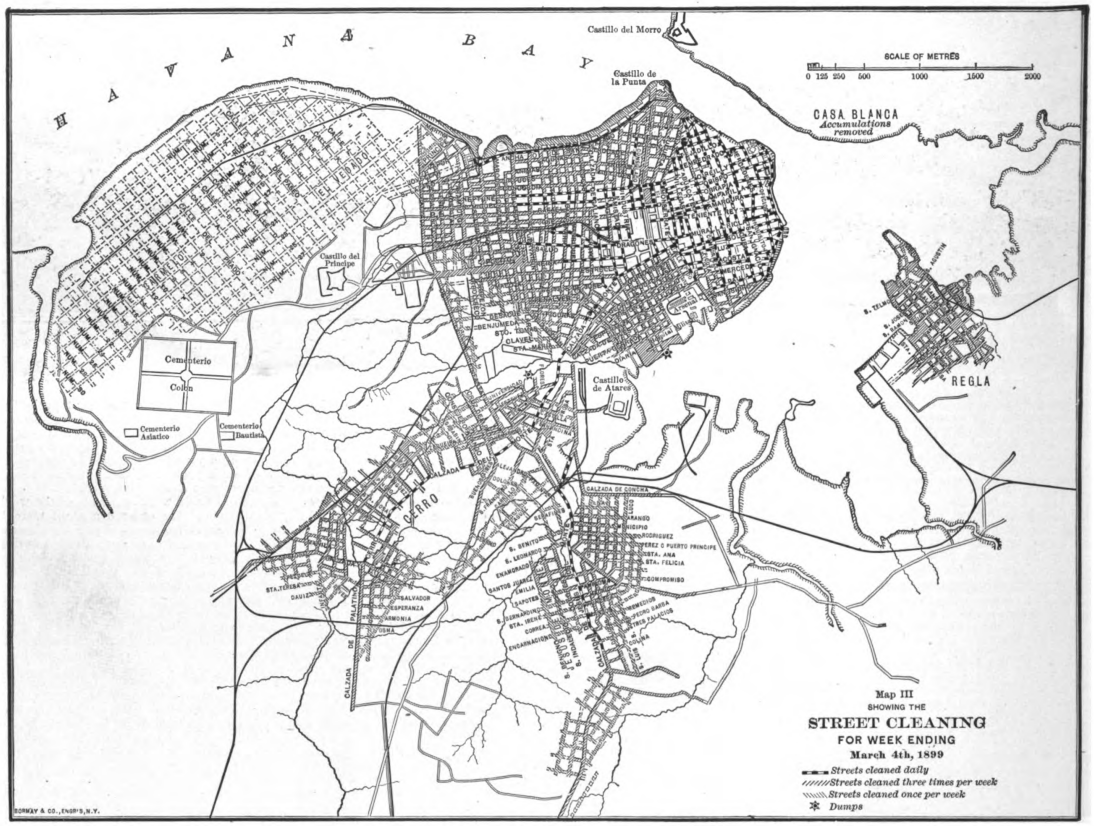


MONSERRATE AND O'REILLY STREETS—STATUE OF GENERAL TACON.



ZULETA AND TROCADERO STREETS—STREET-CLEANING FORCE GOING TO WORK.

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one of the best of disinfectants. One storm had such force, and even fury, that the spray broke clear over Morro Castle light. It drenched General Ludlow's palace. It made traffic in the bay dangerous. White-caps broke at the foot of old Cabañas. The harbor was scoured clear to its upper end, and when the wind went down and allowed the water which had been piled up in the harbor to escape, thousands of tons of matter in solution were swept out into the ocean. Put in a sewer system with most of the sewers running direct into the ocean, have the matter that runs into the bay from the sewers made into a solution by the liberal use of the fine supply of water that Havana has—the only thing in the way of public works that was praiseworthy—and dig out the poisoned mud at the mouth of Slaughter House Creek, and even a layman can understand that Havana Harbor can be made wholesome, and that no vast system of canal and channel cutting to create an artificial movement of water in the harbor is absolutely necessary. It will be hard to convince contractors of this, however.

The American officials found the water department of the city in fair condition. Havana has a modern plant in the matter of water-supply. The water is obtained from a series of springs in the Cerro district of the city. Reservoirs and conduits were put on a modern basis in 1894. Part of the aqueduct is an open ditch in some places. The part of the aqueduct crossing the Almendares River was not in good condition, but radical defects were soon remedied. The greatest defect in the water-supply was in the distribution. More of it escaped or was stolen than was paid for, and that aspect of the case led to an investigation, which resulted to the great pecuniary advantage of the city.

Although the water department was the best cared for of all the public works of the city under Spanish rule, it is a fact that Colonel Black did not see any one who had been in charge of the city's public works for an entire month. There seemed to be no office like that of a city engineer, as we understand it in the States. Here is what Colonel Black had to say in respect to that phase of Spanish official life in his report to General Ludlow on Feb. 16:

> There was a very small city engineers' force for municipal work. By your direction I assumed charge of that organization. It was constituted as follows: One engineer, director of the aqueduct works, two architects, two assistants, ten draughtsmen and clerks, a few gardeners for the parks, and a small force of watchmen for the aqueduct. There were no instruments of any kind, no maps of the sewer systems, no map showing street grades or pavements, and in general practically nothing in the way of the records and data deemed essential in such an office, excepting drawings showing the aqueduct and water-mains. The Engineer Director was reported to be sick, and I saw nothing of him during the month. The office hours were from 2 to 4 P.M. Nothing in the way of public work was being done, and back pay was due the entire force. The duties of the various men were somewhat indefinite, without a proper assignment of work and responsibility.
>
> The remaining branch of the engineer work of the department, the care of the harbor of Havana and its wharves, was in charge of the Engineer Director of the Obras del Puerto. This organization was also placed under my orders by you. I found it to be efficient, with quite a good plant, consisting of 1 tug, 3 dredges, 7 scows, 2 pile-drivers, and small boats and appliances. It was idle for lack of funds.

Such is the story of the operation of the department of public works in Havana under American military control. It is really the story of the start in the direction of saving human life and increasing the value of property by simple cleanliness. Havana's death-rate the coming summer should be lower than at any time within a dozen years. A lower death-rate will be the result of mere temporary measures. When a sewer system is decided upon, and the streets are dug up, it is to be expected that an increase in the death-rate will follow, because of the release of fever germs from the soil where they have lain for generations. After asphalt pavements are put down—asphalt is one of the natural products of Cuba—and after the people have learned not only how to keep the streets clean, but also have learned something of sanitation, and have educated themselves into abhorring bad smells, there should be no reason why the city should not be healthful. But before that comes about we shall learn, through General Ludlow's decision to delay the institution of sewers and to stick to ordinary cleanliness temporarily, what the people and the authorities of Havana could have done in saving life if they had used these same simple methods, without going into any scheme of permanent sanitation. The photographs illustrating this article were taken by Lieutenants C. E. Doty and S. R. Fox, of the United States volunteer engineers, now stationed in Havana, and show vividly the difference in the condition of the streets under the old and new régimes.

Stephen Johnson Field

AFTER serving as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for a period of thirty-four years and seven months, Judge Field retired from the bench on December 1, 1897. He continued to reside in Washington, and his death occurred at his home in that city on April 9, 1899.

He was a son of the Rev. David Dudley Field, and was born at Haddam, Connecticut, November 4, 1816. Three years later the family moved to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and at the age of thirteen Stephen was taken abroad, and had the advantage of studying the modern languages at Smyrna and Athens, under the protection of his sister's husband, the Rev. Josiah Brewer. Returning to this country, he entered Williams College; graduated in 1837; studied law in New York city with his brother David Dudley, who was eleven years his senior, and in due course was admitted to the bar and to a partnership in his brother's firm. A taste for travel, which had been strongly developed during his experience in the East, asserted itself when, in 1849, the discoveries of gold in California were drawing restless spirits from all parts of the country to the Pacific coast. He relinquished his partnership, reached San Francisco in 1849, and took his chances among the other adventurers—certainly with no financial advantage, for it is related that after paying two dollars for his breakfast he had but one dollar, and a note of uncertain value against a Colonel Stevenson, "who was understood to have become rich in California," with which to begin a new career at the age of thirty-three. But, on the other hand, he possessed a clear title to success, which was promptly recognized, for he was seen to be a man in whom legal ability and learning were associated with a masterful, strenuous disposition, and such a person was indispensable in that lawless community. In 1850 he became the first Alcalde of Marysville. Later in the same year he was elected to the Legislature, and, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was conspicuously active in securing important mining legislation. He was elected to the Supreme Court of the State in 1857, and two years later became Chief Justice. In little more than a decade he had won a national reputation by "laying the foundation of the land and mining law of California," while dealing with opponents whose most cogent arguments were too often in their revolvers. President Lincoln made him an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1863.

It was Judge Field's privilege to deliver the opinion of the Supreme Court in the "test-oath" cases, the decision of which released persons who had taken part in the rebellion from the disabilities imposed by the statutes which had been passed during the war. In 1870, when the legal-tender cases came before the court, he delivered a dissenting opinion, which is regarded as a document of the highest importance, and a convincing argument against the power of the government to alter the currency standard. He received the degree of LL.D. from Williams College in 1864, and in 1869 was made Professor of Law in the University of California. In 1873, by appointment of the Governor of California, he served as a commissioner to examine the codes of the State and to prepare amendments. He was a member of the Electoral Commission of 1877, and one of the seven members who cast their votes for Tilden. In 1880, as a candidate before the Cincinnati convention for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he received sixty-five votes on the first ballot. Among his recent services to the public will be remembered his vigorous condemnation of the income-tax law. Ten years ago Judge Terry, once his associate on the California Supreme Court bench, attempted to assassinate him, but was shot and killed by a deputy-marshal in attendance.

Justice Field was one of seven brothers, all of whom were distinguished for ability and energy. We have already referred to the eldest, David Dudley, the eminent jurist and leader in codification of the law. Timothy, an officer in the navy, was lost at sea in 1836. Matthew D. was a noted civil engineer. Jonathan E. was president of the Massachusetts Senate. Cyrus West Field, projector of the Atlantic cable, was the sixth of the brothers, and the seventh—the sole survivor—is the Rev. Henry Martyn Field, author and editor. The career of the subject of this sketch was well summarized by Chief-Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States when announcing to the gentlemen of the bar that Mr. Justice Field had died full of years and of honors, and attended by all that should accompany old age. "His judicial career," the Chief Justice added, "was unexampled in length and distinction, and he occupied a seat upon this bench for a longer period than any of its members from the beginning. His labors left no region of jurisprudence unexplored, and now that he rests from them his works will survive him." As a mark of respect to his memory, the court adjourned until April 11.

M. W.

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Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, April 5.—The proclamation issued by the United States Philippines Commission yesterday, translated into the Spanish and Tagalog languages, was widely distributed. Its statement of the Administration's intentions was contained in eleven articles, the substance of which may be given in condensed form as follows: 1. The supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago, and those who resist it can accomplish no end other than their own ruin. 2. Ample liberty and self-government will be granted. 3. The civil rights of the Philippine people will be guaranteed, and religious freedom assured. 4. Honor, justice, and friendship forbid the exploitation of the Philippines or Filipinos. 5. There shall be an honest and effective civil service in which natives shall be employed. 6. Honesty and economy shall be studied in levying taxes and applying the proceeds to public improvements and expenses of the government, and taxation may be lighter than in the past. 7. A pure, speedy, and effective administration of justice will be guaranteed. 8. Construction of roads and railways will be promoted. 9. Domestic and foreign trade will be fostered. 10. Schools will be established. 11. Reforms will be effected in all branches of the government.

In a despatch to the State Department, Dr. Schurman, president of the commission, said that the revolt "had its origin and strength in the Tagalog provinces . . . and the natives of the rest of the archipelago are not natural allies of the Tagalogs, but unfriendly rivals. . . . The Tagalogs had sent detachments of from fifty to two hundred men to all the other provinces to seize governments as robbers hold up trains."

As though to nullify the effect of the proclamation, the Filipino leaders sent messengers into all the provinces to announce that terrible losses had been inflicted upon the Americans.

Thursday, April 6.—Reports from two islands in the Visayan group: In Negros there was an uprising of bandits, who killed several officials and captured others. A proclamation was issued to the natives, calling upon them to rise and exterminate Americans and Spaniards. Four companies of our troops, sent to the scene of the disturbance, captured and burned the bandits' headquarters. In Samar the revolutionists were said to be quarrelling among themselves, and looking to the Americans to restore order.

Friday, April 7.—The main body of Aguinaldo's army was reported to be intrenched at Calumpit, six and one-half miles northwest of Malolos. Reconnoitring parties were sent out, but there was no fighting.

The Philippines commissioners stated that their proclamation had been well received.

Saturday, April 8.—A force of 1500 men was conveyed from San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River, eastward to Laguna de Bay, the great lake in Luzon, of which the Pasig is the outlet. The objective point of the expedition was Santa Cruz, on the southeastern shore of the lake, and about fifty miles from Manila. General Lawton commanded, and his force, as reported in press despatches, consisted of eight companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, three companies of the Fourth Cavalry, four companies each of the First North Dakota and First Idaho, two mountain-guns, and two hundred sharpshooters from various regiments. Fifteen *cascos* (native cargo-lighters) towed by seven tugs supplied the means of transportation, and the three army gunboats *Laguna de Bay*, *Napidan*, and *Oeste* acted as convoy. Setting out in the evening, the expedition reached the head of the river at midnight, and waited for dawn before proceeding.

Sunday, April 9.—Rain and fog made navigation difficult in the morning. By 1.30 in the afternoon the gunboats were in position off Santa Cruz, and the *Napidan* opened fire on a force of Filipinos four miles south of the town. The sharpshooters and two battalions of the Fourteenth Infantry were landed, to attack the retreating natives. Two battalions of volunteers followed, while the *Laguna de Bay* shelled intrenchments nearer the town. At dark the troops ashore bivouacked, while the flotilla anchored in compact formation for the night.

Monday, April 10.—The assault on Santa Cruz began at sunrise. Our line, which stretched two miles inland, moved northward, gunboats meanwhile shelling the woods through which our men were to advance. A determined resistance was offered when our troops were nearing the city, and in the town itself the fight was from house to house. General Otis's despatches told the rest: "Lawton's command captured Santa Cruz, chief city of Laguna de Bay, this morning," etc. The American loss was ten wounded—one mortally. The Filipino troops were driven eastward, leaving ninety-three dead on the field. Many were wounded, and a large number made prisoners.

Tuesday, April 11.—During the night (between the 10th and 11th) there was fighting south of Malolos and between Marilao and Guiguinto, the attempt being made to destroy the means of communication between MacArthur's forces at Malolos and the city of Manila. The Filipinos were driven back with loss. Three of the Americans were killed and twenty wounded. This was the most serious demonstration north of the city since the fall of Malolos.

Returning to General Lawton's expedition, we find that the advance on the Filipinos beyond Santa Cruz was continued. "In the lake region," as General Otis expressed it, "Lawton pursued insurgents eastward from Santa Cruz, dispersing them; captured all the larger vessels used in the lake trade and a Spanish gunboat."

Wednesday, April 12.—North of Manila, again General Wheaton drove the enemy ten miles to the eastward of the railway line of communication with Malolos. He started at daylight with the Tenth Pennsylvania and the Second Oregon regiments and two guns. Near Santa María the Filipinos offered resistance, but were driven from their position by shells. The town of Santa María was then burned and abandoned, and the day was spent by Wheaton's column in pursuit of a foe who kept just out of reach, destroying the villages which were passed in the retreat, and occasionally firing at the advancing column from the jungle. The pursuit ended at the prohibition of the mountains, and altogether it seemed a typical engagement of the new campaign.

Recent advices from Manila did not encourage the belief or hope that the end of the revolt was in sight. A despatch, to which special importance was attached by the press in this country and in Europe, began with quoting "one of the foremost American generals" to the effect that "We shall see a hundred thousand soldiers in the Philippines before the Americans control the islands." After referring to the general opinion at Manila that great re-enforcements were required, the despatch continued: "And it is thought that it would be cheaper in the long run, and have a better effect upon the natives, to establish American supremacy effectually than to temporize with a score of rebellions." Foreign residents of Manila expressed the opinion that the Americans were too optimistic in regard to the probable effects of the Philippines Commission's proclamation. Its promise of improved conditions would be regarded by many natives as a snare.

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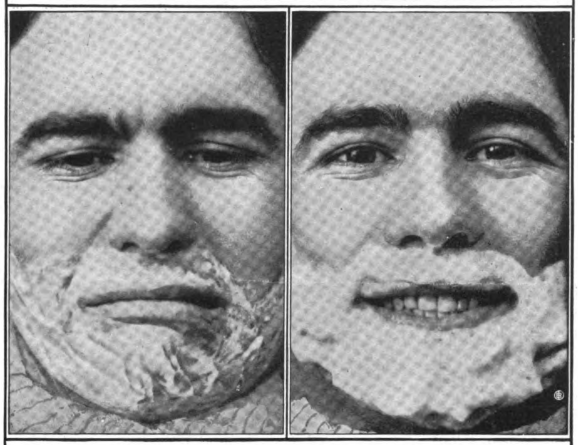
No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

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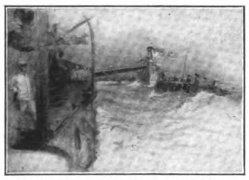
PICKING UP SPANISH TORPEDO



ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS GUASIMAS



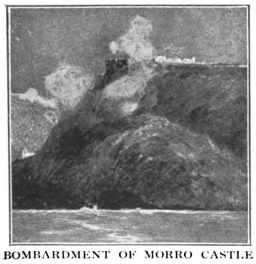
CAPT. PHILIP AFTER THE BATTLE



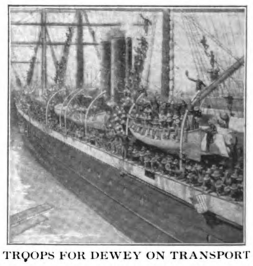
AWAITING ADMIRAL'S ORDERS



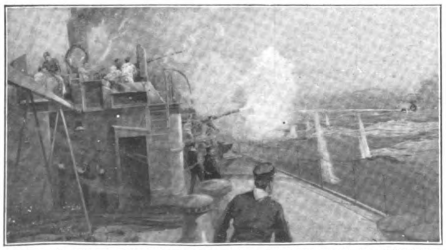
NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES



BOMBARDMENT OF MORRO CASTLE

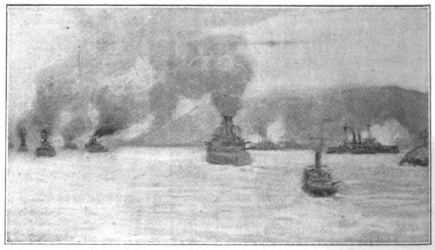


TROOPS FOR DEWEY ON TRANSPORT



THE *ST. PAUL* FIGHTING OFF THE TORPEDO-BOAT *TERROR*





DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*



I.—A MID-PACIFIC METROPOLIS

FIRST impressions are usually so much nearer the heart, so much more enduring, it is comforting when they are pleasant and need not be revised. Therefore Hawaii must appeal strongly and tenderly to every visitor who has an eye for the unaffectedly beautiful and a scrap of sentiment in his being. Nowhere may the simple story of the people and of the land be read so easily and with such confidence in its fidelity. It is amusing to compare with the tales of discontent and poverty that find their way into newspaper print the actual openness and happiness of native life in Hawaii.

The charm of the Hawaiian Islands lies in their physical characteristics—the suggestion of strength and gentleness given by their broken peaks and slumbering volcanoes, and the velvety verdure that tempts you to the hills—and begets an impulse to plunge your nose deep down in the grass for one long inhalation of wholesome earth. If in your breast there is hidden any nature-loving relic of savagery—that savagery which hungers for actual contact, and is not content with mere picture-gazing—be assured Hawaii will reveal your passion and satisfy your desire.

All the reading world knows by this time that the Hawaiian Islands are of volcanic origin, each with its valleys and mountains, its lowlands and uplands, its dry side and rainy side, its perennial spring and its heaven-born climate—but only those who have lingered under their influence can appreciate the subtle charm of the lights and shades on the mountains.

Hawaiian time seems divided into alternate and swiftly changing cycles of shadows and sunshine and rainbows.

'Tis well we approach this land from the sea, for so do we have opportunity to consider its attractions; and well, too, that our port of entry is Honolulu, for it is on the island of Oahu—the loveliest of all the group. Oahu has not the beautiful valleys of either Maui or Kauai, or the volcanoes and jagged windward coast of Hawaii, but it has much of the qualities of each, and has been picturesquely fashioned with a hand more artistic. Oahu leaves the impress of its individuality upon you—once having seen Diamond Head, you never escape remembrance of its bold, naked outline; if in your drive from Waikiki you have looked up Manoa Valley, with the sun just sinking over the island's backbone, and the drifting clouds swiftly varying the shades on the hills—the picture will ever after dwell in your memory.

You feel the influence of Oahu as the steamer draws near enough for your glasses to discover the wild weird splendor of the windward coast that culminates in the *Pali*—a different, more fascinating, scenic beauty from any you have ever beheld. A sense of physical witchery, like the insidious soundings of a rare vintage, steals through your veins as the steamer passes Koko Point, and rounding Diamond Head, reveals the capital of the Hawaiian Archipelago—Honolulu—with a solid rock guard at either point of its crescent-shaped harbor, the mountains at its back, and an untroubled sea at its feet.

Drink your fill of the scenic beauty while yet you are off shore, for there is less to appeal to your sentimental side when you land.

Through a channel, narrow, though deep enough to admit the deepest ships of the world, you pass into the harbor, inside the coral reef that imprisons the entire water-front, and look full into the languorous landscape of many colors that plays so strongly on your fancy. And it will glow anew under your closest scrutiny—like some eyes that grow deeper and more eloquent the longer we search them.

Thus, enchanted, expectant, you stand at the ship rail while the sensuous beauties of Oahu materialize before your sympathetic gaze—until the bumping of the steamer against the low pier breaks the spell, and the dock buildings hide the scenic vision, only to disclose another, filled with native men and women—all smiling and chatting and hand-waving—with wreaths (*leis*) of various colored flowers around their hats and necks, and *Aloha* on their lips.

Aloha—which conveys greeting and good-will and welcome.

Honolulu is a town of engaging, not to say amusing, contrasts. It has rubber-tired hacks—and no sewerage; electric light—and no sidewalks in the residence part; tropical surroundings—and, for the most part, coldest of prim New England architecture; a soil capable of producing vegetables in abundance—and canned corn and tomatoes and pease and beans on the shelves in the shops; a spacious, well-built public market—and for half its space empty of stall tenants; every good reason why living should be inexpensive—and in very fact an atmosphere charged with comparative extravagance.

Not many surprises await the travelled visitor at Hawaii, but three there are in very truth, and one is deeply gratifying and two are startling, to wit—(1) the paternal care of the native by the white-born Hawaiians; (2) the Americanization of Honolulu; (3) the little advantage taken of the natural agricultural resources of the islands.

You have been wise, from the steamer deck, to yield yourself to the tropical seductiveness all Hawaiian views impart at distance, for disappointment awaits you on first landing, unless you have never before set foot on semi-tropical shores. Downtown Honolulu is clean, industrious, conventional, with sidewalks entirely Western, and streets that, though somewhat narrower than common in American towns of equal size, are yet much wider than those of other semi-tropical cities. There is nothing that suggests the tropics—not even the Chinese and Portuguese quarters—not even the native women in their *holokus* (as a Mother Hubbard wrapper they wear is called), or the native men in their blue cotton trousers, straw hats, and bare feet. Every shop window suggests America; on all sides there is English speech—even the solitary beggar who accosted me in the two months of my sojourn was an American. Any town chosen at random in New Mexico or southern Arizona would disclose scenes equally tropical and more foreign, though not so cosmopolitan in population.

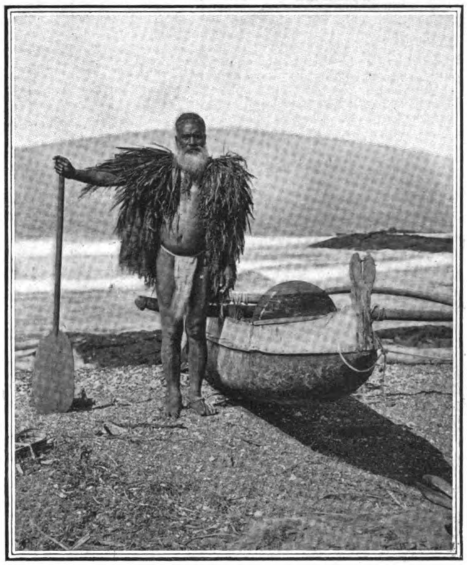
But there is relief for eye and ear in the residence streets, which are those that extend straight from the heart of the town, or lie closer to the hills in the background, or skirt the shore up to the very shadow of Diamond Head. Most attractive of those running inland is Nuuanu, leading into the valley of the same name, and culminating at the *Pali*, most famous of Honolulu drives. Most delightful of those skirting the shore line is Waikiki, with its tempting beach, bathing, and surf-riding, and the rakish picturesqueness of its cocoanut-palms. And wherever space and care are given them bloom the flaming Hibiscus, the pendent yellow clusters of the Golden Shower, the Begonia, the magenta-colored Bougainvillea, overtopped and sheltered by the spreading *Ohia* and guarded by the regally Royal palm. Curiously, the rose and the violet are the only flowers that do not thrive here.

Nature has showered gifts upon these islands, and the white settlers have spoiled the urban landscape by thrusting into it their ill-suited abodes. The severe New England type of house, with its gables, its blinds, its square ends and sides, and its trim fences, is so utterly incongruous to Hawaiian environment as to be irritating. Here and there is a bungalow, fitting into its surroundings with satisfactory completeness, and within five years houses are losing much of their former severity, but the type still rules to jar the artistic sense of the visitor. Everywhere on the islands the houses suggest the dominant New England influence that even luxuriant surroundings of the semi-tropics have not softened. Honolulu has the situation and the endowments for making the most beautiful city in all the world, but it needs the developing hand of a nature more alive to the artistic possibilities of its environment.

But, after all, perhaps it is hardly fair to seek an æsthetic side of Honolulu, when the dulness of artistic sense in the native, and the lack of it in the section whence came the earliest whites, are considered.

If from an artistic view-point opportunities have been neglected in this Polynesian capital, at least much has been accomplished in industrial development.

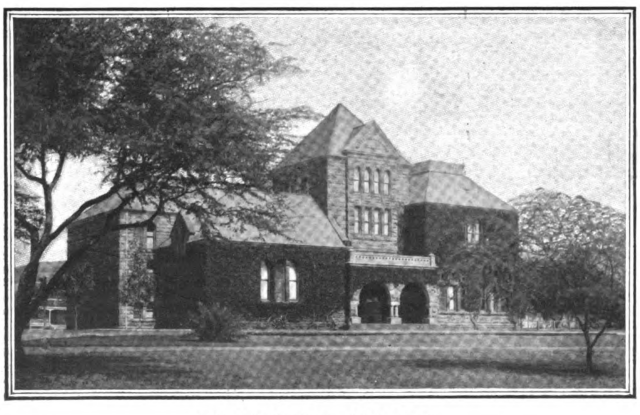
In 1820, when the missionaries and traders and whalers came, Honolulu was a scattered village of grass huts and about 3000 inhabitants; in 1866 its population numbered from 12,000 to 15,000, and its buildings were of adobe; or of the old grass type, now rarely seen, and then only in the interior; or of coral, many of which still stand, notably a large native church. Few towns of Honolulu's population (30,000), even in the United States, are better equipped for industrial and educational life. There are business and public buildings, modern and handsome; paved streets, a public library (12,000 volumes), fire department, telephone system with the most satisfying service I ever encountered, theatres, hospitals, asylums, public market; a notably complete museum, under the able curatorship of Professor W. T. Brigham (Harvard); homes for sailors, homes for the indigent natives; two colleges, thirty-five private and twenty-five public schools, including industrial, reform, normal, and night schools. Of churches there are about half a dozen, representing as many different denominations. There are four daily newspapers printed in English, one in Hawaiian, and, all told, daily, weekly, and monthly, there are eleven publications in English, four in Hawaiian, two each in Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese. And it should be remembered that of the town's population over 11,000 are natives and part natives, 8700 are Chinese and Japanese, 2000 are Portuguese, leaving about 8000 whites, of whom two-thirds are Americans.



IN THE OLD DAYS.

Honolulu has, in fact, everything needful to her size and importance except a really first-class hotel and a street railway that gives satisfactory service. The present street cars are intermittent, filthy, and patronized almost exclusively by the natives. There is talk of a trolley system, which is much needed, and that would be exceedingly profitable. Meantime there is a hack system—extensive (260) and impoverishing—with a tariff calculated to bring a blush to the cheeks of the most reprobate New York "cabby." Mindful, however, of what has already been accomplished, we may have confidence in Honolulu's discernment for the future and her proper adjustment to requirements.

Nor is it Honolulu alone of all Hawaii that is thus Americanized; throughout the islands one finds the same influences at work and results similar. The dominant language of the group is English—not with the British, but with the American pronunciation; the newspapers come from American presses, are conducted by American journalists, and filled with American topics; the literature on the counters of the book-shops and reading-rooms is three-quarters from American publishers. The ruling social, commercial, political, religious life of the people of Hawaii is overwhelmingly American. The schools are patterned after the American system, the text-books American, and, except in the rural districts, where half-whites and natives are employed, the teachers are American. The President—or Governor, as he soon will be—and two members of his recent cabinet, are Hawaiian-born Americans; other two members are American-born. The constitution and the laws of the late republic were patterned after those of the United States; two-thirds of the supreme and circuit court judges and the majority of the lawyers in the upper courts are Americans. The same is true of the governmental bureaus, and of the Advisory Council.



BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

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Americans own two-thirds of the taxable property in the islands, and control equally as much of the sugar-plantation interests. Three-fourths of the foreign shipping calling at Honolulu is American—a statement that cannot be made of any other port in the world—while the inter-island steamship lines and the banking interests are entirely American.

American influence began in Hawaii with the outreaching enterprise of the expert whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford, and was spread by the little band of missionaries who for over twenty years constituted the chief body of civilized residents, and remained to shape, even at so early a day, the benevolent and ably organized institutions that were subsequently born to the country.

Americans brought commerce, civilization, education, prosperity, to Hawaii. Was there not, indeed, warrant for giving this island colony the completer benefits of annexation?

II.—THE PASSING NATIVE

AND what of the native—what part is he to play in Hawaii's future? what rôle has he filled in the immediately progressive past? There has been so much maudlin sentiment expended on him, such an amount of bias in the discussion of this subject, it will be instructive, perhaps interesting, to have a glance at facts.

Some travellers see only the picturesque side of life and things, some only the superficial, some only the vicious—let us try by the light of my research and travel over the islands to view the situation without prejudice and without silly sentimentality, as it now exists.

Hysterical writers declare the native has lost all his belongings except his dark eyes and his passion for flowers; that his patrimony has been squandered, and finally his country taken from him.

There is nothing so obtrusive in the written history of Hawaiian life as the contrast between the harsh treatment of the natives by their own rulers and their kind treatment by the whites. The white man's conquest of Hawaii has been through the confidence born of kindness and the peace born of education. The native never had a birthright until influence of the white man gave it to him, for the days before the missionaries came were feudal days—when the common people were serfs, and no man owned a foot of soil except by the king's favor, and only during the lifetime of his immediate master. Not until 1839 did Kamehameha III. proclaim his famous Bill of Rights—the Hawaiian Magna Charta—which for the first time gave uncertain land tenure to the native.

Meanwhile the missionaries, who had first arrived in 1820—one year after the Hawaiians had cast off idolatry—labored with indifferent success, until '37, when a religious stir began, which, fitting the emotional side of the native, resulted in a pious frenzy that literally swept the islands—converting large numbers to the white man's doctrine.

The rapid and entire Christianization of the Hawaiians is one of the religious wonders of the present century; it has no parallel in the world's history.

But, though he changed his religion, the native's habits remained very much the same, and though his mind was attuned to the teachings of the missionaries—the heritage of indolence and of licentiousness bore heavily upon him. He loved the sunshine, his womankind, and the opalescent water that surrounded him. Why should he work when the sea held fish, and the cocoa-palm provided drink, clothing, and nourishment? What need for toil with the papaya and the bread-fruit trees dropping their fruit like manna every day for all the days of the year?

The indolent Hawaiian is no Polynesian novelty, but he does occupy the unique position of being the only race on the Tropic of Cancer that is losing its identity. As with the Siamese, intermarriage with stronger races is changing the Hawaiian's physical and mental characteristics; and, as with the baboos of India, education is having the somewhat similar effect of divorcing the Hawaiian (not invariably) from his early industrial pursuits. Not that the Hawaiian has an inherent tendency towards industry, but education and prosperity, and more likely the latter, I fancy, are certainly lessening his value as a dependable factor in the agricultural development of the islands.

Education has increased the native's normal disinclination for manual labor, and available clerkships in Honolulu shops and elsewhere in the islands are of course limited, even though he sought and was invariably competent to fill them. The splendid Kamehameha training-schools, founded and endowed by Bernice Pauahi Bishop, great-granddaughter of Kamehameha the Great, are expected to afford much relief in this direction by fitting the native for the trades, which attract him more than the unskilled toil of the fields.

The lower-class native shuns the field as the owl does the light of day. When he must work he seeks employment on the docks, or preferably on the steamers, where the periods of utmost endeavor at the landings, followed by periods of loafing and singing and smoking while the boat steams from port to port, suits his nature perfectly. And he is a good sailor too. He works hard and diligently, and handles the boats about the ragged coasts of the islands and loads and unloads these small steamers in the rough open waterways with greater skill than I have seen elsewhere in the world. He is, besides, a strong and masterful swimmer.

Few Hawaiians as yet have sought professional careers, although one or two I know are lawyers, and the Speaker of the House in 1894 was a native. The majority of the educated ones seek clerkships. Few as yet go into the trades, although some excellent carpenter-work is to be seen at the Kamehameha school shop. But, in truth, the native, with few exceptions, is stirred to labor only by necessity, and only a very small percentage fit themselves for the higher positions of mercantile houses or for the trades. In the ordinary course of daily work the native cannot, in point of fact, compete with the Chinamen, who substantially fill the majority of places in the machine, carpenter, and other shops where skilled work is requisite, and leave few vacancies in fields of labor less exacting.

And the Chinaman carries his competition farther, and with as great success—he monopolizes the lower class of Hawaiian women.

John, as those who have come in contact with him know, is the very quintessence of industry. He is the only man in the Far East who will continue working after he has accumulated a dollar or two. The Japanese, Siamese, Malay, and the Hawaiian will invariably quit work until that dollar has been spent. The Chinaman is a good provider, and kind to his women; so in Hawaii, as in Siam, the native woman marries him in preference to her own countrymen.

Some curious variations of types result from these crossings. In Siam the individuality of the Chinaman is strongly stamped on his progeny, which, although called a Simo-Chinese, is in disposition and appearance a Chinaman. In Hawaii, Chinese blood crossed with native produces a much lighter complexion than is common to either parent, and, on occasions, curly hair, which neither father nor mother ever had. Not many native women marry Portuguese, who view their womankind as working partners seven days of the week, and practically none marry the Japanese, who are not favorably regarded as husbands, however much their progressive spirit may be respected.

So plain John Chinaman, cast out of many lands and a drudge in many others, yet wins his way by very force of his indefatigable industry, marvellous patience, love of children, and his business integrity. In very truth he is the one indispensable factor in Far-Eastern trade—the industrial backbone of Siam, the pioneer of Malayan development, the financier of Japan.

It is one of the remarkable exhibits of this century that the Chinaman should be so invaluable in the development and progress of other countries, while his own land carries the impress of the Dark Ages, unenlightened by contact with the world, the prey of all Europe, and steeped in corruption—political jobbery and corruption of a character so widespread, so infamous, as to rival even wide-open Chicago in the spring of 1899.

The Hawaiian woman of the better class marries her countryman, or preferably a white man—just now the American more generally. As a rule she is more amenable to foreign surroundings than the native man, and more quickly adjusts herself to the changing relations. While in her ignorant state, and married to a native, she is apt to be easy of virtue and careless of environment—educated, and the wife of a white man, she becomes the affectionate mother of his children, the wife with an eye single to his interests, and a well-defined idea of her worldly position. In fact, she is exceedingly jealous of her wifely rights.

The children of these marriages between white men and native women—and it is to the credit of the country, and to the lessons taught so long and so persistently by the missionaries, that there are marriages—are destined to be among the most useful citizens of Hawaii. Here again results in these mid-Pacific islands differ materially from those in the countries on the farther side of the Pacific. The Eurasian (compound of Europe and Asia), as the child of a white father and an Asian mother is called in the Far East, seems to inherit the better qualities of neither parent. As a rule, if he is not irresponsible, he is an inconsequential member of a community easily swayed by pleasure, and with no thought of the morrow. The half-caste girls are always an improvement on their mothers in looks, and some are comparatively attractive; but the boys are slight of figure and delicate of constitution, and both are warm of temperament and yielding.

In the Far East there is no mingling of white man and half-caste, except where the latter earns his daily wage, or at a time and in a place where the white man's friends may not seek him. Speaking generally, though of course there are exceptions to every rule, a Eurasian very rarely enters the society of the white residents, and the exceptional occasions are when the parentage on one side or the other has been distinguished.

In the Hawaiian Islands there is literally no race distinction whatever, no matter what the cross—and there are some extraordinary combinations. At the President's garden fête may be seen half whites, half Chinese and Hawaiian, Chinese-Hawaiian-German, and though the ancestors on the Chinese or native side, and in some instances on the white side too, may have been lacking in education and refinement, as we understand it, yet the results are pleasing to the eye and gratifying as to intellect. Teachers at schools I visited told me that the child of Hawaiian-Chinese parentage was bright and apt and diligent, while the half white appears to combine some of the enterprise and practicability of his father with the dark eyes and poetic temperament of his mother. I did not hear of any white girls marrying full-blooded natives, but white girls occasionally marry half whites among the educated classes—and I may add in passing that there are no marriages these days with white blood, in the smallest quantity, where there is not education—and the instances of white men marrying half-white girls are very frequent and happy. The half-white girl is quite the most attractive feature (human) of the islands.

In this way there is to be the true fusion of interests and peoples that will one day make of Hawaii the happiest, most truly prosperous land on the face of the globe.

But the native, pure and simple, is passing. Yes, and so fulfilling the unbending laws of nature. His decrease has been startlingly large and rapid (from 108,579 in 1836 to 39,504 in 1896), because he himself has abetted it by a fatalism and an early persistent debauchery more pronounced than revealed perhaps by any other peoples in modern history.

Like all aborigines, the Hawaiians are peculiarly susceptible to contagion, and, like many, utterly unmindful of the commonest laws of hygiene. They appear never to have been a race of either marked vitality or industry, and there has been too much coddling of them by the resident whites to breed either quality in the present generation of the full-blooded native. In 1848 one-fourth of the population died of measles, shortly afterwards another 3000 died of small-pox, while the venereal diseases originally taken from the sailors of visiting foreign ships spread, because of the early and protracted licentiousness, throughout all the islands, resulting at length in a large average of genital impotency.

This is one of the reasons why the native is passing.

Continuous laborious effort of the missionaries early attacked lustful desires and stayed the ravages of their accompanying disease, but the seeds had been sown widely, and are bearing fruit even to-day, though in an infinitely less degree.

Although there is some improvement in the observance of hygienic laws by Hawaiians, generally speaking the native pays little attention to rules or regulations governing or preserving health. The native, and more particularly the one in the country, lives about as he has from time long past. He is cleanly as to person, but dirty as to surroundings, and though the unhealthful grass house is vanishing, fever and bowel complaints, typhoid and pneumonia, are highly fatal to him, and seize upon him much more frequently than upon his white or half-white neighbors. It is not that disease attacks the native with greater violence; it is that he appears to have less vitality, by no means to be attributed to his surroundings, but to his inheritance of a vitiated blood; for the whites and half whites and all other races thrive healthfully everywhere on the islands, with their trade-winds and wholesome subsoil.

The same inheritance is answerable for his being the more frequent victim of leprosy, that dread malady, whose charnel-house is on the island of Molokai, where dwell also the infested living, as dead to the world as those under the ground. A vigilant health board and the gradual cleansing of the old native stock by death or by cleaner living are having happy results in this direction, and leprosy is diminishing, slowly but really. At the time of my visit (September, 1898) the last record showed 1100 on Molokai, and of these 984 were natives, 62 half-castes, 32 Chinese, and 5 Americans. Whites contract the disease but rarely, and then only by inoculation, through bruised or cut skin. There are also homes for boys and for girls non-leprous but born of leprous parents, for so does this disease defy all rules in attack and development that it comes now swiftly and without pain, again slowly and with great pain; a leprous woman may bear a healthful, untainted child; or the taint may reveal itself in the tender years of a child born of apparently healthful, non-leprous father and mother. Careful surveillance of the islands and immediate isolation of the patients will hold this terrible disease in check, and time may root it out entirely.

Such has been the magnificent work of Hawaii's Board of Health.

But not all the vigilance of the government has been able to abolish *Kahuna* practice, although it has been materially and generally abated, and especially in Honolulu, which is equal to saying Oahu, for Honolulu is Oahu.

The *Kahuna* is the prototype of the white man's faith-cure doctor, only the Hawaiian has less intelligence to oppose him, and is therefore the more successful of the two quacks. Moreover, his talents are more various and more entertaining. Sometimes he is a soothsayer, and not infrequently a minstrel, and always he is more fanciful, which is in keeping with the claptrap of his profession. His medical theory is simple, and has the very excellent and unique quality of inexpense—to the patient. Most of the prescriptions are administered vicariously—to the ailing man's relatives—and as the nostrums consist very considerably of roasted pig and that favorite native intoxicant *ava*, the popularity of the *Kahuna* may be surmised. The relatives, being feasted, set up a musical chant, while the fakir doses the patient with broth of herbs or leaves, or hangs a talisman about his neck, or perhaps does all these—if the pig has been particularly toothsome. In the old days the *Kahuna* was the priest of the land, a hereditary and greatly revered class, who not infrequently aided the people against the oppression of their chiefs. His outward and visible sign is—or rather was, because now he is an outlaw—a scarlet handkerchief worn about the neck, and the day was not long ago when the sight of him on the road caused bowed heads and bended knee. Fear of the law now robs him of obeisance.

You may inquire for *Kahunas*, as I did, at many native houses on the several islands of the Hawaiian group, and be told, as I was, that faith has departed, and the whereabouts of none is known; but let a member of that same family fall ill, and the *Kahuna* will be sent for first, and the doctor second—the native to receive the credit of a cure; the doctor the opprobrium of a death.

And that is another reason why the native is passing.

There are excellent qualities in the native, as the blood reveals upon its mixture with other and stronger races, but unadulterated he is not equal to filling an active place in the progress overtaking his land. The Hawaiians are a polite, easy-going people, children really, with an inordinate fondness for flattery, and other sweets more material, indolent, cheerful, generous, and honest. They love flowers, music, and singing—surely what sweeter, purer things could they love?—and their native songs are full of melody and sentiment. In play they are delightful; in living, Arcadian; in work they labor under the disadvantage that comes to all children of nature. You pity their improvidence, and perhaps their irresponsibility may irritate, but the gentle affectionate nature of these soft-voiced people must appeal to your heart.

Improvidence and indolence are by no means traits of modern development. 'Twas always so. I have before me the report of a board appointed in 1843 to seek the best means of "abolishing indolence and indifference and introducing habits of general industry, continuously pursued." In those days the common laborer was paid from twelve to twenty-five cents a day; the carpenter, from twenty-five to seventy-five cents; the farm hand, from four to five dollars a month. To-day the common laborer earns from seventy-five cents to one dollar a day, the carpenter from two to three and one-half dollars, the farm hand from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and the house-servant from four to five dollars a week—though the natives are not inclined to domestic service, and, indeed, even in the most humble circumstances, are employers instead. Apparently no native home is too lowly to have its own servant.

And the cost of their living has of necessity advanced very little; but their habits have. In the old days they used to grow and catch their food; now the Chinese cultivate the *taro* and make the *poi*, and catch most of the fish to sell to the native, who works for wages when he must, and plays when he may.

And so, with the flower *leis* about his hat, and the laughter of contentment in his eye, the native Hawaiian is passing—blending with the stronger race for the making of a composite type—unique, attractive, alert—more fitted to combat with nineteenth-century civilization and life.

Meanwhile, during the evolution, he is better paid, better housed and clothed, is freer, and has more voice in the government of his country and of himself.

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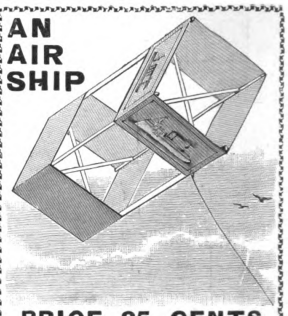
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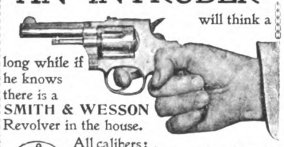


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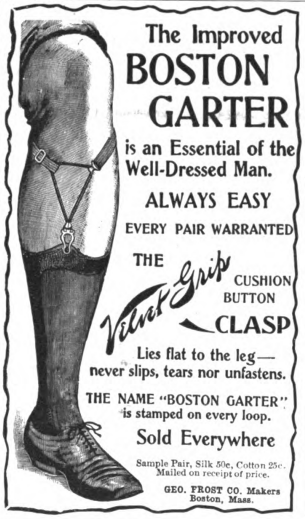
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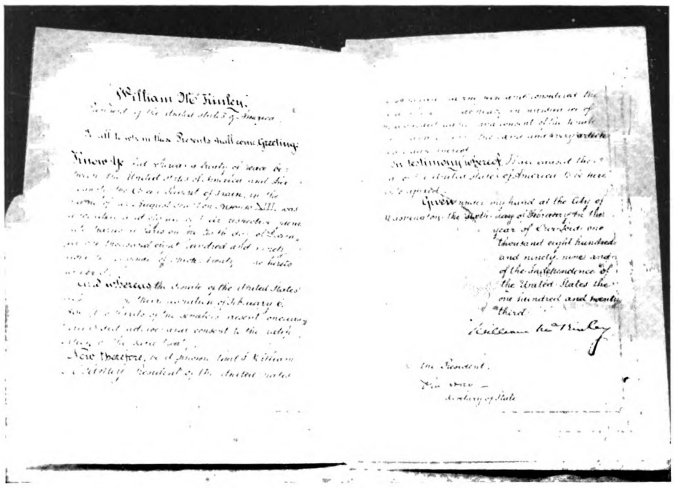
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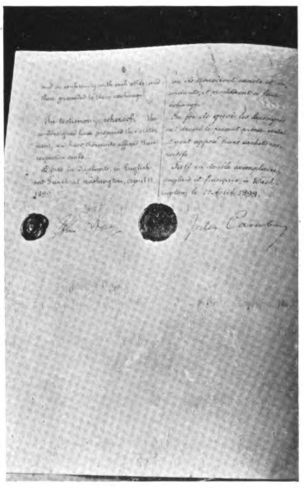


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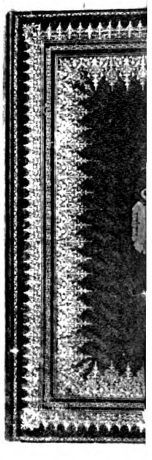
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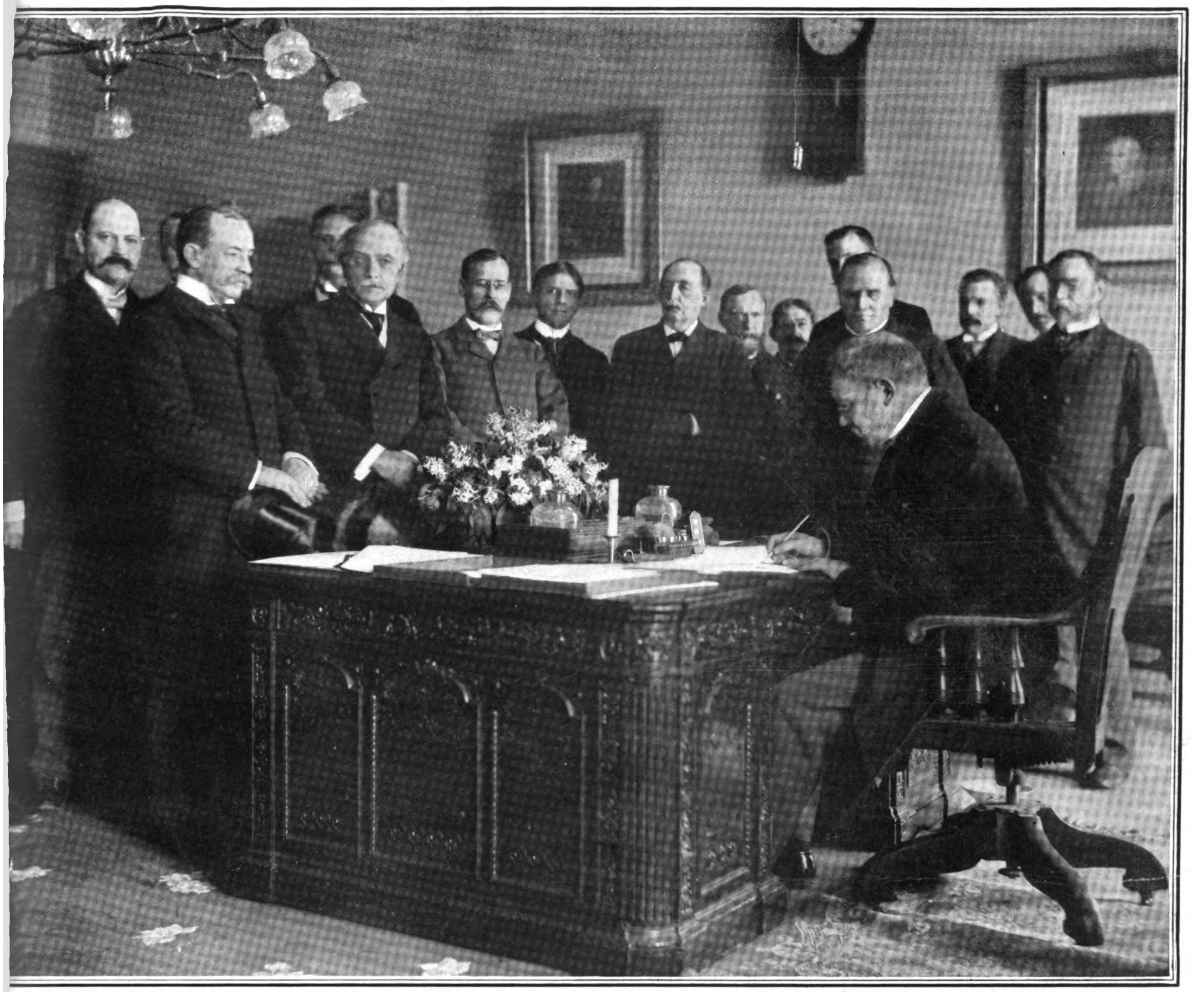
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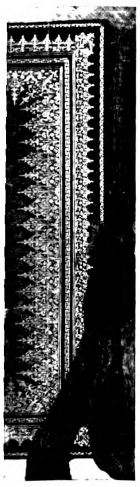
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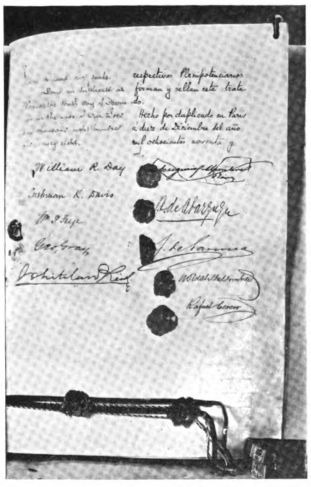
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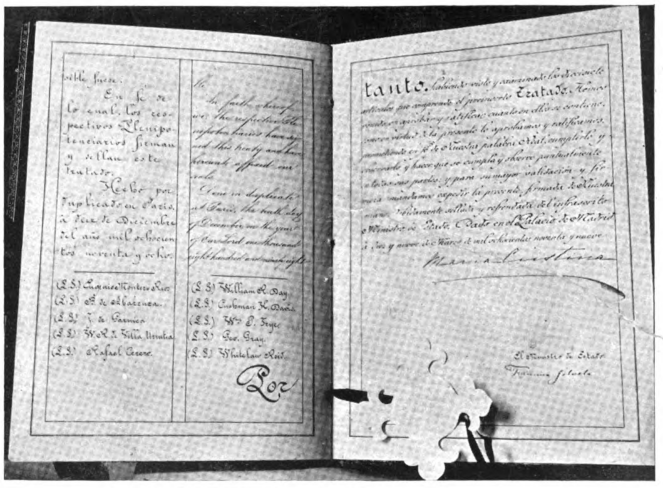


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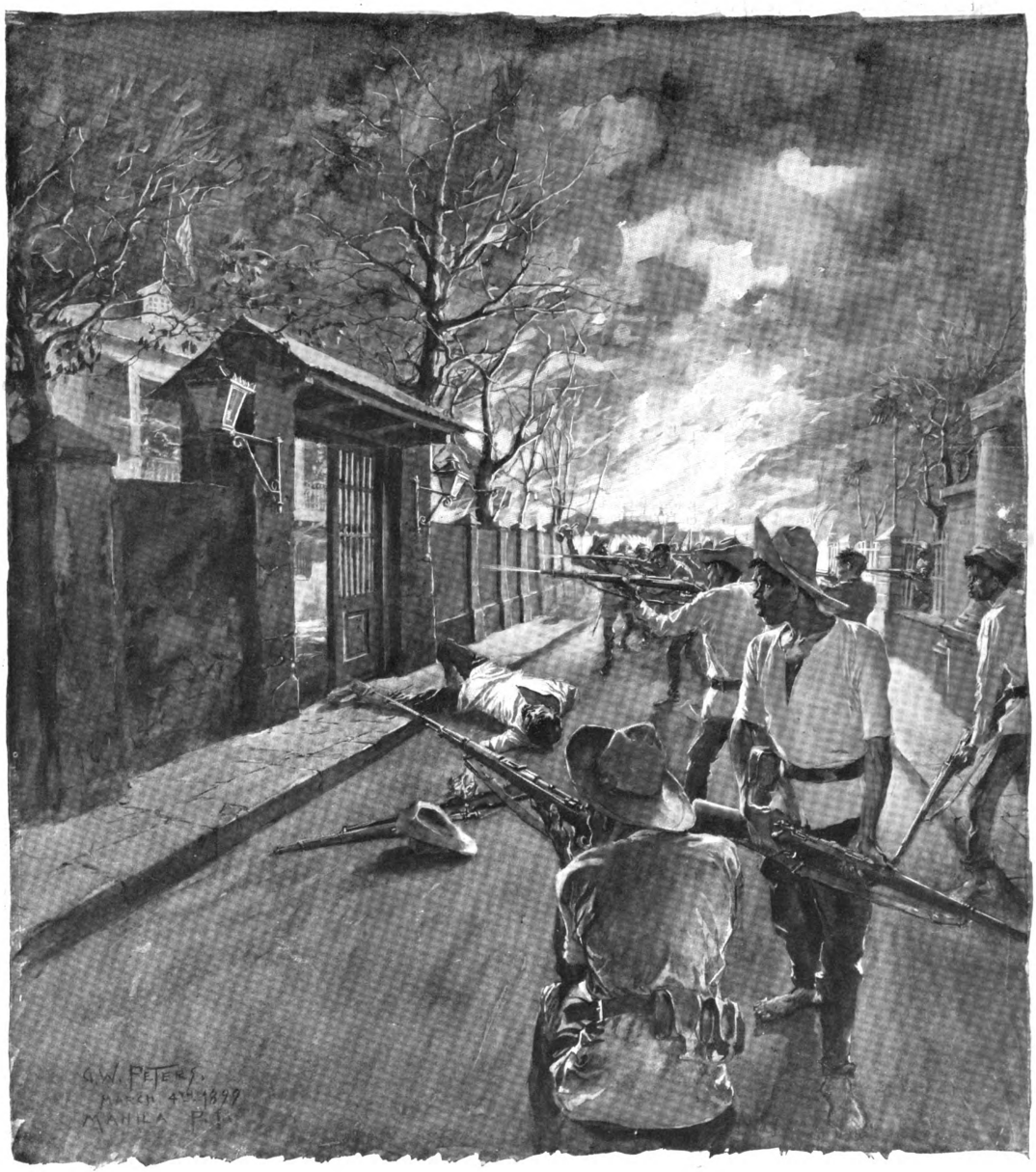
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—NO. 2210

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1899

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MANILA—INSURGENT ATTACK ON THE BARRACKS OF CO. C, 13TH MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, DURING THE TONDO FIRE.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 29, 1899

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Divided Democracy

TWO DINNERS in New York city have served to illustrate in a striking way the division of the Democracy throughout the country. The Democratic Club of the metropolis planned a feast in honor of THOMAS JEFFERSON, and invited the last Presidential candidate of the party which professes to represent the Democratic principles that JEFFERSON championed. He refused to attend, because the spokesman for the club had repudiated the chief plank in the national platform of 1896. In order to emphasize the divergence of views, Mr. BRYAN came to New York a few hours later that he might attend another dinner, at which the key-note was allegiance to this platform, and especially to the silver resolution, which was ignored on the first occasion.

There has been a good deal of joking about these two occasions—the ten-dollar dinner and the one-dollar dinner, as they have usually been distinguished; and there were humorous features about both, such as the fact that RICHARD CROKER was the exemplar of "Jeffersonian principles" at one, and that at the other plain fare was deemed essential to honor a man who enjoyed the best of living. But there was a serious side to the controversy, comical as were some of its accessories. It showed that the financial issue which was raised in 1896 has left the party which raised it disrupted as it approaches the contest of 1900. It is only a few months before the first delegates to the national conventions of next year will be chosen, and yet men who have always called themselves Democrats are disputing bitterly as to what constitutes Democracy.

The dispute is as earnest elsewhere as it is in New York city. A JEFFERSON dinner was held in Milwaukee shortly before the rival dinners at the East. Mr. BRYAN was present, but the reporters discovered that the speech which he delivered was decidedly different from that which he had prepared and given out in proof-slips. The written speech was uncompromising in devotion to silver, while the spoken one did not make the financial issue prominent. The reason was that so many of the Democrats at this dinner were earnest opponents of free coinage that even Mr. BRYAN shrank from "throwing a coldness over the meeting" by language which would arouse their hostility. A similar state of things would have been encountered in any other large city between the Missouri and the Atlantic if the same experiment had been tried.

The most curious thing about this division is the fact that it is over a question which no longer engrosses the public mind. Three years ago silver was the burning issue. Everybody was interested in it. Now most people are tired of it. A whole set of new questions has been brought to the front by the war with Spain. People are now thinking about the grave problems growing out of the freeing of Cuba and the acquisition of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. The "16 to 1" issue seems almost as remote as the controversy of thirty years ago about whether the new amendments to the Constitution had been legally adopted. Even those Western farmers who were so much stirred up over silver three or four years ago are weary of it, now that they have had a succession of fine crops, which they have sold at good prices, and find themselves prosperous despite "the crime of 1873."

The obvious way out of their difficulty is to drop the old issue, which divides the party, and unite it to do battle on the new questions which are engaging national attention. Two difficulties stand in the way. One is the party's candidate for President in 1896. Mr. BRYAN means to be the nominee in 1900. He is assisted in this ambition by the fact that there is left in the organization hardly a single old leader to dispute his pre-eminence, and that no prominent Democrat has come to the front during the last three years. The Chicago platform drove the brains out of the Democratic party, and the void has not been filled. Mr. BRYAN thus has the stage to himself.

The only way to get rid of their old candidate is by an organized effort to cut loose from the issue which he represents and the defeat which is involved in raising that issue again. But here an anomalous state of things is encountered. Ordinarily the managers of a party are anxious for success, and ready to abandon a policy which involves defeat. But the split in Democracy caused by the Chicago platform threw the machinery of the party almost everywhere into the hands of weak men who had cut no figure while the old leaders were in control. These men care a great deal more about maintaining their own prominence in their States than they do about the success of their party in the nation. So long as the silver issue is kept to the front, they can retain their positions of party authority. The moment that issue should be shelved, they would be pushed back into their former obscurity. The consequence is that this whole class of political workers is enthusiastic for the nomination of BRYAN in 1900 upon the same silver plank as in 1896. As they control the organization throughout the South, in the States west of the Mississippi, and in some of the States east of that river, it would be a tremendous undertaking to overthrow them and defeat their scheme.

This demoralization of Democracy is nothing short of a national misfortune. Under a system of party government it is almost as essential to the public interest that there shall be a strong opposition as a strong administration. Indeed, an administration needs the constant spur of a vigorous antagonist to be itself strong. Fair-minded Republicans in Vermont and candid Democrats in Texas admit that their States suffer from being so one-sided politically. The nation will be best governed when the party in power, whichever it may be, is in constant dread lest its misconduct shall enable an alert and powerful opposition to oust it.

THE gathering at Atlantic City of a Congressional committee to consider financial legislation and recommend measures for adoption at the next session is an encouraging event. The committee consists entirely of Republicans, and was created by a party caucus shortly before the end of the last session. Its members are not theorists or doctrinaires; on the contrary, they are exceedingly practical politicians. They have no pet hobbies to push upon each other's attention; no elaborate schemes to quarrel over. The great trouble with the regular House committees on such questions has been that there were almost as many plans for currency reform as there were members, and that each man thought his own plan the only one which had any merit. The result was that anything like agreement was next to impossible, and not even an approach to harmony was reached until near the end of the last session, when it was too late for effective action. The present caucus committee is composed of men who were picked out with an especial view to working together amicably. They believe that, as a matter of party tactics, it is good policy for the Republicans to have some practical measure to propose when Congress shall meet for the next session, and their only object is to prepare a bill which can command the united support of their Republican associates. They are men of influence in their party; they represent all sections, and only two of the eleven live east of the Alleghanies, so that there can be no charge of "Wall Street influence." More than one represent districts which are apt to be close, and were elected through the support of sound-money Democrats who believed that a Republican Congress would vindicate their faith in the party's professions. There is no reason to expect any great measure of currency reform from this body, but it will undoubtedly formulate a bill which will mark some progress toward a permanent and complete settlement of the questions at issue. This is the first time that the dominant party has voluntarily taken a forward step along this path, and the assembling of these shrewd Republican politicians for such a purpose is a sign of promise.

LEGISLATIVE investigations are so apt to be started from partisan motives and conducted for partisan ends that the public is sceptical as to the sincerity of any new movement in this direction. For this reason a good many Republicans and independents were at first inclined to doubt whether much of value would come from the inquiry into New York city affairs recently begun by a Republican committee of the Legislature, while Democrats, of course, had only sneers for the idea. Nobody can maintain that there has not been some justification for such suspicions in the course pursued by the committee thus far; but, after due allowance for the natural desire of the majority to make party capital out of the investigation, it must be conceded that it is proving fruitful of good. The community has seen the ruler of the metropolis upon the witness-stand day after day; it has heard his significant admissions of various features of his policy, and has noted his even more significant refusals to answer many questions. It is a great thing to have a boss expound his system of government as clearly as CROKER did when he told how he picks out judges, and then puts into his own pocket money that comes from their action on the bench in appointing referees who name as auctioneer the firm to which he belongs. The average boss in an American city keeps himself in the background as much as possible, and shrinks from letting his subjects see how much he is making out of them. But the ruler of New York has become so intoxicated with power that he exults in displaying the methods of his tyranny. What was before only suspected CROKER has himself confessed, and if the investigation had accomplished nothing else than to get CROKER on the stand, it would have been abundantly vindicated.

THE legislative season is everywhere drawing to a close, and it is possible to review its developments as they affect the cause of civil service reform. A survey of the field shows that there is no good ground for discouragement. In no State of the Union has any action been taken by a Legislature which involved any loss of ground already won by the reformers. Oddly enough, the most threatening assault was made in the quarter where it would least have been expected. Massachusetts was one of the first States to enact a civil service law, and is the last where one would have apprehended any danger of a reaction. Yet the legislative committee on this subject surprised everybody a few weeks ago by proposing a most revolutionary step backward. But publicity was the only thing needed to defeat the scheme, and the spoilsmen soon found that they must surrender. In New York Governor ROOSEVELT has succeeded in undoing the wrong done by Governor BLACK two years ago, when the latter set out to "take the starch" out of the civil service by radical changes in the law, so that the politicians might work it to their own advantage. The Republican majority in the Legislature showed plainly that it had little sympathy with the Governor in this matter, but it recognized that it could not afford to stand out against him. The course of Congress regarding the civil service illustrated the same temper. There are plenty of Senators and Representatives who "take no stock in civil service," to use a phrase which they much affect; but whenever it comes to the point, as it did last winter, of trying to starve out the commission, only a small minority dares so to vote. On the other hand, any real advancement of the reform through Congressional action is very hard to get. The establishment of a bureau to take the census of 1900 offered an opportunity for the extension of the merit system which ought to have been improved without the slightest hesitation; whereas only a beggarly minority in either branch would consider the idea of bringing these thousands of places under the operation of the rules. The truth seems to be that the reform is already strong enough to withstand assaults upon what has been gained, but that a great deal of hard work must yet be done before it can be advanced to cover the whole field which it should control. Its advocates have no reason to feel discouraged on the one hand, nor to regard their task as accomplished on the other.

A YEAR ago Lord SALISBURY'S hard saying was on every tongue. The strong states, the living nations, grow stronger; the dying states, such as Spain and China, must surrender their territory, piece by piece—such was the purport of his declaration. It seemed to borrow authority, while lending a selfish application to the text, "But whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." In the course of a twelvemonth one of the weaker states has surrendered to one of the stronger its rights and wrongs in the Philippines. The true nature of our undertaking on the other side of the world is being disclosed from week to week, and difficulties are becoming apparent which, now that the nation's honor is engaged, are an incitement and a challenge. If a nobler reading of our duty is sought, we would suggest the following adaptation of the same passage as a warrant for our great sacrifices: To him who gives his treasure and, if necessary, his life for another—to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE was a disquieting rumor last week that Speaker Reed had been offered very large pecuniary inducements—to wit, $50,000 a year—to resign from Congress and practise law in New York. It was closely followed by the announcement, on April 19, that Mr. Reed was about to join the law firm of Simpson, Thatcher, & Barnum, and would live and labor in New York after his return from a summer trip to Europe. Neither he nor his prospective associates have confirmed the $50,000 item, nor has he as yet given any assurance that he will resign the Speakership and retire from Congress. It is taken for granted, however, that if he is coming to New York to practise law, he will make a business of law for a time at least, and try to huddle together money enough to make him independent of the generosity of a grateful country which he has served at small wages for twenty years.

The post of Speaker of the House is of enormous importance and responsibility. Why should it not command a salary bearing some relation to its size? Mr. Reed probably feels a natural human inclination to accumulate some money. His salary as Speaker was $8000 a year. That is not enough. If it was $25,000 a year, it would probably suffice to make outside money-making allurements powerless to attract him. His intention of coming to New York is somewhat rashly interpreted to mean that he has finished with politics; but Mr. Reed is only fifty-nine years old, and when he has laid aside the Speakership it is possible that he will be freer to express himself about public concerns and more available as a candidate for high political office than he is at present. It won't hurt him as a candidate to hail from New York. For the last year or two he has been opposed to the policy of the administration in many important particulars, and though he has been immensely useful as part of the machinery of government, and has saved us money in important quantities, his public service cannot have been wholly satisfying to his inner man, nor can he be blamed if a change seems inviting to him.

Mr. Reed seems to be, in a way and in moderation, an approver of that cloistered life which Governor Roosevelt says is so unwholesome for a nation. Perhaps living in Maine has cramped his impulses; and if so, living in New York might expand him. For a cloistered person, however, he seems fairly robust, and he can sit down harder than Governor Roosevelt, and remain seated much longer without getting tired. He and the Governor are fine types of men; highly contrasted, but both valuable. New York is a commodious State, and can easily find room for both of them.

IT was announced last week that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose grave illness at New Orleans was matter of so much public concern, had passed the crisis of his disease. By this time, therefore, he must be well along towards recovery. Mr. Warner had influenza, with a complication of pneumonia in one lung, with results that for a time were alarming. He has been writing a new novel, in which, we are told, will appear again some of the characters we learned to like in *The Golden House*.

FOR a good many years Union College has suspected that she was poor, but has not been sure how poor, because she has owned some property on Long Island, which, it was thought, might some time bring a great price. A few months ago this Long Island property was sold, and did not bring so much but that the debts of the college absorbed it. Now Union finds that when her running expenses have been reduced as much as possible she will still have an annual deficit of about $23,000. Her only asset which could be made to be more productive than it is is her real estate in Schenectady. She has tried to induce the city of Schenectady to hire a large part of the 170 acres that the college owns for a park, but though many citizens favored that plan as a way of helping out the college, many others didn't, and that scheme has fallen through. Moreover, land is not worth very much in Schenectady anyway, and Union might sell off all she can possibly spare and yet not be materially helped. The sympathetic townsmen of Schenectady have met several times and taken thought for her, and financiers have financed for her, and the alumni have been appealed to, but, for all they smite the rock, the water doesn't seem to gush. Half a million dollars so invested as to pay five per cent. seems to be indispensable to Union's welfare.

The straits of the old college are melancholy to consider. President Raymond has announced that the college must be closed unless its income can be increased, but he does not like to admit that Union's work is done.

THE last report about the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York is that Mr. Connell of the Regent Square Church in London, who has been called by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterians, is so committed to other employments that he will not feel justified in giving them up. Mr. Connell has just returned from China, and delegates from the Fifth Avenue Church have gone to England to carry to him their church's invitation. Until they have seen him and labored with him there can be no certainty that their arguments will not prevail with him, but the prospect of getting him does not seem to be good. Perhaps the delegates will go to Scotland or Ireland and look about. There are great Presbyterians in those parts, and the Fifth Avenue Church knows the school and likes its products.

AN observation made on this page of the WEEKLY about the interest that visitors to the St. Louis Fair would feel in meeting the Missouri folks of the outlying districts seems to the Kansas City *Star* to have emanated from a writer "who thinks of St. Louis and Missouri and the West as places where the people speak in dialect and wear queer clothes and shy at trolley-cars, and who does not realize that St. Louis is, after New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the greatest city in the United States."

There are no delusions hereabout as to St. Louis, though it seems to be the least known and realized great city in the land, and a good place to have a great fair for better acquaintance' sake. Neither does there any longer exist in the East the mental attitude towards the West which the *Star* suggests. Any morning in New York it is possible to stop at the Astoria Hotel and see the great West at breakfast, and admire its clothes, and notice the finish of its manners. The East is much more inclined nowadays to stand in awe-struck contemplation of the West, and to meditate upon its energy and ambition and its large-patterned Destiny, than to condescend to it or disparage it.

Kansas City, too, we know is a lively town, about the size of Rochester, and provided with everything that a population of 175,000 entitles a city to have. But as for the "outlying districts" of the State of Missouri, it is probably true that the impression prevails somewhat widely that a large part of the rural population of that State are not as fully abreast of the times as their neighbors in Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa. Wasn't it a recent and successful candidate for Governor of Missouri who assured his constituents that they would be welcome to spit on the floor in the Governor's house if he was elected? Such a tale came East, and it sounded a little backward; and within a year there have been letters from Missouri in prominent Eastern newspapers which have given the impression that civilization there was as yet not quite a finished product, and that the schoolmaster and the preacher and the capitalist had still a good deal to do. The *Star* ought to know better than the WEEKLY does whether these yarns are calumnies. No doubt, too, the *Star* has heard and despises the tale told to the present writer, by a native of Missouri, of the six men who in the course of a smoking-car conversation upon a railroad train fell to questioning one another as to the States of their nativity. "I was born in Ohio," boasted one. "And I in Illinois." "And I in Kentucky." "And I in Georgia." "And I in Maine." The sixth man was somewhat deliberate, but as they looked towards him he put his hand behind him, and grasping the handle of a gun which stuck out of his rear pocket, said: "Well, I was born in Missouri. Now, d——n ye, don't one of ye laugh!"

No doubt this libellous story is a product of what the *Star* calls "the educated opinion that grows in flower-pots east of the Alleghanies." The sixth State in the Union can afford to smile at it.

THE *Woman's Journal* (Boston), finding fault with the opinions of the WEEKLY anent the execution of Mrs. Place, asks, "What would HARPER'S WEEKLY say if a man had been electrocuted upon the verdict of a jury composed solely of women?"

There can hardly be two opinions as to that. Juries of men are apt to be lenient to women. Juries of women would doubtless be lenient to men. The presumption would be that a man executed on the strength of a verdict found by twelve women was an atrocious criminal whom his triers did not dare to spare.

THE Washington *Times* reports that in Russia the Bismarck autobiography (of which the American edition is published by the Harpers) is under the official censor's ban, and that the Russian booksellers have been forbidden to sell it. Thousands of copies, it seems, are hidden throughout the empire, waiting for the censorship to be relaxed or for opportunity for secret sales.

A CONTEMPORARY which reported the triumphal progress of the *Raleigh* up the North River on the morning of April 16 represents one of her officers as saying, as he stood bareheaded in the rain on her wet quarter-deck and waved response to shouters ashore: "We know that it isn't for us these people are risking their health and lives. They are yelling for the Old Man. They yell for us because this is one of the Old Man's ships. They can't yell too much."

There was enough truth in that to make one's heart go out more than ever towards the *Raleigh*, and to put one's yelling powers to a more critical test. There is no doubt that when the Old Man comes home the roof will come off. Meanwhile the reception to the *Raleigh* last week was a very pretty earnest of what is to come.

She was expected on Saturday afternoon, April 15, and a glorious welcome was provided for her, including sunshine and gay crowds all along the river-front from the Battery to Grant's Tomb The bunting was out on the shipping, and excursion-boats went down the bay to meet her; but there was no *Raleigh* that day Her trip from Bermuda was not as expeditious as was expected, and she did not get in until late at night. Sunday the climate gave out. It rained dismally, and the air was harsh and a month behind the times. The *Raleigh* left Quarantine early, and came up to the anchorage off Tompkinsville, where the two little Spanish gunboats that came across lots the other day from Chesapeake Bay were waiting for her. There she anchored and waited, and her reception began. Tugs and steamers loaded with enthusiasts came poking through the mist to call on her. Every one who came in sight yelled, and the *Raleigh* began to realize that her return was appreciated irrespective of the weather. Then she ran up her home-coming pennant, 312 feet long, with a gilt bladder at the end.

About half past ten the Mayor and a delegation of city officials came aboard, and were received by Captain Coghlan. The Mayor made a speech and said the *Raleigh* did nobly. Captain Coghlan responded that Admiral Dewey was a great commander; they shook hands all around, and the papers say that "hospitality was hastily partaken of." Then as the Mayor departed the *Raleigh* fired the Mayor's salute of fifteen guns, and the procession began. First the Mayor's boat, then the captured gunboats *Sandoval* and *Alvarado*, then the *Raleigh* with a police-boat on each side of her, and two government tugs behind. So they crossed the bay, the tramp steamships whistling their respectful compliments, and on up the North River, where dripping groups yelled from every pier-head, and colors dipped and whistles screeched. At Grant's Tomb all flags were half-masted while the twenty-one-gun salutes of the three war-ships were fired and returned. Then the *Raleigh* came back and anchored off Thirty-fourth Street. The crowds that welcomed her were not great. The weather was too unwholesomely desolate for that, but there was no question about the warmth of the welcome.

The *Raleigh* is the sister ship of the *Cincinnati*, and was launched at Norfolk in 1892. She will go to the Portsmouth Navy Yard and be overhauled.

THE San Francisco newspapers are having fun over two new laws affecting California papers which have just gone into effect. One of the new statutes prohibits cartoons. The Publishers' Association has determined to ignore it, because the lawyers say it is unconstitutional and cannot be enforced. The other statute directs that all libellous articles in newspapers shall be signed, and the association deals with that by ordering everything in the papers to be signed, except the advertisements and editorials. In the San Francisco *Chronicle* for April 18 the news of the paper is signed, down to one-line police items and obituaries. The effect is amusing; but the newspaper publishers don't at all mind that, as their purpose is to show the absurdity of the new law by enforcing it.

A LITTLE earlier in the season than the detailed report of the vision of the sea-serpent off Block Island comes the annual rumor that Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell, is about to become the President of a college. This spring the institution with which Professor Wheeler's name is associated is the University of California, which is looking for some one to succeed Dr. Kellogg. The university has great plans afoot—architectural, educational, and financial—and is entering on an exceedingly interesting period of its development. It is already a very considerable institution, and what it will be when Mrs. Hearst and its other benefactors get through doing for it is something which it may be worth a trip to San Francisco to discover. There is an atmosphere of fairy godmothers and seven-league boots and Aladdin palaces about the two great California universities which intoxicates the imagination. Nobody need wonder if Professor Wheeler acknowledges its charm and turns his face towards the sunset.

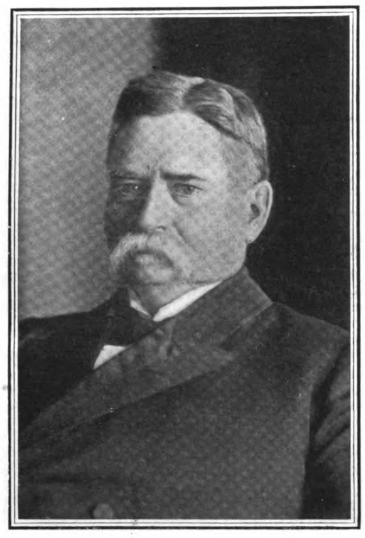
THE echoes of the Vanderbilt-Fair wedding seem to resound louder in London than the original noise did in New York. The London *Spectator* learns that the wedding-presents were worth £400,000, and is moved to a philosophical discourse of some length on luxury in America. The *Spectator* thinks it somewhat grievous to have £20,000 a year locked up in wedding-presents which produce no income and are an expense to store, and so it is. The three deductions of social moment which it draws from this wedding are that "plutocracy in America excites at least as much attention as aristocracy in Europe; that this plutocracy thinks it advisable to advertise its splendor; and that the democracy, instead of envying this wealth, evidently enjoys the profusion it produces as a sort of highly colored picture that breaks the deadly monotony of the scene around."

The first of these deductions seems sound. The other day when the *Sun* printed on its front page a despatch from Cambridge disclosing that young Mr. Goelet had the measles, but not badly, it did seem as though accumulated capital was getting at least as much notice here as rank gets abroad.

The second deduction seems doubtful. Young Mr. Goelet probably didn't advertise his own measles, and it seems a fair question whether our plutocracy advertises its own splendor. When the inquirers come with pick-axes and crowbars and insist on prying the lids off of jewel-boxes, what can the good-natured plutocrats do?

Thirdly, democracy is not so deadly monotonous as the *Spectator* supposes. Last week there was the Wild West; this week we have the circus; Coney Island has sprouted; baseball is in full bloom; and the walk up Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon late in April is one of the most amusing things in creation. The Vanderbilt weddings were not the only shows of the spring. Oh no!

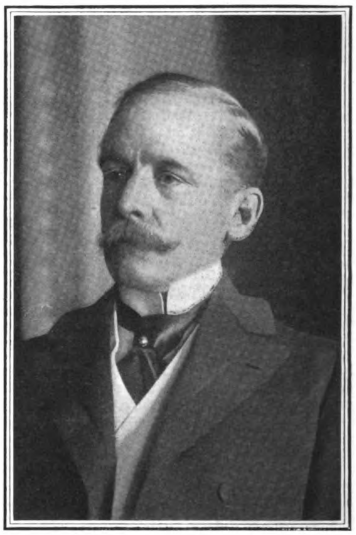
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HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.
American.
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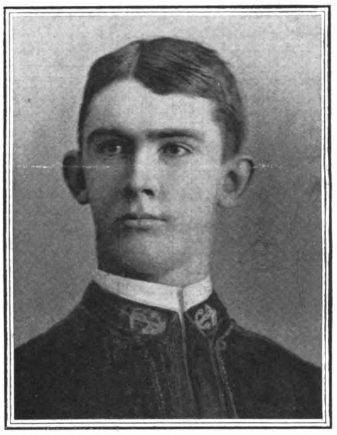


C. N. E. ELIOT, ESQ., C.B.
British.
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FREIHERR SPECK VON STERNBERG.
German.
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THE TRIPARTITE JOINT COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.



ENSIGN JOHN R. MONAGHAN, U. S. N.,
Killed by Samoan Rebels, April 1.

A Commercial Exposition

IN the city of Philadelphia, beginning September 14, 1899, under the joint auspices of the Commercial Museums and the Franklin Institute, is to be held a national exposition, having for its object the development of American manufactures and the expansion of the export trade of the United States. This will be the first exposition of such a character ever held in this country. For this purpose buildings covering an area of eight acres will be erected on the west side of the Schuylkill River, south of the South Street bridge, between the Almshouse and the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, on a site given to the museum by the city. They will be 400 by 900 feet in extreme dimensions.

The entrance will be through a broad covered colonnade extending on either side of a central arch, surmounted by an allegorical group. From this entrance steps will descend into an open court laid out in gardens adorned with fountains, and connected with the wings of the buildings by arched arcades.

Of the four buildings to be erected, two will be of a permanent character, and will eventually become the home of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums. In connection with the exposition a commercial congress will be held, at which questions concerning international trade will be discussed. It is expected that the governments of the Latin-American republics, China, Japan, India, South Africa, and Australia, besides other countries, will send delegates to represent them in the coming congress. The leading national trade organizations will also convene in Philadelphia at the same time to adopt measures for a more energetic prosecution of the interests they represent.

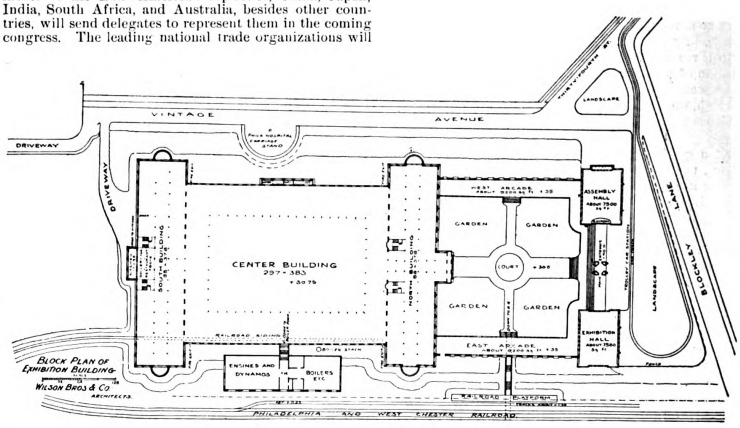
EDWARD T. HEYN.

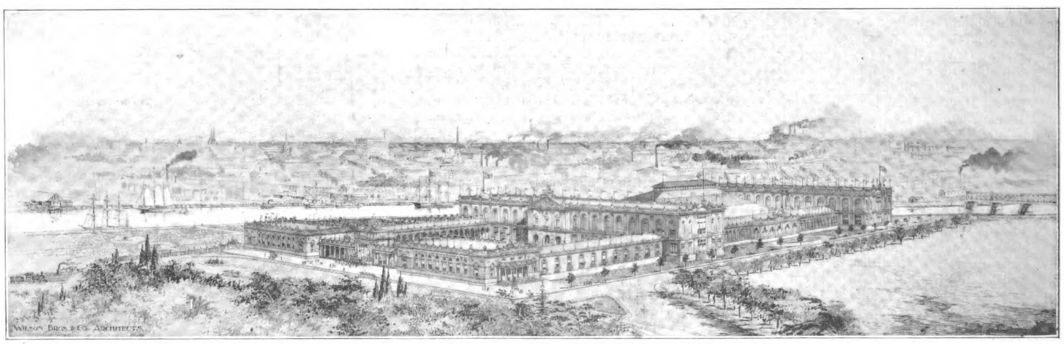
Her Majesty

QUEENLIKE her pose, her chosen part
To stab with scorn the callow heart;—

And yet, when Love leads out his powers,
And conquers this cruel girl of ours,
We'll find her a woman, warm to bless
With all of a woman's tenderness.

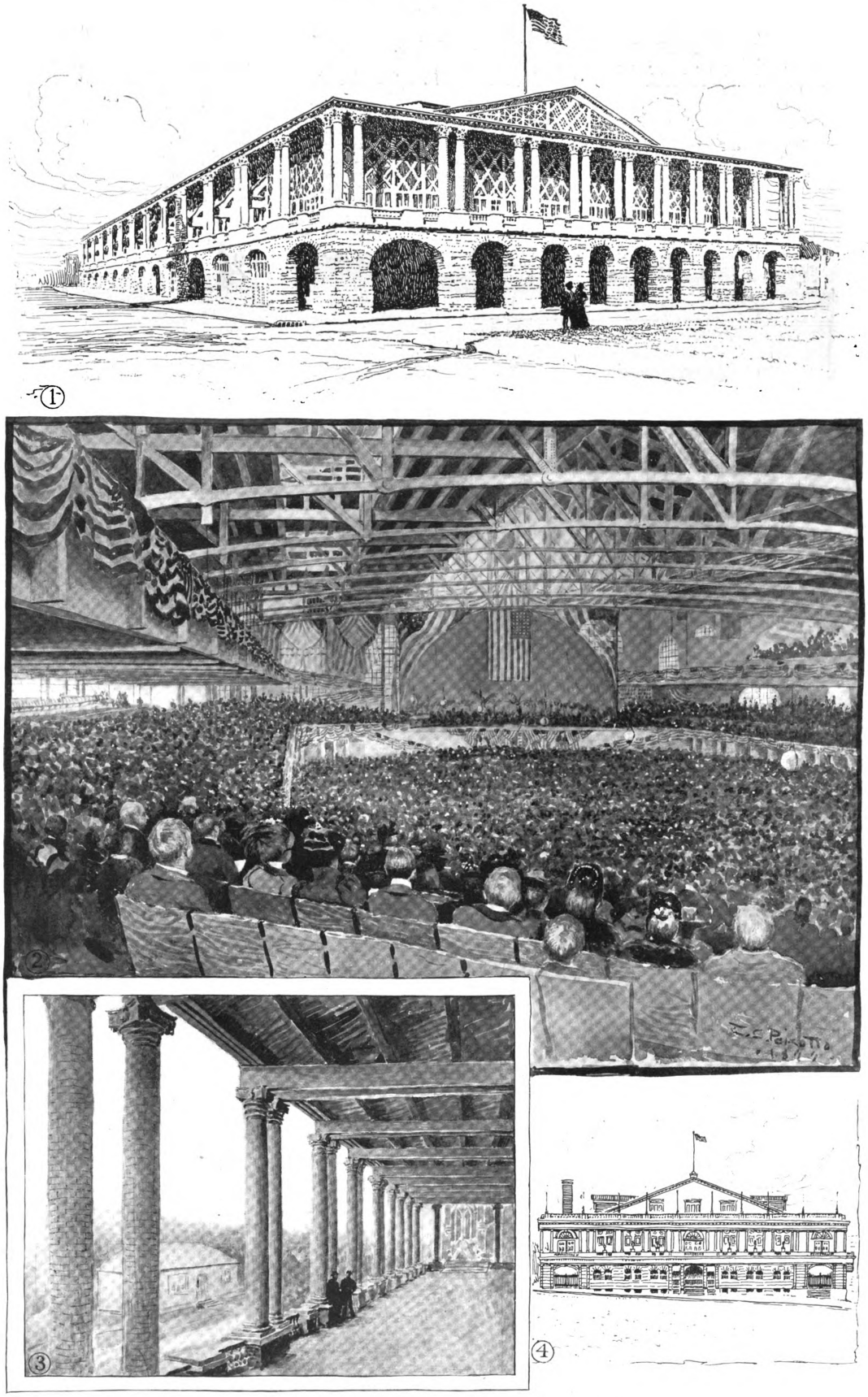
FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.





PHILADELPHIA—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AT THE COMING NATIONAL COMMERCIAL EXPOSITION, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED—LOOKING DOWN THIRTY-FOURTH STREET TOWARD VINTAGE AVENUE.

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KANSAS CITY'S MAMMOTH NEW CONVENTION HALL.

DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. Exterior view, showing Side. 2. Interior of Convention Hall during Concert, February 22, 1899—10,000 People present. 3. On the Balcony. 4. Front view, Exterior.

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE PEASANT OF PUERTO RICO

THE life of the peasant, the peon, of Puerto Rico is not a dream of ease and luxury; neither has he ever passed through the nightmare of wretched hunger and biting cold which adds so vitally to the hardships of the poverty-stricken of Northern climes.

In squalor and filth, in crudity and ignorance, the larger number of the inhabitants go through their comparatively short lives; for one does not see many aged people among them. They die off from fevers, contagious diseases, and troubles handed down from sickened forefathers, at a comparatively early age.

At no period of the poor man's existence can he suffer the tortures of starvation because his job of work has hardly amounts to enough to supply him with clothing and trinkets for his family. In the idle times of the year he must support himself from his garden-patch, high on the steep hill-sides.

The employers in Puerto Rico all maintain that the returns in work done by the laborers of this tropic zone are much less per day than what is accomplished by laborers in the United States, and that their purchasing power for necessities is greater.

House rent is an almost unknown factor in the country, though in the towns many people huddle into one house, and live amid dirt and disease, at an expense to each family of a few pesos a month. It is customary for the landed proprietors to grant to their peons small patches on the steep hill-sides, which are of little value for tillage. This meets the end of assuring their services to the plantation-owner upon demand, with no expense to himself, and secures him the éclat of being apparently a philanthropist.



HOMES OF MESTIZO PEASANTS—LARES.

One enterprising Spanish coffee-raiser gives garden spots to his laborers rent free, with the understanding that they may raise garden-stuff, provided they plant guava-trees, the shade for the coffee-plant. By this means he gets virgin soil under cultivation, and grows the tree so necessary to successful coffee-culture, and he becomes a benefactor with a string tied to it, for his laborers move every two years to new land, and the coffee-plant springs up in a rich and fertile soil.

These little patches of garden of the peons, divided by green untrained hedges hanging high against the hills and over the steepest ridges, with their thatched houses boldly clinging to some sharp spur or bench, all clustered together under close-growing banana-plants, or in lonely singleness, watched over by a naked baby or two playing in the dirt, add greatly to the general picturesqueness of the entire region.

In the gardens they raise principally batatas, or sweet-potatoes, which seem to be the staple article of food. They have three varieties of this potato, one as sweet as ours, and two with a taste much like our Irish tuber. Rice is often grown, and it is a curiosity to Northern people to see, in place of lowland, carefully irrigated areas, luxuriant, heavily laden rice-fields, on the highest mountain-peaks. Beans of several kinds; squash of odd forms; muskmelons which look like pumpkins; peppers, big and little; a substitute for coffee, called gedianda; gourds and calabashes of great size; achoti, a beanlike pod filled with edible seeds; bananas and plantains; and yantia or tannia, the tuber-lily—make up the list of vegetables grown by cultivation upon these baby-farms of the poor. One sees now and then a lean razor-backed pig or two, held in tow by a hobbled leg, nosing around the doorway of a hut, and the fighting-chicken is always present. Beyond these and the cur-dog there are no domestic animals.

Children are an ever-present and abundant factor in the domestic economy of the peasant's life. It is called domestic economy, since it costs nothing to supply the air of day for the lungs of these little waifs; it costs nothing for their clothes, for they run about in the sunshine and the rain just as God made them, and sleep in odd corners without cover, for the first half-dozen years of their baby lives, and when older a single discarded tattered garment adds to their natural grace the shield of decency. So they live, without expense, and with little tenderness bestowed on them in the shape of material comforts, though the mother's kiss is often given and the father pats the little head. They soon toddle, at the command of the mother, to do small errands, to help weed the garden, to bring in the handful of wood for the fire, to dig the tubers for a meagre meal, and, lastly, to hold up their tiny hands and with pleading eyes gain a copper from the passer-by on the road-side. They are a good investment to the family; the majority of them die at an early age, and it costs but a few strained hours to the mother's heart, a bit of cloth for a shroud, and the energy needed to carry the tiny form to the potter's field. Offsetting this is the usefulness of those who, by the laws of survival of the fittest, pull through with sturdy forms, to pick berries, work in the cane and tobacco fields, and add to the common fund, until, at a varying age, they rebel against the paternal banker, and live for themselves in poverty and in bondage to the landed kings, just as the generations who came before them.

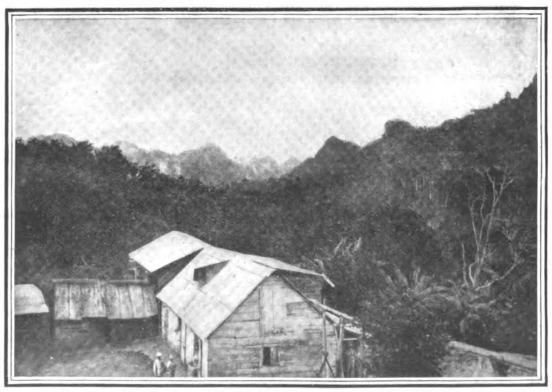
Among these people the houses and house-building of the poor are always interesting. The methods, the material, and the interior fittings are quite as primitive as among any of our aboriginal tribes of North America. In fact, there are less skill and less art shown in their construction than are exhibited in the highly ornate tepees of the Sioux, or the cleverly built adobe houses of the Zuñis. The type and shape of house vary little. A frame-work of lashed poles is thrown up, with a ridge-pole lashed above the rectangle box, and to the side walls are tied the broad bark curls unwound from the upper green trunk of the royal palm, and sometimes the walls are doubled by lining the interior. The bark overlaps, and is drawn taut by thongs in such a way as to make a perfectly solid wall. One opening suffices for a doorway, and window openings are unknown. The interior is often divided into two rooms, with the door-opening of the second compartment in the hallway; but as the dimensions of the entire house seldom exceed ten feet square, the quarters become rather crowded. At night four or five people sleep on the floor or swing in small hammocks, and, blocking the outer room or passage perhaps, the man of the house lies in a low-swung hammock. The house is a shelter from the wet weather of day and the damp of night, and at other times the inhabitants live outside, the women squatting on their heels when domestic labors are not pressing, chattering at one another like a flock of parrots. In the ditch water paddle a dozen naked babies, with protruding stomachs from fruit and vegetable diet, good-natured and aimless in their play.

The roofs are all thatched, preferably with the great leaves of the cocoanut or royal palm, or with the heavy long rank grass of the fields. One never sees ornaments in the houses. Now and then some of the very few religiously inclined will possess a rag-baby saint covered with dangling bits of silver blessed by the local padre. The children have trinkets and playthings of the crudest character, and a naked baby boy is a happy youngster, riding a piece of stick for a horse while his nude sister sits and fans herself with haughty mien, swaying a bit of palm leaf. The walls are hung not with decorations, but various eating-vessels, made commonly from the calabash, though the richer element sometimes proudly dangle a tin cup against the wall. Cooking is done on the outside of the house in dry weather, on a sheet of iron, or in a small, badly battered iron kettle, and the foods are served in gourd dishes, and eaten with gourd spoons. The powdered rice, corn meal, and seed-coffee are ground in wooden mortars or broken between stones. In continuous bad weather the life of the peasant is hard, as he is perforce obliged to cook within the confines of his house, which soon fills with a damp clinging smoke that finds egress only through the openings under the eaves.

Marriage is almost unknown among the very poor classes, and the distinction of having the written word and the blessing of the priest carries with it no special badge of honor; it is suggestive only of another poor man gone wrong and a grasping padre a few pesos richer. It is a much easier matter for a man to select his companionable partner and set up housekeeping in a new wicki-up under the banana-trees without more ado.

A legal marriage by license has less in it which meets approval in the native mind than that performed by a church functionary, for the padre might always save them from hell, while the nation's sanction is absolutely a barefaced robbery. General Grant one day gave hearing to a much-agitated man who stated that the priest would not marry him to the woman he loved without excessive fees, and he prayed that his Excellency would order the erring father to marry him at a rate commensurate with the size of his pocket-book. The general sorrowfully told him that he could not pretend to interfere with the Church rulings, even though his sympathies were aroused, and suggested he be content with the legal form which met all the lawful needs of our own country, and pay the small fee to the civil authorities. The man glared at him and disappeared: the manifest cupidity of American officials was beyond his power to express in words.

It is to be remarked that there is little quarrelling among these people paired by nature's approval, and that their relations, while not the acme of conventional modesty and virtue, are, on the whole, constant. A belief has arisen in the American mind that virtue as known to us has no existence among the poorer classes of Puerto Rico. It should be remembered that wretchedness, poverty, and



PEASANT HOMES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

given out, for, while during whole months of the year he may not earn a single centavo, he still has his little plot of vegetables on the hill; then, if worst comes to worst, or the land-owner turns him out, he may live on the profusion of fruits and roots of the forest, or, as is a common practice of the country, upon the fruits filched from his more opulent neighbor.

In the dry season he complains of the cold of early morning, yet he needs but the merest rags to cover his nakedness, for on no day in the year is it colder than our mildest of autumnal weather. Shoes are a useless burden to his bare and sole-leather lined feet, which have trodden the rocky, briery trails in their nakedness from infancy; and a hat, if he must have it, he makes in his own house from the grass grown around the doorway.

The house in which he is domiciled he builds in a few short days from poles and thatch and bark rolls of the royal palm; and a good house it is, in spite of its primitive appearance, for it screens him from the colder winds of night, and sheds the water of the driving rains like a duck's back.

As a story-book life of primitive simplicity, in which the human needs are few and readily met with a minimum amount of labor, it is idealistic, but as an existence for civilized man it is a horrible fantasy.

The average wage of the laboring-man is less than fifty cents (Spanish) a day, and the work for which he is paid does not cover a period of more than four or five months in the year. It is not customary for the employer to hire his laborer by the month or the year, but to secure his assistance only at cropping-times. Sugar-plantation workers in the field are usually paid sixty-two cents a day (Spanish), though the skilled labor of a few men in the mills brings from one to one and a half pesos. The tobacco-field laborer gets about fifty cents, depending upon the locality and controlled by the supply of laborers. The coffee-pickers are almost equally divided as to sex among grown people, with a large sprinkling of children, who receive so much per measure—a hundred-weight of coffee-beans delivered at the hacienda of the planter bringing about a peso. This makes the wage very variable, as quick and skilful pickers, when the crop is heavy, can make one peso a day, while in less prolific fields they secure only starvation wages. The little children add materially to the sum total of the family's revenue, but it is not over a few centavos a day. At the coffee-mills and drying-platforms, where the work of handling the coffee is constant and heavy, the wage is often a peso a day, but the numbers engaged in these places are small. Girls do most of the assorting of the coffee—though a few owners do this work with machinery—and seldom get above forty centavos per diem.

It may be said, then, that the wage of the Puerto-Rican is exceedingly small, and the time he is employed short. It

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A COCK-FIGHT ON THE TRAIL.

oppressive rulers beget as an offspring abject humanity with no great sense of moral honor. After admitting that this is true, it may still be said that fidelity and devotion between the couples so paired are universally seen among these black-eyed, soft-voiced peons of our new island, and it is not to be believed that an excessive amount of immorality exists.

Chronic diseases are common, engendered by bad diet, total lack of sanitary measures, and an almost equal shortage in personal cleanliness. Among the distressing evils is elephantiasis, said by some to be a pseudo-leprosy. It begins by an enlargement of one or both ankle-joints, then of the toes, until finally the entire lower extremities are involved, and the toes and feet slough off. Fortunately most of these sufferers die before the frightfully acute stages are reached. It is a common thing to see men and women limping slowly and feebly on limbs twelve inches in diameter. It is said that nothing but death can relieve them.

Goiters are a prevalent neck-wear among many, and it is not uncommon to see men and women decorated with a hugh bunch as large as an orange behind their ears.

Anæmic malaria is a constant skeleton seen weakly shambling in a thin shroud of dead-white skin. Great numbers die from this manifestation of chronic malarial poisoning. Quinine, which battles successfully against this disease, is an unreachable luxury to the poor. It has been put by Spanish import duties a dozen times higher in price than in the United States.

Blindness is seen often; only a very small percentage of the population may suffer from this malady, but it is impressed on the mind everywhere in travelling the roads, for the blind beggars seem to have quite regular sentry posts, from which they plead in gesture alone for a centavo.

There are many other diseases prevalent among the poor, but these will be touched upon in connection with other features of the island.

After a long day's toil (it might as well be, perhaps, after a day of lazy dozing, but the Puerto-Ricans work when they can) the women plod home in the dying sunlight with swaying hips and stiff necks, carrying, balanced on their heads, huge bundles of damp clothes washed in the near-by river, which they throw in an empty corner of the hut for to-morrow's ironing. They laboriously blow the fleeting spark of a carefully smouldered fire into a bright glowing flame, and prepare the frugal meal for the family. The tiny light sparkles in the falling darkness on the hill-side, and welcomes the home-coming of a bare-footed, ragged, cotton-apparelled husband, who wearily climbs the narrow winding pathway, with far more picturesque effect than does the ruddy glow of a conventional hearth-stone within a luxurious home.

Preference in the choice of life is a materialistic problem and another story, but this is a picture which, for some subtle reason explained by people who look inward, appeals most strongly to the emotions and sentiments and ideas of those who see the beautiful in the primitive.

The little children are already creeping into the house to lie down in odd corners for a night of dreamless slumber, clasping some morsel of food, to be eaten or not, depending on the speed of descend- Morpheus.

Somewhere out among the huts the ruin of the home-made, soft-toned gui- beats out a half-Spanish, half-Indian now it changes to a new rendition of the music of "After the Ball." A second instrument takes it up, and then a new sound strikes the ear. In quality it is between the rattle of a snake and the pit-a-pat ..g of a clever shuffle-dancer on a sanded floor. The instrument is called a guida (wee'da), and is made from the great curved-necked gourd, the music being produced by passing a bit of wire from an umbrella frame (how the primitive and civilized are mingled!) up and down a series of notches cut from end to end on the outside curve of the gourd. There is some amplitude to the instrument, for by playing higher or lower on the narrowing shell some difference in tone is gained.

But there is a third cadence in the music. It is a drum, beaten for all the world like the drum made by the Papago and Yaqui Indians of Sonora Desert in Mexico, only the peevish, fretful cries of a dying infant take the place of the wail of a coyote out in the moonlit cacti. It is of the same size and shape—three inches high, a foot in diameter—but not so crude; except that the Puerto-Rican drum does not require to have the heads warmed in front of a fire before it will give forth sound, they are the same.

The music is weird as it is wafted on the night air, and the scene of dancing which takes place later in a bare patch in front of a hut in the flickering light of a wavering torch is fantastic in the extreme. The dance has a slow and melancholy step, and they shuffle round and round with a slight bending of the knee which keeps the body bobbing, and yet they enjoy it. The funereal processions of slow waltzing affected by some enfeebled Americans is the nearest approach one can make to comparison.

This is the chief innocent amusement of the people who live in the country, in the campos. They cannot read, and have not the printed page if they could. Reading books is not a habit of the people of the island of Puerto Rico. The little monarchical printed sheets laboring under the name of daily papers are read assiduously by the men of the cultivated classes, but at five centavos are an expensive luxury to a man who earns but fifty a day.

The men—the young fellows especially—all gamble with an abandon which would do credit to a seasoned gamester and higher stakes. A species of shell game is most fashionable, as the paraphernalia costs nothing, and an anxious, eager circle, sitting on their heels, will imperil one another's balance to see who guessed the right cover. All of a centavo or two is wagered, stakes that are large in proportion to their earnings.

The life of the poor people in the towns is less simple and more vicious, just as it is with us. The men—and the women too, for that matter—become drunk on rum. They fight in the streets and kill each other now and then. There is less virtue in this class, and a great propensity for small pilfering. Beyond the fact that the cash received for labor is less than in our great cities, that here a poor man can go to the country and eat fruit, and that no great metropolitan centres exist where vice is hidden from the eye, there is small difference between their sins and those of our own desperately poor class. In fact, in the weighing it could be shown that the advantage lies with the Puerto-Rican, in that he does not get drunk as often as a vicious American. He is less profane and less apt to do desperate deeds. He is a mild criminal at his worst, not dominated, apparently, by the fierce, cruel, stealthy passions of his Spanish kindred, and not nearly so bad as the burly, fearless, vicious ruffian of American cities. The preponderance in numbers of the abjectly poor over the better class has led to an oft-expressed opinion in our American papers that the Puerto-Ricans as a people are devoid of moral instincts, vicious, degraded, and lazy. It is not true as a generalization. They are, measured by the majority, good workers, for folk of simple mind, when labor presents itself. They are abstemious, with few exceptions, and do not paint the town red. Their moral instincts are not of the highest, but they much excel our bad classes in moral feeling. Immorality exists, but there are no seething seas of indecency.

The Puerto-Rican is not an anarchist or an insurrectionist, because he knows no other life, and does not starve or grow cold, while the burdens of oppression are his birthright, handed down for centuries. He is, then, in spite of his wretchedness, dirt, and poverty as we see it, a fairly contented man; and while it may take a long time to mould this man, representing the majority, into a self-respecting, useful, enfranchised citizen of the United States, it can be done, for the reasons that he is docile, obliging, appreciative of favors, and, best of all, he possesses an inbred courtesy and politeness and an equability of temperament which permit him readily to absorb new ideas.

The American nation has been to him in the past the cradle-word of all that is just and grand and righteous; and, if we do not abuse our power, Puerto Rico may be made a twentieth century Garden of Eden, in which the native, trained in new methods of freedom, may, for the first time in three centuries, enjoy the sweets of liberty.



DOOR-YARD SCENE AT A PEASANT'S HOUSE.



A PRIMITIVE PEON VILLAGE—OUTSKIRTS OF CAGUAS.

The Anarchist

FROM out her golden palace Fortune thrust
A maddened dog, whose mouth foamed white with hate;
And loud he howled, and gnawed the court-yard dust,
And ground his teeth upon the iron gate.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

The Jacksonian Epoch

"THE Jacksonian Epoch," by Mr. Charles H. Peck, which is published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is one of the most important as well as one of the most interesting books on American politics that have appeared in this day so fruitful in books on the American government. Mr. Peck's book is, in fact, an account of the conflict of forces which resulted in the establishment of the modern Democracy, with its virtues and its evils. Jackson represented the new times and the new men, and therefore the book is properly entitled *The Jacksonian Epoch*. The reader, however, will find in the book much more about Clay than about Jackson, because Clay was Jackson's great antagonist, and the war which he maintained upon Jackson in the Senate and in partisan conflict was the great obvious and active fact of the time. The book is a history of that contest which ended in the downfall of Clay and in the establishment of the modern Democratic party and the spoils system. The author has done his work with skill and fidelity, and the book is marked by energy of style, and is distinguished by a vigor and certainty of opinion which are attractive and convincing.

Mr. Peck has undertaken, in his own words, "to combine and symmetrize" both general history and biography, in order, as he says, "to present a true and lifelike picture of a most animated political effort." The book opens with the Whig censure of Jackson for his conduct of the Seminole war, and especially for his execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. This was the beginning of the feud between Clay and Jackson. The story then reverts to the troubles arising from the maritime aggressions of England and France, the war of 1812, and concludes with the succession of John Tyler to the Presidency.

One of the most important and interesting parts of the book is the account of the struggles over the tariff policy, internal improvements, and the United States Bank; and the political student will find in this history of these events a good deal of food for reflection over the conduct of parties and party leaders. The conclusion seems almost inevitable that all of these material issues count for nothing with either party, and that one party or the other is now on one side and now on the other, according as it sees the necessities of its immediate situation. The style is admirable.

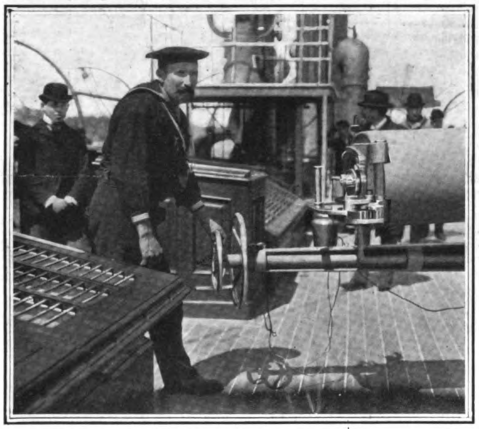
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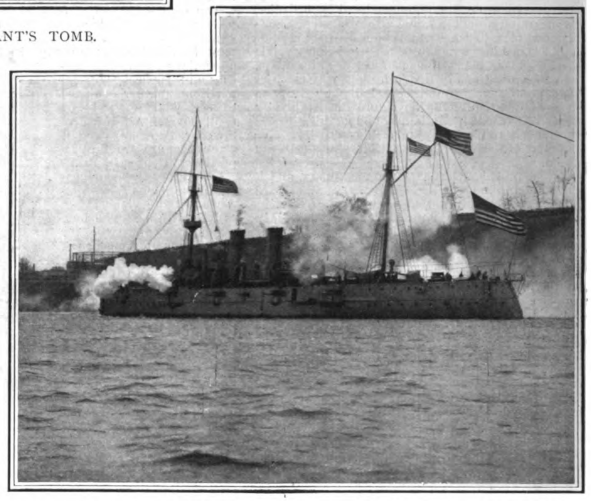
ABOARD THE "RALEIGH"—PASSING GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.



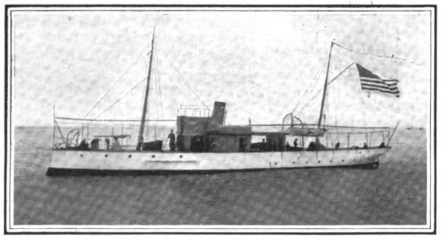
CAPTAIN COGHLAN AND MRS. COGHLAN IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.



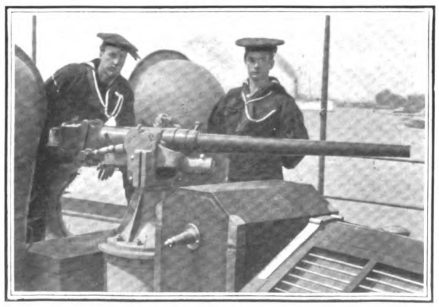
THE GUN-CAPTAIN WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT AT MANILA, AND THE GUN FROM WHICH IT WAS FIRED.



THE "RALEIGH" FIRING THE FIRST GUN OF THE SALUTE AT GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.



U. S. S. "SANDOVAL"—CAPTURED FROM THE SPANIARDS.



ABOARD THE "RALEIGH"—GUN FROM CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT.



Capt. Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N., Commanding.

GROUP OF THE SHIP'S OFFICERS.

THE ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK OF THE U. S. S. "RALEIGH"—THE FIRST VESSEL OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORIOUS FLEET TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.—[See Page 424.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes.* *By H. G. Wells*

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE THE AEROPLANES WERE COMING.

All through the short winter afternoon the fight for the flying-stages went on. The first great movement of the people had been upon the Council House, an undisciplined convergence, without order, and in many cases without weapons, to clamor in astonished anger for the Master. The leaders and elected officers of the clubs and secret societies and sections knew no more than the common people of the state of affairs, and conceiving that the Sleeper was privy to Ostrog's designs, had made no organized attempts at revolt until Graham's reappearance and the escape of Ostrog. Then, however, the extraordinary tactical conditions of the struggle came to light, in the ease and rapidity with which the people were returned to their wards and factories, and marshalled there in their companies.

The people in the southwestern wards of the city were the first in order, the first in motion towards the stages. They were perhaps the most homogeneous section of the workers. The director of their council of ward leaders was an Ostrogite, but he had so organized these subordinates that they were already accustomed to meet and consult. They gathered their people methodically, in exactly the sections and meeting-places that had served for the Revolt of the Awakening. They placed their masses upon the ways, section by section, employing even in its details the order Ostrog had devised, and they were already pouring up through the galleries, and ascending ways beneath the Roehampton stage, before there was a hand raised to stop them. Then abruptly they were in collision with the details of the Ostrogites, hastening all too late to their posts, and the battle was joined. And men grappled and died a hundred feet above the ground, where once the free air had blown over the tree-tops of Putney Hill.

The force Ostrog found at his disposal was smaller than he had counted upon, and he had hesitated whether to hold the Roehampton stage. The suddenness, the expertness, with which the Labor serfs had repeated the lesson he had taught them had done much to disorganize his designs. There were tens of thousands of people in the city that afternoon, officials, traders, aeronauts off duty, wind-vane policemen, members of the disbanded red police, wealthy shareholders and managers, footmen, pleasure-dealers, aristocratic-minded people of various stations in life, who realized the seriousness of the uprising too late, who would have joined him had they dared to emerge from their chambers and rooms to attempt the journey of the public ways. As it was, he had the bulk of the aeronauts with him, the aeropile company attendants, almost a thousand of the yellow Labor police, several thousands of the wind-vane police, engineers whom he had concentrated at the stages overnight when the popular behavior became threatening, and a disorderly multitude of several thousands of public officials and gentlemen, volubly loyal to the existing social order, but not remarkably efficient. There were arms for all these people, but no ordered discipline for their concerted action, and when the levies of the Southwestern Labor Societies were marching into the warren beneath the Roehampton stage, the bulk of Ostrogites were still crowded and still imperfectly organized in the passages and halls of the basement below the central stages.

Ostrog, after his escape, had wasted a certain amount of time in telephonic communication with the flying-stages of Paris and Berlin, only to learn that the news of the London rising had fired both these cities; that there the news from London roused the Labor serfs, and that in each the supporters of the existing order could scarcely hold their own for long unless re-enforcements arrived. He immediately sent urgent messages for help to Say, Wadelai, Kimberley, and Stanley Falls, pressing the officers of the Consolidated African Companies to accelerate their despatch of the promised negro brigades. Even as he did this, news of the attack on the Roehampton stage reached him.

The struggle for Roehampton lasted two hours. There was a temporary indecision on the part of the Ostrogites, a doubt how far the revolt had reached, and in that time the swarming blue canvas held the ends of the communicating ways and luggage slides. In spite of the distraction of a considerable proportion of their number in sacking the shops and houses of refreshment, a multitude of laborers were already pouring out among the sub-stage pillars and girders, and clambering up the staircase to the stage itself, before Ostrog appeared on the next stage—the stage called Wimbledon. He saw at once that to attempt a recapture through the communicating ways was at present beyond his strength, and so the little band of Ostrogites in Roehampton were left to hold out as long as they could. He launched an aeropile to their assistance. It was speedily disabled. A chance shot from the roof spaces near killed the aeronaut as the machine was circling low, and it came down ingloriously athwart the Roehampton stage, killing an Ostrogite in its descent.

And now the Labor Societies of Central and East London were in motion. Ostrog's ineffectual aeropile was still upon its carrier, when the attenuated sounds of a nearer struggle, the roar and tumult of the fight that was beginning in the ways beneath the Streatham stage, came filtering up through a sponge of lifts, passages, and chambers to the ears of the aeronauts. A strange and unprecedented contest it was, fought out of sight of sky or sun, under the electric glare; fought out in a vast confusion by multitudes untrained in arms, led chiefly by acclamation—multitudes dulled by mindless labor and enervated by the tradition of two hundred years of servile security against multitudes demoralized by lives of privilege and sensuous indulgence. They had no artillery, no differentiation into this force or that; the only weapon on either side was the little green metal carbine, whose secret manufacture and sudden distribution in enormous quantities had been one of Ostrog's most brilliant moves against the Council. Few had had any experience with this weapon; many had never discharged one; many who carried it came unprovided with ammunition. Never was wilder firing in the history of warfare. It was a battle of amateurs, a hideous experimental warfare—armed rioters fighting armed rioters; armed rioters swept forward by the words and

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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fury of a song, by the tramping sympathy of their numbers, pouring in countless myriads towards the smaller ways, the disabled lifts, the galleries slippery with blood, the halls and passages choked with smoke beneath the flying-stages, to learn there, when retreat was hopeless, the ancient mysteries of warfare. Of all that happened out of sight of the sky through that terrible afternoon, when the soft clay of latter-day manhood went through the long-disused furnace of war, no history can be written. Here down a slant way poured a host in the final degradation of panic; here, amidst the darkness of smashed electric cables and the broken débris of once seductive shops, men who had never seen one another grappled in the death-struggle; here the blind fury of massacre wreaked itself on some wretched traders, caught between the combatants among their commerce, and hiding in vain; here masses of fomite aimlessly exploded, or exploding accidentally, ripped and smashed, and opened huge pits of darkness; and here men who had been but a week ago the dull drudges of machines fought grimly, steadily, intelligently, changed suddenly to heroes.

And while this fight went on, the two people whom fate had thrust to the central point of the struggle remained together in a little room opening into the Hall of the Atlas. Graham, glowing at first with the emotion of his eloquence, had proposed to lead the people in person, but the man in yellow had dissuaded him. There was no possibility of leading them effectually, he insisted—the battle was a fight in a warren; each passage, each lift, had its own leaders, its own tide of success and failure, and here he was needed against the coming of the aeroplanes. Ever and again there was news of these, drawing nearer, from this Mediterranean post and then that, and presently from the south of France. There was, indeed, a perpetual coming and going with messages. But of the new guns that were known to be in the city, in spite of Graham's urgency, came no news, nor any report of successes from the dense belt of fighting strands about the flying-stages. Section after section of the Labor Societies reported itself assembled, reported itself marching, and vanished from knowledge into the labyrinth of that warfare. What was happening? Even the wind-vane leader did not know. In spite of the opening and closing of doors, the hasty messengers, the ringing of bells, and the perpetual clitter-clack of recording implements, Graham felt isolated, strangely inactive, inoperative. Indeed, there was nothing to be done now, until those guns were found, or the people won a footing on the flying-stages, or the aeroplanes arrived. But it oppressed him that nothing was to be done; inactive, he feared the slackening of his will, the return of his doubts, the rediscovery of his inadequacy.

Their intercourse was broken by countless interruptions, yet in the intervals they talked with a strange intimacy, touching on many matters. At first their mind was one of exalted confidence; a great pride possessed them—a pride in one another for the greatness of the issues they had challenged. But slowly uneasy intimations of a coming defeat touched Graham's spirits. At first he had walked the room eloquent with the solidarity and destiny of humanity, the providential nature of her intervention. There was an interval of fruitless inquiries, and then Graham recurred to the wonder of his sleep—spoke of the little life of his memories, remote, yet minute and clear, like something seen through an inverted opera-glass; of all the brief play of desires and errors that had made his life. He spoke more freely to her than he had ever done to any human being. She said little, but the emotion in her face followed the tones in his voice, and it seemed to him he had at last a perfect understanding. "And through it all this destiny was before me," he said, "this vast inheritance of which I did not dream." Insensibly his heroic preoccupation with the revolutionary struggle passed to the question of their relationship. He began to question her. She told him of the days before his awakening; of the girlish dreams that had given a bias to her life; of the incredulous emotions his awakening had aroused. She told him, too, of a tragic circumstance of her girlhood, that had darkened her life, quickened her sense of injustice, and opened her heart prematurely to the wider sorrows of the world.

There came messengers to tell that great aeroplanes were rushing between the sky and Avignon, coming Londonward in a mighty fleet. He went to the crystal dial on the corner, and assured himself that the thing was so. He consulted a map to measure the distances of Avignon, Arawan, and London. He made swift calculations. He went out to the ward leaders to ask for news of the fight for the stages—and there was none. After a time he came back to his pacing.

His face had changed. His consciousness had been occupied with the coming of a battle, with a long contest opening. Now it was dawning upon him that the struggle had already lasted more than an hour, was perhaps more than half over; that the arrival of the aeroplanes would mean a panic that might leave him helpless. A sombre disillusionment crept into his mind, a revived conviction of inadequate faith in the cause he had undertaken. But she gave no signs of doubt for all the shadow of his news, and he feared her astonishment more than all the fears within him.

Presently came the report of the aeroplanes from Vichy, and soon they were over Orleans.... Then they were passing Paris, and still the people under the flying-stages fought, as it seemed, in vain.

"It may be," he said, "that we shall never rule. We gain no ground, and the time goes by. But we have done the great thing—we have raised the banner of Humanity again, and all the world has heard us. That was our chief duty."

"That was our duty," she said.

He looked at her, envying the assurance of her virginal enthusiasm.

"The end may be near," he said. "The end may be near. The people make no headway, the aeroplanes are swift, and my use to Ostrog is at an end. I knew little. I acted in haste. My little empire of the world is about over. But I have known you—that is the great thing now. I have known you, and I am content."

She put her hand to her throat. "Content?" she said. "Have we not done right? Have you not given your message? I would not change—" She stopped; she was smiling—her white lips smiling, and her eyes were triumphant.

And suddenly came the man in yellow again, with wonderful news. "Victory!" he cried. "Victory! The people are winning. Suddenly Ostrog's people have collapsed."

She rose. "Victory!" she cried, with a thrill in her voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Graham.

"We have driven them out of the under galleries at Norwood. Streatham is afire, and Roehampton is ours—and an aeroplite that lay thereon. The people win!"

Suddenly it seemed to Graham that Helen was human again. Their hearts were beating; they looked at each other. For one last moment there gleamed on Graham his dream of empire, of kingship with Helen by his side. It gleamed—and faded.

A shrill bell rang. An agitated gray-haired man appeared from the room of the ward leaders. "It is all over," he cried. "This victory comes too late. The aeroplanes are crossing the Channel even now. They have seen the first of them at Beachy Head."

"Beachy Head!" said the man in yellow. He calculated swiftly. "Half an hour."

"Yes," said Graham, "it is too late."

"If only we could stop them another hour!" cried the man in yellow.

"Nothing can stop them now," said the old ward leader.

"Another hour?" asked Graham.

"We have found those guns. If once we could get them out upon the roof spaces—"

"Too late," cried the man in yellow—"too late."

"Is it too late?" said Graham. "Even now— An hour!"

He had suddenly perceived a terrible opportunity. "There is one chance. Did you say there was an aeroplite captured?"

"On the Roehampton stage, sire."

"That indeed might give us time."

Graham's face was white with the thought that had come to him. He glanced at the two men and then at Helen. He spoke after a long pause:

"We have no aeronauts?"

"None."

"The thing might be done," he said. "The thing could be done. These aeroplanes are clumsy."

He turned suddenly to Helen. His decision was made. "I must go."

"Where?"

"To the flying-stage—to this aeroplite."

"What do you mean?"

"I am an aeronaut. After all— These days are not altogether wasted."

"What do you mean?"

"This aeroplite. It is a chance."

"You don't mean—"

"To fight—yes. To fight in the air. I have thought before— An aeroplane is a clumsy thing. A resolute man—"

With a gleam of triumph Graham saw the change in her face.

"But never, since flying began—" cried the man in yellow.

"There has been no need. But now the time has come."

Helen made a step towards him. Her face, too, was white. "But— How can one fight? You will be killed!"

"Perhaps. Yet not to do it—or to let some one else attempt it—"

He stopped; he could speak no more; he swept the alternative aside by a gesture, and they stood looking at each other. Their faces saw things their lips could never utter. For a moment her humanitarian inhumanity was swept aside. For an instant she was elemental woman pleading against that danger with all her being. For an instant there was nothing for her in the world but the man who stood before her. And then that moment of self discovery had passed.

"You are right," she said, in a low tone. "You are right. You must go."

He moved a step towards her, but she stood motionless. He did not dare to touch her. Her white face struggled against him, resisted him. "Go," she whispered—"go." He turned quickly and walked out of the little room. The man in yellow hesitated and hurried after him....

At first he could not look back. Then he looked back, and saw her far off, pale and steadfast, with her hands clinched by her side. For an instant he could have cried aloud at the folly of this separation. He set his teeth and looked back no more. "It will be easier to die," he told himself. "God knows I am no king. If I die she will believe in me until the end."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANES.

TWO men in pale blue were lying in the irregular line that stretched along the edge of the captured Roehampton stage from end to end, grasping their carbines and peering into the shadows of the stage called Wimbledon Park. Now and then they spoke to each other. They spoke the mutilated English of the class and time. The fire of the Ostrogites had dwindled and ceased, and few of the enemy had been seen for some time. But the echoes of the fight that was going on now far below, in the lower galleries of that stage, came every now and then between the staccato of shots from the popular side. One of these men was describing to the other how he had seen a man down below there dodge behind a girder, and had aimed, at a guess, and hit him cleanly as he dodged too far. "He's down there still," said the marksman. "See that little patch. Yes. Between those bars." A few yards behind them lay a dead stranger, face upward to the sky, with the blue canvas of his jacket smouldering in a circle about the neat bullet-hole on his chest. Close beside him a wounded man, with a leg swathed about, sat with an expressionless face and watched the progress of that burning. Athwart that carrier lay the captured aeroplite.

"I can't see him *now*," said the second man, in a tone of provocation.

The marksman became foul-mouthed and high-voiced in his endeavor to make things plain. Suddenly, interrupting him, came a noisy shouting from the sub-stage.

"What's going on now?" he said, and raised himself on one arm to stare at the stair-heads in the central groove of the stage. A number of blue figures were coming up there, and swarming across the stage to the aeroplite.

"We don't want all these fools," said his friend. "They only crowd up and spoil shots. What are they after?"

"Sah!—they're shouting something."

The two men listened. The swarming new-comers were shouting something about the aeroplite. Three ward leaders, conspicuous by their black mantles and badges, clambered into the body and appeared above it. The rank and file flung themselves upon the vanes, gripping hold of the edges, until the entire outline of the thing was manned, in some places three deep. One of the marksmen knelt up. "They're putting it on the carrier—that's what they're after."

He rose to his feet; his friend rose also. "What's the good?" said his friend. "We've got no aeronauts."

"That's what they're doing, anyhow." He looked at his rifle, looked at the struggling crowd, and suddenly turned to the wounded man. "Mind these, mate," he said, handing his carbine and cartridge-belt; and in a moment he was running toward the aeroplite. For a quarter of an hour he was a perspiring Titan, lugging, thrusting, shouting and heeding shouts, and then the thing was done, and he stood with a multitude of others cheering their own achievement. By this time he knew, what every one in the city knew, that the Master, raw learner though he was, intended to fly this machine himself—was coming even now to take control of it. And even as he cheered, and while the bands of sweat still chased one another from the disorder of his hair, he heard the thunder of a greater tumult, and in fitful snatches the bent and impulse of the revolutionary song. He saw, through a gap in the people, that a thick stream of bands still poured up the stairways. "The Master is coming," shouted voices—"the Master is coming!" and the crowd about him grew denser and denser. He began to thrust himself towards the central groove. "The Master is coming!" "The Sleeper, the Master!" "God and the Master!" roared the growing storm of shouts.

And suddenly quite close to him were the black uniforms of the revolutionary guard, and for the first and last time in his life he saw Graham—saw him quite nearly. A tall, dark man in a flowing black robe, with a white, resolute face, and eyes fixed steadfastly before him; a man who for all the little things about him had neither ears nor eyes nor thoughts. For all his days he remembered the passing of that bloodless face. In a moment it had gone, and he was fighting in the swaying crowd. A lad screaming with terror thrust against him, pressing towards the stairways, yelling, "Clear for the aeroplite!" The bell that clears the flying-stage began a disorderly clanging.

With that clanging in his ears Graham drew near the aeroplite, marched into the shadow of its tilting wing. He became aware that a number of people about him were offering to accompany him, and waved their offers aside. He wanted to think how one started the engine. The bell clanged faster and faster, and the feet of the retreating people roared faster and louder. The man in yellow was assisting him to mount through the ribs of the body. He clambered into the aeronaut's place, fixing himself very carefully and deliberately. What was it? The man in yellow was pointing to two aeroplites driving upward in the southern sky. That—presently; the thing to do now was to start. Things were being shouted at him—questions, warnings. They bothered him. He wanted to think about the aeroplite, to recall every item of his previous experience. He waved the people from him; saw the man in yellow dropping off through the ribs; saw the crowd cleft down the line of the girders by his gesture.

For a moment he was motionless, staring at the levers, the wheel by which the engine shifted, and all the delicate appliances of which he knew so little. His eye caught a spirit-level with the bulb towards him, and he spent a dozen seconds in swinging the engine forward, until the bubble floated in the centre of the tube. He noticed the people were not shouting; knew they watched his deliberation. A bullet smashed on the bar above his head. Who fired? Was the line clear of people? He stood up to see, and sat down again.

In another second the propeller was spinning, and he was rushing down the guides. He gripped the wheel and swung the engine back to lift the stem. Then it was the people shouted. In a moment he was throbbing with the quiver of the engine, and the shouts dwindled behind. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb—throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement; felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stem still more, opened one valve on his left wing, and swept round and up. He looked down with a steady head, and up. One of the Ostrogite aeropiles was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it, and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little aeronauts were peering down at him. What did they mean to do? One held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, end on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, and shot straight at it, stem and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little, as if to clear him. He flung up his stem.

Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb—he set his teeth, contorted his face into an involuntary grimace, and —crash! He struck it! He struck upward beneath the nearer wing. Slowly the wing of his antagonist seemed to broaden as the impetus of his blow turned it up.

He felt his stem going down; his hands tightened on the levers, whirled and rammed the engine back. He felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of the machine jerked upward steeply, and for a moment he was helpless on his back. A vast bulk, as it seemed, had fallen from under him. He made a huge effort, hung for a moment on the levers, and slowly the engine came forward again. He drove upward, but no longer so steeply. He gasped for a moment, and flung himself at the levers again. The wind whistled about him. One further effort and he was almost level. He could breathe. He turned his head for the first time to see what had become of his antagonists. Turned back to the levers for a moment, and looked again. For a moment he could have believed that they were annihilated. And then he saw between the two stages to the east was a chasm, and down this something, a slender edge, fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence falls down a crack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*In Trench and Gunboat*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

IN THE TRENCHES

March 9, 1899.

FOR a time we extended our lines as far as the town of Pasig, where the river starts out of the Laguna de Bay, but we soon withdrew to San Pedro Macati, because the length of our line was already so great that we could not spare men to hold Pasig. After our withdrawal the insurgents celebrated a great victory, though in fact not an insurgent was in sight or a shot fired when we voluntarily abandoned the place. The most heavy firing, therefore, at any point about our lines has occurred at San Pedro, which the insurgents believe to be our weak point. The nature of the fighting seems at present unprofitable, for we lose a few men daily and we gain no ground.

There are two other points where the fighting has been more or less continuous during the past weeks. One of these is the water-works, where we have to defend a line of water-conduits, which runs four miles beyond our main cordon about the city and ends at the pumping-station at Santolan. There we have four guns to cover the broad valley of the San Mateo River. Below the pumping-station in the valley was the town of Mariquina, now burned. About this town the insurgents hovered, annoying our outposts. One skirmish that took place at the north of the road leading to the water-works is worth noting because it shows the nature of the Filipino. Some of our guards along the road noticed three white flags stuck up before a clump of rocks. A squad of men went out to see what these white flags meant. The squad was met by a heavy ambush fire when it approached the white flag. Noting its danger, Colonel Stotsenburgh took out a battalion of the Nebraska troops to rescue it. The insurgents held a rocky ridge, and Colonel Stotsenburgh sent two companies against this strong position. He himself led a company around to the right of the enemy's position to flank them. He even took a squad of men through the wood back of the enemy, and by firing into them killed eight and dislodged the rest, who fled behind a hedge. Again driven from this place, the enemy scattered, and, like most Filipino bands whenever disintegrated, vanished as if in air.

There have been two small engagements on the extreme right of General Hale's brigade—one on February 19, the other on March 7. Both these engagements were intended to clear the woods next to the Pasig River, where the insurgents gathered in small bands and harassed the left of General King's brigade—now General Wheaton's. Our line on the north of the city meets the Pasig at a point some distance back of the left wing of General Wheaton's brigade, on the south of the river; General Wheaton's flank is therefore exposed to a constant fire from small bands of insurgents across the river. The reason why General Hale's right has not been advanced is because there is no good place along the river for our lines to meet on each bank without making so great an advance that our lines, already thin, would be vulnerable at several points. In other words, our line is at present about as long as the number of soldiers at our command will allow of. On February 19 Colonel Stotsenburgh took a battalion of the Nebraska regiment, with two guns of the Utah artillery. With this force he swung in from the pumping-station towards the Pasig River. His object was to shut the insurgents in the strip of woods along the Pasig and drive them down upon our main line, where the Wyoming regiment was waiting to give them a warm reception. The purpose of this expedition failed, for when once engaged in the woods, apparently driving an unseen enemy, who fired from the brush and then disappeared, the Nebraska regiment was suddenly attacked in the rear by a force of insurgents coming from the town of Pasig to reenforce their comrades. Thus taken unawares, Colonel Stotsenburgh wheeled, and drove the insurgents in his rear out towards the valley of the San Mateo. These particular insurgents seemed inclined to make a stubborn resistance. At one point, where our men had to go up a hill after them, the voices of the insurgent officers could be heard urging their men to charge. A few insurgents actually started down hill towards us, but these few were quickly disposed of. The rapid movement of even light artillery was found impossible in the jungle. One needs the experience to understand the demoralizing effect of getting caught in a thorn thicket, with bullets whipping through the bamboo, and bursting the joints with an explosion like the crack of a rifle. On such an occasion it is almost impossible to tell which way the bullets come from. The Mauser makes no smoke or flash, and as a few sharpshooters always get in our rear, there is often difficulty in locating the direction of the main body of the enemy. Yesterday another engagement took place at this same spot. Our line advanced a mile, but withdrew again to its old position. In this last affair we lost three officers wounded, two men killed and several wounded, while only two wounded of the enemy were found.

It looks as if the insurgents were learning to keep out of range of our old sixteenth-century Springfield rifles ("smoke wagons," the soldiers call them), and still make us suffer with their long-distance Mauser fire.

New-comers in Manila keep asking where the blame lies for this outbreak. Is the responsibility, alike for American and Filipino deaths, with our government or with the leaders of the Filipino people? At such a time as this it is difficult for a good American not to throw the blame on Aguinaldo and his followers. The American army has done so well that one feels like overlooking the past. Although the true cause does not lie within the scope of any generalization, but rather in a multitude of small detached facts, still I believe that the fundamental reason for our present fight lies in an unrestrained race antipathy. Americans differ so absolutely in mind, body, and soul from Filipinos that the two could not live together in harmony under the then existing conditions. First among these conditions was an American and a Filipino volunteer force, both more or less undisciplined, and longing to jump at each other's throats; and secondly, a want of any consistent policy in our government. Moreover, both American and Filipino leaders have been so provincial in their point of view that at no time during the military occupation of Manila has the least good feeling existed between the American and Filipino governments. We have ignored Aguinaldo and his followers in so far as it is possible to ignore an army which for months has been encircling Manila in a peaceful siege. Aguinaldo has stuck out through thick and thin for the independence of his people. Instead of getting what he wanted, he received the hard and fast declaration of our President that the islands were American property, that the army would proceed to take possession of them, and that any one resisting our authority would be suppressed by force of arms. Since this manifesto was issued there has been no hope of a peaceful settlement.

The bone of contention is the sovereignty of the islands. It is said that the Filipinos will not be able to establish a good government, but the same argument would apply to many of our own communities at home, which have wretched local self-government. Much as one may dislike the native—and I must say that I have never met with a more unlovable people—it is important occasionally to get his point of view. No doubt the government which the natives would establish would not please the Anglo-Saxon, but would it not be good enough for the natives themselves?

The natives soon learned to dislike us. We plastered the town from end to end with beer and whiskey advertisements. And so far Americans who have followed the army have put their time and money into saloons. No other business attracts them. According to native standards, the American soldier has been rough and tyrannical, while from our point of view the natives have been tricky and dishonest. The extreme East and the extreme West have learned to hate each other. The importance of these things is great as indicating what the future has in store. The immediate cause of the outbreak was that the insurgent officers and soldiers, being under less control than our men, became so hostile and insulting that we had either to fight or to leave the islands. The outbreak was hastened and made inevitable by the unsettled state of public opinion in the United States, the absence of any fixed policy in Washington, and the consequent contradictory and restricting orders on our local government in Manila. The fact of the matter is that the policy of ignoring the insurgents completely has had its origin in Washington. It reminds one of the ultra-idealistic philosopher who ignored the hard and fast world of environment, and while absorbed in thought bumped his head against a stone wall. The insurgent government is here, and must be dealt with.

Formerly we might have compromised with them; now we must crush them. There are a few men of education and ability who are managing the insurrection; the rest of the army follows blindly, misled by false reports about our cruelty, and they look upon us now as a species of ogre. We have fallen heir to the hatred which the natives felt for the Spaniards, and the same stories are told about us that were told about our predecessors.

The Spaniards and the priests have done what they could to make trouble by circulating false reports in both camps. These reports have been believed by the insurgents, and in many instances by our own officers. The Spaniards are jubilant over the present state of affairs. One of them said to me:

"I speak to you as a Spaniard and an enemy of the United States. If fifty insurgents are killed, good; if the insurgents kill one hundred Americans, better; if the Americans in turn kill two hundred insurgents, best of all."

A NIGHT ON THE GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY"

"When the moon rises, the gunboat is going to work up the Pasig," came the message.

The major and I were only too glad to see the "American tinclad," as the soldiers call her, at work, and we started with alacrity for San Pedro Macati, where we expected to find her. It is a long and lonely road from town to San Pedro. When one gets beyond the barracks of the Washington regiment in Paco the way is unguarded, and seems to stretch out indefinitely through lonely rice-fields and burned huts. It was very dark, and one felt the possibility, from moment to moment, that a stray native with a bolo might jump from any bush. So we drew our revolvers and watched the darkness with expectant eyes.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, as we entered San Pedro. "Who goes there?"

"Friends," we answered, with pardonable eagerness; for in these times, when in doubt, our guards shoot.

"Advance one friend and be recognized."

The major climbed out of our little bobbing two-wheeled cart and advanced towards the sentry, who eyed him suspiciously, with rifle half raised, until the major came well within the circle of light given off by a smoky lantern.

Once past the sentry, we came to a little deserted square. A few lights in the houses threw their rays into the surrounding darkness. Every light not necessary was put out, so as not to draw the enemy's fire. A few stray horses and carriages hugged the lee walls of the houses. Occasionally a bullet swished through the square, and suddenly came to the end of its whistling course with a thud against a wall or a clatter through a tin roof. Down a street which leads from headquarters to our lines, one hundred yards ahead, the shots came with unpleasant frequency. Across it we rushed, to the great amusement of the sentry at headquarters, who had his back against the safe side of a pillar. At General Wheaton's headquarters we were informed that the "tinclad" was not yet up-river—in fact, was still at Santa Ana, but would be along in about an hour. The major proposed to pass the time by having a look about the place. Now it was pitch-dark outside, and it was beyond me why the major wanted to "look about" just because the bullets were flying promiscuously, when he never could have been induced, under ordinary safe conditions, to leave his comfortable chair and his glass of toddy, to wander about the blind alleys of a tumble-down and ruined village like San Pedro Macati. For once in my life I suspected the major of being one of those *fin de siècle* decadents who craved the excitement of seeing how near they could come to a Mauser bullet and still miss it. However much the knees of his inner consciousness may shake, it would never do for a war correspondent to show the white feather. His bread-and-butter depends on appearing to love the hiss of bullets and the shriek of shrapnel. Consoling myself with the thought of the Maréchal de Turenne, who, in some battle, when his attention was called to the fact that his knees were shaking, remarked, "Yes, and they would shake still more if they knew where they were going to take me," I reluctantly followed the major.

Luckily there was a lull in the shooting as we crossed the square and climbed a hill to the old church of San Pedro. Inside of it a company of the Iowa regiment was quartered. It was as if a picture of the Franco-Prussian war, such as one sees in French galleries, had come to life in the Philippines. The altar and the crucifix still stood intact. About the floor, on heaps of straw, our soldiers lay, wrapped in their blankets. Rifles were stacked in one corner. Over this scene the uncertain glimmer of dim lanterns threw a mystic light, and a faint odor of incense still hung about the place.

After a few whispered words with the officer in command, who brought us back to ordinary life by eagerly inquiring about the next mail from home, we wandered on to the old church-yard. Once high walls surrounded it; now they have been torn down to build embrasures about our batteries and low redoubts, behind which groups of sleeping soldiers lay. So dark was the night that one had to get close to see that the men of the battery—as if even in sleep they did not wish to desert their iron mistress—were curled up under and about the guns. The officers, knowing that something was brewing, walked uneasily up and down. We moved on down the line, and at last came to the beginning of the trenches, which run in a continuous line for five miles from San Pedro Macati, through Pasay, to the sea. Indistinctly one could see the men in the trenches—some of them curled up in blankets, sleeping, others smoking. The officers back of the line were seated in little groups, chatting. We joined the group of the battalion-commander, and discussed the constellations of the southern sky, politics at home, Philippine tobacco—anything but the prospective fight.

Beyond, out towards the enemy, everything was blackness. We knew that there were two lines of our sentries ahead, but could not see half-way to the first pickets. Suddenly three rifles crashed and flashed just ahead. The officers scattered to their companies. The men in the trenches rustled about. One could hear the click of their locks as they made sure that their rifles were in order.

"Steady, men!" came the sharp order; "the first line is coming in."

Sure enough, from the distance we heard the sound of running steps, and a moment later blurred figures came tumbling out of the darkness.

"Where is Company C?" shouted one of the figures.

"This way!" called his comrades in the trenches.

One of the outposts, in his eagerness to get back, fell over a mound in the rice-field. A suppressed laugh ran along the line. The men were all impatience, and leaning over the trenches, fingered their rifles.

"Steady. Wait for the guard," came the second caution.

Our outer line of pickets had been driven in, but the main guard still remained out to make sure that the enemy were really at hand. A minute passed in uncertainty; then a dozen more shots rang out in the night, and our guard came running in. Bullets began to sing above our heads, and we lay close in the trenches.

"This platoon, one volley at eight hundred yards!" ordered the captain. "Load!" The rifles clicked. "Aim!" A moment of suspense. "Fire!" And the volley crashed down the line.

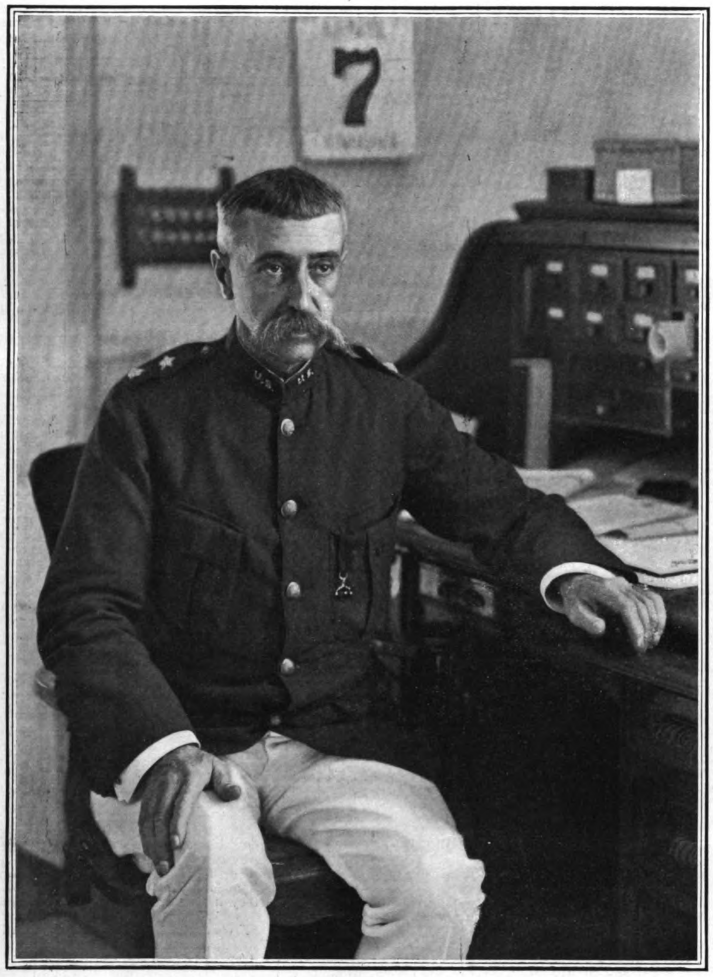
"Smith," said the watchful lieutenant to one of his men, "you are always behind. Brace up!"

There was no necessity, however, for another volley. Evidently the small band of insurgents who had come out to reconnoitre had withdrawn. There was again quiet, and we went back to headquarters, to find that the "tinclad" was tied to the opposite bank of the Pasig, waiting for the moon to rise, when she would move up river to clear out the front of our lines, where bands of insurgent sharpshooters had approached too near and were worrying our men. A boat was waiting to take us across the river, where Captain Grant of the Utah battery B, in command of the gunboat, received us heartily.

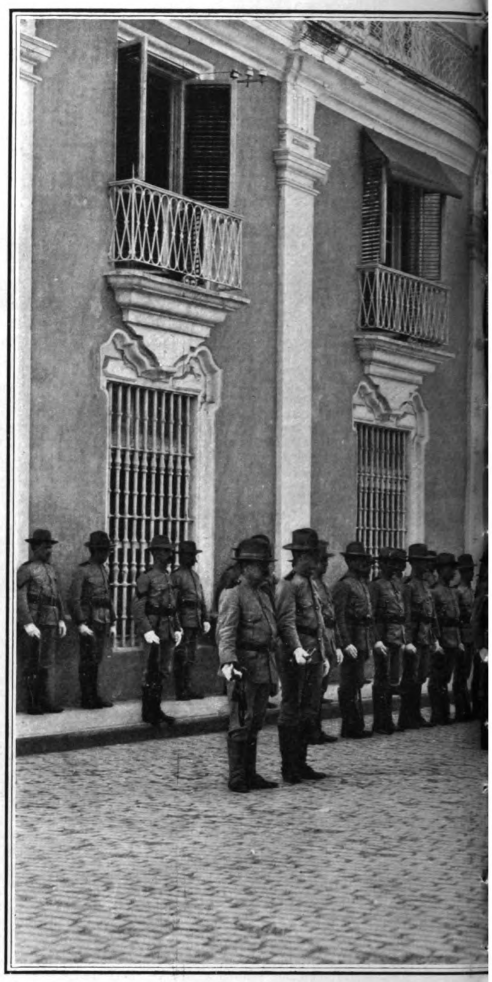
The tinclad *Laguna de Bay* is an old flat-bottomed steamer drawing two and one-half feet of water, bought by the United States and fitted up to patrol the Pasig River. Her lower deck is open, but has been protected with two thicknesses of iron or steel plates about four and a half feet high. The lower deck is armed in the bow with two 3-inch navy guns with recoil cylinders, and aft with one Hotchkiss gun on the upper deck. In front of the smoke-stack is an improvised turret, protected in the same way as the lower deck. Here the pilot stands. At each of the four corners of this turret are revolving Gatling guns. Besides the gunners there are about thirty soldiers armed with rifles, who man the sides of the lower deck, to pick off any insurgents who have the temerity to approach the river-bank while the gunboat is in action.

At Guadalupe church, about half a mile beyond our lines, the insurgents had been seen towards sunset throwing up intrenchments on a ridge, as if preparatory to placing a gun. The expectation was that when the moon rose the insurgents would begin work again on these earthworks. The "tinclad" was to move up river about a quarter of a mile. Her big guns would throw shrapnel over the men working on the intrenchments, and the

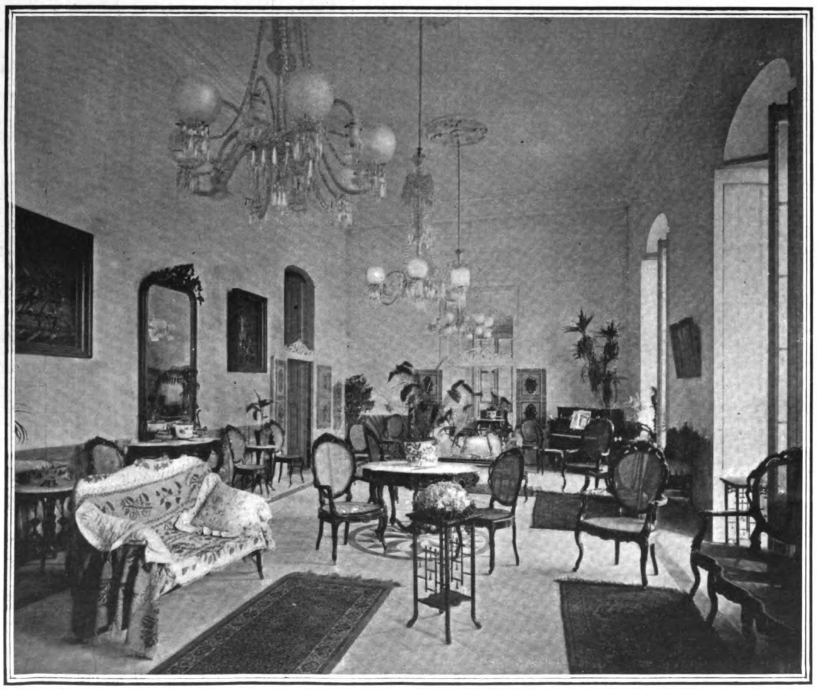
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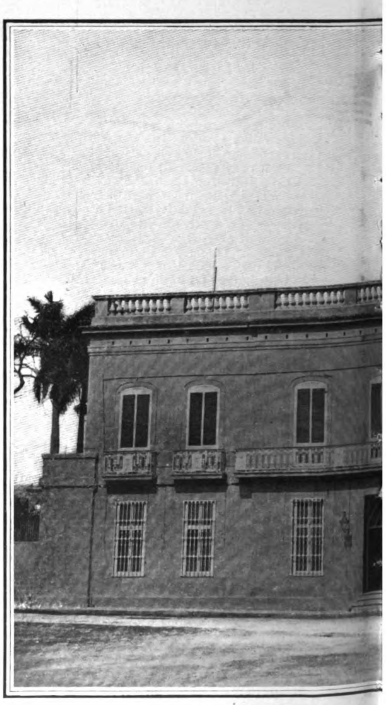
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, U. S. V., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE CITY OF HAVANA.



A BATTERY OF THE 2D U. S. ARTILLERY AT



DRAWING-ROOM, GENERAL LUDLOW'S RESIDENCE.

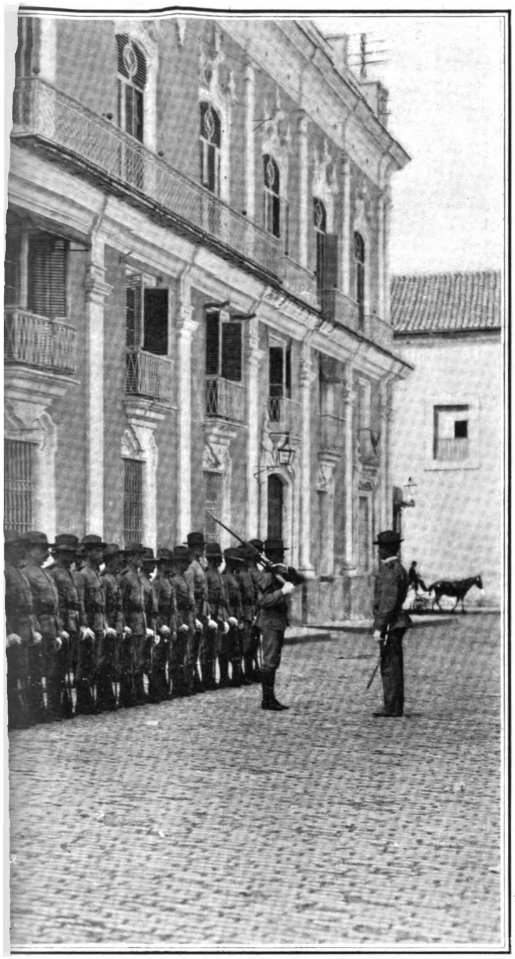


GENERAL LUDLOW'S HEAD

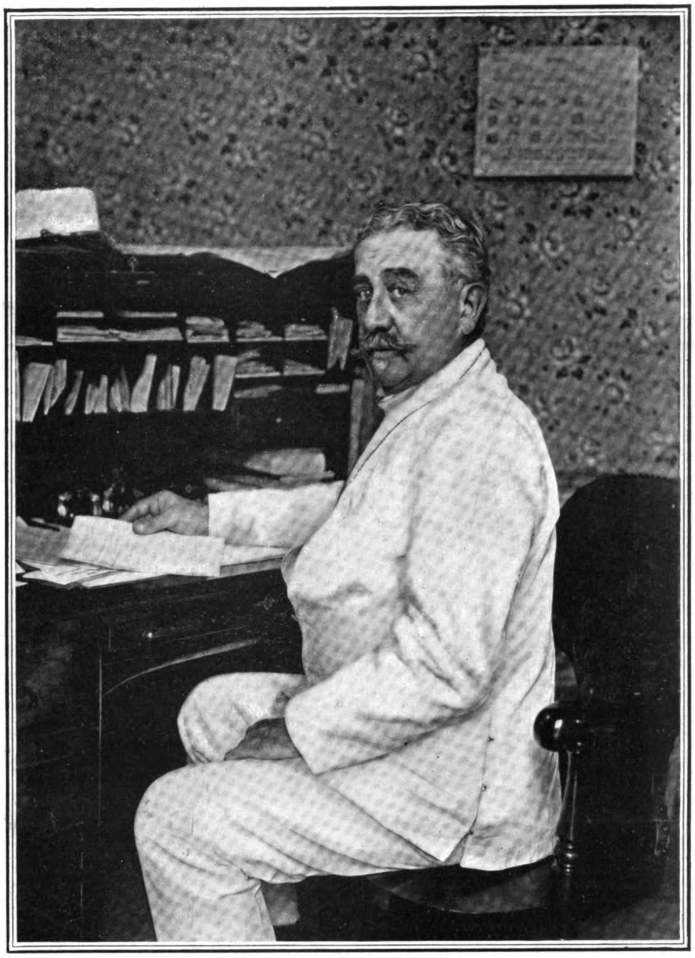
HAVANA—THE AMERICAN OFFICERS IN CHARGE I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHO

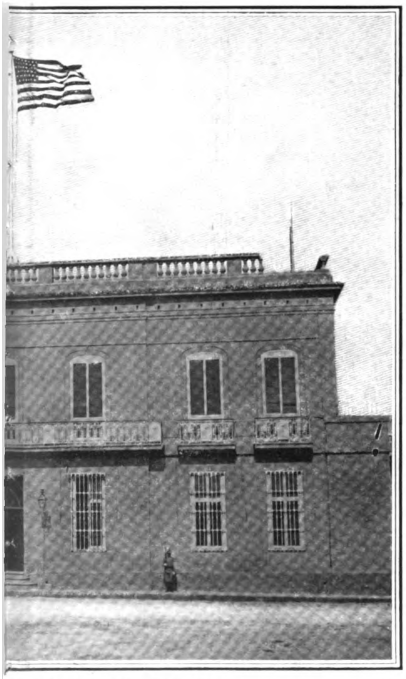
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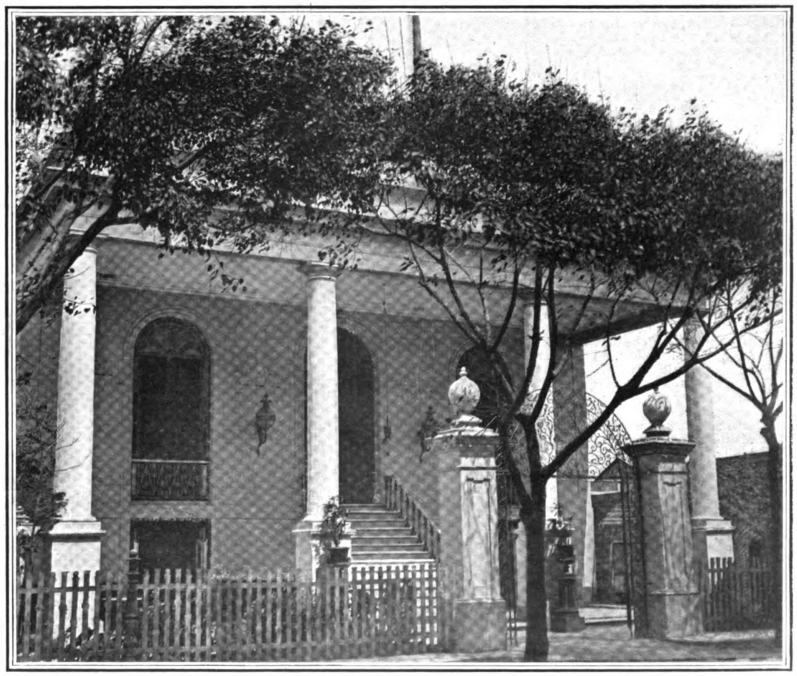
GUARD MOUNT, CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U. S. A., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF CUBA, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS.



QUARTERS AND RESIDENCE.



THE TROCHA HOTEL, VEDADO—GENERAL BROOKE'S HEADQUARTERS.

N THE CAPITAL, AND THEIR OFFICIAL RESIDENCES.

OTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

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Gatlings would sprinkle with bullets the woods where the insurgent sharpshooters were located.

When we arrived on board the *Laguna de Bay* all the men were sleeping about the deck; for so severe is the work now that our soldiers are glad to get a little rest whenever they can snatch it.

We sat on the upper deck, and, smoking, watched eagerly for the moon to rise. She came at last, like a great disk of gold shining through the slender bamboo-trees, and starting the waters of the river into a glittering dance. Now we could see the long graceful branches overhanging the water and the dense masses of the forest. On an elevation a mile up river the towers of Guadalupe church stood out in distinct outline. The soft air of the southern night was stirring gently. Such a night as this was meant for the music of guitars and the sweet voices of pretty mestizas, but not for the strident hissing of bullets and shell.

Captain Grant could not be moved by the æsthetic unfitness of things. He watched the moon rise until it was well up in the heavens; then he called his men to general quarters. There was a great hurrying about the deck, rolling up of blankets, getting out ammunition—all the preliminaries of the coming engagement. At last everything was ready, and the *Laguna de Bay* slowly swung into the middle of the river, and, staggering under her unaccustomed burden of guns and armor, headed up stream. The signal for a general fusillade was to be the discharge of one of the navy guns on the lower deck.

As at night the best place for seeing what could be seen of the engagement was in the turret with the Gatling guns, we took our station there and awaited the signal. Slowly the steamer advanced between the wooded banks of the river, glistening with moonlight, yet indistinct with heavy shadows. We passed our own lines running down to the river's edge, a distinct line of freshly heaped shining stones, and then a mass of jungle with fallen trees and barricades, heaped up by the insurgents to prevent any advance on our part. Then came the insurgents' first line of defence. We could distinguish no figures, but knew that the enemy was there, from the occasional crack of a rifle. Just above this line we backed water. Our forward gun was fired. Every one watched for the explosion of the shell, which followed almost immediately, and, from the flash, we judged that the shrapnel had not gone far from the mark. Then the gunners in the turret, beginning their work, turned the handles of the Gatling guns, and a continuous flame played from their barrels. As the gunners swung them this way and that, it was as if a hose was streaming fire instead of water on the surrounding woods. The guns boomed; the shells hissed. Then we remembered the doctor's directions to put cotton in our ears, keep our mouths open, and stand on our toes. The din was awful, shaking the iron plates all around the deck like a gigantic storm behind the scenes of a Bowery melodrama. Below, it was a regular pandemonium, like being shut up in a barrel with a bunch of exploding giant firecrackers.

At first one did not notice the return fire of the enemy; but soon, becoming accustomed to the incessant thunder, we noticed bullets striking against the protecting plates of our gunboat. One bullet, coming through the portlhole of a gun, struck the barrel and glanced into the hand of one of the gunners. This man's name is Michael Shea, but his comrades now call him "Rico-chet."

For three-quarters of an hour our little boat hurled incessant lead at hill and wood, until we became convinced that not even a grasshopper could escape under such a fire. Then slowly we drew down river, and each man threw himself upon his blanket and slept. As the night mists whitened over the river and the sun gloriously rose blood red through the mists, the corporal by my side stood up, stretched his brawny arms, and facing the glowing east, exclaimed, to my great surprise:

> "Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
> The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
> Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
> The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light!"

The Taking of Cebu

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Cebu, Island of Cebu, P. I., *February 25, 1899.*

At daylight Sunday morning the *Petrel* left Ilo Ilo for Manila, carrying despatches to Admiral Dewey and General Otis.

The *Petrel* returned to Ilo Ilo Saturday night, February 18. The next day it was decided to send the *Petrel* to Cebu, and she sailed from Ilo Ilo at daylight Monday morning, taking with her a small tug, which was to return with despatches in case the town was occupied. The *Petrel* arrived at Cebu about eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, February 21, finding the *Kaiserin Augusta* and *Pigmy* in the harbor. The whole town, as well as the craft in the harbor, was plastered with English and German flags. The only Filipino flag to be seen was the one flying on the fort. The *Petrel* anchored four hundred yards from the fort and within six hundred yards of the whole water-front, the beach being circular.

Immediately after anchoring, Captain Greene of the *Pigmy*, accompanied by Mr. Sidebottom, the British vice-consul, came on board to call on the commanding officer. Afterwards they went ashore to have a talk with the insurgent leaders. During their visit we learned that the insurgents had only 100 rifles, and that when we were seen coming in the insurgent leaders sent for the tribesmen, who are armed with spears. They declined to return to the town, though a few hours before the town was full of them.

In the afternoon eight of the leading insurgents came off to confer with Captain Cornwell. Their great fear seemed to be that we would treat them as the Spanish did—line them up and shoot them. They also seemed very desirous of keeping their arms. The captain assured them as well as he could, telling them that, so far from harming them, he intended that they should remain in charge of the government, only he was to have general charge, appointing the collector of customs and the captain of the port. They were given until eight o'clock the next morning to decide whether they would give up the town peaceably or stand a bombardment.

Every one felt that they would surrender, as it is only a year ago that there was an insurrection here and the Spanish bombarded the town. The evidences of it are still visible along the water-front. The foreigners feared that the hill-men would come in that night and attempt to sack and burn the town, so the *Petrel* had a landing-party all ready. This threat might have been carried out, but two Filipino priests secured all the coal-oil in town, and have had it under lock and key ever since, for which they deserve the thanks of the community, as well as our own.

That night the natives held a conference. The military part of the government were very much opposed to surrendering, but were finally prevailed upon that it was best. The next morning, the 22d, shortly after eight o'clock, the insurgent representative, Señor Mejia, came off with the British vice-consul, bringing a formal written surrender of the town.

The following is a translation of the surrender, which is certainly a unique document, and though couched in flowery language, has some very good points, as showing the native's point of view:

Filipino Republic,
Provincial Government, Cebu, P. I.

In view of the verbal intimation given by the commanding officer of the U. S. S. *Petrel* of the U. S. squadron to this government, demanding the surrender of the garrison and city of Cebu, to be accompanied by the hoisting of the American flag, in the peremptory time of fourteen hours, the Assembly, convened for its consideration, and the members of which are representatives of all the vital forces of the country, agreed unanimously to accede to the said demand in view of the superiority of the American forces; but without omitting to point out that neither the government of this province nor any of the inhabitants thereof have the power to conclude decisive acts prohibited by the Honorable President of the Filipino Republic, Señor Emilio Aguinaldo, our legitimate ruler, recognized as such by virtue of his indisputable capabilities of just government, illustrious generalship, and universal suffrage.

Sad and painful is the situation of this city, without means of defence, and obliged to act contrary to its own convictions; in view of which it declares before the whole world that the occupation of this town is not based on any of the laws which form the code of civilized nations, which could hardly expect to behold such scenes at the end of a century called the enlightened one.

We are told of conquests, of protectorates, of cessions made by the Spaniards, as if the archipelago, and especially our souls, were merchandise subject to barter, when a single soul is worth more than a thousand worlds of that metal called vile, perhaps for the reason that it fascinates as the eyes of a serpent.

But be that as it may; of all this the commanding officer must treat, as already stated, with Señor Aguinaldo, without whose acquiescence the act which is demanded from this government cannot be legal.

A copy of this manifesto will be given to each of the consular agencies established in this city, the greatest possible publicity will be given it, and we will communicate with Señor Aguinaldo, remitting him a copy of this document.

Given in Cebu, this 22d Febrnary, 1899.

[Signed] Luiz Flores,
The Commander-in-Chief.

Immediately after the surrender, a company of bluejackets was landed, under command of Lieutenant Bull, and at 9.56 the American flag was hoisted over the fort, the Filipino flag having been hauled down that morning. The *Petrel* fired a national salute, being the first salute the *Petrel* has fired during this commission, as she is not a saluting ship; but the day and occasion had to be honored, though it is to be doubted if Washington would have approved of what was done on his birthday. Since the surrender everything has been quiet, though there have been fears of trouble from the military heroes, who are very turbulent and not yet pacified. The chief general has been captured and confined by the Filipinos, so there is no likelihood of an uprising.

Captain Cornwell has assumed charge of the government, being assisted by the old government, the men forming it consenting to remain until our military authorities arrive; Lieutenant Plunkett has been appointed Captain of the Port, and Lieutenant Parker Collector of Customs—a position that has so far been a sinecure, as there is nothing to collect. When the Spanish evacuated the town, they turned over everything to one man, but there was only fourteen dollars in the treasury, and the insurgents had spent that when we took charge.

To-day fifty men arrived by steamer from the *Boston*, so that we are amply capable of quelling any disturbance that may arise before the army arrives.

LONDON

April 8, 1899.

The Easter holidays afford the majority of the people an opportunity for fresh air and exercise. They also give the occasion for conferences where papers are read and resolutions discussed by those whose stern sense of duty leads them to take their pleasure in this way. It seems a perverted view of enjoyment, but this Eastertide both the Socialists and the Irish have held conferences which have given the world something to think of. The Socialist conference at Leeds was something entirely new. It was a meeting of men and women who have been elected as Socialist and Labor members of the various public administrative bodies throughout the country. About one hundred delegates met under the presidency of Mr. Sidney Webb, whose record as one of the most thoughtful of English Socialists, and as the husband of Beatrice Potter, daughter of the founder of the Cobden Club, herself one of the leading authorities on women's questions and industrial problems, invested his presidential address with special interest. Mr. Sidney Webb is a member of the London County Council, and has had twenty years' experience of public life. Differing from his colleague Mr. John Burns, who once said that no public official living was worth more to the community than $2500 a year, Mr. Webb declared that the hardest-worked officials were usually those at the top, and he proceeded to argue in favor of high pay for high officials. This invasion of common-sense is a new departure in the general tone of Socialist thought, and it formed the key-note of the discussion. Education, old-age pensions, municipalization of the drink traffic, and the provision of public hospitals were all subjects discussed in reasonable fashion. Even ten years ago English Socialism was of the windy, street-corner variety. The views expounded at the Socialistic conference the other day were undoubtedly extreme, but they are views which are propounded by many who would never dream of calling themselves Socialists. In regard to education, for example, the Socialists say that they wish to open up the line of university education for clever boys, but that university education is by no means a desirable end in itself for the whole population. Nearly four hundred years ago John Knox said very much the same thing, and he was no Socialist. Similar moderation was apparent in regard to the other subjects dealt with.

The true explanation of the change in the tone of English Socialism is that people who are engaged in administrative work quickly discover that the frothy speculations of discontented and academic minds are incapable of translation into practical form while human nature remains what it is. Socialists in Parliament or on the County Councils seem to have learnt by their experience of administration that such projects as the nationalization of the land and other instruments of production, or the revaluation of silver coin, are visions impossible of realization for the next century or two. The management of a large estate or participation in large municipal administration rubs the edge off academic collectivism, and the result is that when an intelligent Socialist commands sufficient weight to be elected to a public body he is nearly certain to learn more than he teaches. One Parliamentary Socialist who had risen from the ranks once said to me, "The 'igher I get in society, the more I see 'ow much there is to be said on the other side."

The Irish representatives have also taken advantage of the Easter holidays to hold an abortive reunion conference in Dublin. Reunion was not attained because the *Hamlet* of the play was not wanting it, and it is questionable whether the personal jealousies of a Parliamentary party consisting mainly of leaders will ever be set aside sufficiently to concentrate the political force of Nationalism in one channel, as was the case when O'Connell and Parnell were leaders of Irish Nationalism. The conference, however, held in Dublin, was specially interesting because of the side-lights thrown on the various and conflicting influences now at work on Irish Nationalism, but more especially on the intellectual revolt against the domination of the priests which has taken shape and is gaining ground. Priestly ascendency in the present day is serious in particular parts of the British Empire, but is not serious in the empire at large. Sacerdotal influence is not growing in Ireland, although the clerical party are fighting fiercely to retain the influence which they perceive is slipping into the hands of the physical-force party and their spokesmen. In England the meddling and inquisitorial spirit of priestly government has always produced peculiar irritation, and of late years in Ireland sacerdotalism has only held its ground by throwing itself heartily into what it believed to be the winning side in politics. Bishops in their pastorals dictated the political conduct of voters as though they were prescribing a fast or expounding doctrinal theology. The whole body of the Irish priesthood have been turned into electioneering agents, and have employed for political purposes all the powers and paraphernalia of their craft. Spiritual threats have been employed steadily and effectually for the coercion of the voters. Even the confessional has been used as an instrument for the same purpose. At one time the monopoly of power in the hands of the priesthood was as absolute as that which belonged to the landlords in the days of Tory ascendency; and it is a melancholy reflection for all of us that the honest endeavors of both sides in politics to do justice in Ireland, especially of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone, have ended in breaking down the influence of property, in destroying loyalty, and in subordinating the intelligent and educated part of the community to the ignorant and superstitious voters at elections.

Of recent years, however, the rapid and silent spread of scepticism among the laity in Ireland, fostered to a marked extent by the American Irish who have returned to the old country, has introduced extreme democratic ideas, and diminished proportionately the power of the priests. Ardent Nationalists as the Irish clergy undoubtedly are, the more intelligent among them now perceive that they have raised a Frankenstein they are unable to control. In 1883 the murderer of James Carey, the informer against the Phœnix Park criminals, was tried by an English jury and was duly hanged. It is not generally known that an imposing monument was erected to this murderer, with the following epitaph inscribed:

> "Thy will be done."
> In memory of Patrick O'Donnell, who heroically
> gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England,
> on December 17th, 1883.

This monument, with its epitaph, was erected without a single ecclesiastical protest. There is probably no other country in the world where such a thing could have happened. In abandoning the sphere of morality and religion for that of politics the Irish priesthood are now reaping what they sowed. I am informed by a high Nationalist authority, no longer in Parliament, that the Local Government bill in Ireland is beginning to take the bread out of the mouths of M. P. agitators, and that this menace to their livelihood is rousing them to eager efforts to promote ill feeling between different sections of Irishmen.

Developments of the Transvaal question may be expected within the next few weeks. A petition signed by 21,000 British residents is on its way home to the Colonial Office. One of the results of this petition will be to reveal to the public a split in the camp of the millionaires, and it will further show the extent to which Mr. Rhodes's influence is waning. I expect to be able to say something of the new movement in an early letter.

I am asked to mention that an Anglo-American committee has been formed for the purpose of establishing a memorial to the late William Black, who has many friends and admirers among the readers of the Weekly. The memorial is probably to take the form of a life boat for the west coast of Scotland, this suggestion being made by Lord Archibald Campbell. On the New York committee, among others, Mr. J. Henry Harper, Mr. Henry Mills Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine, are announced as members.

Arnold White.

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA



By Franklin Matthews

VI.

SANITATION IN HAVANA.

NOT less important than cleaning the streets, purifying the harbor and sewers, protecting the water-supply, and putting all public works in proper order in Havana, was the task of cleaning the city from the inside, the work of purifying the buildings of every grade in the town. Inside thousands of dwellings were "black holes" in a frightful condition. The walls of hundreds, if not thousands, of buildings were the abiding-places of germs of yellow fever and other infectious diseases. A building without an offensive odor in it, whether the home of a wealthy citizen, the business place of a rich merchant, a so-called first-class hotel, a factory, or even some churches, was a still rarer thing than honesty in dealings at the Custom House. Whether a sewer system and street pavements should be put down at once or delayed for another year, it was obvious to the American authorities that the buildings must be cleaned, as a primary necessity in keeping down the death-rate, in endeavoring to prevent yellow fever from reaching American shores, and in preserving the health of American soldiers.

General F. V. Greene, who was the first military governor of the city after the Spanish evacuation, at once set about having the buildings cleaned, as he had set about having the streets cleaned and the public works put in order. The man placed in charge of this work was Major John G. Davis, a Chicago physician of large practice and wide reputation. Major Davis really became the health-officer of Havana. General Ludlow, who relieved General Greene, gave him the fullest scope and the heartiest support. Major Davis is one of those military officers who do things. He has the energy of an eager business man. I could not find any tendency on his part to shut down his desk at a certain hour every day; to pay undue attention to the matter of rank or red-tape when there were lives to be saved; to spend time in the exercise of petty jealousies lest full and proper credit and due promotion should not be given to him for his work. His sole care seemed to be to get the town in a more healthful condition and let everything else go. He worked constantly and never seemed to tire, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the death-rate for the month of January cut almost exactly in half, compared with the January of the previous year. In January, 1898, the deaths in Havana numbered, according to the imperfect accounts of the Spanish authorities, 1861; in 1899, under the accurate system of records made by the Americans, the deaths were 900. The figures for February had not been made up when I left, but the indications were that the death-rate would be even lower than in January. Recent despatches show that the death-rate for February and March was much lower than in January.

A house-to-house medical inspection in the city was necessary. For this purpose Major Davis employed 114 physicians, most of them Cubans and residents of the city. The town was divided up into districts, and a certain territory apportioned to each inspector. It took time to organize the force, to prepare report blanks, and the like; but during the first week in February the buildings of the city were being inspected at the rate of 1200 a day. This inspection was no informal hit-or-miss affair. It meant an examination into every room, every court, and every yard of every building in town, whether that building was occupied or owned by rich or poor or high or low. It meant an inspection of every cesspool and the condition of the water-supply in every building. Already, at the time of my visit, 15,000 buildings had been inspected, and reports had been made as to their condition and the condition of the people who occupied them.

For each inspection a report had to be made out, showing the street and number of the building, name of the owner and occupants, dimensions of the building, and the purposes for which it was used; number of families and persons, adults and children, in it; whether there was any sickness in the place, and if so, of what nature; what was done with the household waste of every kind; number of cesspools, or "black holes," and their condition; the condition of drainage; the disposition of garbage; whether there was need of vaccination of residents; and whether there was or ever had been any infectious disease in the building. There were some other questions of minor importance.

This system of inspection and reports amounted really to a health census of the town. It contained data of the highest importance for various municipal purposes, especially matters pertaining to the destitute and sick. It was also valuable for future police reference. It was necessary to examine every report carefully. Eleven clerks were kept busy sending out notices to owners and occupants of the houses inspected, ordering them to do certain things toward putting the places in a good sanitary condition. Whitewashing was ordered nearly everywhere. Thousands of cesspools were ordered to be cleaned and improved. Directions were given to put all garbage where it could be collected by the wagons under the Street-Cleaning Department. Where it could be done, modern water-closets were ordered to be installed. Liberal use of paint was prescribed in thousands of places.

The examining physicians had not only to inspect, but to reinspect. They adopted a system of doing this, and householders who neglected to comply with their orders were notified that they would be arrested and fined. It is satisfactory to note that Major Davis encountered little opposition from the people in his work. Here and there one heard of complaints against this or that inspector, and assertions, largely by persons who kept their homes clean and who had means, that it was an outrage not to respect the privacy of homes. But all such persons, and those who sympathized with them, forgot that the city was under military rule, and that the health of the place demanded that all should be treated alike in this grapple with disease in its hiding-places. Some of the householders asked for time in which to make repairs and to clean up, and it was usually given to them. In most cases the time limit for thorough cleaning was set at thirty days.

Now it was not easy to secure material or men to clean places. In the first days of American occupation large quantities of lime and disinfectants, used by the military authorities in cleaning public buildings, had to be brought from the United States on hurry orders. There was not enough paint in the city with which to obey the orders by Major Davis's men. It had to be sent for, and tools with which to do the work had also to be imported. There was a great scarcity of workmen, such as painters and plumbers and carpenters, and even day-laborers could not be hired, for there was none in good health not at work. The price of labor rose, and for all these reasons it was absolutely essential that time should be given for the needed changes. Still, there was work that could be done in every place, and instantly the effect was felt in the reduced death-rate.

This inspection work was only part of the duty that fell to the lot of Major Davis as chief health-officer. One of his first tasks was to inspect the streets, so that an efficient basis for street-cleaning could be established. Every street in town was examined. Reports of their condition went to the Department of Public Works under Colonel Black. It was a big undertaking. Then there was the matter of caring for the destitute sick. The inspection reports revealed their condition and addresses. A dozen physicians were employed in caring for these persons.

Another duty was the task of analyzing the milk of the dairies in town, and of that which was brought into town. One of the sights in Havana is a dairy. The cows are kept in buildings such as are used for residences or stores, and are in plain sight. The cows stand in a stall constantly, and never get any grazing or exercise. The stables are usually in bad sanitary condition, and a danger to health for the entire neighborhood. The manure is not cared for on sanitary principles. Dr. Davis told me that, judging from the reports he had received already, he thought there must be at least 1000 cows kept in these close quarters in the city for dairy purposes. He declared that it was his intention to drive every one of these dairies out of town, and probably by this writing it has been done.

Dr. Davis had to care for the municipal hospitals, and to see that they were supplied with medicines and proper medical help. He established five houses of assistance, where those needing medicine could have their wants prescribed for. He also designated certain drug-stores in various parts of the city where prescriptions would be put up at government expense for those who had no money to purchase such necessaries. He looked after the medical condition of the orphans, and co-operated with those who had charge of feeding the poor. By means of this system begging lepers were banished from the streets, and one of the most loathsome sights of the place in the early days of American occupation was soon gone.

Although the work of cleaning the public buildings came under the care of Colonel Black of the Public Works Department, Major Davis had to pass upon it and inspect it. There were no less than eighteen of these large buildings being cleaned during the month of January. All the barracks in town, all the palaces of officials, all the public offices, were undergoing a thorough cleansing. Even Morro Castle and Cabañas fortress were closed to visitors on this account. All the rough work was done by Cubans who were supposed to be immune to yellow fever. The buildings were "rough cleaned" by them, and large quantities of quick-lime and a solution of chloride of lime were used. Then came coats of paint or whitewash, with repairs to wood-work, and a thorough disinfection by the sanitary department. The Spaniards left the public buildings in a frightful condition. They stripped the places of everything that could be sold, including plumbing, gas-fixtures, wash-stands, doors to closets, bath-tubs, and furniture, and seemed to take delight in making the places as dirty as possible. A curious discovery was made in one of the public buildings at the foot of Zulueta Street. It was a barracks, and had a new floor. It was thought wise to pry up a board or two. To the astonishment of the officials, the entire space between the floor beams was filled with old grape-shot and cannon-balls. There must have been from twenty to thirty tons in the place. The floor was literally ballasted, and no one could guess the reason, unless it might be a steal of some kind requiring that the old stuff should be hidden.

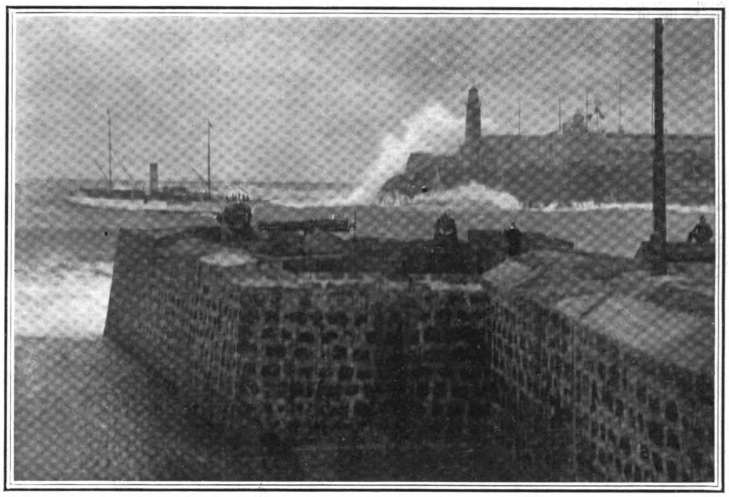
Major Davis had the medical care of the American soldiers in Havana to look after, as well as to prepare estimates for his department, supervise the work of his clerks, and co-operate with other departments in ordering supplies from the United States for the preservation of the health of the community. One of these orders was for a large number of odorless excavators for the cleaning of the terrible "black holes" in the town.

Of course it is to be expected that there will be yellow fever in Havana this year—as there is every year, and, indeed, as there is all the time. Early in February an American soldier died in his tent in Havana, and it was found that he had yellow fever. There may be an epidemic of unusual violence this year because of so many deaths from hunger and disease during the reconcentrado days, but it does not seem probable. There will be a great deal of sickness, but it is unreasonable to suppose that all the work of street-cleaning, disinfecting the streets and houses, caring for the sick and the hungry, purifying the harbors and sewers, will not have a tremendously good effect upon the health of the town. It had already had such an effect in February, and Dr. Davis said then that he hoped and believed that there would be no great summer epidemic in the city. It is almost certain that if the streets had been torn up to put down sewers, nothing could have prevented an epidemic—probably such as the place never saw, and at a time when such a scourge could be endured least of all. If the temporary work which General Ludlow has insisted shall be done, while a thorough system for sewering and paving the place is being drawn up, shall result in a greatly reduced death-rate, as seems probable, it is altogether likely that when the thorough work of renovating the town for all time is undertaken next winter, there will be no unusual epidemic, and that, as a result, thousands of lives will be spared. The more one thinks about General Ludlow's policy, not of delay, but of thorough preparation, and of his effective work through Colonel Black and Major Davis, the more one is convinced of the wisdom of that policy, and the more one appreciates the courage which inspired him to take that stand rather than to play for cheap popularity by doing work that was not absolutely thorough.

In justification of his hopes, Dr. Davis allowed me to make this extract from a letter written on February 6 to him by Dr. Manuel Delfin, an expert of high repute in yellow-fever cases:

"From now on I feel assured that if the cleaning the streets is kept up, and that of the houses is continued, obliging the owners to put in water and modern water-closets, and, above all, the streets are sprinkled with electrozone, that also could be employed in the cleaning and disinfection of houses and public buildings, I feel assured that the coming summer will appear in our history as the foremark of the endless series that the future has for a new era in civilization."

The summer alone will tell the tale that will mean so



HAVANA—HOW NATURE SCOURS THE HARBOR: WAVES BREAKING OVER MORRO CASTLE DURING THE GREAT STORM OF FEBRUARY 13, 1899.

Photograph by E. C. Rost.

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DESTITUTE CUBANS DRAWING RATIONS FROM THE RELIEF STATION ON THE PRADO.
Photograph by C. E. Doty and S. R. Fox.

much to General Ludlow and his hard-working and conscientious staff. They are entitled to every consideration of patience and respect in the matter.

THE WORK OF FEEDING THE POOR

Although it is not strictly sanitary in character, the work of feeding the poor of the city contributed in large degree to the improved healthful conditions of the city, and it will not be out of place to tell the story of that work here. This task was under the direction of Captain E. St. John Greble, a volunteer officer from Philadelphia, whose tact, unlimited patience, and sympathetic temperament made him peculiarly fitted to the undertaking. It brought him in direct contact with the sad and pitiful side of life in Havana. During January and February no less than 20,000 persons were being fed by the United States government through army agencies, and in the first week in February Captain Greble said to me that he believed that there were no persons in town suffering from a lack of food. He had no doubt that in the early work of his bureau he and his officers had been imposed upon here and there, but it was no time for complete investigation. Wherever a hungry face, or what seemed to be a hungry face, was seen, immediate aid was given, and Captain Greble had to take chances as to impostors. He had to provide for the orphan children, many of whom were being cared for by Catholic Sisters in public institutions, and many of whom had no homes, nor even distant relatives. Scores of them had slept on the streets and had begged their food. Their condition was such that even a strong man could not notice it without a shudder.

Then there were the widows of Spanish officers in the Casa de las Viudas—home of the widows left behind in Cuba—without support of any kind. They were refined and highly educated, many of them, and too proud to ask for charity. They were timid about seeking assistance from the United States government, because their husbands had been Spanish officers. In making a public appeal in their behalf, General Ludlow referred to these widows as a "unique and pitiful legacy" of Spanish rule. Mrs. Ludlow generously offered to take charge of the work of applying any assistance that might be sent to Havana on their behalf.

Captain Greble reached Havana on December 15, 1898, and at once took hold of the work of feeding the destitute. As soon as the Spanish forces left the city he began to put a system in operation. He established five military depots, where food was given to the poor on presentation of orders duly signed by the authorities. The station that attracted most attention from visitors was at the head of the Prado, where several companies of the Tenth Regular Infantry were encamped. A large tent faced the street, and about it was built a fence with a sort of shelf on top. The fence seemed to be thronged all the time. It was there that one saw to the best advantage what the war meant to the people of Havana. Many refined persons plainly showed their humiliation as they carried away food to their homes. Tears stood in their eyes; a look of pitiful humiliation was on their faces, mingled with one of gratitude. Some were hardly able to walk. Many brought boys with them to carry away their rations. Many were old and feeble, and the patience with which they stood about awaiting their turns to be served touched the American spectators who had strolled up to see one of the sights of the town. It was not an infrequent sight to see pieces of coin slipped into the hands of applicants, or placed upon the board shelf where they might be picked up. From morning till night the detail of soldiers dealt out the rations, and although it was a dreary task, Uncle Sam's boys did their best to throw some cheer into it by attempts at humor in their talk, and occasionally by cutting up some caper that made the wretched people go away with a smile. Those smiles seemed to satisfy the soldier boys keenly.

I spent some time at this tent watching the soldiers fill the bags of the applicants. Rarely less than five rations were given in any one case. Five rations consisted usually of three one-quarter-pound cans of bacon, four pounds of flour, five ounces of coffee, eight ounces of sugar, three ounces of salt, five ounces of rice, one-fifth of an ounce of pepper, a little vinegar and soap thrown in. For the sick the rations included corn-starch, condensed milk, deviled ham, canned soup, and dried apples in addition to the regulation rations.

In the first days of feeding the poor, Captain Greble received hundreds of applicants at his office, where clerks made out requisitions for food. So far as he could, Captain Greble personally questioned the applicant, and listened to his or her story. Gradually a system was evolved and put in operation, whereby committees from the Cuban Patriotic League, the Junta Patriotica, were established in every ward in the city, subsidiary to the five relief stations, and through these every house was visited and all worthy persons were provided for. The needy soon found out where to apply, and the districts were so small in territory that there was little likelihood that any hungry person was overlooked. In this way something like 20,000 rations a day were distributed, the supplies amounting to food for as much as thirty days in some cases. From six to ten days' supply was the average amount given out. Ladies long identified with charitable work and pastors of churches also assisted in recommending deserving cases to Captain Greble and his men, and in that way distress from hunger was soon relieved in the city. Here is a blank form, made out for me by Captain Greble, which will reveal something of the system involved, and the thoroughness and care with which this important work was done:

DESTITUTE RATIONS.

HAVANA, *February 7, 1899.*

Name, Adriana de San Juan, widow.
Address, Teniente Rey, No. 56.

Adults	*Males, No.*	
	Females, No.	1
Children, total No.		6
Ages, males, 2, 7.		
Ages, females, 3, 5, 8, 13.		
Total in family		7

Remarks—Destitute and sick with fever. Four children sick. Two in bed. Investigated.

Officer in Charge of Station at Campo de Marte. *Issue* 70 rations, 7 persons, for 10 days.

E. S. J. GREBLE,
Capt. and A. A. General.

The case of the Spanish widows, to which General Ludlow referred in his appeal, was peculiarly sad. They were housed in a large institution, built partly by convict labor and partly by military labor. The inmates were supported in part by the government of the island, and in part by contributions from the salaries of Spanish officers. Some of the widows were very old, having spent most of their lives in Cuba. Some were born in Cuba, but most of them were from Spain. They were a mournful reminder of war and its penalties, and they were recognized as part of the Spanish military outfit in Cuba. The Spanish troops sailed away, and simply abandoned them to the vicissitudes of a new order of things. Their pensions had not been paid for more than a year and a half, and with the revenues from the salaries of Spanish officers cut off entirely, they were in a deplorable plight. There were seventy women of various ages in the home, and ninety girls and fifty boys. They were almost without friends, and suffered keenly before they allowed their condition to become known to the American authorities. Some were able to do such work as teaching, but there was none to be had.

Other public institutions called for immediate attention. There was the Casa de Beneficencia, upon which several hundred persons were dependent. This institution has property estimated to be worth something like $1,250,000, but its income was cut off. Captain Greble sold it 5000 rations at eight cents each, to be paid for when the institution should again be in receipt of its income. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Sisters of the Heart of Our Lord were caring for many orphans, and Captain Greble went to their assistance as quickly as he could. His first care had been, of course, the feeding of the absolutely destitute on the streets. These were provided with shelter as well as food, in barracks which were made clean. Some of these destitute persons were aged, but a good many were orphans. Arrangements were made to place most of the orphans found on the streets in asylums, the government paying ten dollars a month for their maintenance, with the understanding that they were to receive instruction in some trade in addition to other schooling.

Soon after Captain Greble began to get his city work organized he also turned his attention to the suburbs. Reports of starving people in the country reached him. He sent out an officer, who looked the situation over, put himself in touch with the officials of the places and the women leaders in charitable work, and then had sent in reports as to about the number of rations that would be needed for a given time. Blank forms of requisition were left to be filled up, and the first wagon-train with food to sustain these people was sent out early in February. It was a pleasing sight to see these heavily laden wagons starting on this errand. There were twenty wagons, each drawn by four mules, and each having one non-commissioned officer and four privates to deal out the food. The wagons made a noise as they rumbled through the streets like an enormous circus outfit coming into a stone-paved city at night. The train seemed to be fully a quarter of a mile long, and it left town with signs of public approval on all sides. In a few days all the needy within reasonable wagon travel of Havana had been supplied with food for at least ten days. The work was to be kept up until there was no longer occasion for it.

In all this work of relieving the destitute there were bound to be some unworthy cases. When the machinery was organized thoroughly Captain Greble began to look out for these. He began to study the requisitions, and here and there he was able to find a case where there was imposition. The day before I left town he had discovered a flagrant case of fraud. A woman of refined appearance had simply been filling up her place with rations secured by misrepresentation. It may have been fear that the food would be cut off some day, or it may have been just an ordinary desire to steal, that caused her to do as she did, but the result was that she was arrested promptly and placed in jail, to be dealt with by the courts.

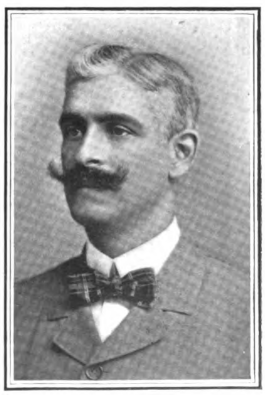
Thus not only was the city cleaned inside and outside, but the people were built up in health. There was great need of clothing, Captain Greble said, and the next problem after caring for the temporary wants of the hungry would be to clothe people, and to study what to do with the children with no homes, and what to do with the thousands of women without means of support. There was no complaint, from those whose suffering had been relieved, of the military occupation of Cuba by the United States.



WITHIN THE 10TH U. S. INFANTRY'S RELIEF STATION ON THE PRADO.

Although in no way connected with the military occupation of Cuba, the branch of the Marine Hospital Service established in Havana contributes largely to the protection of this country from infection, and therefore is part of the general system of health restoration there. As far back as 1878 this government established an office in Havana, under the National Board of Health, to study yellow fever, and to protect this country from it. In 1883 this work was transferred to the Marine Hospital Service, under the Treasury Department. Its work is to inspect vessels and passengers coming to this country. Dr. W. F. Brunner is in charge of the work. He was one of the last to leave Havana when the war came, and he was one of the first to return. He plays an important part in the visit of Americans to Havana. It is essential that all visitors should appear at his office. Unless the visitor has been vaccinated and has "good marks" to show, he cannot leave the island for the United States until vaccinated and the vaccination begins to "take." The day before one leaves he must go to Dr. Brunner's office and get a bill of good health. No steamship line may sell a ticket to this country without such a certificate. One of the doctor's assistants goes to each vessel, and leaves it just as the anchor is pulled up. He takes a final look at all the passengers before they sail. Up to the time I left the island, just before March 1, Dr. Brunner had cleared 3700 passengers bound for the United States, and during the same time had inspected 228 vessels.

This office is one of the busiest places in Havana. A dozen cabs are to be seen in front of it at almost any hour of the day. The authorities have given orders for a disinfecting-vessel to be stationed at Havana under the Marine Hospital Service. Passengers and sailors, baggage and other goods, can be disinfected thoroughly by such means before sailing. When Havana really becomes clean for good, and when all these precautions which have been adopted are in working order, doubtless, not only will Havana and other parts of Cuba be freed from the dreadful scourge of yellow fever, but the southern part of the United States will no longer suffer from that form of epidemic.



PERFECTO LACOSTE,
New Mayor of Havana.

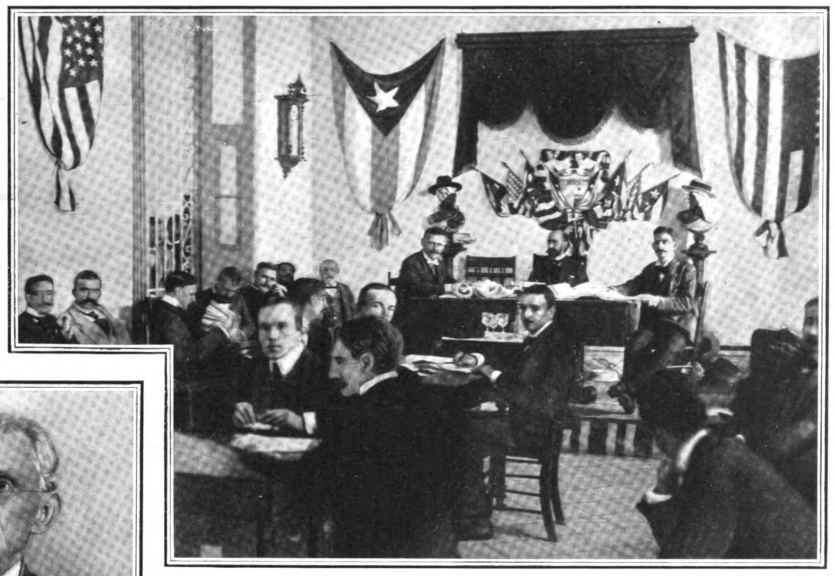


FELIX YZNAGA,
Secretary to the Municipality.

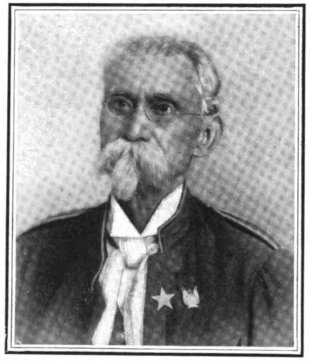
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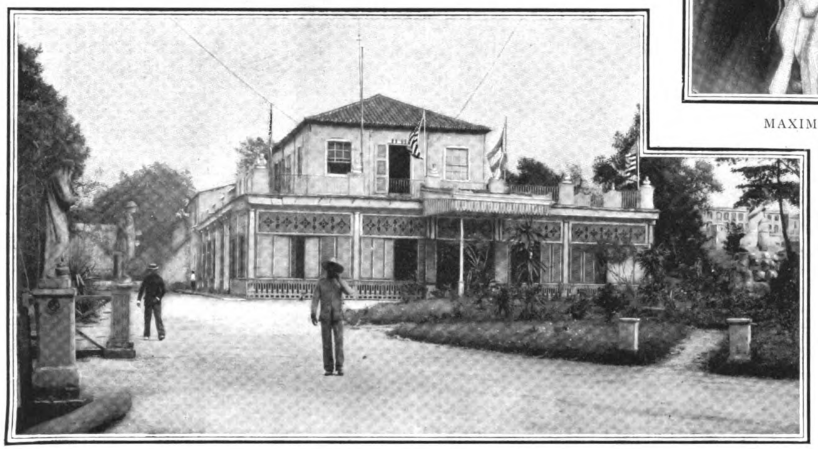
GENERAL GOMEZ LEAVING HIS HEADQUARTERS WITH FRIENDS.



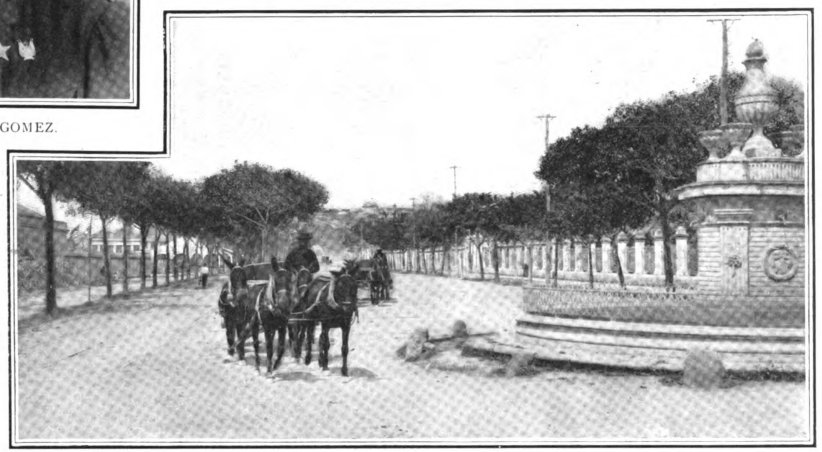
A MEETING OF THE CUBAN ASSEMBLY AT CERRO.



MAXIMO GOMEZ.



QUINTA DE LOS MOLINOS, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GOMEZ, FORMERLY THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S SUMMER PALACE.



CARLOS III. AVENUE, ON WHICH IS GENERAL GOMEZ'S HEADQUARTERS.

HAVANA—GENERAL GOMEZ, HIS LIFE, AND HIS ANTAGONISTS.

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MUSIC

ABBATE LORENZO PEROSI'S "THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS"

THE writer of these lines may assume, not just because his space for data is limited, that most of his readers have heard a good deal within some six months of the sacred oratorios of Don Lorenzo Perosi, a young Italian composer—incidentally entered into holy orders. At least four of the works in question have been sung in the composer's country and in several other quarters of musical Europe, often, if presented in Italy, with almost a turbulent acclamation of their merits. In this department references have been made to the matter as a sort in which it is hardly wise to express an opinion under guidance, the editor having had in mind some sort of a special communication on the Abbate Perosi during the coming months, from a foreign city, where the composer's music could be heard representatively, and as speaking out for itself. Unexpectedly this duty can be checked off from my summer correspondence, at least as a necessity. A deserving Italian church charity in this city invited nothing less than a local production of one of Don Lorenzo's works—"The Resurrection of Lazarus"—at a special concert last week. It can be understood that such an announcement, suddenly blowing up on the spring winds, was received with lively curiosity of a critical sort about the town. As a considerable patronage in the best circles of Catholic hierarchy and congregations united in the matter, and the musical details were put into good care, the incident not only attracted an excellent and attentive audience, but was a sufficiently effective interpretation to insure the composer against any really grave misconstructions. The production could easily have been more perfect, but at least those of us who wished to judge of Perosi were not seriously bewrayed in that privilege, so far as concerned "The Resurrection of Lazarus." How far another score by the Abbate Perosi might alter one's ideas of him there is no use guessing at this writing. What we have heard we have heard. Mr Frank Damrosch conducted the presentation carefully. The soloists were Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Giuseppe Campanari, with Mr. Gaston Déthier at the organ. There was a competent chorus. The orchestra certainly was equal to all—as things turned out—that was to be played. So much for fairly satisfactory externals of the production.

Concerning the Abbate Lorenzo Perosi.

To recite essential personal facts, Don Lorenzo Perosi is a native of Tortona, Italy. He is the son of an organist. He has not yet passed his middle twenties. He is undoubtedly a precocious musician. Italy abounds now in precocity of the sort, and always has so abounded. Perosi's father wisely and early set him to thorough study of his art. After being a pupil with real distinction under Saladino at Milan, Krug at Monte-Cassino, Habicht at Ratisbon, and in the great Santa Cecilia Academy at Rome, the young man filled several professional situations with some remark, as is quite natural in the instance of so young and talented a worker. He advanced rapidly, and a year or so ago became nothing less than Musical Director of the Sixtine Chapel. From the first the notice of the Roman clergy was bent on him. Without being a niggard of charity to his gifts, it must be said that such notice seems to have been a highly significant undercurrent in all his public career. Indeed, one can be reminded aptly of the lines in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

> At once all the clerics
> Went into hysterics.

More or less in compliance therewith, in 1894 occurred his ordination, whereby he is now known as the Abbate Perosi, much as was Liszt known as the Abbate Liszt. The orders are rather nominal.

A Composer of Sacred Oratorio.

Youthful musical genius under kind conditions burns brightly. That Perosi should have written a long catalogue of church compositions before he was known much beyond central Italy is not surprising. But it was when he turned his powers to the field of sacred oratorio, of late so little developed, and set out to compose a series of not less than twelve scores illustrating the life of the Saviour, that the young musician began to be much considered by Italy's Church and by the world. Of these works four have been heard—viz., "The Passion of Christ" (December, 1897), "The Transfiguration of Christ" (March, 1898), "The Resurrection of Lazarus" (July, 1898), and "The Resurrection of Christ" (December, 1898). As intimated above, their popular success in Italy has been enormous, creating scenes of enthusiasm, tears, plaudits—of all sorts of emotions. The Italian press (significantly the *Osservatore*) has spared no superlatives. The composer has been the pet of the great clergy and the cynosure of the elegant drawing rooms of Rome and Milan. His photograph has been in every shop window. His name is on every lip—along with references to Palestrina, Leo, Marcello, and Bach. In fact, the thought lately has grown recurrent—and for many reasons logical—that Don Lorenzo's professional acceptance is inspired, whether his music is or is not. No wonder that New York has been eager to get a hearing of something by him that would give a clear impression of his qualities.

Concerning "The Resurrection of Lazarus."

It would be unjust and unwarranted to say that the Abbate Perosi, grown older, may not become a great and significant Italian composer in his elected field, with the world set to honor him some day with notable reason. But on the strength—not an appropriate word—of "The Resurrection of Lazarus," as heard the other evening, this likelihood becomes extremely faint. Where there is smoke there must be some fire. Beyond argument it is plain that no live coal of genius kindled "The Resurrection of Lazarus." It proved itself almost wholly disappointing. It was not merely unimpressive; it was placidly pointless. The structure is wisely kept simple. The brief text for the work gives the familiar verses from the Vulgate, reciting the touching story of Christ's visit to the bereaved sisters at Bethlehem, and the miracle. These Biblical passages for the soloists, including a "Historicus," are declaimed in an undramatic liturgical accent, with a rather commonplace orchestral accompaniment, through two "Parts," to the end. Much has been said as to Don Lorenzo's influences and ideas as to models. Doubtless he knows the great Italian polyphonists by heart. But neither the lyrical beauty of the supreme Italian church writers of old is more than suggested, nor is there any new modern accent robust enough to keep us even interested. The actual narrative, scarcely dialogue in effect, is interrupted by two choral ejaculations treated rather elaborately, and by a couple of the lovely old hymns from the Breviarum Romanum, with a "Benedicamus Domino" in conclusion. There are also put into this work several of the longish "instrumental interludes," "varianti," and so on, of which a good deal has been said. These are meant either descriptively or as a less definite relief to the vocal numbers. But whether setthg his singers to narrate the Gospel's words (so reticent, yet so pathetic, and even dramatic), whether writing for a chorus in an aim at Italian polyphonic effect, whether weaving an accompaniment to the narration or giving his orchestra its own independent episodes, Don Lorenzo offers us nothing that surprises—no, nothing that even arouses us, not once. He is clever, whether he is deferring to Palestrina, or to the mighty Bach, or to a contemporary. He goes on and on—scholarly, serenely—with no charm of melody, no impressiveness of harmonic structure as to voices, and even with less to say in his orchestra. We yearn for conviction, and nowhere are convinced. Merely to think of Bach's "Around Thy Tomb," of Palestrina's "Veni, Creator Spiritus," or the Pilgrim's Chorus in Leo's "St. Helena at Calvary," is to forget the Abbate Perosi for good and all. A dozen such oratorios would not suggest cerebral meningitis for their author.

A Real Prophet in Oratorio Wanted Just Now.

Heralded and accepted widely as a new Carissimi, a second Scarlatti, to sacred oratorio has Don Lorenzo turned. His apparent failure is unwelcome everyway, for sacred oratorio has indeed long wanted a real prophet. Handel is great, but often archaic as antique. Bach is not for all, nor for every-day usage, not indeed for concert-rooms at all. Mendelssohn has been dead fifty-two years. Since "Elijah" and the Mendelssohn working-out in that noble masterpiece, with its improvements of the Handelian model for sacred oratorio, there has been little significant fruit on the oratorio stock tree. There has been a good deal of dubious grafting. César Franck, the French composer, recently deceased, is to be credited with one remarkable and beautiful score, in spirit blending vigorously the classic and contemporary mood—"La Nativité"—which work has yet to be at all well known in America. Costa was a weak workman, and Spohr a ponderous one. England has not built up a really strong new school. Gounod's theatrism and his sugary sentimentality did not make his pretentious "Redemption" a thing of sincerity and truth. Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost," and so on are colossal operas—rather poor ones—in disguise. Edgar Tinel's "St. Francis of Assisi" is a weak and inherently theatrical work. So goes the oratorio record of the half-century. A lack of sound inspirations and of right conceptions of oratorio is indicated by the fact that notable "oratorios" of recent making have been turned into operas, out and out, with a little tinkering—as witness Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Délila." Our own Horatio Parker's "Saint Christopher" is no slight monument of a vocation for oratorio on true lines, musical and spiritual; but the like works are scarce. Doubtless *the* new prophet will arise. Really risen, we shall call him blessed, whatever his nation. But his name as yet is not Don Lorenzo Perosi, however graceful a measure of musical ability, and however liberal a chance to become a mature musician time present or time to come may allow that youthful and ambitious musical ecclesiastic.

Recitals: and What they Recite.

The weather grows warmer. In the town, sparse apologetic verdure is becoming, as if reluctantly, more of the compliant kind which breezes, as well as an Orpheus, might move. Local music is still abundant. It is excellent of its kind. Larger incidents have included a benefit-performance tendered Mr. Maurice Grau by Metropolitan artists of the late season; an orchestral concert arranged as Madame Lehmann's farewell till next winter; the orchestral concert given by the pupils in the musical courses at Columbia University, who are united under the excellent care of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs; the same species of entertainment from the scholars of the "National" Conservatory of Music, which is doing admirable work; the Arion and Liederkranz concerts; besides the performance of "Elijah" by the People's Choral Union, and the Castle Square Opera Company's work. The recital has been in its most vernal blossom. Madame Lehmann, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Bispham, Madame Carreño, Lady Hallé, Madame Madeleine Schiller, Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Joseffy Paloma Schramm (a wonder-child at the piano), and other names have appeared in the columns of advertisement or of critical review. At this time of the year one has leisure and a disposition for these quiet afternoon hours of song and piano-forte not so readily discovered when the full course of symphony concert and opera is in movement. Their instruction to the student is not small. But—once more—let us marvel and lament together the sameness of repertory in just this species of entertainment. All good musical interpretations are, like Scripture, profitable of doctrine to serious hearers. But there should be more attention paid by our public recital-givers to new music, and a more general effort made to put before us what is not so hackneyed. Ever the same sonatas, ever the same songs! One might think that piano-forte composition was an exhausted art. One might conclude that no new lyrics worth introducing were in print. One could infer that because one player or singer succeeds in one or another selection enjoyment in it and success with it of an individual sort were always inevitable. "The repetitiousness of recitals" is an ancient, almost a despairing outcry, I know. But it is not less warranted in this year of grace than it was a dozen, two dozen, seasons ago. There is much admirable music made in these recitals, vocal or instrumental, when considered as artistry. Regarded as widening the sphere of our musical knowledge, one cannot but read unintelligence, artistic indolence, and even cowardice between the lines of such well-worn programmes. I am reminded over and over, in perusing such "recital" bulletins, of the lines—

> "Your harp to newer strains belongs?"
> Why play as if it shouldn't?
> "You cannot sing the old, old songs?"
> Ah, how we wish you wouldn't!

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Afloat and Ashore

AFLOAT and ashore on far island and bay
The men of our blood and our name stand today,
With the one bit of home that their tired eyes see,
Their country's fair flag waving gallant and free.

And it means to their hearts, with its clustering stars,
Not the symbol alone of our conquering Mars,
But the ruddy hearth-light in the old chimney-place,
And the mother's dear smile, and the father's worn face.

And far where the palms with their green fringes lift
In the hot alien land, where the yellow sands drift,
It tells of the bells on the sweet Sabbath morn,
It speaks of green wheat and of young springing corn:
The one bit of home that the soldier's eyes see,
His country's proud banner, the flag of the free.

Afloat and ashore, on far island and bay,
God bless them, our boys, in each slow-creeping day!
The men of our blood and our name, hand to hand,
Who must cope with the foe in the lonely strange land.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



LIEUT. JAMES C. GILLMORE, U. S. N.,
Supposed to have been captured by Filipinos.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, April 12.—The most curious and picturesque incident of this warfare can be barely intimated. A Spanish garrison, consisting of eighty soldiers, three officers, and two priests, has held out against insurgents for a year at Baler—a place about half-way down the eastern or Pacific coast of Luzon, where the hinterlands are inhabited by savage Ibilaos and Ilongotes. On April 12 the gunboat *Yorktown*, which had been sent from Manila to rescue and bring away the Spanish force, arrived off Baler, and a cutter with fourteen men, commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, was sent in to the mouth of the river. The intention was that the lieutenant should take soundings, and report whether the *Yorktown* could proceed up to the town; unfortunately, however, they went beyond a point which hid them from view and, when no longer under the protection of the *Yorktown's* guns, fell into the hands of natives. Whether they were killed or taken prisoners was not known. Ensign Stanley and a quartermaster, who had climbed a hill to get a view in-

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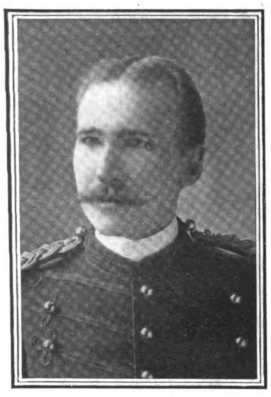
land, reported that the Spanish flag was flying from the church in the town. Three volleys of musketry accompanied by cheers were heard, but there was nothing else to indicate what had take place, or to furnish a clew to the fate of the fifteen men. Boats which were sent with searching parties were fired upon, and the Filipinos refused to have any communication with the Americans. The *Yorktown* then sailed for Ilo Ilo.

Lieutenant Gillmore was born in Philadelphia on July 10, 1854. In 1871 he was appointed to the Naval Academy; five years later he became a midshipman, and in 1891 attained his present grade. In the war with Spain he was attached to the *St. Paul* and served under Captain Sigsbee. At the commencement of this year he was ordered to the transport *Solace*, and when that vessel reached Manila was assigned to the *Yorktown* by Admiral Dewey.

Thursday, April 13.—The camp of the Third Artillery was attacked by Filipinos, who had concealed themselves in a swamp near Paombon, west of Malolos. Two Americans were killed and four wounded. The engagement began before daylight, and was continued after sunrise, the American forces driving the hostiles northward.

It was reported that a number of Filipino officers had been put to death after trial on the charge of sedition.

Friday, April 14.—The United States transport *Sheridan*, having on board the Twelfth Infantry and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry—57 officers, 1796 enlisted men, and 56 women and children—arrived at Manila.



CAPTAIN LEE FORBY,
1st Nebraska Volunteers. Mortally Wounded near Malolos, March 26. Died March 28, 1899.
Copyright by G. H. Lancaster.

There was fear of an uprising in Manila. Guards were doubled and other precautions taken. The order compelling all persons to retire to their homes at 7 P.M. was strictly enforced. North and south of the city our lines were harassed by continuous night attacks.

General Lawton's expedition was withdrawn from the other captured towns on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay and concentrated at Santa Cruz. It was unofficially reported that five of its members had been killed during the advance and a number wounded. Spanish prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos were released by General Lawton. The proclamation of the Philippines Commission was widely circulated, and looting and burning were prohibited. Fifty-one sick and wounded Americans were sent back to Manila.

Saturday, April 15.—General Rios, commander of the Spanish troops in the Philippines, telegraphed to the government at Madrid that he offered Aguinaldo, in exchange for Spanish prisoners still held by the Filipinos, 1500 native prisoners captured by the Americans, and placed at his disposal for this purpose by General Otis.

Sunday, April 16.—The gunboat *Princeton* arrived at Manila.

The Supreme Court was transferred from the Spanish to the American authorities by order of General Otis. The task of reorganizing the civil judiciary was assigned to Colonel Crowder.

Monday, April 17.—General Lawton returned to Manila from his campaign on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay. A despatch said that his withdrawal was in obedience to an order of General Otis, and that the towns of Paete, Longos, Lumban, Pagsanjan, and Santa Cruz, from which the hostiles had been driven, were evacuated. "General Lawton's troops," the despatch continued, "are needed in the movement to the northward, and Laguna de Bay will be left to the insurgents until the rainy season, when the army gunboats can get into the rivers. General Lawton said, in an interview: 'With the forces I have there is no doubt I could go through the whole island, but if a government is to be established, it will be necessary to garrison all the towns. It would take 100,000 men to pacify the islands. I regret the necessity of abandoning the captured territory.'" A more cheerful view of the situation was presented by another correspondent, who cabled: "The objects of the expedition—the capture of the insurgents' boats and the distribution of the proclamation, emphasized by a lesson of American power throughout the lake region—have been attained. The results of the nine days' raid are regarded as highly satisfactory. All of the prisoners taken by Lawton's men are to be released and sent to their homes as an object-lesson in magnanimity."

Tuesday, April 18.—On General MacArthur's lines the items of news which appeared to be most interesting related to the strengthening of the American force at Calumpit and a further withdrawal of the Filipino government northward to Tarlac. In the city of Manila importance was attached to the efforts of prominent and wealthy Filipinos, who were organizing a committee to take steps to bring about an understanding between the native leaders and the Americans. In the United States a subject much discussed was the imminent return of the volunteer regiments, and their replacement by a sufficient number of regulars.

Wednesday, April 19.—General Otis reported to the Adjutant-General: "Insurgents much scattered; retreat before our forces; await opportunity to attack detachments. Better class of people tired of war; desire peace. Enemy builds hope on return of our volunteers to United States. Its army much demoralized, and loss by desertions and death large. Will probably prosecute guerilla warfare, looting and burning country which it occupied. Health and spirits of troops good. Volunteers' return will commence about May 5. Will render willing service until return transports available. Embarkation will continue through June and July. Reports from the Visayan Islands continue very encouraging. Inter-island commerce heavy; customs receipts increasing."

Thursday, April 20.—A despatch from London contained the statement that a serious split had taken place among the members of the Filipino Junta, a majority of whom were in favor of bringing the revolt to an end by means of direct conferences with Secretary Hay, while the minority insisted upon absolute and unconditional independence.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

AN IDEA OF THE KHEDIVE.

KNOWING the artistic and refined taste of the Emperor of Germany, the Khedive was greatly embarrassed to know how to receive him suitably, the more so as the illustrious traveller was accompanied by his noble consort. He assembled his Grand Council, which, after interminable sittings, where each one, stroking his beard, expressed his opinion. Some one suggested that they could perfume the city, the palace, and all objects destined for the imperial use (the ottar of roses being played out) with the VIOLETTES DU CZAR (sold by all perfumers and druggists). This delicate (?) allusion united all votes.—[*Adv.*]

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in the May 11th issue of

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Heroism of Company C

(SEE FRONT-PAGE ILLUSTRATION)

IN the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY Mr. Bass described Manila's night of terror—the night of February 22, protracted into the early morning of February 23—and gave an account of the almost unprecedented conspiracy to massacre foreign residents.

Company C of the Thirteenth Minnesota occupied a stone building adjoining the Tondo district, the northern quarter of the city—a "pest hole" of insurrection. Although an uprising had been expected, the preparations of the Filipinos had been made with such secrecy that our men supposed it had been postponed; that night, for the first time in ten days, they had undressed and made themselves thoroughly comfortable. Soon after midnight the sound of burning bamboo (popping in mimicry of irregular volleys of small-arms) aroused them, and they saw the sky glowing. Then came a sharper report, with the ring of genuineness; a bugle call; a fusillade from Remingtons and Mausers. The yard was protected by a stone wall eight feet in height, and in the shelter of this the company formed quickly. A detachment was left to guard the building, while the rest of the command, proceeded at double time towards Plaza de Azcarraga, the point designated in the plan of defense.

Meantime a score of these volunteers, with Second-Lieutenant Snow in command, made good their position in the barracks, and stood off the attacking party, one hundred and fifty or two hundred strong, armed with Remingtons, firing brass bullets. All of Tondo—more than a square mile—was in flames; and for half an hour this handful of men from Minnesota had little to choose between Filipino and fire. The building caught a dozen times; the fire-fighting squad as often turned their backs upon one enemy in order to conquer the other. They conquered both—so far as their efforts extended—and all were spared to have their part in imposing conditions upon the Orientals when MacArthur's movement on Malolos began.

Kansas City's Hall

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS, PAGE 423)

THE people of Kansas City, Missouri, have just dedicated to popular use the most complete and largest auditorium in the United States. With the possible exception of Madison Square Garden in New York, it has the largest seating capacity of any public hall in this country. It was formally opened to the public February 22, with a concert in the afternoon and evening, followed by a grand ball on the arena floor. The music was furnished by Sousa's band, and over 20,000 people attended the concert. At the ball following over 1000 couples danced in the great arena and 10,000 people sat in the balconies.

This great hall was built by popular subscription, and cost $250,000. When opened there was not a dollar of debt upon the building. The idea originated with W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City *Star*, and was carried through to success by him. It was made an enterprise of the people. Only $72,000 of the money was raised in large subscriptions. Shares were valued at $1 each, and it would be difficult to find a resident of Kansas City who is not a stockholder. Many small subscriptions were also received from neighboring towns. It is essentially a people's hall in every sense of the word. It was completed in eight months from the time ground was broken.

It is situated at the corner of Thirteenth and Central streets, on the high ground of the city. The building has a frontage of 200 feet on Thirteenth Street, and 314 feet on Central Street. It is built of native stone, cream brick, and terra-cotta. From the floor to the apex of the roof is 75 feet, and the height of the walls is 45 feet. The first story is of stone in Renaissance; the second in peristyle form, and of brick and terra-cotta. The roof is copper and composition. The building is designed to accommodate conventions, fairs, circuses, expositions, cattle and horse shows, and an armory.

The arena in the centre is 213 by 125 feet. There are assembly-rooms, toilet-rooms, cafés, kitchens, armories, and an immense roof garden in the building. There are no stairways, all the different levels being reached by inclined planes. The building can be emptied at the rate of five thousand people a minute, and it is absolutely fireproof. The architect was Mr. F. E. Hill, whose plans were accepted as the result of a competition in which three handsome cash prizes were offered for the best designs.

The acoustic properties of the building are remarkably good and have been severely tested. It is an ideal place for a great national convention, and Kansas City's claim for one of the political gatherings to be held in 1900 is greatly strengthened by the possession of the most modern auditorium in the United States. The success which attended this idea has caused several other Western cities to attempt large enterprises of a similar character by the same means.

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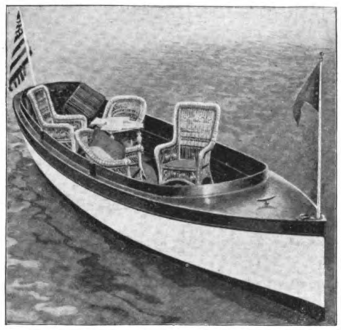
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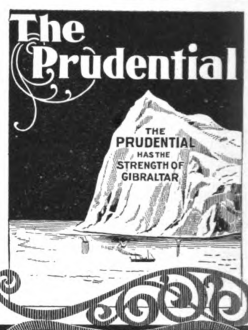
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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

III.—COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT

IT becomes immediately apparent, on study of the subject, (1) that Hawaii has attained its present commercial position entirely through its own resources and the enterprise of its citizens, and (2) that its development has but partially disclosed its natural agricultural wealth. The history of commercial Hawaii may be divided into three eras: (1) Sandal-wood, the exportation of which began somewhere about 1800, and had ceased before 1840; (2) Whaling, which began in 1819, was at its zenith in 1854, and had disappeared in 1871; and (3) Sugar, which first attracted capital (to a very small extent) in 1837, had risen to first importance in 1843, and is to-day the industrial backbone of the islands.

Just when the exportation of sandal-wood began is, I believe, not a matter of authentic record, but, at all events, it gave Hawaiians their first merchantmen vessels, and it plunged the king and his leading chiefs into extravagance and debt.

The sandal-wood gave out long before the debts were paid.

There was no money in circulation until after 1817, therefore all trade was by barter, with the result that great quantities of this precious wood were exchanged for ships, which in turn carried more cargoes of the wood to China. The rich harvest was a lure irresistible. The chiefs sent their serfs far and deep into the forests; and, indeed, employed them so unrelentingly that, it is said, the serfs deliberately destroyed the young trees, so they might be relieved from such heavy toil in following years.

And they judged accurately, for so great was the denudation of the forests that in twenty years sandal ceased to be an important article of export; in twenty more it had practically died out. Two sandal-trees were pointed out to me on the island of Hawaii as rare relics of the great forests of them which once covered the islands—solitary, almost forgotten, signs of Hawaii's first commercial era.

Though the sandal-trees disappeared, there was left with the king and ruling chiefs the spirit of venture its trade had created—and it had attracted the whalers. The trading spirit sent the coasting vessels of the king and chiefs on far-off voyages of barter and discovery, and the whalers brought trade merchandise and—the missionaries.

It is not my purpose to go into details. I purpose merely to show the general disposition of the native and the trend of trade. I wish also to say—and this perhaps is as fitting a moment as any—that I am undertaking neither a history nor a tourist's guide of the Hawaiian Islands, but rather a series of articles which, it is hoped, will give the reader a fair idea of the islands and their people, their character and industries, their accomplishments and their prospects.

With the decline in sandal-wood trade the whaling interests increased quickly, and so materially as to become the principal business of the islands. The native has never been exacting. Little matters it to him how his stomach is filled, so long as it is filled, and whaling accomplished that end as surely as sandal-wood.

The first white traders at Hawaii were English, who made the islands a point of supply on their trips to the northwest, but they failed to follow up their pioneer advantages, so that the first white traders really to establish themselves were Americans, from New England, who had followed hard on the heels of the whalers from New Bedford and Nantucket. In fact, the traders, whalers, and missionaries fell upon Hawaii simultaneously—the missionaries to accomplish such an evolution in the native from savagery to civilization as has not been equalled in the same length of time elsewhere in the world.

The American whalers made the islands a rendezvous for the majority of all nations fishing in the Pacific, and so close were these interests to those of the islands that laws were made in every way favoring the whalers and their trade, and a wavelet of progression set in motion.

In 1822 printing had been established (but not until 1836 was the first newspaper published, and not until 1843 had one uninterrupted publication), and a year later four American mercantile houses had been opened—two from Boston, one from Bristol, and one from New York. A ship-yard was built in 1825, and Honolulu made a point of transshipment by the whalers, and in 1826 James Hunnewell founded at Honolulu the mercantile house which still exists as C. Brewer & Co. By 1836 interest had deepened and the trade broadened, so that we find salt, *Koa* lumber, cotton, indigo, corn, potatoes, fruits, hides, *Kukui* oil, arrow-root, and tobacco on the list of exports.

Thus the trade prospered, until, from 1836 to 1841, 447 ships touched at Honolulu, 358 hailing from American (four-fifths whalers) and 82 from English ports, while in the same period Hawaiian commerce showed exports of $388,000 (seeking the far markets of New York, France, and Australia for its produce), and imports of $1,567,000. By 1845 the foreign population of Honolulu was 400, and the shipping owned by residents amounted to $55,000, while the town itself supported five wholesale and twenty retail shops, and one lumber-yard, four hotels, and twelve sailors' boarding-houses and grog-shops. At this time the sugar interests were expanding largely, and some very small and tentative efforts making to plant coffee.

The discovery of gold in California (1848) bore so importantly upon the islands as almost to warrant my classing the nine years following as a separate industrial era in Hawaiian commercial history. Certainly not before had such prosperity come to the islands, although at the beginning of this year the outlook was hardly encouraging, for the exodus to California included so many of the progressive class that industries on the island came practically to a standstill in 1849, and domestic exports fell from $266,819, in 1848, to $185,083, while imports rose to $729,739. But 1850 marked the reaction and the increasing trade. The development of the California mining interests created demand for potatoes, meat, flour, and Hawaii found a ready market for all it could raise. This year is a most important one in the commercial development of the Hawaiian Islands, for it marks first recognition of Hawaii's agricultural possibilities (of which so little advantage has been taken), organization of an agricultural society, establishment of a postal service, the visit of 469 merchant-ships (the largest number, in fact, for one year's record), building of a reservoir, and founding of a bank at Honolulu.

It was an active beginning that went busily forward. Wheat was raised, flour-mills erected, and California very largely ate the flour and potatoes of Hawaii's growing, until its own heavy-yielding fields overwhelmed all competition.

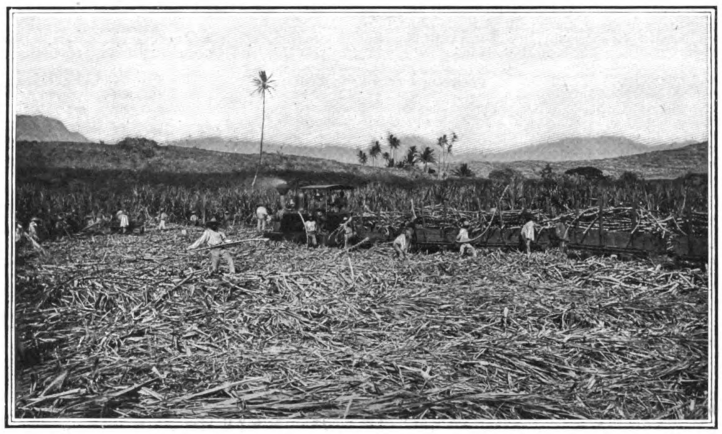
To-day Hawaii buys all its flour and a heavy percentage of its potatoes in California!

But those were great days for Hawaii—those ten years from 1844 to 1854, which raised the exports from $169,641 to $585,122, the imports from $350,347 to $1,590,837, the custom-house receipts from $14,263 to $152,125, the Hawaiian registered vessels from 15 to 54, the shipping arrivals from 207 in 1844 to 650 in 1854, and brought about (1859) the inauguration of an inter-island steamboat service with the *Kilauea*. This, too, was the heyday of the whale-fisheries, which reached their zenith in 1859, when 549 outfitted in one or another of the Hawaiian ports.

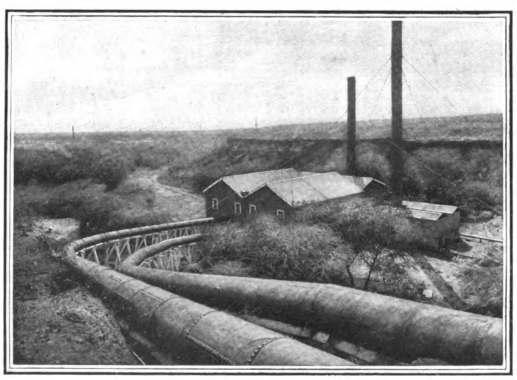
The subsidence, however, of the gold fever on the Pacific coast had a quieting effect on island agricultural business, that decreased materially as California developed its own wealth in that direction. But the set-back was not serious; Hawaiians were beginning to appreciate the richness of their soil, and as its second commercial era was closing—hastened by the destruction (1871) of the whaling-fleet in an arctic ice crush—its third was opening auspiciously.

It will enable us the better to appreciate Hawaii's subsequent development if we consider her financial standing at the end of the second era, 1875: Value of imports, $1,505,670, of which $947,260 was from United States; exports, $2,089,736, of which $1,774,083 was for domestic produce; customs receipts, $213,447; Hawaiian registered vessels, 51 of 7136 tons; shipping arrivals (merchantmen), 120 of 93,000 tons; annual taxes, $150,000; population estimated at 57,000; total government revenue (1875), $536,180; public debt, $450,000. (For these figures, and many others in this series, I am indebted to Mr. Thomas G. Thrum, the Hawaiian statistician.)

The considerable development of sugar interests in Hawaii was simultaneous with the beginning of an effort, long continued, for closer trade relations with the mainland—as we must call the United States. So long ago as 1853 it had become apparent that Hawaii, as, in fact, an outlying sugar plantation of the United States, was entitled to recognition as such on the tariff list. In 1855 a reciprocity treaty was concluded between W. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, acting for the United States, and Judge Lee, Commissioner of the Hawaiian king. Although approved by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the United States Senate withheld ratification. Again in 1864 the question was raised, but not brought to issue because the public mind was occupied with the civil war; again, in 1867 the treaty was brought forward, ratified by the Hawaiian government, approved by President Johnson and Secretary-of-State W. H. Seward, but rejected by the



THE RESULT OF AN EXPANDING COMMERCE—CANE HAULED TO MILLS BY STEAM-POWER.



AN OAHU SUGAR-PLANTATION PUMPING-STATION.



PORTUGUESE AND JAPANESE WOMEN AS CANE-FIELD LABORERS.

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Senate. Yet again, in 1874 the effort to establish closer commercial relations was renewed by King Kalakaua in person, visiting the United States with a commission composed of Henry A. P. Carter and Elisha H. Allen, and this time success attended the effort. The treaty (drawn for seven years), signed at Washington, January 30, 1875, and announced by formal proclamation June 3 of the same year, was sufficiently broad in terms practically to create free trade relations between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. The United States admitted, free of duty, sugar, and substantially the entire agricultural product of the islands; Hawaii, in turn, opened its ports to the United States for about every article of domestic consumption on its list.

Protests came at once from Great Britain to the Hawaiian king, and the situation was somewhat strained and uncertain for a couple of years, until the unequivocal and vigorous policy of Secretary-of-State James G. Blaine settled the matter finally and definitely. In 1884 the treaty was renewed for another seven years, and the exclusive privileges of Pearl Harbor granted the United States, which resulted in further protests, this time from the sugar-refining interests of both Great Britain and the United States. But these also were denied, and the treaty was still in force when annexation came finally in 1898.

With the signing of this reciprocity treaty the Hawaiian industrial and commercial status underwent complete revolution. Though there had always been a healthful amount of enterprise in the islands, the scarcity of labor, the usual failures of crops, and particularly the instability of the degenerating monarchy, filled the way of progression with obstacles, and so beset Hawaii's industrial efforts as to make commercial life one long uncertain struggle. Up to 1876 the financial results of sugar, rice, and coffee growing had not been sufficiently encouraging to warrant or even suggest expansion. It was appreciation of her great possibilities and realization of her inability to make the most of them under existing trade and political conditions that impelled Hawaii's repeated overtures for reciprocity.

And the significance of reciprocity to the prosperity of the islands now became immediately apparent. Industrial activity was instant and general; thirteen new sugar-plantations were laid out in 1877, fifteen more in the year following; mills were erected, shipping increased, and a general air of hopefulness and confidence spread over Hawaii. How substantial this expansion was may be judged by the importations of 1878 and 1879, which for machinery amounted to $960,342; for hardware and agricultural implements, $414,792; for lumber, $402,742; and for building materials, $196,554. In 1879 the first railroad on the islands was laid from Kahului (Maui) to Wailuku — for these were the years when the Spreckels sugar interests were developing Maui industries.

It was all outlay in the first two or three years after the ratification of the treaty, but at the end of ten years (1886) the Hawaiian commerce had increased with a great bound, and the annual returns showed: Exports, $10,565,886; imports, $4,877,738; custom-house receipts, $580,444. Shipping arrivals, 310; tonnage, 222,372. Hawaiian registered ships, 58; tonnage, 18,529. Compare these figures with those at the closing of Hawaii's second commercial era in 1875.

The large sugar returns very naturally prompted further expansion, and in 1888 and 1889, responding to the ruling spirit, some of the most extensive plantations on the islands were laid out. Mr. B. F. Dillingham brought Oahu into the line of progression by his enterprise, his railroad-building, and one million and a half dollars' worth of machinery imported. Meantime increase in number and considerable improvement in class were making in the several lines of vessels engaging in Hawaiian trade. Not only did the regularly established lines enlarge their facilities, but several new ones were added; and, most important to the islands, a direct semi-monthly service was established between San Francisco and Honolulu. The harbor was dredged and enlarged (1893), a marine railway had been constructed (1883), and Hawaii, from struggling insignificance, had so developed her resources and increased her trade that in 1895 she stood second on San Francisco's foreign-trade list. And at no time during her commercial development, even in the periods of depression, before 1876, had there been panic or failure to meet obligations. I never visited a town whose business record is so absolutely unsullied as that of Honolulu.

And so Hawaii's commerce grew, until at the close of 1896 a cash surplus in the treasury of $71,000 more than at the beginning of the year, after paying all running government expenses and redeeming $16,000 worth of bonds falling due, proved the republic of Hawaii to be self-supporting, solvent, and prosperous. Perhaps figures will be even more convincing to that end: at the close of 1897, when the last biennial returns were made, Hawaii's imports were $7,682,628; her exports had grown to $16,021,775; custom-house receipts, $708,493. Shipping arrivals 427; tonnage, 513,826. Hawaiian registered vessels 62, tonnage, 34,069. And the Hawaiian balance-sheet on January 1, 1898, showed revenue, $5,042,504; expenditures, $4,654,926; cash balance in treasury, $456,804; value crown and government lands (approximate), $4,500,000; other assets, public buildings, public works, etc., $3,000,000; bonded public debt, $3,679,700. Rather a tidy showing, considering the length of time and the conditions under which it was made.

IV.—THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

THE development of the sugar industry is so closely identified with the development of Hawaiian commerce as to make separate discussions almost supererogatory. Sugar is practically Hawaii's commerce, and Hawaii's commerce is substantially sugar. Of the 1897 export figures of $16,021,775, sugar represented $15,390,442 (and of this total, $15,390,223 came to the United States). Incidentally let me note that of the thirty millions of dollars invested in Hawaiian sugar-plantations, twenty-two and one-half millions is American; of the total population of the island (109,020), nearly one-quarter (24,653) are employed on the sugar-plantations; of the Chinese and Japanese inhabitants (45,000), almost half (21,000) are employed on the sugar-plantations. With this array of figures confronting him, the inquiring reader will hardly challenge my statement of sugar's relation to Hawaiian commerce.

Sugar-cane is one of the comparatively few indigenous products of the Hawaiian Islands—for, strange to relate, with the exception of a few varieties, all the trees, flowers, and fruits that now flourish on the islands were planted by the early white settlers; not even the banana is indigenous; and the present cocoa-palms that picturesquely fringe the Honolulu Harbor were all planted—every last one of them. However, as sugar-cane is mentioned by Captain Cook in 1778—before there were any whites on the islands—we may accept it as having been native to the soil. We know there are abundant statements from old natives that it grew wild and luxuriantly in the valleys and on the lowlands, but the natives made no use of it except as food in its raw state.

One of the earliest of Hawaiian planters, L. L. Torbert, claims to have traced the first sugar-manufacturing to a Chinaman, who in 1802 arrived at Honolulu on one of the vessels trading in sandal-wood, with a stone mill and boilers, and ground off one small crop, which he made into sugar before returning home with his apparatus. We must take Mr. Torbert's unsupported word for this, for the earliest otherwise authenticated record of sugar-making is that of a Don Paulo Marin, who had the cane mashed on large wooden platters (*poi* boards) by the natives with their stone *poi* pounders, and then collecting the juice, boiled it in a small copper kettle. Mr. H. P. Baldwin, one of the oldest and most experienced planters on the islands, vouches for this. It is a matter of little moment, I suppose, who made the first sugar, though there is some satisfaction in collecting these details for this chapter.

At all events, various accounts agree as to the manufacture of sugar and molasses in several quarters at about the year 1823, and it is undoubted that the first mill of any consequence was erected at Koloa (Kauai) by Dr. R. W. Wood in 1835. This first mill, and all others for fifteen years, were crude in form and wasteful in process; a native grass house commonly answered as mill, the rollers were wooden, and the kettles whalers' try-pots, while the motive power was furnished by oxen, horses, or in some cases by water. The sugar, of course, was of but one grade, and that inferior; it was the residue after the juice had been boiled to a thick syrup and drained off through the perforated bottoms of barrels. Nevertheless, there was some exporting of sugar, a surprising amount considering the slow and primitive process—in 1837 $300 worth was exported, and this was increased to $6200 in 1838, and to $18,000 in 1840. Mr. Baldwin tells of a mill he remembers, between 1840 and 1850, which "consisted of three whale-ship try-pots set on adobe and stone mason-work, the rollers being wooden, strengthened with iron bands"; I am told, too, that the first centrifugal machine used in any country for drying sugar was invented by D. M. Weston, a resident of Hawaii, and used on a Maui plantation in 1851.

But the sugar-market was restricted and fickle, and the industry at this period had so many discouragements it finally began to lose ground, so that by 1857 the plantations had diminished to five. A decided change for the better, however, came with the adoption of steam as the motive power in 1858–9, and two years later, when the first of the modern vacuum pans were introduced, the number of plantations rose to twenty-two, of which nine ground by steam and twelve by water. Like the commerce of the islands, the sugar industry has thrived in eras, each fostered by some new impetus, each more successful than its immediate predecessor.

The first real impetus to cane-growing came with the outbreaking of the civil war and the inflation of sugar values; the second was given by the reciprocity treaty with the United States in 1876, and the third has been furnished within the present years by irrigation.

How these eras have affected the output is best told by the figures: in 1863 about 2600 tons were exported; in 1876, upwards of 13,000 tons; and in 1896, 240,000 tons; and it is not at all unlikely that this year the figures will reach 260,000 tons. It is interesting to note further, while we are on comparative figures, that the exports of sugar compared with the labor employed in its cultivation and manufacture during the last three years show the following gradual increase: "1895, nearly 7⅛ tons per capita employed; 1896, a little over 9⅛ tons; and in 1897, very nearly 10½ tons."

There are sixty plantations on the islands, of which fifty own their own mills and have all needed machinery for the manufacture of sugar. Practically all of these use the crushing process—which the most experienced planters on the islands prefer. The diffusion process was introduced to Hawaii about 1887, the first plant being erected at Kealia (Kauai), others following, until there were half a dozen; but the improvement in the crushing process has arrested the attention diffusion methods were diverting. The diffusion process saves within five per cent. of the sugar in the cane, whereas the mills lose from ten to eighteen per cent. On the other hand, the diffusion plant necessitates the extra cost of fuel, whereas in the mill the cane pulp—or bagasse, as the cane is called when the juice has been crushed from it—supplies all the fuel necessary. Moreover, the constant increase in number of rollers in the mills is steadily lowering the percentage of sugar lost in the crushing process, and experts are confident that before improvement ceases the average extraction in the mills will very nearly equal that by the diffusion plant. As it is, there are very few diffusion plants, and planters claim that the cost of manufacture is less and the general results more satisfactory by the crushing process.

Nowhere else is there equal cultivation of the soil or such care of the cane as we see in Hawaii. Laboratories in many instances are connected with the mills; the soil is analyzed before the planting, and fertilized according to its need; steam-ploughs are used where the conformation of the land will permit of it; the mills are the best money can buy, and as competition in the manufacture of machinery is sharp, almost every year adds some new and scientific improvement. I may add, by-the-way, that the McKinley bill repealing the duty on sugar was somewhat of a blessing in disguise to these islands, although it was at the time a heavy blow (the price of sugar falling from $100 to $60 per ton in one day), as under the treaty Hawaiian sugar entered the United States duty free. But meeting the prices and output of other sugar-producing countries necessitated abandonment of the simpler methods that were profitable enough with high prices and no competition, and the movement began which resulted in Hawaii having the finest machinery in existence—and all American made. Last year the nine-roller Ewa mill on Oahu turned out 140 tons of sugar each running day.

The islands of Hawaii are all very much alike in conformation; each has its backbone of mountain, with land more or less broken by ridges and gulches, reaching to the sea; in some of the islands deep valleys escape from the centre, where the mountains have been rent by volcanic action into abrupt chasms, and run to the very water's edge. The soil of the valleys is very rich indeed, and invariably planted in rice; the sugar lands are those along the coast of the islands, extending back to an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet; beyond that is coffee land or pasture. And wherever there is land fit for growing sugar, there will be found cane, either present or immediately prospective. There is practically now no land on the Hawaiian Islands capable of raising cane profitably that is not so employed.

Improved machinery and fertilizing have tremendously increased the annual sugar yield, but the real developer of Hawaiian plantations in recent years has been irrigation, which has reclaimed for cane much land previously considered irredeemable. Practically all plantations on Oahu, Kauai, and Maui irrigate their cane; the rainfall of windward Hawaii, where are the majority of the plantations, is quite heavy, while on the leeward side, in the section where cane is planted, the land is sufficiently near the mountains to insure a dependable rainfall. Yet in some parts of leeward Hawaii water is run from the mountains down upon the lowland cane-fields. On Kauai water is taken by some of the plantations from the mountains that occupy the centre of the island; but the usual system of irrigation throughout the islands is by means of wells, a pumping plant, and a reservoir system.

On no island is this plan carried out so elaborately or with such handsome results as on Oahu, where the natural richness of the soil has been increased twofold. Pumps are now used which have a capacity of ten million gallons in twenty-three hours, and it is intended to put in one with a capacity of twelve million gallons. At present water is being pumped to an elevation of 350 feet, but a plant was being put in while I was in Oahu sufficiently powerful to raise water 525 feet, and some of the most progressive of the planters expect to finally irrigate cane 650 feet above the water-source. Thus far, despite the great number of wells that have been sunk on the same plantation and on plantations contiguous, no diminution in the supply is apparent.

The average yield of sugar to the acre of cane is greater in the Hawaiian Islands than in any other cane-growing country in the world. It varies, however, a great deal; the average yield of Maui, for instance, is about three and one-half tons of sugar to the acre; Hawaii's average is lowered by the smaller producing qualities of her leeward or dry side, but would not go lower than four tons; Kauai, from four to five tons; and Oahu, six to seven tons. There are, of course, pieces of ground, even entire plantations, on each of these islands, where the yield would greatly exceed the average of the island; one plantation of Oahu, for instance, yields ten tons of sugar to the acre (it takes seven to eight tons of cane to produce a ton of sugar), and special yields of even sixteen tons per acre have been obtained from given sections of the same Oahu plantation. The quality of these figures is the better appreciated by comparison with the yields of Louisiana and Cuba.

The average yield of Louisiana—according to the figures Prof. W. C. Stubbs, Director of the State Experiment Station, has been kind enough to furnish me—varies from one ton to two and one-half tons of sugar per acre, the average being perhaps not over one and one-half tons.

Cuba's cane-raising possibilities have never been fully developed. The yield per acre prior to the war was very light, because of the general agricultural deficiency of the island, due to Spanish corruption, Cuban lack of enterprise, and the troublous times. Certainly not to any deficiency in the soil, as the fact that they carry the cane to the sixth and even to the twelfth ratooning indicates. Ratooning means cutting the cane at the ground's edge and leaving the root to sprout the next year—so a sixth ratooning would mean that the one planting had yielded six crops of cane.

In Louisiana cane is planted once in two or three years—rarely is it permitted to remain longer than three years. In Hawaii cane is planted every second year, as a rule, and rarely goes beyond the single ratooning. Of course, ratoon cane is not so rich, but frequent planting adds tremendously to the expense and necessitates heavy fertilization — however, the increase of yield seems to warrant the outlay, if we may judge from Hawaiian results.

Cuba has some modern plantations and some excellent mills; the cane grown on the island is fairly rich in sucrose, and if it had the same cultivation given cane in Louisiana or in the Hawaiian Islands, yields would be forth-coming, Prof. Stubbs estimates, probably as high as five to six tons of sugar to the acre. As it is now, the average Cuban yield is rarely over one to two tons per acre.

According to some sugar-refining experts with whom I have talked on the subject of Hawaiian, Louisianian, and West-Indian sugars — and who have but recently completed a series of extensive experiments—the Hawaiian soil is peculiarly suited to cane-growing, and will continue to yield sugar more heavily per acre than that of Cuba, no matter how scientific the cultivation of soil or how complete the machinery for extracting the juice. By the same token the Hawaiian sugar is considered just as much superior to the Cuban as is its soil. Therefore the possibility of sugar-growing becoming unprofitable, and the consequent decadence of the industry in Hawaii, need not concern us. Though the day is sure to come when the profits of Hawaiian planters will be materially lessened. They could easily be cut in half and the planters still have handsome returns on the capital invested. However, it will prove a costly mistake if investors feel they cannot lose money in any Hawaiian sugar stock that may be put on the market. It is not unlikely plantations may be floated whose stock will hardly yield satisfactory returns. Hawaii is perhaps destined to undergo one of those characteristically American booms, with an accompanying reaction which will settle hard upon wild plantation schemes that have been launched upon the strength of those already legitimately established. It will be for Hawaii's best interest if the islands escape one of those Western booms that fill towns with hungry mechanics and unscrupulous promoters.

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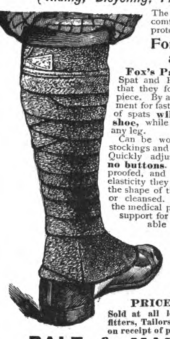
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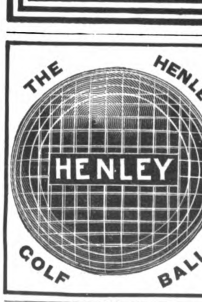
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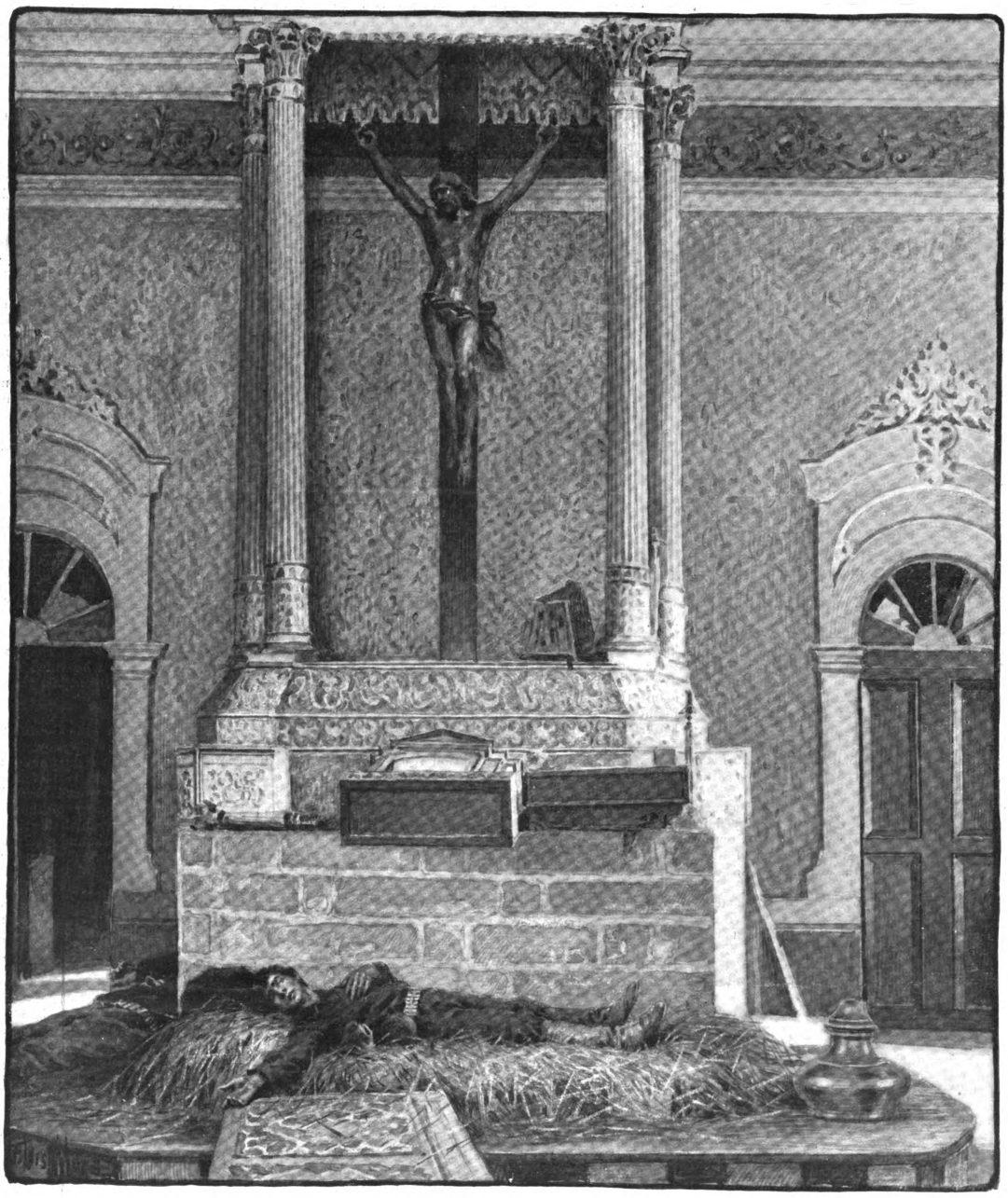
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Public Life

THE retirement of Mr. REED from Congress, despite the assurance that he would be re elected to the Speakership for another term if he should remain in the House, is the most conspicuous renunciation of a career in public life which we have seen in this country in recent times. It is true that Mr. EDMUNDS resigned a Senatorship, a few years ago, when he knew that he had virtually a life lease of the office, but the Vermont statesman left Congress without Mr. REED'S intention of entering upon a sphere of equal activity in private affairs. We do not recall any other case among their contemporaries where a man in the prime of his powers has abandoned a high public position to devote himself to his own interests.

The incident illustrates a change which has undoubtedly come over the relations of men of ability in this country toward public life—a change which has been operating with growing force during the last quarter of a century. When the Federal government was established, the holding of high office seemed the most attractive prospect before a young man of ability and ambition. There were great questions to be settled, and they were to be settled by the great minds of the generation. There were no artificial barriers, in the shape of partisan machinery, to bar the entrance upon a public career of the man of force, and the display of signal ability in the service of the people was reasonably sure of reward at their hands. At the same time there were no great opportunities for fame and fortune in other directions to tempt the ambitious young man away from public life. The law furnished a chance for one to become prominent, but even down to the day when RUFUS CHOATE was earning his largest fees, fifty years ago, nobody dreamed that the legal profession would ever yield a man such an income as a later CHOATE has enjoyed in New York city. As for the vast business operations of our time, there was nothing even faintly approaching them during the first half of this century.

Two tendencies have worked together with steadily increasing power since the close of the civil war to keep out of public life the class of men who once drifted into it easily and naturally. There have been an enormous development of the material resources of the nation, and a corresponding temptation for men of ability and force to devote their energies to a field which offered immense rewards. The presidency of a great railroad corporation, for example, has become a place of such consequence and such possibilities as to demand the first order of talent, and, to reimburse it, a salary equalled by no official below the President of the republic. A "corporation lawyer" has now the chance to become himself what would have been considered a rich man by the counsel of any company which existed in the United States fifty years ago.

While the temptations due to the country's wonderful material growth have operated to prevent many men who would adorn public life from either seeking or accepting public office, conditions have grown up in many States which render it difficult, if not impossible, for a man of ability and independence to reach high position, or, if he does reach it, long to retain such a position. Election comes only through nomination by a convention, and in many commonwealths, including some of the largest, conventions are controlled by a machine which is dominated by a boss. What chance has there been for an ambitious young Republican of Pennsylvania with a mind of his own, these many years, in a State where his party has been ruled by QUAY? Of what avail was it for a younger Democrat of the type that ALLEN G. THURMAN represented to aspire to the Senatorship of Ohio, when that statesman was "turned down" by the Democratic machine for his lack of subserviency?

The men who have long held a high place in public life in recent times have almost invariably lived in States which were not ruled by a boss. Mr. REED is only one of several men from Maine, of whom the late Mr. DINGLEY was another, who were sure of being returned to Congress by their party without opposition every time that a term expired. Vermont kept Mr. MORRILL in either the House or the Senate without a break from 1855 until his death a few months ago, and would gladly have treated Mr. EDMUNDS in the same way. Iowa has been doing the same thing by Mr. ALLISON, who served several terms in the House, and will have sat thirty years in the Senate when his present term expires. More than one State in the South have been equally free from the domination of a machine, and have kept those whom the people considered their best representatives continuously in office for long periods. The South also has profited by the fact that the temptations of commercialism have been far weaker there than in the North, so that men of ability in that part of the country have felt much as their fathers felt about the superior attractiveness of public life.

What of the future? Are the present unfavorable conditions likely to last, or may we reasonably hope that there will be a change for the better? As for the temptations in more material lines of activity one does not feel like prophesying, though a good argument might be made that there have been greater opportunities in these directions during this century than are likely to offer in the next. But this is not the vital question. There has never been in New York or Pennsylvania any lack of men who would enjoy and adorn public life if they could honorably enter it. They have gone elsewhere, not only because there were great rewards elsewhere, but far more because the conditions under which alone they could hold office were intolerable. Render entrance into the public service and continuance in it more inviting, and there will be no lack of the right sort of applicants. In short, the first essential to getting better public men is to break down the power of bosses and machines. Happily there never was a time when the evils of the existing system were so clearly recognized, or when the purpose to end it was so strong. Particularly is this true of the young men whom our colleges and universities every year send forth in steadily increasing numbers. These young men should be the leaders of their generation, and it is an encouraging sign that everywhere they are showing a growing concern about the discreditable features of our present methods, and a resolution to keep at work until better conditions shall have been brought about.

THE framers of the Constitution restricted the size of the United States Senate rigorously, but made what they considered ample provision that the membership of the body should always be full. The Legislatures of the various States were given the election of Senators. But it was recognized that a vacancy in a State's representation might occur when its Legislature was not in session, and it was therefore ordained that in such a case the Governor might make a temporary appointment, to hold until the next meeting of the Legislature. Doubtless every member of the convention which established this system supposed that it covered every possible contingency. When a vacancy was to occur at a certain time in the regular course of things, the Legislature last meeting before that time would elect a man to fill the seat for six years; when a vacancy should happen by death or resignation, when the Legislature was not in session, the Governor would fill it temporarily. Yet during the past six years five States in the Union have each had one of their two Senatorial seats unoccupied for nearly one-third of the six years' term. The reason in every instance was that the Legislature which should have elected a Senator failed to discharge its duty. The bodies chosen in Montana, Washington, and Wyoming in 1892, and in Delaware in 1894, balloted day after day and week after week without an agreement upon a candidate by the members of the dominant party, and finally adjourned without reaching a choice. The Legislature chosen in Oregon in 1896 did not even get so far as a ballot for Senator, because the lower branch did not organize at all, owing to the bitterness of the struggle over the office between two factions in the party which had a large majority among the lawmakers. The terms of a third of the ninety Senators expired March 4, 1899, and four of the Legislatures which should have filled seats then falling vacant have adjourned without discharging that duty—in Delaware and Pennsylvania at the East, and in Utah and California on the other side of the continent. In several other bodies there were deadlocks which lasted for weeks, and which were long thought to be hopeless. A new condition has arisen, which the founders of the government never contemplated as within the range of possibility—a condition which their careful provisions for preventing any break in the representation of a State do not meet. When they said that Legislatures should elect Senators, they took it for granted that Legislatures would do what they should. But we now have Legislatures which will not—no fewer than nine such bodies during the short period between January, 1893, and May, 1899.

Attempts have been made to insure a State full representation when the Legislature has failed to discharge its duty of election by recourse to the Governor's power of appointment. "If vacancies *happen*, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State," is the language of the Constitution where it confers upon the Executive the right to name a Senator who shall serve until the next meeting of the Legislature. Nobody has ever questioned the power of a Governor to make such a temporary appointment when the vacancy has occurred, by the death or resignation of an incumbent, while the Legislature was not in session. But this is a very different thing from the existence of a vacancy, through the expiration of a term, upon the adjournment of a Legislature which should have filled the vacancy before its adjournment. Can it properly be said that a vacancy has "happened" in such a case? This question is freshly raised by the action of Governor STONE in making a temporary appointment of MATTHEW S. QUAY to his old place in the Senate, shortly after the Legislature had ended its session without reaching an election. It is an old controversy, and the Senate has decided it in opposite ways at different periods. During the first third of a century after the Constitution went into operation several claimants to seats were admitted upon such certificates as Mr. QUAY will present. Of late, however, the sentiment of the Senate has been tending the other way, and it had become so pronounced on that side a year ago that only 19 out of the 69 recorded favored the admission of a man whom the Governor of Oregon had assumed the right to appoint. Mr. QUAY and his friends, however, are not at all dismayed by the overwhelming majority so recently given against the claim which he now advances. They point out that there will be a large number of new Senators next winter who are not committed either way, and whom they hope largely to array on their side. They expect also that not a few Senators who voted against the Governor's right to appointment last year will change their ground.

WHAT will be known as "the COGHLAN incident" has served to show how modern journalism can make a temporary mountain out of a mole-hill, and get two continents stirred up for a few days over what is essentially a trifle. The gallant commander of the vessel which opened fire upon the Spanish fleet at Manila a year ago visited New York, and received the attentions which he richly deserved. During his stay in the metropolis Captain COGHLAN dined with a few friends at a club. The occasion was really as private as though the gathering had occurred at the residence of a member. No reporters were invited, and nobody was supposed to be present who would report. Conversation was as free and unrestrained as should be expected under such circumstances. Captain COGHLAN gave expression to the annoyance which all the officers of the American fleet at Manila felt last year because of the attitude of the Germans while vessels of the two nations lay side by side. That Admiral DEWEY and the rest of our officers were irritated is a matter of notoriety. That there was justification for such feelings is confessed by some of the German newspapers, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for example, having admitted that "the German ships were very officious at the beginning of hostilities." All the same, no American officer would be justified in publicly condemning the attitude of the Germans. Captain COGHLAN committed no such offence against propriety and discipline. He has explained what really occurred, the Navy Department has reprimanded him for whatever impropriety there was in not keeping a padlock upon his lips in a company of friends, the German government has expressed its satisfaction with this action by our authorities, and the incident is thus happily closed.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IN view of Captain Coghlan's experience, and of the fact that there are several more of Dewey's ships to come home from Manila, it might be well for some judicious writer to prepare a small volume of after-dinner addresses suitable for use on festal occasions by heroes newly returned from scenes of glory. Of course the heroes will have plenty to say for themselves, and will find plenty of entertainers who will want real stories from them. But it has been amply demonstrated that real stories should be saved for fit ears, and as it is easy for heroes who have long been absent from home to misjudge their auditors' discretion, and mistake quasi-public dinners for private ones, ordinary prudence seems to warrant them in sticking pretty close to a conservative form of address. No doubt Captain Coghlan's remarks at the Union League Club interested his hearers very much, but only see how much trouble they have made him! It is obvious that before leaving the *Raleigh* he should have been provided with a set of addresses guaranteed to be safe to use ashore. What was expected of him at the Union League dinner was evidently a response something like this:

> I thank you, gentlemen, for the evidence of regard and appreciation which this gathering betokens. It was oppressively warm in Manila, and we are all glad to get home. The food there is not what it might be, either, and we would sooner dine with you than with Aguinaldo. I left Admiral Dewey in fair health, and can assure you that he is much gratified by the esteem in which he is held in this country. We who have served under him have the highest opinions of his abilities as a commander, and of his efficiency as an American patriot and statesman. I need not dwell upon the details of the naval battle of May 1, as you seem to be fully informed of most of them, and what remains to be told, if anything, the Admiral will tell you when he has leisure to come home. The situation at Manila seems not to be fortunate in all particulars at the present moment, but we are confident that everything will turn out to the satisfaction of the administration and the admiration of the world.

Of course this is a much less interesting speech than either of those that Captain Coghlan made, but it has the advantage of being perfectly suited for publication, so that the user of it has nothing to fear if the privacy of a private gathering turns out to have been impaired.

COMMENTING on a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about the army canteen question, an army officer says, in a letter written from St. Louis:

> To the ordinary mind it seems to be a self-evident truth that the officers of the army, on whom falls all the work of making soldiers out of raw recruits, and of their discipline and management afterwards, must be more deeply interested in the sobriety and good behavior of the enlisted men than any other class can be. The officers of the army approve the Post Exchange system almost unanimously. It is well known in the service that every military post has near it, just off the reservation, and beyond military control, a lot of low saloons, where poisonous liquors are sold, where men are drugged and robbed, and to which has been due most of the disorder, absences without leave, and desertions in every post.
>
> In the Post Exchange the men have a place of resort where they can get away from the barracks, enjoy a game of billiards or pool, etc., and buy light wines or beer. Sales of spirits have never been allowed. Only a few men, bent on getting drunk anyhow, would go to the dives outside the post, and the result was a great benefit to order and discipline.
>
> For business reasons, the rumseller joyfully backs up the agitation of the W. C. T. U. to abolish the Exchange. Without the knowledge of the ladies of that association, the whiskey-dealers are their chief allies, and their influence, in devious ways, on the passage of anti-canteen legislation is well known in the army.
>
> As a matter of fact, the Post Exchange, or canteen, is a *promoter of temperance*, and the chief enemy of the rum-holes that "debauch our brave soldier boys." L. D. G.

The *New Voice*, the Prohibition paper which represents the movement against the canteen, asserts that canteens at the great volunteer camps last summer and at the Soldiers' Homes have not promoted temperance. But canteens in Soldiers' Homes and in camps full of green soldiers are one thing, and canteens as part of the Post Exchanges in posts where soldiers of the regular army are stationed are another. It is doubtless true of all soldiers that the more alcohol you can keep out of them the better, but there is a great difference between seasoned regulars under good discipline, with trained officers to look after them, and green volunteers under lax discipline and less efficient supervision. The usefulness of a canteen depends doubtless upon how it is run and who its patrons are, so that canteens may possibly be a nuisance in volunteer camps and in Soldiers' Homes, and yet as a feature of the Post Exchanges of regular army posts be distinctly valuable as promoters of temperance, and work well.

PROFESSOR CHARLES ZEUBLIN, of the University of Chicago, is quoted as saying that Chicago's drainage canal will be a failure as a sewer, and that, so far as that use of it goes, $35,000,000 has gone for nothing. This opinion ought to be a source of comfort and reassurance to St. Louis, which professes extreme uneasiness for fear that the canal will succeed so well that the Father of Waters will pass St. Louis holding his nose. The drainage trustees don't agree with Professor Zeublin, and insist that the canal will do the work it was designed to do.

IT is a pretty deliberate spring, but the things that ought to come out are gradually coming. For example, there recently appeared in drab covers a handsome pamphlet, conspicuously entitled, in very clear print, "An American Response to Expressions of English Sympathy." Within is a little reading-matter and many names. The explanation of it is that last summer, while we were in the throes of our conflict with Spain and wondering whether we would get into trouble with any one else, there was formed the Anglo-American Committee in London. Mr. James Bryce, M. P., was its chairman; the Duke of Sutherland its honorary secretary, and T. Lee Robert, R. C. Maxwell, and Sir Frederick Pollock other honorary secretaries. It met on July 13 at Stafford House, and passed, unanimously, on motion of Lord Brassey, supported by Earl Grey and others, a resolution to the effect that, considering that the peoples of the British Empire and the United States were closely allied by blood and principles and drawn together by many common interests, "every effort should be made in the interests of civilization and peace to secure the most cordial and constant cooperation on the part of the two nations."

When the news of this friendly demonstration had crossed the sea an Anglo-American Committee of twenty-eight members was organized in New York. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was its chairman, and the lists of its members included representatives of the cabinets of every President since Grant. In other ways it was representative, since it included Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Potter, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Frederick Coudert, Mr. E. C. Stedman and Mr. Gilder, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. Gerry. It prepared an address expressing appreciation of British sympathy and fellowship shown for this country, and recognizing that the same language and principles of ordered liberty should form the basis of enduring friendship between these kindred peoples. About 1500 copies of this address were sent out to representative men in all the States and Territories of the Union for their signatures. Scarcely any objection to the address was made in any quarter, and practically no one to whom the address was sent refused to sign it. About 1200 names of signers, from Alabama to Wisconsin, are printed in this pamphlet. The geographical distribution of these names and their representative character are notable. Their number might, of course, have been indefinitely increased.

THERE have been a surplus of news and a deficiency of information as to the amount of money left to charity by the late Baroness Hirsch. One account is that she left one hundred and twenty-four million dollars, whereof her relatives got twenty millions, the state five millions in taxes, and the rest was left to charitable uses, mainly in Europe. Later stories, however, show a tendency to substitute francs for dollars in these estimates, and the authorities conflict so much that it is still uncertain what the Hirsch estate does amount to. It seems reasonably sure, however, that about four-fifths of it was left to charities, and chiefly to Jewish charities, in New York, London, Montreal, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Bremen, Brussels, and other cities.

If a hundred million dollars is turned over to public uses by the will of the baroness, it is the greatest sum so disposed of by any one estate in modern times. When George Peabody died, thirty years ago, he held the world's record for philanthropic disbursements. He gave away to public uses during his lifetime eight or nine million dollars, and left five millions to his relatives. He died in London; his funeral was in Westminster Abbey; a British war-ship brought his body home. He was peerless among philanthropists, and, for that matter, still is. But money grows in vastly bigger clusters now. Mr. Rockefeller must already have given away more dollars than George Peabody did; Mr. Carnegie's funds are constantly dropping out of his pockets in hundred-thousand-dollar driblets, and every little while a million or two escapes him all at once. Last week he offered $1,750,000 to extend the libraries, art-galleries, and other institutions with which he has endowed the city of Pittsburg. The sum of his gifts, too, doubtless exceeds in amount those of Mr. Peabody. The gift of a million dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan to build a hospital in New York was recorded last week. Such gifts make no great stir. They are, happily, too common to cause excitement. The ability to part with money seems fairly to have kept pace with the huge increase in wealth.

About the Hirsch benefactions, however, there is an unusual quality, which recalls George Peabody. Baron Hirsch and his wife learned to find their chief interest in life in vast schemes for the improvement of the conditions of existence among great armies of distressed people. They seem to have backed a spirit and an intelligence as rare as George Peabody's with a fortune which bears a relation to modern fortunes comparable with what Peabody's fortune bore to those of his time.

MRS. FRYE of Maine, the wife of the Senator whose services to the port of New York are so much appreciated, has had a sad experience of the uncertainties of things mundane. The Senator, as will be remembered, was one of the peace commissioners, and Mrs. Frye went with him to Paris. The other day there came to her from California a letter enclosing a newspaper clipping which purported to give a report of an address made by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, wherein he attacked the administration, and accused the peace commissioners of chewing tobacco at a banquet in Paris and spitting on the floor. As Mrs. Frye knew all the commissioners, and was confident that none of them chewed tobacco at dinner, or, indeed, elsewhere, and knew that they had been to no banquets in Paris, she was incensed at President Jordan, and published an open letter to him, in which she gave him some information about the commissioners and a good deal of personal advice. Two days later she felt constrained to publish a telegram from him, to the effect that he had said nothing about the Peace Commission, but had been misreported, and credited with statements of which he was absolutely innocent.

One of the saddest things in life is to expend indignation and time in commenting on a newspaper report of a speech, only to find in the end that the speaker never said so. It is a very common experience. The strength of the disposition to believe what you read in a newspaper is almost incredible. After repeated disasters it still survives. The trouble is that so much that one reads in any newspaper is true, that one's reasonable distrust is being constantly undermined.

ADMIRAL BEARDSLEE'S account, in the April number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, of the trial of the *Oregon*, has caused more or less disturbance of its author's peace, because it stated that the vessel's horse-power was "over 1100." The Admiral says he has since had many letters pointing out, sometimes with the aid of diagrams and algebraic formulæ, that 1100 horse-power is not enough for so big a vessel. His answer to his correspondents is, "Add a cipher, and go in peace." That is all there is of it. A cipher was mislaid somewhere, and "1100" should have been "11,000."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT should be made, in behalf of parents, of the great usefulness of contemporary periodical literature in the bringing up of families. Intelligent children in their earliest years find great satisfaction in the American magazines. The reading matter they are not apt to bother with. The war articles, the poetry, the serials, even the short stories, they are prone to pass over with rapid and cursory attention to the illustrations. Their field is among the advertisements in the back. It used to be told of Mr. Gladstone that he liked to get the American editions of the American magazines so as to have the advertisements. The American child shares this feeling with him. A fresh magazine with a thick sheaf of advertisements, and a pair of scissors, are one of the standard delights of contemporary childhood. By the time the addenda begin to lose their interest as a field for scissoring, the attractions of literature and art in the body of the magazine are likely to have asserted themselves. So all the way along the magazine helps.

MR. T. G. DABNEY, chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, writes from Clarksdale, Mississippi, to the WEEKLY, to express a lack of confidence in certain information which the WEEKLY lately borrowed, with due credit, from the New York *Sun*. It concerned the existence of an ancient stone wall in Copiah County, Mississippi, which, as was stated, runs 40 miles, or thereabouts, across country, and connects the bank of the Mississippi River with a hill 400 feet high. Mr. Dabney says that though he lives within 40 or 50 miles of where the wall is described to be, he has never heard of it before. He says there is no building-stone in that part of the State, and only an inferior quality of sandstone in any other part; that there is no eminence in the State of Mississippi that rises nearly 400 feet above the surrounding country; and that from the part of Copiah County where the stone is reported to have been found to the Mississippi River "is about 30 miles, across an upland region, the river here running near the foot of a bluff on the Mississippi side, with only a mile or two at most of bottom-land on this side." He doesn't think the theory of a causeway by means of which the prehistoric Mississippians escaped from floods will wash, and doubts the story altogether, though he says, "There may possibly be some old 'find' in that locality to serve as some sort of basis to it."

THE New York State Legislature has been invited to pass "an act to provide for the construction of storage reservoirs within the boundaries of the Forest Preserve, to equalize the flow of water from the Adirondack streams, and to provide for the maintenance and control of said reservoirs." The bill sounds innocent, but the friends of the Adirondack forests suspect it of being a measure for the promotion of the lumber business and the destruction of forests. It is not quite so easy to loot the Adirondacks as it was. Very many persons take an intelligent, selfish interest in the preservation of the public forests there, and watch out vigilantly against destructive innovations.

THE arrival in New York, on April 26, of Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro was an incident of about as much interest to the public as the departure on the same day for Europe of Mr. Croker and Mr. Thomas B. Reed. There was a crowd to see Mr. Croker off; there was no crowd to welcome Mrs. Navarro, but every one who saw her seems to have recognized her and to have been highly interested to see her. She expressed surprise at it, and said she had been away so long that she had supposed that she had passed out of the public mind altogether. The truth is that the impression she made upon the American mind was so deep and thorough that there are not half a dozen women in the country as well known as she. And she is very affectionately regarded, too. She is to be here only six weeks. If she will make it six months a place shall be reserved for her on the committee that is to be appointed to receive Admiral George Dewey on his return from Cathay and the woolly East.

If she would like to christen a battle-ship before she returns she has only to mention it. Or we will name one of the Philippines after her! Forgotten? Dear no! When the heart is once truly skewered there is no forgetting.

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MARY VICTORIA, BARONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN

I.

IT was at the Viceroy's palace in Calcutta that I first heard Lady Curzon of Kedleston spoken of as "the Vicereine." The title is not official, for the charming American consort of the ruler of India has added nothing to her name in assuming the high position at her husband's side which his talents have gained for both. Though Lady Curzon is now attached to the household of the Queen-Empress, and has been made a member of the Order of the Crown of India, the tactful English could not have been expected to endow a consort of a Viceroy with prominence in a land where wives are what they are in India.

Well indeed is it for the people to speak of her as the Vicereine, since she is not only their sole visible and fleshly queen, but is queen over scores of native queens, as her husband is ruler over scores of Indian kings still enthroned over greater or lesser dominions as feudatories of the British crown. But the love and pride with which Lady Curzon is everywhere spoken of are more to be esteemed than the rank and title which cannot be withheld from this first of our countrywomen to hold so high a station. The affectionate tone with which I everywhere heard her referred to was but one of a thousand evidences of the extraordinary impression she made upon the people of Bombay and Calcutta immediately after her arrival in India. Even in small cities in the interior, and among Hindoos, who might not have been expected to interest themselves in a Viceroy's wife, the praises and compliments showered upon her here by press and public were joyously echoed in my hearing. They have reached London as well, and been accepted there, as I see by the periodicals that are already received in India.

Though Lady Curzon has no formal or official title applying to her new position, she has achieved, by her relationship to Lord Curzon, the highest and most powerful place which any American woman has gained by marrying out of her own country.

It is doubtful whether many Americans realize the extent of a Viceroy's power, the prestige which accompanies the place, the pomp, parade, and ceremony with which it is accompanied, or the splendor of the official residences and retinue which help to support its impressiveness. There is so much of very hard work connected with the office, and the swarming millions of Indian subjects have of late been so comparatively placid and content under British rule, that the tendency of recent viceroys has been to shear the post of much of its former splendor. Less and less has been thought of the value of pomp and pageantry in impressing the native mind; and, weighed down by the daily burden of routine toil and anxious responsibility, the later representatives of the crown have been content to become very dull and prosaic characters, as compared with the glittering and gorgeous figures cut by the old East India governors and the earlier viceroys, whose regal progresses through the empire were arranged to surprise even Oriental expectation.

But there is to be a measurable revival of the outward impressiveness of the place. The era of deadly dulness in government has passed. The exaggeration of the value of night oil and closet labor and the blindness to the great importance of display in Oriental statecraft are mistakes which will not be continued. Our American Vicereine is to be nearer to queenhood than her immediate predecessors—vice-queenhood, of course, yet undivided sovereignty on its own ground and in the eyes of its immediate beholders.

Our first American sovereign and her liege, Lord Curzon, rule more subjects than are combined in the sum total of the populations of all the nations of Europe omitting Russia. In size, India, with its one and a half million square miles of surface, ranks among the greatest empires of the earth, with Russia and Siberia and with the United States and her Territories. In length and breadth India's greatest measurements are each nearly two thousand miles. Two hundred and forty millions of subjects acknowledge the rule of the Empress Victoria's Viceroy. What this signifies has been most strikingly put by the writer who has pointed out that these subjects of England in India "exactly double Gibbon's estimate of one hundred and twenty millions for all the races and nations which obeyed imperial Rome."

Between the fur-clad turbulent warrior folk and shepherds who stalk the rude streets of unruly Quetta and Peshawar in the north and the fanatic Arab descendants in the south, whose women clothe only their lower limbs, the Viceroy overlooks a continent. Attached to Asia though it is, it lacks nothing to make it as complete a world in itself as Australia or America. Mountains of the first magnitude, rivers only second to the largest, plains of vast extent, and a coast-line like our own distinguish this minor world. Every climate between the arctic and the tropic is found there—intense cold and almost tropic heat come to it simultaneously—and a dozen dozen different native rulers bow to the Viceroy as their lord, yet keep their own gaudy and bejewelled courts, and inhabit the splendid palaces of their ancestors.

As I write this, Lord Curzon is squaring his strong back to the dead weight of routine work. His secretaries tell me that he keeps at his desk far into each night, and returns to it at early hours each morning. Yet he will, if he lives, restore to the viceregal throne more lustre of the patently perceptible sort which Orientals value highly than it has shown under his nearest predecessors. As far as his means permit, his clear judgment dictates, and his sense of dignity sanctions the reform, he will revive such external show as is needed to restore what the great office has lost. Lord Curzon knows India. He has visited it five times. Young as he is in mere years, he has made himself an acknowledged and high authority upon Indian subjects. Especially well does he know what may be called the Indian in the rough, as he is seen in the troubled northern border-lands. To this knowledge he adds an optimistic mind, a sanguine temperament, a warm sympathy easily stirred, and sufficient poetry, sentiment, and humor to make up the very strong character which has so impressed his countrymen. So far as he can do so, he will give his Oriental subjects what the Eastern masses prize, and the first of these in importance is external evidence of authority.

I found a sure key to the Viceroy's character in between the lines of a dozen speeches that he made in India in January and February. Some of his qualities—more especially his quick sympathy, humor, and the sentimental or romantic inclination—are rather more American than English; at least they are more commonly found in our public leaders than in those of England. It is consoling to us Americans to find that the man who has attracted so much beauty and talent away from our country is himself the next thing to an American.

He and Lady Curzon were at once thrown in contact with the people they were to rule, on embarking on the steamer for Bombay. This was because the crews and a proportion of the saloon servants on the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Line are Indians. They gave to Lady Curzon a preliminary suggestion of the red-turbaned, dark-skinned, barefooted myriad which swarms upon the face of India. The other passengers were nearly all what are called Anglo-Indians—army men, officials in the Indian civil service, and the wives and daughters of such. To take such a voyage, lasting three weeks from London or a fortnight from Marseilles, where the Viceroy caught up with his wife, is to learn the more surprising features of India and of English life in the East before one has set foot on the famous "coral strand."

Some account of the splendid welcome which the city of Bombay extended to the viceregal couple has doubtless been sent to America. The landing took place on the Apollo Bunder, close to the Yacht Club, the point at which



HON. MARY IRENE CURZON,
Eldest Daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon.

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MANILA—THE BURNING OF TONDO AND PART OF NEW MANILA DURING THE INSURGENT OUTBREAK, FEBRUARY 22.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

the fashionable Europeans seek the reviving breezes of the water-side in the first cool evening hours. Here a yellow and white pavilion had been erected. Within it seats were placed in opposing sets, between which a royal carpet led up from the water-side and ended at a table bearing the welcoming address of the City Corporation. The beautiful manuscript was encased in a massive box of silver, richly and delicately engraved. Royal Artillery men and a guard of the 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, all in new and smart uniforms, lined the approach to the pavilion. The band of the infantry regiment played in the pavilion, and a guard of honor of 100 picked men of the 21st Bombay Infantry, in white from tops to toes, was drawn up before the tent. Assembled within were the officers in command of the military and naval forces, the leading judges, the Lord Bishop, and many high officials of the municipal and imperial governments. Their gold lace, fine uniforms, sashes and chains, and the dresses of the ladies made the scene brilliant with color.

And yet this was as nothing compared with what Lady Curzon was to see all around her carriage as it passed through the native city. No European costuming can for an instant compare with the gaudiness of the rich and deep-toned dress of the common people. They illumine the streets of the native quarter as if they were the fragments of a rainbow scattered over the dull earth.

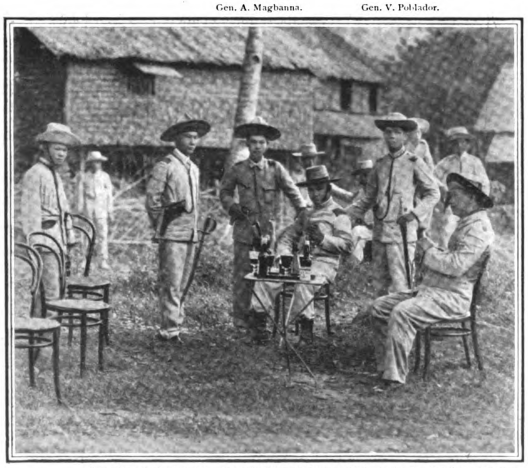
After the customary speeches, Lord and Lady Curzon rode away in state to Government House, the seat of the Governor of Bombay, now Lord Sandhurst. He and the Governor of Madras rank next to the Viceroy in the government of India. Here the Government House is on the opposite side of the bay. The ocean and the harbor are there separated only by the Governor's park, and the cooling breezes from both (more valued than gold in that hot climate) are not separated at all. The journey was made in a great glossy landau with four horses, with two Indians in stunning red turbans and coats on the box, two others on the step behind, with two mounted guards riding after the carriage, and with mounted police galloping ahead. Police, I say, but they also were turbaned, swarthy Indians, clad in red like bits of a brilliant sunset.

The viceregal pair and their escort skirted the blue, horseshoe-shaped bay, at whose head they parted from the city and entered the villa-dotted, palm-shaded precincts of the rich folk of Bombay. Entering the great white gate of the Government House grounds, their carriage rolled through a long water-bordered park, beneath palms and cocoanuts, and beside clusters of banana and bamboo, until a low and open white bungalow of great size opposed their further journeying. It was the state pavilion or reception bungalow of the Governor. Its broad steps were covered with red carpet, and on each side of this staircase, man above man, two steps apart, stood a towering line of stalwart guards in black boots, gorgeous red coats, and huge red turbans, each carrying a lance at rest, members of Lord Sandhurst's body-guard, all Sikhs — those fighting men who gave the English desperate fighting, and still look as fierce as Barbary pirates, yet are now devoted soldiers of the Empress.

Also on the steps stood Lord Sandhurst — an earnest man, hard-worked beyond belief—and his kindly wife, both smiling a broad welcome to the new king and queen of India. Lord Curzon stopped to admire and inspect Lord Sandhurst's body-guard, whom he afterward praised with enthusiasm. Lady Curzon ran eagerly up the steps and turned in-doors with Lady Sandhurst, the quicker to get her first view of the state and pride of official English life in India.

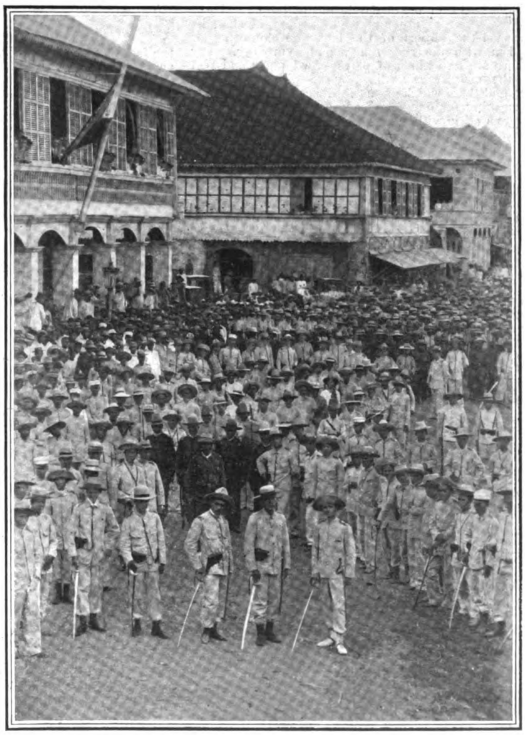
I followed shortly afterward, and having been entertained by the Governor, will, in another letter, describe and explain what she saw. JULIAN RALPH.

Gen. A. Magbanua. Gen. V. Poblador.



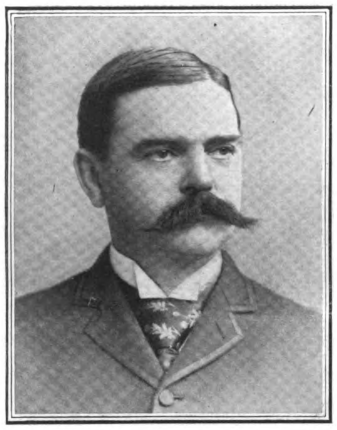
Gen. Vincente Concepcion. Gen. Martin Delgado, Commander-in-Chief. Col. Pedro Velasco.

SOME FILIPINO LEADERS, ILO ILO.

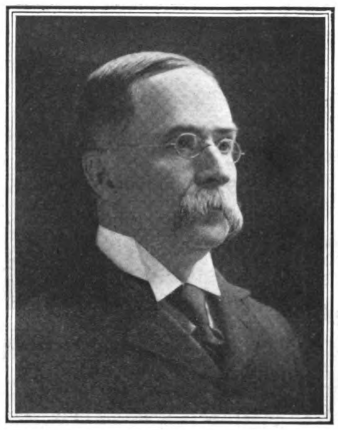


INSURGENT REGIMENT, ILO ILO—MOSTLY SPANISH VETERANS.

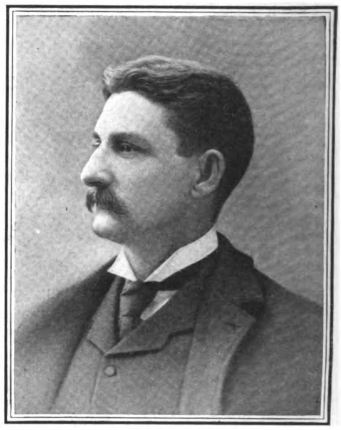
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JAMES P. TALIAFERRO,
United States Senator from Florida—Democrat.



HON. JOHN N. IRWIN,
New United States Minister to Portugal.



HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY,
New United States Minister to Greece.

DRAMA

FOR those who care for the drama as the highest form of poetical expression, the event of the season now closing is the appearance of the Austrian actor Herr Adolf von Sonnenthal. Herr von Sonnenthal was born some sixty-five years ago in Pesth. In his young manhood he was devoted to the theatre, and saved money from his scanty earnings to attend the Imperial Burgtheater in Vienna. He finally became a member of the Burgtheater Company, and has continued in it for over forty years. Among the many excellent actors in Austria and Germany he is doubtless now the best, and, like Sir Henry Irving in England, he has received the honor of knighthood for his services to his national drama. His first appearance in America was in 1885, at the Thalia Theatre—The Old Bowery—in New York. During his present engagement, which has been under the direction of Herr Heinrich Conried, he has acted Lessing's "Nathan," Schiller's "Wallenstein's Tod," Wilbrandt's "Tochter des Fabricius," Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Henschel," Sardou's "Old Bachelors," and Ohnet's "The Iron-master." He has played mainly at Herr Conried's Irving Place Theatre, New York, but has given performances in Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee.

The American Tour of Herr Adolf von Sonnenthal.

The character of the man is aptly indicated by the plays he has given, two of which are from the classical poetic drama, two from the modern German realists, and two from the modern French. Though born in an age of purely poetic drama, and still by nature and traditions an idealist, he has grasped the import of the latest developments of naturalism with unerring sanity and sympathy. For him there are two kinds of plays—good plays and bad plays—those which are vitalized by the spirit of truth and beauty, and those which are not. His catholicity has limitless meaning for our actors and playwrights, and here and there a critic will be grateful for the hint as to what real intelligence implies.

Catholicity in the Drama.

Herr von Sonnenthal's achievements in his various parts are of course subject to human limitations, but to realize this fact takes a special effort of critical equilibrium. His intention is always that of the master, and his methods are those of the simple and thorough artist. If his *Wallenstein* lacked martial fire, the defect was one of physical temperament—perhaps of advancing years. His walk was that of a man of arms, and his speech that of one whose habit of a lifetime was to command. And above the exterior effects of the character one felt the poet's intention—the impending and inevitable ruin of *Wallenstein*, and of all who depended upon him, because of the very engrossment of the ambition that had raised him to such heights. His reading of *Nathan* was a memory for a lifetime. No ability of representation could hide the fact that the play is not a drama at all, in any sense of the word which is familiar to the French or the English mind; at most it is a drama of philosophic thought. Yet it was in *Nathan* that Herr von Sonnenthal's art produced the most searching effect. His stature lent dignity to the old Jew's wisdom, his mobile face re-enforced the poet's meaning. The flexibility of his speech gave scope for innumerable shadings of thought, and its modulation for inexhaustible pleasure to the ear. Strangest and most wonderful of all, to one who has been brought up on the drama of prose, his gestures, exquisitely varied and apt in characterization as they were, floated in a rhythm that was the overtone of the rhythm of the lines he was uttering. His delivery of the famous parable of the rings, beginning with the negative effects of *Nathan's* diffidence and reticence before the Sultan *Saladin*, rose little by little as each resource of the actor was brought into play, until the final words, "So sagt der bescheidene Richter," fell upon the hearer like the climax of a symphonic crescendo, only to subside by an easy and dramatic change of expression into the habitual deference and abasement of the Jew. Over and above these effects of technique was the thing that gave them life—the spirit of the artist moving in his interpretation. To each hearer, I suppose, this meant a different thing, and to every one it is inexpressible except as the great actor expressed it. One can only state that its effect was at once warm and sombre. If it lies in the nature of one art to suggest the effects of another art—a thing which is at least to be questioned—I should say that Herr von Sonnenthal's *Nathan* had the quality of a portrait by Rembrandt.

Sonnenthal as a Classical Actor.

"Fuhrmann Henschel" is as far as can be from "Wallenstein" and "Nathan." Instead of the poetical drama of thought, we have a dialect play dealing with the most rudimentary phases of life. Instead of cultivation and deep intelligence, we have the mind of a peasant teamster who has never grappled with anything beyond his whips and his horses. Herr von Sonnenthal's gestures are at most a dazed thrusting forward of the head, an inarticulate swing of the arms, a lumpish gait. There is no rhythm of speech, no transitions, no crescendo—only a grunt of rough tenderness, a snort of rage, or a stupor of despair. Yet in every case the gesture, the tone, the facial expression, fit the word and surpass it. Between Herr von Sonnenthal's different characters there is only the remotest family likeness; the inarticulate clownishness is as apt in its discrimination of character as the utterance of the most flexible verse. The fate that, springing from *Henschel's* ignorance of life, works upon his simplicity of soul, is as clearly denoted as the fate that springs from *Wallenstein's* ambition and ruins his greatness. The ultimate effect is no more true, no less beautiful, than in the classical interpretation. What Herr von Sonnenthal sees in *Henschel* is akin to what Rembrandt would have seen; and, again, what one mainly feels and remembers of the performance is only to be expressed as a mingling of warmth and sombreness of feeling.

Sonnenthal as a Realist.

For the privilege of Herr von Sonnenthal's visit we have to thank the fact that in the cities visited there are repertory actors competent to assist in the production of the best German plays. Though Herr von Sonnenthal has time and again been invited by Sir Henry Irving to play at the Lyceum in London, he has been prevented by the fact that in England there are no competent German actors to support him. Ours is, therefore, the only English-speaking country he has visited; and the fact that his tours have to be made in his five weeks' vacation from the Hofburg Theater, together with his advanced age, leave us only the hope that we may see him here again. The actors that Herr von Sonnenthal found at the Irving Place Theatre deserve more than the few words I can give. If they were scarcely adequate in the poetical dramas, that was perhaps because in Germany the common or garden ideas of grace and dignity are different from the ideas one finds in our commons or gardens. In the modern and realistic plays they were so good that they gave the great visitor fit support at every turn. Most of all, I think, we should be grateful to Herr Direktor Conried, whose energy and skill have produced the repertory company, and whose ambition has brought to our cities so many of the best German and Austrian actors. The virtues of a repertory theatre are pretty well known wherever Mr. William Archer has delivered his lecture of late on "What We Can Do for the Drama." What Mr. Archer hoped to see accomplished in English-speaking communities by means of beneficent subscriptions among the rich, Herr Direktor Conried has accomplished for the Germans by sheer force of his skill and devotion.

Herr Conried and His Repertory Company

JOHN CORBIN.

Distinguished Americans

JOHN N. IRWIN, of Iowa, formerly Governor of Idaho, was on April 18 appointed by President McKinley to be United States minister to Portugal. Mr. Irwin succeeds Lawrence Townsend, who has been transferred to Belgium, the post at Brussels having been left vacant by the selection of Bellamy Storer as minister to Madrid. Although born and educated in Ohio, Mr. Irwin has spent more than one-half of the fifty years of his life in Iowa. He abandoned the practice of the law in favor of commercial pursuits near the beginning of his career, and by continuous success has proved the wisdom of this decision in his case. He has taken an active part in Western politics; was honored by election to the Mayoralty of Keokuk on a citizens' ticket, receiving the support of both parties; and after serving as Governor of Idaho, by President Arthur's appointment, was made Governor of Arizona by President Harrison.

Another diplomatic appointment of uncommon interest was made on the same day, April 18, when Arthur Sherburne Hardy was named for transfer from Teheran, Persia, to Athens, Greece. Mr. Hardy is a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Andover in that State, August 13, 1847. Part of his early education was received in Switzerland; then followed courses in Phillips Andover Academy and at West Point. Graduating in 1869, he entered the Third Artillery, but resigned at the end of a year, and was elected professor in Iowa College in 1871. This position he held until he went to Paris, where he studied civil engineering for a year, and returned in 1874 to be Professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth. He has published several mathematical works, in addition to his well-known and successful novels.

James P. Taliaferro, who was elected to the office of Senator from Florida on April 19, has for many years been a resident of Jacksonville, and more recently has gained prominence as one of the leading business men in the State.

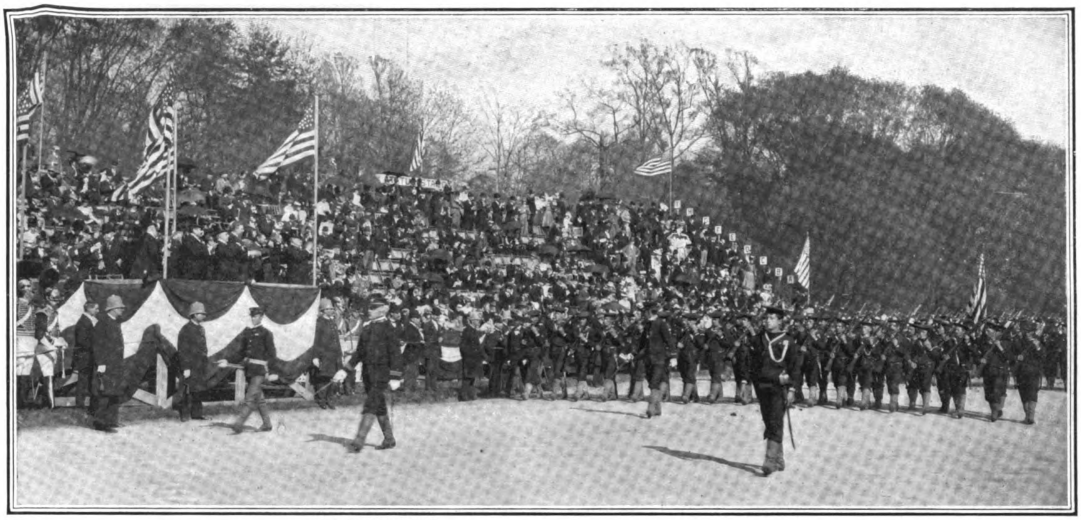
A New Statue of Grant

A COMMEMORATIVE bronze statue of General Ulysses S. Grant was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on April 27, the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of the great commander of the Union armies. President McKinley, with many distinguished officers of the nation and State, took part in the ceremonies.

Promptly at the hour set for the departure of the line of carriages from the Bellevue, in South Broad Street, a squad of mounted police appeared, followed by the First City Troop, under command of Captain John C. Groome; and when the start was made this troop acted as the President's escort. The carriage containing Mr. McKinley, John H. Converse—President of the Fairmount Park Art Association—Secretary Gage, and Mr. Charles C. Harrison was drawn by four black horses. Secretary Long and Secretary Hitchcock, with President Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and President Darlington of the Union League, occupied the carriage immediately following. Attorney-General Griggs and Secretary Cortelyou came next, and among the persons in the other carriages who were objects of special interest to the great crowd thronging Philadelphia's streets were General Miles; Admiral Casey; Captain Clark, formerly of the *Oregon;* M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador; Captain Coghlan of the *Raleigh;* Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, sculptors of the statue; Governor Stone and his staff; and in the last section of carriages, which was devoted to the use of ladies and members of the reception committee, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. McKinley, and Miss Rosemary Sartoris, General Grant's granddaughter. When the head of the procession reached the statue a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. A military procession passed over the same route half an hour later. This was marshalled by General Snowden; sailors and marines from the *Raleigh*, led by Lieutenant-Commander Phelps, were given the place of honor; then followed the First Brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard, a division composed of cadet commands, and representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, carrying battle-flags of the civil war. The unveiling exercises opened with a prayer by Bishop Whitaker. Mayor Ashbridge delivered a short address, and Mr. Converse formally presented the statue to the commissioners of Fairmount Park. At the conclusion of Mr. Converse's address, Miss Sartoris mounted the steps leading to a small platform, to which ran the cord which connected with the top of the red, white, and blue covering of the statue. When she pulled this cord, and the bunting fell to the base of the statue, two flags ran out on a line on each side, a salute of seventeen guns was fired, and a great cheer arose from the crowd. General Snowden received the statue on behalf of the commissioners, and the sculptors were introduced. Immediately after the review the President and cabinet officers, escorted by the City Troop, drove to the Union League Club, where they were dined by Mr. Converse. In the evening a great audience in the Academy of Music listened to speeches by the President and Hampton L. Carson.

The statue is of heroic size, its height from the bottom of the plinth to the top of the rider's hat being fifteen feet one inch. Of the two artists mentioned, Mr. French designed the figure of Grant, and Mr. Potter designed the horse. Their motif is a moment when Grant was surveying a battle-field from an eminence, intent upon the operations of his own forces and those of the enemy.

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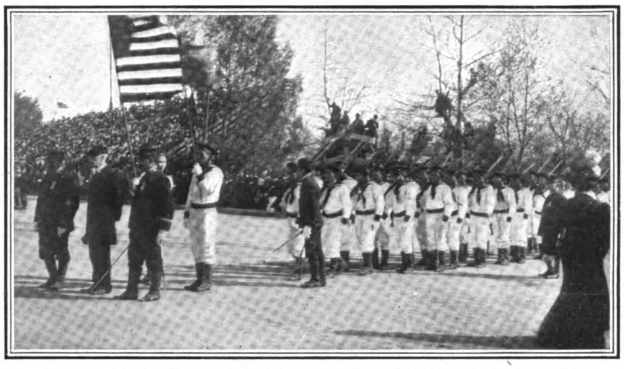
Lieut.-Com. Phelps, U. S. N.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE U. S. S. "RALEIGH" PASSING THE REVIEWING-STAND.

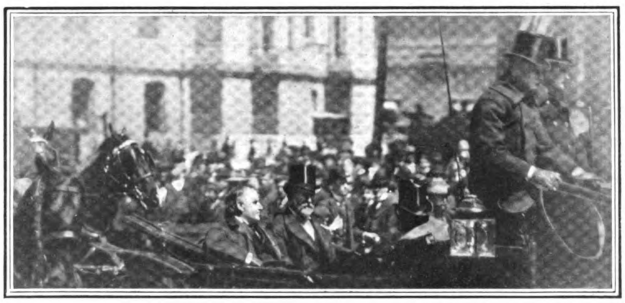


Wreath from the Chinese Minister.

HEROIC EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.
Daniel C. Potter and Edward C. French, Sculptors.



CHINESE NAVAL BATTALION OF RACE STREET MISSION, WITH WREATH FROM CHINESE MINISTER.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY ON HIS WAY FROM BROAD STREET STATION TO THE HOTEL



THE START OF THE PROCESSION—PRESIDENT McKINLEY LEAVING THE HOTEL.

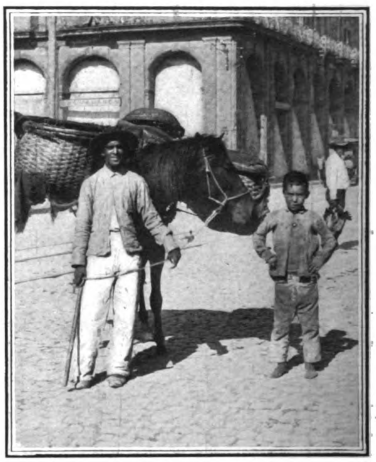
PHILADELPHIA—THE UNVEILING OF THE NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

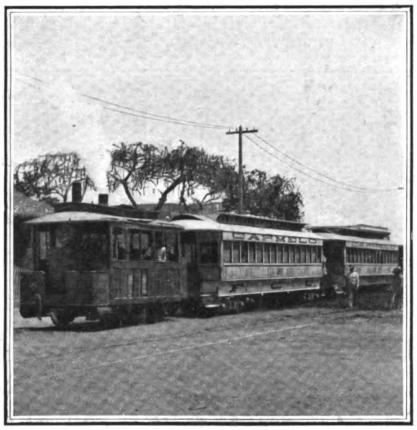
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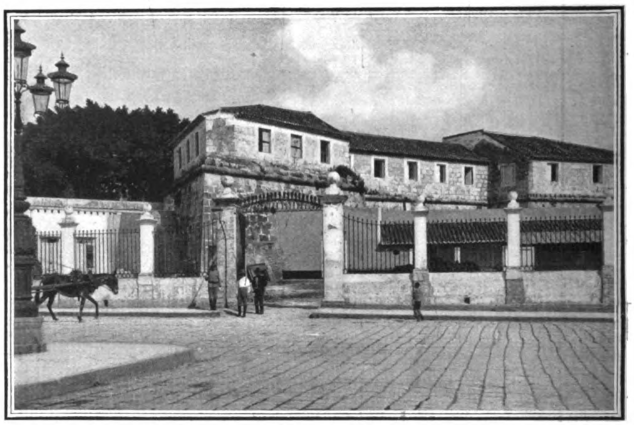
VIEW OF HAVANA HARBOR FROM MORRO CASTLE.



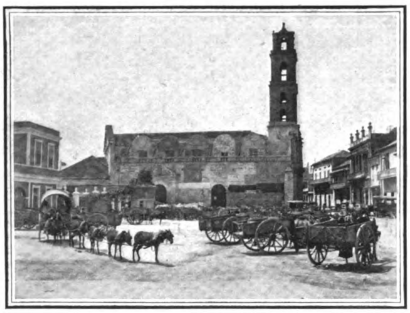
A HAVANESE HAWKER.



HAVANA'S STEAM-DUMMY STREET-CAR LINE.



OLD MILITARY PRISON, PLAZA DE ARMAS.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



THE HOTEL INGLATERRA AND CENTRAL PARK.



THE PRESENT POST-OFFICE BUILDING.



THE PRESIDIO, NOW THE CITY PENITENTIARY.

AROUND HAVANA WITH A CAMERA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

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When the Sleeper Wakes.* *By H. G. Wells*

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

At first he did not understand, and then a wild joy possessed him. He shouted at the top of his voice, an inarticulate shout, and he drove higher and higher up the sky. "Where was the other aeropile?" he thought. "They, too—" As he looked round the empty heavens he had a momentary fear that they had risen above him, and then he saw their machine alighting on the Norwood stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being rammed headlong two thousand feet in the air was beyond their latter-day courage. The combat was declined.

For a little while he circled, then swooped in a steep descent towards the westward stage. The twilight was creeping on apace, the smoke from the Streatham stage that had been so dense and dark was now a pillar of fire, and all the laced curves of the moving ways and the translucent roofs and domes and the chasms between the buildings were glowing softly now, lit by the tempered radiance of the electric light that the glare of the day had overpowered. The three efficient stages that the Ostrogites held—for Wimbledon Park was useless because of the fire from Roehampton, and Streatham was a furnace—were glowing with guide lights for the coming aeroplanes. As he swept over the Roehampton stage he saw the dark masses of the people thereon. He heard a clap of frantic cheering, heard a bullet from the Wimbledon Park stage tweet through the air, and went beating up a long declivity above the Surrey wastes. He felt a breath of wind from the southwest, and lifted his westward wing, as he had learnt to do, and so drove upward heeling.

Up he drove and up, until the country beneath was blue and indistinct, and London spread like a little map, traced in light, like the mere model of a city, far behind him. The southwest was a sky of sapphire over the shadowy rim of the world, and ever as he drove upward the multitude of stars increased.

And, behold! in the southward, low down and glittering swiftly nearer, were two little patches of nebulous light. And then two more, and then a nebulous glow of swiftly driving shapes. The whole southwest was soon as bright as moonrise with that multitude. The aeroplanes had come! And his last duty in the world was this, to stop their landing for an hour.

He swept round in a half-circle, staring at this advancing fleet flying in a wedgelike shape, a flight of phosphorescent birds through the lower air. He made a swift calculation of their pace, and spun the little wheel that brought the engine forward. He aimed at the apex of the wedge. He dropped like a stone through the whistling air. It seemed scarce a second from that soaring moment before he struck the foremost aeroplane.

No man of all that black multitude saw the coming of his fate; no man among them dreamt of the hawk that fell downward out of the sky. Those who were not limp in the agonies of airsickness were craning their black necks and staring to see the filmy city that was rising out of the haze—the rich and splendid city to which "Massa Boss" had brought their obedient muscles. Bright teeth gleamed and the glossy faces shone. They had heard of Paris. They knew they were to have fine times among the "poor white" trash. And suddenly Graham struck them.

He had aimed at the body of the aeroplane, but at the very last instant a better idea had flashed into his mind. He twisted about and struck near the edge of the starboard wing with all his accumulated weight. He was

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

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jerked back as he struck. His prow went gliding across its smooth expanse towards the rim. He felt the forward rush of the huge fabric sweeping him and his aeropile along with it, and for a moment that seemed an age he could not tell what was happening. He heard a thousand throats yelling, and perceived that his machine was balanced on the edge of the gigantic float, and driving down, down; glanced over his shoulder and saw the backbone of the aeroplane and the opposite float swaying up. He had a vision through the ribs of sliding chairs, staring faces, and hands clutching at the tilting guide bars. The fenestrations in the further float flashed open as the aeronaut tried to right her. Beyond he saw a second aeroplane leaping steeply to escape the whirl of its heeling fellow. The broad area of swaying wings seemed to jerk upward. He felt his aeropile had dropped clear; that the monstrous fabric, clean overturned, hung like a sloping wall above him.

He did not clearly understand that he had struck the side float of the aeroplane and slipped off, but he perceived that he was flying free on the down glide and rapidly nearing the earth. What had he done? His heart throbbed like a noisy engine in his throat, and for an instant he could not move his levers because of the trembling of his hands. He wrenched the levers to throw his engine back, fought for two seconds against the weight of it, felt himself righting, driving horizontally.

He looked upward and saw two aeroplanes glide shouting overhead; looked back, and saw the main body of the fleet opening out and rushing upward and outward; then saw the one he had struck fall edgewise on and strike like a gigantic knife-blade along the wind-wheels far away below. He put down his stern and looked again. He drove up, heedless of his direction, as he watched. He saw the wind-vanes give, saw the huge fabric strike the earth, saw its downward vanes crumple with the weight of its descent, and then the whole mass turned over and smashed, upside down, upon the sloping wheels. Throb, throb, throb, pause. Suddenly, from the heaving wreckage, a thin tongue of white fire licked up towards the zenith. And then he was aware of a huge mass flying through the air towards him, and turned upward just in time to escape the charge—if it was a charge—of a second aeroplane. It whirled by below, sucked him down a fathom, and nearly turned him over in the gust of its close passage.

He became aware of three others rushing towards him, aware of the urgent necessity of beating above them. Aeroplanes were all about him, circling wildly to avoid him, as it seemed. They drove past him, above, below, eastward, and westward. Far away to the westward was the sound of a collision, and two falling flares. Steadily he beat upward as they passed. Presently they were all below him, but for a moment he doubted the height he had of them, and did not swoop again. And then he came down upon a second victim, and all its load of soldiers saw him coming. The big machine heeled and swayed as the fear-maddened men scrambled to the stern for their weapons. A score of bullets sang through the air, and there flashed a star in the thick glass wind-screen that protected him. The aeroplane slowed and dropped to foil his stroke, and dropped too low. Just in time he saw the wind-wheels of the Bromley Hills rushing towards him, and spun about and up as the aeroplane crashed among them. The great fabric seemed to be standing on end for a second among its splintering ruins, and then to fly to pieces. A hot rush of flame shot overhead into the darkling sky.

"Two!" he cried, with a bomb from overhead bursting as it fell, and he was beating up, intent upon a third victim. A glorious exhilaration possessed him now, a giant activity. Aeroplanes seemed radiating from him in every direction, intent only upon avoiding him; the yelling of the packed passengers came in short gusts as they swept by. He chose his third quarry, struck hastily, and did but turn it on edge. It escaped him, to smash against the tall cliff of London Wall. He skimmed the ground so nearly he could see a frightened rabbit bolting up a slope. He jerked up steeply, and found himself driving over South London, with the air about him vacant. To the right of him a wild riot of signal rockets banged tumultuously in the sky. To the south the wreckage of a dozen air-ships flamed, and east and west and north the air-ships fled before him. One had landed on the eastward stage—the stage called Shooter's Hill. None other had dared to slacken in his proximity. He passed two hundred feet or so above the Rochampton stage. It was black with people, and noisy with their frantic shouting. But why was the Wimbledon Park stage black and cheering too? The smoke and flame of Streatham now hid the three farther stages. He curved about and rose to see them and the northern quarters. First came the square masses of Shooter's Hill into sight from behind the smoke, lit and orderly, with its aeroplane and its disembarking negroes. Then came Blackheath, and then under the corner of the reek the Norwood stage. He wondered what time he had won for the people; how far they had progressed with the mounting of the guns.

On Blackheath an aeropile lay under the guides. But Norwood was covered by a swarm of little figures running to and fro in a passionate confusion. Why? Abruptly he understood. The stubborn defence of the flying-stages was over; the people were pouring into the underways of these last strongholds of the usurpation. "They win!" he shouted to the empty air; "the people win! The aeroplanes had come too late." He rose and drove towards these eastward stages. And then he saw the aeropile on Blackheath was running down its guides to launch. It lifted clean and rose. Instinctively, instantly, he knew that this aeropile carried Ostrog in flight from the revolt. Instantly he knew what he must do.

He shouted, and dropped towards the aeropile. It rose steeply at his approach. He allowed for its velocity, and drove straight upon it. He saw it before him; saw the faces of Ostrog and the aeronaut growing swiftly distinct.

The aeropile before him became a mere flat edge, and, behold! he was past it, and driving headlong down with all the force of his futile blow.

He was furiously angry. He reeled the engine back along its shaft, and went circling up. He saw Ostrog beating up a spiral before him not half a mile away. He rose straight towards him; won above him by virtue of the impetus of his swoop and by the advantage of the weight of a man. He dropped headlong, and missed again. As he rushed past he saw the face of Ostrog's aeronaut confident and cool. He realized, with a gleam of wrath, how bungling his flight must be.

Right in front of his angry eyes appeared a strange thing. The eastward stage, the one on Shooter's Hill, appeared to lift; a flash, changing to a tall gray shape, a cowled figure of smoke and dust, jerked into the air. This cowled figure stood for a moment motionless, dropping huge masses of metal from its shoulders, and then began to uncoil a dense head of smoke. For a moment he forgot the aeropile above in his astonishment. As suddenly a second flash and gray shape sprang up from the Norwood stage. And even as he stared at this came a dead report, and the air-wave of the first explosion struck him. He was flung up and sideways.

For a moment the aeropile fell nearly edgewise, with her nose down, and seemed to hesitate whether to overset altogether. He stood on his wind-shield, wrenching the wheel that swayed up over his head, and she righted even as he shot down. And then the shock of the second explosion took her sideways—turned her on her edge.

Abruptly Ostrog's aeropile dropped and struck him. But it struck badly, because of the second concussion. He did not know they were upon him until he reeled with the crash of the blow; they had dropped obliquely downward upon him as he came up the righting curve. He was thrown over sideways out of his stays. He saw the vanes of their machine swooping through the air; saw their screws whirling upside down; saw Ostrog, with open mouth and staring eyes, looking strangely rigid. He found himself clinging to one of the ribs of his machine, and the air was blowing past him and *upward*. He seemed to be hanging quite still in the air, with the wind blowing up past him. It occurred to him that he was falling. He knew next that the whole mass, the two locked aeropiles, was falling together. He could not look down.

He found himself recapitulating with incredible swiftness all that had happened since his awakening. His mind was clear and active. Chiefly he was sorry that he should never see Helen again. It seemed so unreasonable that he should not see her again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM THE HILL-SIDE.

THE sun had set, the dusk was deepening, and above the city a couple of stars quivered on the verge of visibility. A man on horseback, wrapped in a warm cloak, rode towards the crest of the hill that had once been called Addiscombe. He was a tall broad-shouldered man, one of the watchers of the countless sheep that graze on the grassy solitudes under the wind-wheels along the hills of Surrey and Kent.

Over the vacant country-side—for all trees had been cleared to give the wind-wheels freedom—the hours were monotonous enough, and a man would sometimes pine for the city. His was a lonely life, for the whole country was given up to sheep, and when his duties kept him from sight of the swarming highroads that ran to the ferry jetties at Dover, Portsmouth, and Clifton, he would sometimes ride for a day together without meeting a fellow-man. And his only companions during his time of duty were the engineers who came out to see after the wind-vanes and his rare fellow-watchers. On the hill the light and stir beneath the Norwood and Streatham stages shone very cheeringly across the valley. But to-night he had come to the ridge—the northern limit his regulations set him—for no simple longing of solitude. He had followed the phases of the revolt with some keenness; he had heard of the further troubles brewing between Ostrog and the people, the attempt at disarmament, and the sudden interference of the Sleeper on the popular side; and now, as the night drew on, the London sky showed an unwonted red. He knew that a section of the negro police had come to Paris, that there were threats of their use in London. His blood grew hot at the thought of a negro control, but his discipline was strict; one must not quarrel with one's food, so that he was out on the hill-side, one of that great host of men which counts for nothing in the world's affairs.

He rode his horse slowly up the hill towards the crest where the regiments of the wind-wheels were wont to groan and beat. But night, against the bright deep blue of the northeast, came out black and clear-cut, and, ominously, expectantly still. The clearness of the night promised a frost, and the horseman shivered as he rode.

Towards the crest the horse stumbled, and the man spoke. In another moment, between the supports of two of the wheels, the flying-stage of Norwood rose over the brow, with a greenish glare behind its lace of stays, and a red light on its westward side. He rode straight towards this, through the deep twilight between the supports. In a few minutes he was clear of the wheels on the farther side, and the dense spire of flame shot smoke that rose from the burning of Streatham came into view. He gave a startled exclamation, drew rein, and sat watching. All about the stages London was red, and reeking with the smoke and steam of war. The small southwest wind-vanes came out black against the smoky glare of Streatham—the reflection, he judged, of an incandescence upon vast volumes of smoke or steam. He knit his brows, and presently dropped his bridle, and sat looking through the frame of his hands in order to concentrate his attention. He knew nothing of warfare; had never heard or read of the old days; knew, indeed, little of anything save the routine of his duties; but he could not but see these appearances indicated some vast struggle in the city.

"Still fighting," he said; "still fighting. War—war. How will it end? How can it end? They are bound to win—bound to win."

"Bound to win," he repeated, after an interval. "They have flying. They can bring their damned niggers. I wonder how it will feel to take one's orders from a nigger? 'Git—ye white trash!' I know 'em."

He cursed Ostrog with swift passion, shook his bridle, and turning eastward, rode through the stands and stays to a wide vacant space, from which a southward view was obtainable. The after-glow of the southern sky above the crenellations of the downland wind-vanes was clear and empty.

Presently he came back to his original position, and scarcely had the city come up over the brow before he perceived something was happening on the flying-stage at Rochampton. The twilight and a thin haze rendered everything doubtful, but that stage was brightly lit, and he was presently almost assured that an aeropile was being flung into the air. Then he was sure, for he saw the little speck soar clear of the hills against the brightness of the lower sky, and curve round upward and westward, dark and clear, and grow smaller and smaller, until at last it trembled out of sight.

His gaze returned to the city. Presently came a speck of light above the smoke, and for a moment he saw an aeropile whose wing had caught the light of the flames. It was flying with stiff wings, as a rook flies down the southwest wind, and in a minute it had gone beyond the light. His eye, dazzled by the ridges and masses of glare, could not follow it into the dark. For a time he remained straining his eyes, and then came a little thing, a little oblong patch of black, that shot down very swiftly across the outward glare of the city and vanished again. He dropped his hands. "That's an aeropile gone down," he said. "Edge down. Can it be—?"

He lifted his framing hands again.

"They would never dare—"

He looked long and earnestly, but he saw no more aeropiles.

The horseman remained motionless for a long time in the deepening twilight. It came into his mind that he could hear voices and the beat of engines. These aerial voices grew louder and louder. Suddenly the black bushes and dusky slopes before him jumped into a pallid clearness, almost as if a magnesium rocket had burst in mid-heaven. The voices rose to shouts. He looked up, startled.

The first of Ostrog's air-ships, a vast and stately frame, brightly lit from stem to stern, so that it seemed an air-ship of woven moonshine, came into view beyond the black contours of the wind-vanes and drove swiftly down the sky towards the distant city. It was flying very low, and all aboard were gesticulating and shouting. Then, like flames of lightning, another and another came into view, shining swift shapes, each crowded with multitudes of shouting men.

He groaned aloud, for he knew that with them they carried weapons and fomile, and the destruction of all hopes of freedom for the beleaguered revolt. East and west came others, and their shouting fell in gusts.

He groaned aloud at the sight of them. "There they go," he said. "Yelling devils! There they go! They'll teach the fools who's master! They'll—"

He stopped in mid-sentence.

The sound was a shriek of fear and anguish from a thousand throats, that changed to a splintering crash, and the thud of a near explosion. And all about him shone a glare that threw up the nearer wind-vanes as inky shapes and made the night suddenly very dark. And so low it scarcely cleared the wind-vanes that crested the hill, so close that he could hear the throb, throb, throb, pause, throb, throb, throb, pause, of its engine, like the beating heart of a living thing, rushed the dark shape of an aeropile overhead, passed like some busy twilight owl, and soared up into the sky among the whirling, unwieldy aeroplanes that now tore in a disorderly stream across the sky, clearing the stem of one, as it seemed, by just a hair's-breadth.

He saw nothing of the collision that flamed down the westward sky, of the strange beacons that were flaring up in the southward country. He stared at the ominous little shape, too astonished to think, until it had dwindled to a speck, and then looking back to the eastward whence that cry of headlong downfall had come, saw over the tops of the still wind-vanes a stream of fire pouring up into the twilight.

"But they are fighting," he cried; "fighting in the air!"

He clapped spurs to his horse, and in a moment had come out upon a projecting headland along the hill-brow, from which the base of the flame could be seen. It had seemed near because it was so great, but now he perceived that it was some miles off amidst the Bromley Hills. Two of the three wind-wheels that capped that rise had been overthrown, and the third was spinning slowly. The aeroplane lay in a smashed heap, with the gaunt ribs of one broken vane pointing heavenward, and the flames shining through the translucent material between the bars of its skeleton.

"No wonder!" said the horseman, slowly. "No wonder the other poor devils were screaming and shouting! It's like a ferret among rabbits."

He turned his eyes slowly back to the flying-stages, and saw that only one of the aeroplanes had descended, that the others had swept howling across the city.

He watched the flying fleet of aeroplanes dwindle and fade. He sat like a figure of bronze, albeit the dew was falling. From the dark valley below a wild-cat wailed.

Suddenly he became aware of two little black shapes overhead, circling one above the other, and hardly had he seen them when the ground swayed, and ten seconds after he heard a heavy report. His horse started, and as he quieted it came a second shock and the thud of a nearer explosion, and a tower of smoke and flame flashed into being from out the Norwood stage that the people had just destroyed.

It was ten seconds, perhaps, before he looked up again, and when he did so he cried out. Overhead was something that changed its shape rapidly and grew swiftly larger. Flap, flap, it went, like a thing that twisted over and over as it fell. In an instant he understood, clapped spurs to his restive horse, and went leaping down the slope. He heard the aeropiles smash behind him, and for a time he galloped on. At last he came round in a wide sweep and stopped. He sat for a moment staring at the flaring destruction upon the hill-crest.

Then he slipped from his plunging horse, and leaving him to gallop as he would, ran as fast as his boots and spurs would permit through the bracken up the hill again, towards the black heap that had heaved once and now lay still.

As he drew near he saw that the two aeropiles were still locked together, even as they had fallen through the air. Free of the heap he came upon something—a heap of clothing and limbs, pallid under the night, a gray head, a dark clutching hand extended on the turf. Beyond, among the smashed vanes, lay a second human form.

He glanced at the first of these two men—a gray-haired man, lying face downward, hesitated a minute, and ran shivering to the other. The second victim lay across a rib of the broken vane with his body twisted. Two little threads of blood ran from his nostrils into his grizzled mustache, but his upturned face had escaped injury, and in the white glare of the distant aeroplane it showed set

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and calm, and his eyes were open and steady. He was richly clad, and not in the black uniform of the Council aeronauts.

The shepherd stared at the man, not conceiving he could have survived this terrible downfall, and suddenly the mangled body writhed, and the expression of the face changed.

"Good God!" cried the shepherd. "The man is alive!" He ran forward and knelt among the wreckage, ejaculating vague helpfulness, but fearing to touch the crushed body. He saw the lips of the man were moving, and, suddenly motionless and intent, heard faint fragments of speech, heard a name he could not catch. Then the name was repeated, and he perceived that it was "Helen."

For a time the shepherd could distinguish nothing further because the accent was strange. Then he heard two words. "Meet," muttered the flying man. "Wake and meet."

His breathing became labored. His head nodded and fell forward; his eyes closed. His face softened, and the touch of pain vanished from his lips.

Presently the shepherd rose to his feet and stood listening to an unfamiliar sound—the thudding of great guns. Then he saw, low down in the sky to the eastward, the red shapes of aeroplanes streaming southward to the place from which they had come.

THE END.



The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA



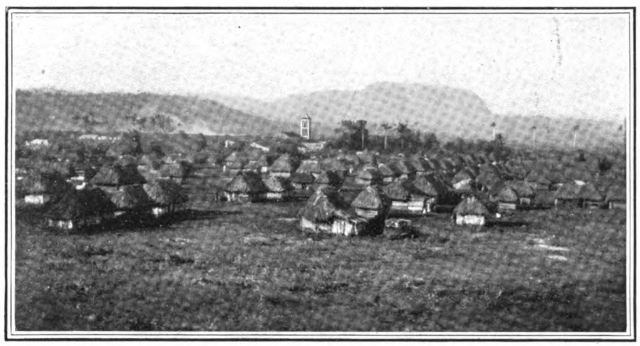
By Franklin Matthews

VII.

THE CUBA OF TO-DAY—THE POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SITUATION—THE FUTURE

THE saying that Havana is not Cuba was never more true than at present. The war left few scars in Havana and in the other cities of the island (not including Santiago), except as are revealed in graveyard records, and in the applicants at military stations for food. In the country the war spread a blanket of devastation. As one goes over the island on railroad train or in volante or on horseback, there is evidence on every side that the war was one of torch and famine rather than of powder and shot. The island is simply desolate. It is a pitiful sight.

Outside of cities of impressive architecture, and of towns and villages of huddling hovels, the country, except for a few miles around the cities of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio, is bare of men and beasts, and almost bare of birds. The traveller even sees few flowers. Fruit trees were cut down and destroyed as a war measure. The fertile ground is rank with vegetation. Although the Spaniards had gone and the horrors of reconcentration were over, the people would not return to the country in the first few months of American control. There were no huts there; no seed, and no tools with which to till the soil; no cattle, without which agricultural work cannot be done in Cuba; no food; and so they staid in towns and villages, worked in tobacco-fields and on sugar-plantations adjacent to cities and towns, under guard, ate what they could get, and wondered what the future would bring forth.



A TYPICAL CUBAN VILLAGE.

If there is one sight more pitiful in Cuba than any other, it is the women in black. Frequent as they are in Havana, where perhaps in some remote part of the city they even venture to hold out their hands to you as you pass—women of refined appearance, too—the women in widow's weeds are the commonest sight in the small towns and cities. It is hard to tell where they got their mourning garments. It is no exaggeration to say that of a dozen women on a street in any Cuban village nine will be in mourning. And their faces sad with grief and thin with hunger even months after the war had ceased!

But there was a look of hope in the eyes of most of the widows—a forlorn hope, however, in many cases. The maidens early in the year were becoming cheerful, and as one went through the streets he heard occasionally snatches of a song they sung. It was one song, one tune, almost invariably. It was the Cuban National Hymn. The significance of that? Truly it is something for the United States, engaged in the work of reconstruction, to find out; as truly as is the meaning of thousands upon thousands of Cuban flags flying from huts all over the island—flags that it took bread to buy.

And then there was still a brighter side to the picture—the laughter of children. I remember that three days after the reporters reached the scene of the Johnstown flood one of them began his story, "The dogs are barking again in Johnstown," meaning that normal conditions were returning. So I might say of Cuba, the children are laughing and playing again. One could hear their shouts everywhere. On the streets and open spaces it was "One Strike," "Foul," "Third base," "Slide," as they played baseball furiously, and used American terms exclusively. At night, in the plazas of the cities, they played the Cuban game for ring-around-a-rosy to the music of American military bands. It was one of the commonest sights in Matanzas to see an American soldier trailing through the streets with two or three children, perhaps one perched on his shoulders, trading English for Spanish words. The Spanish soldiers struck the children. Some of them the Spaniards maimed out of pure wantonness. The American soldiers coddled them, played with them, and everywhere you went it was "Good-by," meaning "How do you do?" from the lips of the children when they recognized you as an American, and your hand stole into your pocket for pennies instinctively.

Never shall I forget how I was stumbling about a gloomy street in Matanzas, looking for General James H. Wilson's palace—I had lost my way—when an urchin of eight loomed up right in front of me and halted me.

"Good-by!" he said.

"Good-by!" I replied.

"Good-night!" he said.

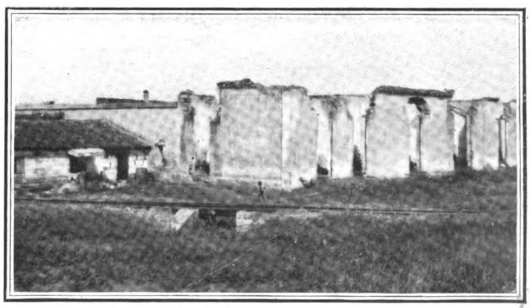
"Good-night!" I said.

Then taking off his cap, the lad swung it in the air, and cried, "Dree cheer for de red, white, and blue!"

Lukewarm as I had tried to be about annexation, I could have caught that boy in my arms and hugged him, had he not darted away in a burst of merriment.

As one goes through the island and catches glimpses of block-houses surrounding every settlement, big and little, and as his eye lights upon the enlarged graveyards in every village and town, some idea of the horrors of the kind of war that was practised in Cuba comes to his mind. I must have seen seventy-five graveyards on my trip in the various provinces, and I remember only one that was not enlarged because of the famine of the war. Major-General James H. Wilson told me that the story of the horrors of reconcentration had been only partly told. It was far worse than the people of the United States had believed. The pen of a trained historian alone can do that story of death by famine and military wantonness justice. Competent judges assert that the island is nearly 200,000 men short. In most of the provinces the birth-rate is less than one-half of what it was before the war. The island was stripped of cattle. In Matanzas, the province chiefly given to the cattle-raising industry, there were 298,000 cattle, according to a census, in 1894. When the war ceased there were fewer than 9000 cattle in the province—a region that could support 1,000,000 cattle with ease.

And yet the sunshine of prosperity was breaking through the clouds. One could see in the distances, especially in the provinces of Pinar del Rio and Matanzas, the smoke of numerous charcoal-burners. These pillars of smoke had taken the place of the smoke of war. They suggested only by contrast the burning of towns and villages and plantations. At railroad stations children and women held out their hands in mute appeals for charity, but that was a vast improvement upon the scenes of burials by the hundreds and thousands because of starvation. Here and there, through the blanket of devastation spread by war, the crops were springing up. This was especially true for a dozen miles around the city of Santa Clara, almost exactly in the centre of the island, and in the district immediately surrounding the town of Pinar del Rio, the centre of the tobacco-growing industry. Although railroad stations and bridges were destroyed, and in many cases entire towns were burned, and although the tangled wrecks of twisted iron and charred timbers of sugar factories confronted one frequently, gaunt spectres of the war and companion pictures in the scene of ruin to the enlarged graveyards, here and there could be seen early in March the smoke of returned business activity pouring from the chimney of a sugar-central, preserved from destruction only by bribing both Spaniards and Cubans, or by the vigilance of an armed force raised to protect the central at enormous cost, in many cases of considerable bloodshed as well. On many freight sidings carloads of sugar-cane could be seen, their destination being the grinding-mill. Fields of tobacco were spreading their beautiful green mantle in the western end of the island. It was estimated that about one-half of a normal crop was being raised of both of these staples, upon which, especially sugar, the life of Cuba depends. When the cane-fields grow full and strong again, and when the grinding-wheels of sugar-centrals are turning at their utmost capacity, then will prosperity again smile on the Pearl of the Antilles. Although it was dreary to see the great stretches of unoccupied fertile country, land as rich as can be found anywhere, it was a satisfaction to realize that the worst was over and that the upbuilding process had actually begun. The country was in a passive state. There was practically no crime and no disorder in the land. The condition of Cuba was that of a person restored to consciousness after being stunned, but with scarcely more than enough strength to totter about.



WAR'S RUIN AT COLISEO, TWENTY-TWO MILES EAST OF MATANZAS.

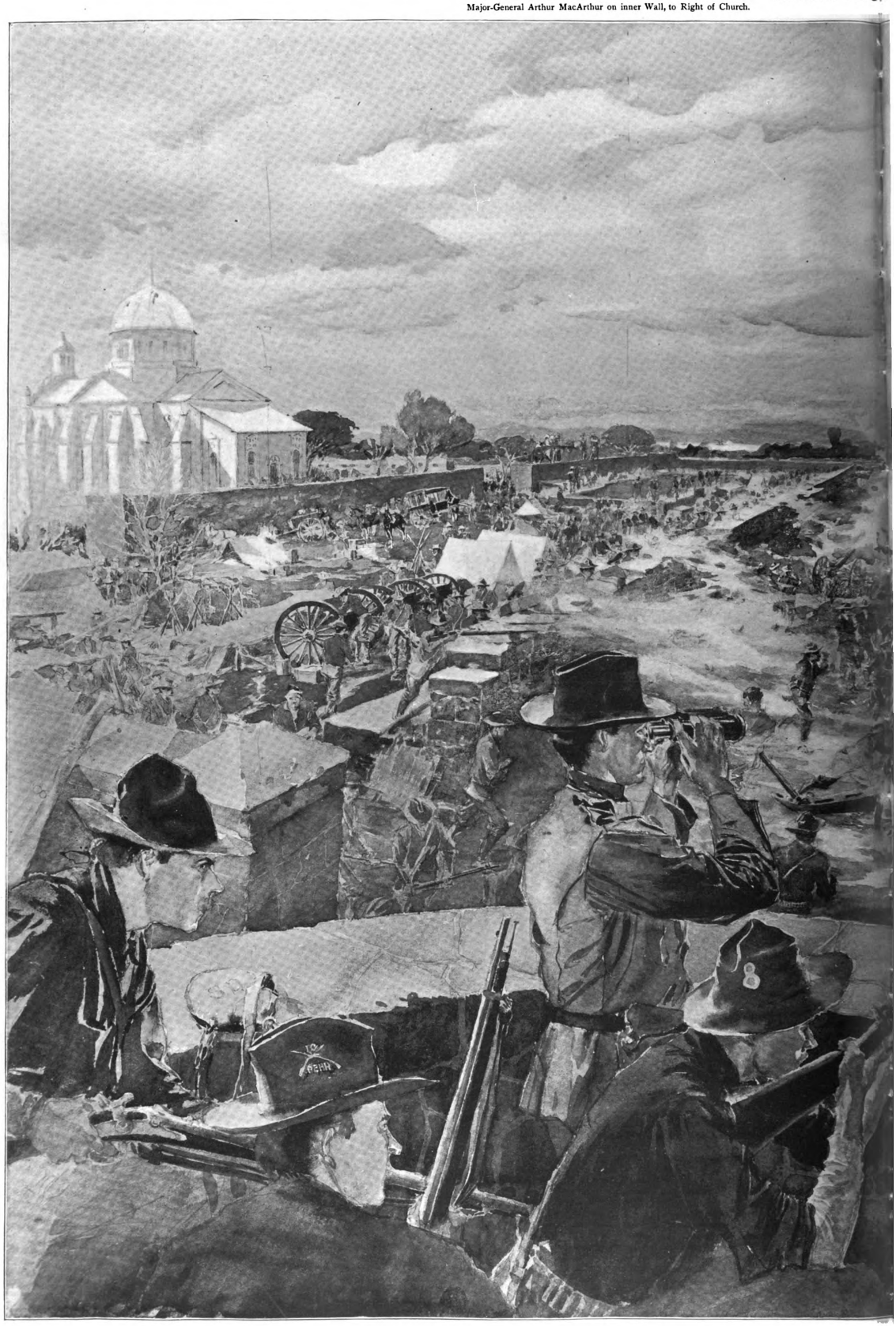
The irresistible conviction is soon forced upon the student of the situation in Cuba that what the island needs most is men and money. Involved in the problem of securing them is the larger problem of the political future of the country. The normal increase in the population cannot supply the island's need of men for many, many years. Immigrants, such as can endure the climate and can work to advantage in it, must come probably from the Canary Islands, or from Italy, rather than from the Southern States of this country. The tide of needed immigration, however, will not set toward Cuban shores until there is reasonable assurance of the protection of human life; and capital, always timid, will not seek investment there until there is a full guarantee from destruction or from serious injury.

The passive state of Cuba was due in some degree to its commercial and political prostration, but to a greater degree probably to the military occupation there. In all the large cities the United States army was in control. In every small town and in every village the Cuban soldiers were in charge. Whatever may have been the actions of the Cuban soldiers in and about Santiago during the campaign there, little reasonable fault can be found with them after the Spaniards went home. They moved right into the towns and villages, preserved the peace invariably, and brought about a condition of order. They worked in perfect harmony with our forces after they arrived, and their commanders detailed their men in accordance with suggestions from our generals and military governors. They worked without pay, and they got their food and clothing as best they could. They practised no tyranny, and showed no spirit of hostility to American occupation.

Many were the complaints because they did not throw down their arms and go to work when the island needed laborers sorely, but there was another side to that. They had been fighting for three years, with little food and clothing, in their own peculiar kind of warfare—a warfare that our rank and file could neither understand nor appreciate—and they were still under orders from their superiors. To throw down their arms would have been a form of desertion, and at a time when there was prospect of receiving a gift of money from the United States—money that was absolutely necessary to start most of them in life again. If there was any fault to be found with the Cuban army, it was with the mysterious increase of about 20,000 in its numbers, and the Cubans themselves showed that they were not lacking in humor as they referred to these so-called soldiers as the "veterans of 1899." As one saw these Cuban soldiers patrolling at railroad stations, doing guard duty at sugar factories, going through the country with American officers on hunts for bandits that swooped down into towns occasionally and stole horses, a sense of respect for them was uppermost, despite

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Major-General Arthur MacArthur on inner Wall, to Right of Church.



THE BATTLE BEFORE CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY

BATTERY OF UTAH ARTILLERY IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND; THE 10TH PENNS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ART.

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10, 1899—VIEW FROM THE CHINESE CHURCH.

LVANIA VOLUNTEERS, OF GENERAL MACARTHUR'S DIVISION, BEHIND THE WALL.

T FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

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A ROYAL PALM-TREE AND BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR MATANZAS.

the sneers that one heard from many Americans who based their judgment upon the episodes around Santiago. I could not but think that perhaps the Cuban soldiers had been as much misunderstood as the Cuban people had been by many of our people, who referred to them with contempt as "Dagoes," and I recalled the words of Mr. E. G. Rathbone, our Director of Posts in Cuba, who has had unusual opportunities for the observation of the masses there, and who said to me, with the privilege of quoting him:

"The people of the United States have a wrong impression of the Cubans. They are kind, gentle, tractable, and easy to get along with. By kindness you can do anything in the world with them. I have studied them closely, and that is my belief."

Whatever may have been their personal opinions as to the future of Cuba, not one of our generals swerved in the least from making it plain to the people that our occupation was to be only temporary. I know whereof I write, for I talked fully and freely with every one of our major-generals in the island, with one exception, but I am not at liberty to quote their words. Major-General Wilson, in Matanzas, publicly made a declaration to this effect, however, on several occasions. He held to the strict letter of the resolutions passed by Congress, which declared:

> That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, *except for the pacification thereof*, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

"We are here as pacificators," General Wilson has said repeatedly, and it was in accordance with this idea that in the latter part of January, while making a tour through the province of Matanzas, he said, in an address to some school-children, that he hoped the boys would grow up to be good and smart men, and that some day one of them might become president of the republic of Cuba.

I know that Governor-General Brooke in the early part of his administration earnestly hoped, and bent every energy to the end, that an occupation of only a few months might be necessary, and it is no secret that he would have liked to bring the entire American army home from Cuba before the rainy season should set in. I am not betraying any confidence when I say that he held the opinion that if Cuba should ever become part of the United States it must be through the open and declared request of the people of the island, with a unanimity of purpose and sentiment behind the request. I know that Major-General Bates held that the one way for the Cubans to secure self-government was to co-operate with our forces to the fullest in the absolute restoration of peace and tranquillity, so that the United States troops might be sent home at the earliest opportunity. I know that Major-General Lee felt that he was in Cuba simply as a soldier. I am positive that Major-General Ludlow, while desirous of carrying out his great task of cleaning up Havana—a task involving more than a year's labor, even with the utmost expedition—personally would have welcomed orders that would have taken our troops out of the island, on the proof that Cuba was able to take care of herself. The administration of Major General Wood in Santiago has indicated freely and openly that he was in accord with these views.

And yet the United States forces still remain in the island, and no one can tell when they will leave. Outwardly the island is pacified. The younger army officers made no secret of their desire to leave the place. There was not an officer of thought, however, who did not hold the opinion that if the United States troops should go home anarchy at once would break out.

"We have pacified the island," said one colonel to me; "now let us go home."

"Yes," said another colonel, "and if we should go home, our transports would be lighted out of the harbor, if they should sail at night, by the flames of anarchy; but that is none of our business."

From a thorough study of the situation I am convinced that what the officers said about anarchy is true. Our major-generals know it, and if they should speak their minds freely they would probably say that unless the United States want to stand before the bar of the nations of the world convicted of leaving a condition of affairs worse than the horrors of war that existed in Cuba before they went there, it will be not only one year, but two years, and probably three, before our troops leave the island. "Except for the pacification thereof," the resolutions of Congress read. The administration has been compelled to interpret that clause as meaning the *permanent pacification thereof*, and in the full meaning of that interpretation, no matter what the real purposes of the administration are, lies the future of the island of Cuba.

And now let me speak frankly on the subject of annexation. I went to Cuba with the earnest purpose of obtaining any material that would be of service in controverting expansionist ideas, and that would justify the advocacy of a prompt relinquishment of the island to its own people. This is what I found: Every person of the pro-Spanish class, those who sympathized with Spain and hoped she would defeat the revolutionists, wants the United States to retain control of the island. Only in such control do they see any hope of safety for themselves and for their property. The merchants of the islands, almost without exception, want American control, because only in that way do they see any assurance of stability in commerce, and any hope of the full development of the business possibilities of the island. The peasants and laborers, the men who have lived in huts in the country and in hovels in the cities, care only for peace. They want to be let alone. They have been starved and harried and driven about. They are ignorant, they do not know what free institutions mean, but they want the kind of government that will leave them undisturbed by terror, and give them freedom to work and toil, and that will fill no more graveyards with their numbers.

It was only the members of the Cuban army and the members of the Cuban Military Assembly and their immediate sympathizers, so far as I could find, who wanted complete independence for the island. There were many earnest and honest men in the Cuban Assembly. Patriots, in the truest sense, could be found among them. They were not strictly a representative body. One of them said to me—a man who had proved his courage and devotion by heroism that few men would have displayed.

"We want independence for a year or a year and a half. By that time it will become evident that we cannot maintain a national equipment, and, as a natural course, we shall ask the United States to save us from ourselves."

If I should give that man's name it would startle the other members of the Assembly. On every hand it was admitted that the members of that body were men who would like to become presidents, generals, governors, foreign ministers, and the intimation was not lacking that the opportunity to profit, as the Spaniards had done, by means of the agency of governmental power was not missing among the hopes of a few of them. They were denounced by many as political adventurers, and in a sense they were, but there were many honest men among them who believed that Cuba could govern herself, and in that belief they were upheld by the pronounced attitude of General Gomez, whose actions recently seem to indicate that he has changed his mind. Early in the year it was clear to every mind that Gomez was the key to the situation. The Assembly even recognized it. A foreigner, he had fought in two wars for Cuba, because he loved liberty and he hated Spain, which once he served. After he resigned, at the request of the Assembly, because he was not a Cuban and had no right to dictate to Cubans, he remained the key to the situation. I met him in Cienfuegos while he was on his tour of triumph through the island. He was ill, and could scarcely stand more than a few minutes, but there was that spirit of command in his eye and voice, and that moderation and conservatism in his language, that impressed one as being the characteristics of the statesman as well as of the crafty soldier. He was suspicious and reserved in manner, but as he talked with members of his staff in my presence on the duties of the citizen to the community, his voice grew louder and louder, and rang throughout the rooms of the club where he was stopping with the resonance of a commander on the field. He asked me not to quote what he said to me, but not in the class-room of the university have I ever heard more profound philosophy as to the duties of a man toward his fellow-man, or heard words that had a more sincere ring of personal disinterestedness, than those he uttered in an excited voice in that club-room. In an active experience of fifteen years as a newspaper man I have never met a man who was so impressive at first sight as a statesman, in the broadest sense, and as a lover of liberty, as Maximo Gomez. Our government recognized the situation when it dealt with him as to the payment of the $3,000,000 gift to the Cuban army. In his attitude probably will lie the fuller solution of the great Cuban problem.

I should have liked to express a conviction that the Cuban Assembly could set up a stable government, but it is my firm belief that that body took its first step toward final extinction on the day of General Garcia's funeral in Havana. In fact, its members seemed at that time to try to commit political suicide over the body of their former chief. They abandoned his corpse on the street and left him to be buried by the United States authorities because they could not have the place they wanted in the funeral procession. They said that General Brooke had insulted and slighted them. He did nothing of the kind, as I shall show in another chapter of this series. He really knew nothing of what was going on. He sat in his carriage, and a man came to him and asked him if it was his desire that his staff should go with him, and General Brooke naturally said it was, and that was all there was about it so far as General Brooke was concerned. Some of the men who were at Garcia's death-bed were among those who abandoned the body. They made that worst of all scenes—a row at a funeral. They wanted, undoubtedly, the political distinction of being the preferred mourners in a great spectacular pageant in a city hostile to them, and when they thought they were slighted they acted like children.



TYPICAL PEASANT'S HOUSE, OUTSKIRTS OF MATANZAS.

"Why did you do it?" I asked one of the leaders that night, when all Havana was excited and it seemed as if the town would burst into a riot. "It will hurt you with our people. There is nothing Americans dislike more than a scene at a funeral," I added.

"We made a mistake," he said, with only a slight show of resentment, "but we showed one thing." His eyes kindled as he spoke. "We showed that we controlled the Cuban army, for every soldier withdrew at our order."

The only response to that was a silent nod of assent. The Assembly delegate saw its meaning, and with spirit he added:

"You do not believe we are capable of governing ourselves. You surely will not misrepresent us to the American people. There is no one else to govern if we do not."

"I wish, for your own sakes," I replied, "that you could have shown qualities of self-restraint. How can you govern without that?"

"We are willing to give the United States complete control of every kind, except political annexation. You may annex us commercially—that is what we want; but we also want independence—in name at least."

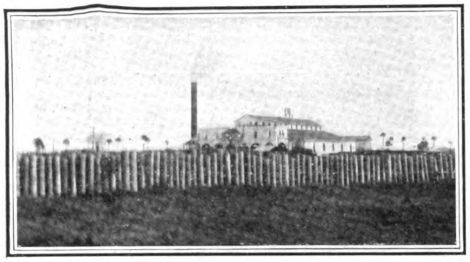
"In other words, you want the offices and the opportunities of office," was the reply, and he acquiesced.

My mind went back to a Cuban colonel whom I met in Santa Clara with Major John A. Logan, whom he was assisting in establishing a temporary rural police of Cuban soldiers. The young colonel spoke English fluently. With vehemence he declared that there were only two Americans on the island who understood the situation. One of them, he said, was Major Logan; I have forgotten who the other man was. This Cuban colonel denounced General Bates openly because General Bates had kept Spanish officials in office. He said that it was all that he and his companions could do to prevent an uprising. General



BURNED SUGAR-REFINERY AT CAMPO FLORIDO.

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SUGAR-REFINERY IN OPERATION LATE IN FEBRUARY.

Bates had told him to his face, he declared, that he wanted trained men in office, and he was not sure that the Cubans would be as satisfactory as those he had retained. So violent did he become in his denunciation that I turned to Major Logan and said:

"I think we are not going to have an easy time in pacifying this country. Haven't you found indications of a desire for revenge here and there?"

"Revenge, did you say?" inquired the colonel, as he sprang to his feet and pounded the table. "Revenge? Revenge? No! We want simple justice!"

I hope I do that man no wrong, but I want to say that if I were a former Spanish official and a personal enemy of that young man, I would not be willing to trust myself out of the sight of other men in his presence. He showed plainly that his ideas of patriotism at that time were limited by public office as to their horizon.

There can be no mistake about it, the war fever is still in the blood of that people, so frightfully wronged and outraged by Spain. I do not blame them for it. It is intensely natural and human; but it is there, and the United States must take account of it. And what is of more importance, perhaps, this country must also take account of the women in black and the enlarged graveyards. The meaning of the tens of thousands of Cuban flags flying from huts, I confess, I failed to understand fully. Whether they meant rejoicing because the Spaniards had gone, or a mere natural love of one's native land, or a simple gladness because the war was over, or a deeper feeling of devotion to the country—a devotion that meant strife with us to secure full freedom from foreign domination—only the future can tell. Those who displayed them were invariably silent as to their meaning.

It was no secret that a large amount of what hostility there was to a long-time American occupation came from the women. The women have suffered most in Cuba. Theirs is the burden of the present and the future. The limits of grief, especially a woman's grief, may not be bounded geometrically. Here are extracts from some notes taken by General Wilson in a tour through his province, which he kindly permitted me to examine:

SANTANILLA.—About 800 widows, girls, and helpless children left without male support.

JAGUEY GRANDE.—About 550 destitute widows, besides 850 destitute women and children.

LAS CABEZAS.—There are now about 300 widows and their families; total destitute, from 700 to 1000.

BOLONDRON.—About 450 women and children without male support.

CORRAL FALSO.—About 100 widows and 400 orphans.

And so the list might be extended to town after town. Remember, this was the situation in small towns, mere villages, and only in one province.

Here are some notes taken by General Wilson as to the conduct of the Spanish soldiers:

LAS CABEZAS.—After the people had planted and raised crops the Spanish soldiers would not permit them to gather them, but took from them, and also stole everything they had—cattle, cows, and chickens.

BOLONDRON.—Spanish soldiers stole everything in sight, and told council to pay for it.

JAGUEY GRANDE.—Eight hundred Spanish troops here for eighteen months; left 28th of November; went to MATANZAS; they robbed the people of everything they possessed—poultry, live-stock, vegetables, fruits—everything.

CUEVITAS.—Spanish troops left here on December 17. They stole everything they could find every night; even broke into houses.

CUMANAYAGUA.—About 800 to 1000 Spanish troops left here on December 11; they stole right and left—everything and everybody.

MAGAGUA.—The Spanish soldiers behaved in the blackest and worst manner. When travelling by train and they saw a herd of cattle, the train would be stopped, such quantity as they needed for use would be killed, and the remainder ruthlessly shot and left lying along the track.

And that feature of Spanish conduct could be extended indefinitely. Let me make two more quotations from these notes, jotted down roughly now and then:

Nobody seems to have yet understood how far-reaching was the effort of General Weyler to starve the Cuban people. He took occasion to send to every town a garrison whose business it was to sweep in all the cattle and other live-stock, and consume it, as well as the garden products; and also to destroy the bananas in the field, leaving the people absolutely without anything to eat or the liberty to procure more by cultivation or purchase.

In explanation of the fact that no farm-houses are to be seen, General Betancourt says that while the custom of the people used to be to live in the country, the war resulted in the burning and destruction of all the houses, and the people were all forced into the towns.

To illustrate the causes for deep resentment on the part of the Cubans who are left, and the possible desire for revenge on Spanish sympathizers, let me relate an incident of an aggravated kind told to me by an American missionary, and vouched for by him as correct, as the result of personal investigation. Just before the reconcentration order went into effect in Santa Clara, a Spanish lieutenant and a detachment rode out into the country one morning. They passed a peasant who, the lieutenant thought, did not show him sufficient respect.

"Tie that man up!" said the lieutenant. After that was done he said, "Bring out his wife and his daughter there."

The soldiers did so. The girl was fourteen years old. Then by orders the soldiers began to hack at the man with their machetes. The woman fainted. They revived her; and then, as the missionary told it, "it was hack and faint, hack and faint, until the man was killed." The detachment went on, and the widow the next day came to town to ask permission to give her husband's body decent burial in town. The Spanish authorities were very sympathetic, and even gave her written permission to do as she wished. The next day the lieutenant and detachment came back, just as the widow went for the body.

"What did they do with the body of that man killed here yesterday?" asked the officer.

"Here is his widow," said a man who was acting as escort, "and she has written permission to give the body burial."

"That is the way they treat me, is it?" said the lieutenant. "Tie the woman up! Tie up her daughter!"

Looking at the woman closely, he said, with a refinement of cruelty that probably only a Spaniard could show: "There will soon be another Cuban to take that man's place. Kill her and her daughter!" and they did.

That was an extremely aggravated case, but it could be matched with others. All I have to say about it is that if that woman has any relatives left, and if they have no desire to clutch some one's throat, they must be strangely put together.

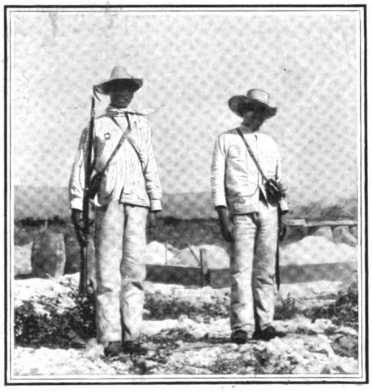
And so, to conclude this topic, I was forced to believe that ninety per cent. of the people in the island of Cuba want annexation to this country; that the war fever is still in the blood of the soldiers; that there is a love of country which has not yet been fathomed; that the grief-stricken women have a strong feeling of resentment; that the Cuban Assembly and the party it represents, so far as there is one, had not capacity for self-government as we understand it. So it may be said that the real desire of the people of Cuba is for union with this country. That, bluntly, is what they want. The problem is, what we want to do about it, and it is for President McKinley and the American Congress to decide. One of the foremost champions of the recent revolution said to me,

"I am now asking my people whether they would prefer freedom under the American flag with security, or freedom under the Cuban flag without security."

A former Spanish Senator, a man who has accepted the new order of things, frankly said to me:

"Even if we were perfectly harmonious here, we could not establish a government for a long time. We are in a passive state. There is no co-ordination of forces yet. We must wait until some party with strength comes to the front, or your people must take us into your federation."

Whatever shall be the result, it is evident that American occupation is to last for some time. If there should arise a determination by the people of this country to annex Cuba, it must be done through tact. That would be



THE CUBAN SOLDIER AS HE IS.
PINAR DEL RIO.

a form of high statesmanship. Force will be resisted. The American government must at least be polite, even if it is not sincere. I do not advocate annexation, but of this I am certain, there will be no permanent peace in Cuba unless the island is under our protection, and Cuba will not be all that Cuba can be unless it is under our flag. If that should come about there will soon be no lack of men or money for the island. But it will bring its color-line discord. General Ludlow knows what this means, for did he not have to close a café run by three Texans because they refused to sell a negro Cuban general drinks? In one sense American annexation has already begun. Our money has become the standard of currency in Cuba. Reports from Santiago say that American money has practically driven out Spanish money. During the first week of our management of the Havana custom-house only about $500 in $50,000 was paid in American money for duties. In less than six weeks these figures were reversed, and the prediction was made that in less than six months American money would practically be the only money in general use in the island.

As one goes through the island of Cuba nature presents to him one inspiring sight. It is the presence by thousands upon thousands of royal palm-trees. They are beautiful, majestic, useful, stalwart, commanding, and emblematic of integrity and lofty purpose. Why that tree was not used as a symbol on the flag of Cuba I cannot understand. I am sure that if Cuba had raised up among her people men as towering and as commanding as she has raised trees among her vegetation, no one need worry as to her future. But, alas! what country has ever done that?

LONDON

April 15, 1899.

THE Transvaal question is entering upon a new phase. From letters which have reached me from Johannesburg, and from communications with the leaders of the Progressives who are now in London, I gather that important decisions must shortly be taken which will affect the whole future of South Africa, and especially the welfare of the British and American population of the South-African Republic. Within two or three days from the present time a petition signed by twenty-one thousand Uitlanders will reach the Colonial Office. This petition is the result of a purely popular movement, has not been instigated by the millionaires of Park Lane or the leaders of the mining industry, but is signed by miners, storekeepers, shopkeepers, and householders, who are compelled to provide funds for the maintenance of a corrupt and extravagant oligarchy masquerading as republicans, without receiving any of the representative rights accorded by civilized governments to those who bear the chief burden of taxation. Although Mr. Rhodes is in London, he is taking no part in this new movement for the emancipation of the Uitlanders. Mr. George Farrar, one of the four reformers who were condemned to death in 1896, and respited on paying a fine of $125,000, is debarred by his oath from taking active and responsible leadership of the new movement, but is known to be keenly in sympathy with it. Mr. Farrar deeply regrets the part he took in the raid, and although the past is irretrievable, is convinced that the time has now come when the question of the suzerainty and the position of the Uitlanders must be determined, once for all. Mr. Farrar having spent $500,000 out of his own pocket in his endeavor to improve the status of Anglo-Saxons in the Transvaal, is presumably sincere in his desire to better their political position.

NEGOTIATIONS were recently opened between Mr. Kruger and the leaders of the Transvaal mining industry, among whom are Mr. George Farrar, Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Company, Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Leonard, and others. While these negotiations were in progress the important petition above referred to was already being prepared, without the knowledge of the South-African millionaires. There was no collusion whatever. The petition was sent through Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of the Cape. It recites the injustice to which British and American citizens are subjected, and it demands the interference of the suzerain power in order to end a position of affairs which has become intolerable. I understand that this petition has received the support of Sir Alfred Milner, who is one of the ablest and most trusted of our colonial governors, and, like almost all our most prominent statesmen, is a Balliol man. The question that excites the mind of every one interested in South Africa is, What will be the answer of Mr. Chamberlain to the Uitlanders' prayer? Will it be inserted in a pigeon-hole, as though it were a cry from Bulgaria or a shriek from the mountains of Armenia; or, on the other hand, will it be favorably considered and the necessary pressure exerted in Pretoria? With events of vast and far-reaching importance looming in China, and with the new Samoan trouble, the government are unwilling to face a new Transvaal crisis unless they are absolutely compelled to do so. Whether adequate pressure will be exerted for the purpose of securing to the Uitlanders their full treaty rights, or whether their petition be ignored, the inevitable Transvaal crisis is at hand.

THE people who started a constitutional agitation for reform in 1895, which met with disaster when Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson interfered, are the same people who are now crying to the mother-country for help in their need. Their voice has been stilled, and the flow of public sympathy so freely expressed three years ago has been arrested, because anything in the shape of agitation in the Transvaal has, not unnaturally, been attributed to the machinations of Mr. Rhodes. There is no ground for thus identifying the Rhodesian ring with the Transvaal Anglo-Saxons who are now appealing to the British public. They are backed up by Sir Alfred Milner, and they were instantly supported by the capitalists immediately the petition became known, although the latter were actually in communication with Mr. Kruger, with a view to settlement. The mining magnates prefer to sacrifice any advantages that the Transvaal executive may offer to the mining industry rather than sell the pass and abandon the people. I am informed that English investments in the Transvaal are being rapidly transferred to the French and Germans. The political centre of gravity is changing, and if the Uitlanders' petition be rejected there is no doubt that the whole of the British subjects in the Transvaal will be alienated from their mother-country, and both they and the leaders of the mining industry will be compelled to make what terms they can with Mr. Kruger. A strong republic, doubly embittered by the treatment of Downing Street, will thus be firmly established in the centre of South Africa, and the federation of African states under British control and defended by the British navy will be indefinitely postponed.

THERE is reason to believe that within the last few months the Colonial Office has invited Mr. Kruger to define the nature of the suzerainty. To this letter no reply has been received. The time has come for the suzerainty to be defined and established, and to this demand Sir Alfred Milner lends his support. It is conjectured that the refusal of Sir Alfred Milner's recommendation to the British government to accede to the prayer of the petitioners will be followed by Sir Alfred Milner's resignation. The petitioners declare that the Transvaal Convention was never intended to humiliate Anglo-Saxon settlers in the Transvaal, and they deny that an independent state was created by the treaties of 1881 and 1884. It is not the fault of unarmed and voteless Uitlanders if the prestige of Great Britain has been sacrificed through carelessness, or from the pressure of her international engagements elsewhere. French and German capitalists in the Transvaal are beginning to feel their power, and if England casts off her own people, and thus virtually renounces her suzerainty over the Transvaal, it is certain that the Kaiser and

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the French will seek to deal direct with Pretoria, for the protection of their own national interests.

ENGLAND, therefore, is in this position: she is either bound to interfere on behalf of her subjects in the Transvaal, thus maintaining her suzerainty, or she will not be justified in playing dog in the manger by preventing the French and German governments from safeguarding their large interests in the country by direct negotiations with Mr. Kruger. The investment of capital on the part of Americans and of French and Germans in the Transvaal was made under the guarantee of the British convention of 1884, and unless the suzerainty be maintained, it is certain that English investors in the Transvaal will transfer their interests to foreigners, and the country and its ever-growing trade will drift into the hands of foreigners, and be irretrievably lost to the British.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is in a very difficult position. The government is not so strong as it was, the cold fit against expansionist policy has begun to set in, and the excitement of the Fashoda incident and the forth-coming Peace Congress disincline the House of Commons and the press generally from approving the adoption of an adventurous course in the Transvaal. Still, the situation has to be faced. Great efforts are being made to rouse public opinion from its apathy, and for the first time during the last fourteen years a grave South-African question has arisen in which Mr. Rhodes's influence is not sought. The evil of the raid is now beginning to be felt.

THE unexpected and unwelcome publication of a French and Belgian prospectus of a loan of about $22,500,000 for the construction of a railway from Peking to Han-kow has again drawn attention to the China question. In the teeth of British opposition, Russia and France (for Belgium is merely in China as a Russian cat's-paw) have succeeded in securing the construction of the main line of communication across the Yang-tse Valley. Fresh attention is drawn to the situation in China, and the report of Lord Charles Beresford is anticipated with keen interest. This report, which extends to some four hundred pages, will be published by the Harpers simultaneously in England and the United States. I have had the opportunity of perusing the book, and though of course its contents cannot be divulged, I may say that students of high politics, and the general public, will, for the first time, have the China question put before them in a coherent and connected form. The narrative is deeply interesting, and the plea for the maintenance of the open door is sustained in a measured sequence of fact and argument that will appeal to the conscience as well as to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon people. Lord Charles deeply feels the ignominious reversal of British traditions which has characterized our treatment of China. There was a time when the hereditary policy of Britain was to befriend weak nations. That is ancient history. England has taken what does not belong to her in China, under threats of guns and ships, for no better reason than that the military powers of Europe were doing the same.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has struck a note in his book which will appeal to the better sense of the English-speaking world, although the money-mongers and cosmopolitan financiers may ridicule, as is their wont, the higher plane of thought and feeling from which Lord Charles discusses the whole China problem. The work is a most laborious, interesting, and successful effort to bring together all the information obtainable. The interviews with the various viceroys and the expression of the opinion of the educated Chinese, which are reported in Lord Charles's book, give quite a new idea of the moral and intellectual possibilities of China as a nation. After reading all the contemporary literature on the subject to which I have been able to obtain access, I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Charles Beresford's book on China contains more informative and interesting matter than all of them put together. In the words of a Japanese writer, he has "ever been bluffly straightforward, but withal a prudent politician. We therefore rejoice at his outspoken belief in the potential qualities of our Chinese neighbors, and are ready to enter into any compact having for its object the maintenance of the integrity of the Chinese Empire."

ARNOLD WHITE.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

BURDEN-BEARING IN PUERTO RICO

A COUNTRY without roads will have a population of human burden-carriers, and generally primitive transportation methods, and nowhere is this axiom better exemplified than in Puerto Rico. It seems curious that a little island settled as early as 1511, with a population of a quarter of a million souls two hundred years later, and with a full million near the end of four hundred years—



FAMILY, BASKETS AND ALL, GOING TO TOWN.

or at the present time—should yet be in the travails of primitive methods of burden-carrying. Yet this is so. The last century, with its giant strides of machine-made progress, has only left its impress on lagging Spain reflectively, for she could not respond to the vivifying impulses of a modern world. What progress she has made, what advances her colonies have felt, have been thrust on them from the abounding, hurrying civilization of other nations.

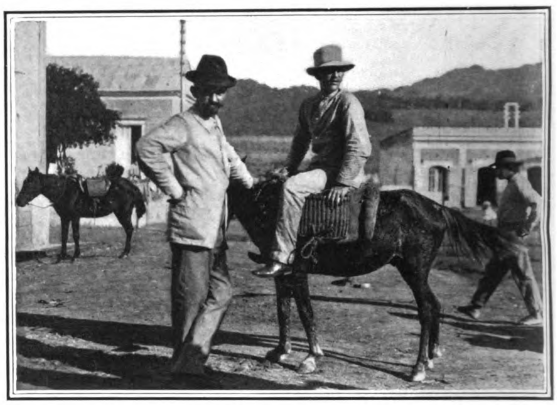
Every engineering scheme and also every new mechanical device and method used in her erstwhile isles of the West Indies will be found to have emanated from foreign influences. It is not intended here, however, to discuss Spanish mediævalism, but rather to describe the methods and means of transportation in vogue in Puerto Rico as they exist to-day, when America takes up the great responsibility of making new history for the island.

Spanish life, with its homes, its posing, its indolence, its mañana, affords rare gems for the painter's brush, and as a never-ending field of picture possibilities to the photographer it is superb, but it brings from the lips of the hustling business man of America, decided and demanding, just plain ordinary profanity.

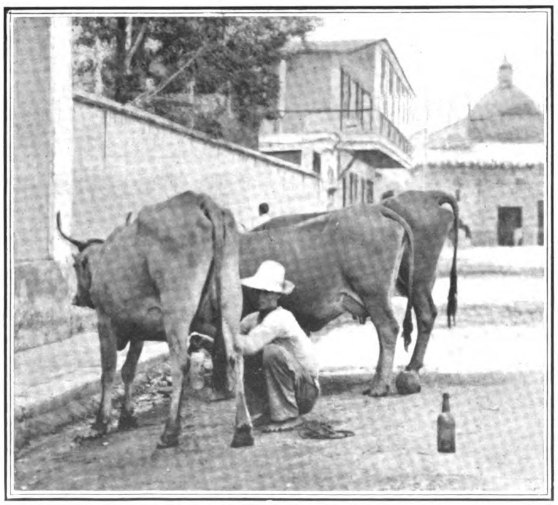
The bread-wagon is on the street somewhere; you hear the vendor's high-keyed plaintive cry rising and falling with a musical cadence. He will be before your door after a while, and in the mean time be patient, even if you are inclined to be cross before your coffee, eggs, and bread in the morning; for your human bread-wagon, with the great board or basket, filled with fifty fine fresh loaves, balanced deftly on his head, must see the settlement of a misunderstanding between two scratching, biting, half-clad urchins; now he has stopped to banter a merry-eyed, dark-skinned girl, whose tattered gown discloses that she is a Venus in disguise; and, heavens! he has stopped again to get a light for his inevitable cigarette. The bread is all the better when you get it, for you are extremely hungry.

"Great Scott! I'll wring your Dago neck if you don't get around in the morning with our milk," an exasperated officer cried to the man who drove his dairy farm from door to door; but the man — not understanding — smiled his languid smile, and answered, "Muchas gracias, señor!" and forthwith sat himself on his haunches and proceeded to wring the warm lacteal fluid from the soft-eyed cow into a wine-bottle. How was he to blame that the half-starved calves which coax the milk to flow from the walking cows, with never a good round pull from the nipple for themselves, cavorted wildly through the plaza, and had to be finally tied, neck to neck, to keep them from running amok? The Americanos are so rude!

The food vendors are so interesting, so picturesque, that one forgives them, after breakfast! Everywhere through the streets in the early morning float the cries of men and boys, in singsong notes, calling the excellency of their wares. Here is a tall lithe fellow, with a swinging trot, carrying on his head an immense board of fresh vegetables, and as he comes down the street, turning his head stiffly from side to side, slowing the spinning motion of the plank with a touch of his hand, eagerly watching the doors and windows for the beckoning finger of a customer, his deeper cry mingles with the high-pitched shrill voice of the little black fellow, hardly waist-high, coming from the other corner, with a tray, teetering on the woolly pate, filled with cocoanut and sugar dulces his black mother has an hour before pressed into shape with not over-clean hands.



THE TRAIL-PONY WITH WICKER SADDLE.



A PUERTO-RICAN MILKMAN—NO ADULTERATION.

The number and variety of things which are sold from these recklessly balanced boards are amazing; all kinds of vegetables and fruits, dulces, candies, cakes, trinkets, and bottled fermented cocoanut milk.

Some of the equilibrious feats are remarkable. The angle which the heavy tray may take seems to make little difference, for they apparently never drop them. It is possible to turn completely around with a tray five feet long, which sets it slowly whirling by momentum, without touching hand to it; and I once saw a man chase a tantalizing boy half a block with a tray piled up with cakes and candies on his head, finally landing him in the gutter with a flying kick, without so much as shaking his load.

In the early morning, when the shadows creep long and slender on the ground, the roads to the cities are filled with country market people. The milkman is perhaps most in evidence, either driving his cows with him to milk before his customer's door—which method, by-the-bye, should insure unadulterated milk—or carrying a big can decorated with dangling ladles and measures on his head. Some of them swing along with lurching step, never touching hand to the high ten-gallon, open-mouthed can of fluid.

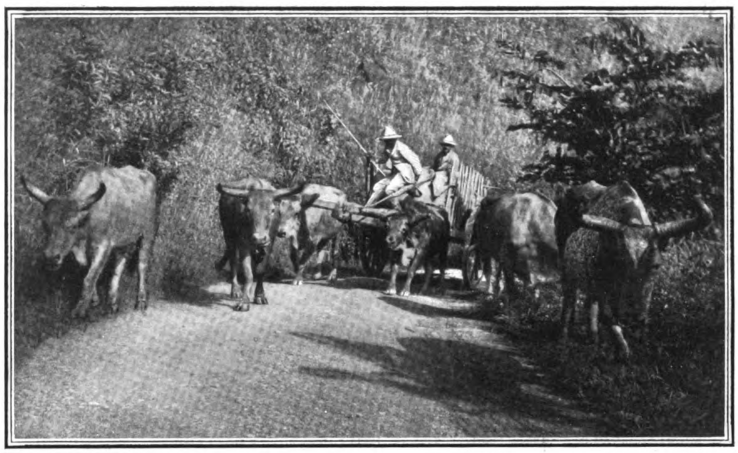
The hat-weaver and the broom-maker stride unsociably behind each other toward the market-place to sell the handiwork of a week's labor, carrying their wares on an oscillating shoulder-pole. The banana and platano man moves forward under a load of two hundred

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pounds of green bunches of fruit as if it were a feather, while coming out of town are two peddlers with baskets piled high with cheap stuffs for the peasants, so heavy that they must have assistance to lower them to the ground, and still they will march five miles without a rest.

In the never-flagging procession come four men, two bearing, swung to the bamboo pole on their shoulders, a rude hammock, with a tented sheet screening its contents from the rapidly heating sun. Only a poor old man going into town to die! They may take him into the poorhouse if he belongs to the Church; if not, he goes to the bare room of the dead-house at the cemetery. Too sick to work; too poor to be cared for—a blessing to die!

The more opulent travel on ponies, with great loads bulging from their sides which would put a full-grown government pack-mule to the blush. Oranges are carried in great round panniers, which, when well filled, must weigh nearly three hundred pounds; and the driver, not content with all this load sawing on his little animal's back, usually puts himself astride in the centre. It is no uncommon sight to see half the family, baskets and all, go to town on one pony, the man and wife aback, and the youngsters in the baskets.



OXEN—THE PRINCIPAL DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

The real gentleman—that is, the Spanish official gentleman—never rides a basket saddle; he prefers an English saddle; but the majority of mountain-living coffee and tobacco planters use almost exclusively a soft leather pad, to which are attached two small rectangular wicker baskets.

The position astride the animal is one of sitting on a stool with your legs dangling from the knees. The gait of the ponies is a quick running walk or single-foot, which is very smooth going from the back of this broad pad—easier, in fact, than on a saddle with stirrups. All the native horse stock are small, and many of them are hardly higher than a good-sized Shetland. Their staying qualities are marvellous, and in a day's ride over trails no American horse can stay near them. They are the horse for Puerto Rico and tropical climates generally. The stock might be improved in size, perhaps, by crossing with the hardy cayuse or cow-pony blood, but an admixture of blooded large stock would be a doubtful experiment. The big American animal does not thrive in the climate.

The principal draught animals are oxen. Fine, large, big-horned fellows, quick and active on their feet, and, when urged forward, capable of keeping up a trotting gait for miles. It is said that the use of oxen as draught animals indicates a primitive condition in the evolution of a people. The great mass of the people are primitive enough to bear out this assertion, but it must be said that the indigenous ox has been highly bred to a quicker draught animal than is ever seen elsewhere. He is an admirable institution in an agricultural country where four yokes of animals are required to drag a plough through the heavy cane-land, and as a draught animal he nearly rivals the mule. The mule will probably replace him in the course of time, but the heavy horse never, as the climate and the diseases are against him.

In the island oxen are firmly yoked from the horns, in place of the loose yoke on the shoulders known to us in America. Considerable criticism has been indulged in by the late invaders regarding this cruel manner of handling the beasts, but, as a matter of fact, a yoke firmly lashed at the base of the horns, which is the strongest draught point on these short heavy-necked animals, is far preferable to an open yoke which wears the shoulders into blisters at every step. They move more easily in the stiff yoke, and back admirably, which is a movement not executed with the open yoke.

It is distressing to watch the drivers goading their teams forward with sharp spikes driven in the end of light shafts, and blood is often seen flecking their necks where the cruel barb has been wilfully thrust home. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are the only remedies against the man with a heart of stone toward his beast.

The ox-cart is the typical, heavy, two-wheeled, broad-tired vehicle known to every southern Californian, and on it the immense loads are conveyed over the best military highways, and during the cropping seasons of coffee, tobacco, and sugar the strings of lumbering carts seem never to cease by day, and at night one hears the rumbling of train after train, each carrying spook-like candle-lanterns made of tin—a favorite one being an old coal-oil can driven full of round holes, behind which the candle splutters and flickers fantastically.

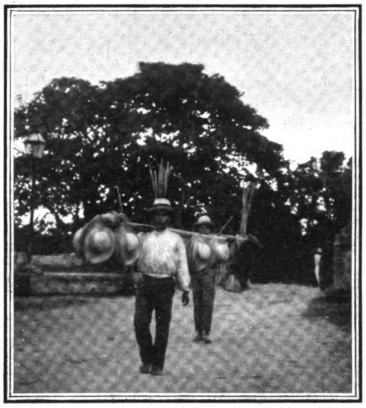
Every town has its scores of island-made public carriages of the surrey class, drawn by sore-backed rats of ponies. They are exceedingly comfortable, and the rates are low, governed by municipal regulation. The Jehu is no more exemplary than our own metropolitan cabby, and it is advisable to make your bargain in advance, or be willing to pay on demand, go to the alcalde's office and settle it, or walk away while your driver dances around and talks excited Spanish.

No city except Mayaguez has yet soared to the height of rail-riding cars. The foot, the ox-cart, the pony, and the low carriage have sufficed elsewhere. Mayaguez alone took a metropolitan flight, and established a line of street cars running through the city to the water-front a mile away. They run on a track so narrow that one feels like sticking his foot out and hopping along to keep the car balanced. The little boxes hold sixteen passengers on a squeeze, and are drawn by mules, and, though they run fifteen minutes apart, they are a comfort to the travelling public, and are much patronized.

As I sit in the growing twilight voices are wafted to my balcony in weird foreign cries of "Dulce! Si vende! dulce!" "Agua de coco! Mucho fresco!" For a hundred years—yes, for two hundred years—have these voices filled the evening air and pleaded for patronage from some fair buyer on the balconies above, where idly the Spanish belle wiles away the evening in laughter, and casts longing eyes at the gay caballero promenading beneath. A generation hence and all this will have passed away, and in the dying a new strong nation will have arisen—the old charming picture gone, and a new one of smoking trains, burring trolleys, blinding lights, a milkman in a wagon, and a huckster with a one-horse cart, who cries: "Fish! Fresh fish!"



THE BANANA AND PLATANO SELLER.



THE HAT-WEAVER AND BROOM-MAKER.

A pair of hogs, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds apiece, are often brought to market in these big baskets, with all four feet tied together, and through their muzzled mouths they give forth a very faint intimation of what protests they would utter if they were to slip the curb.

The bulkiness of some of their pony-loads takes the breath away. For example, one man comes to town with a load of eighteen plaited pack-saddles, two bales of grass for horse-collars larger than those of compressed hay, and on the top of all this two new wicker baskets; even then, not satisfied with the staggering load, the master hoists himself up between these hills of grass and placidly rides twelve kilometres into the city.

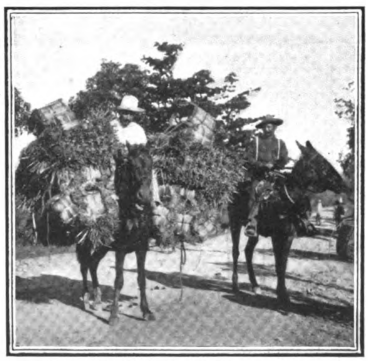
Trunks, household furniture, and, in fact, everything, are packed over the steepest, most precipitous mountain trails on the backs of these patient, ever-responding little native ponies. One never ceases sympathizing with these sturdy animals, which, badly treated and uncared-for, struggle through life handicapped with weights far above their class.



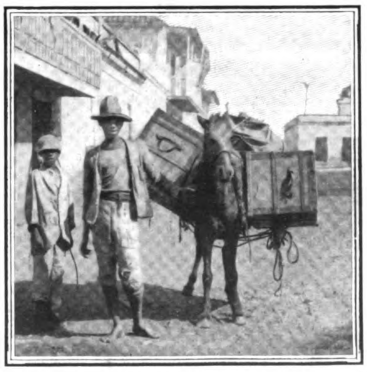
A DULCE-VENDOR.



MILK-VENDOR.



A HEAVY PACK.



THE UBIQUITOUS PACK-HORSE.

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The Samoan Treaty

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THERE is no doubt that the present state of affairs in Samoa, so far as the three protecting powers are concerned, is intolerable, and it is to be hoped that one of the results of the labors of the joint commission will be the discontinuance of a partnership to which one of the powers has already shown itself disloyal. At the same time it is just as well to understand the German side of the controversy, and to comprehend fully the beginnings and causes of the trouble which has already brought forth a small tragedy. No American or English newspaper has seen fit to publish the full report of Dr. Raffel, the President under the Berlin treaty, to his government, although it is he, and not Consul Rose, who is primarily responsible for the attitude which Germany has assumed. While I have not seen this report, I have learned its contents from Dr. Raffel himself, and am therefore able to state its purport for the information of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In the first place, it is Dr. Raffel's assertion that the Germans, under the policy which he adopted, were not favoring either the Mataafa or the Malietoa faction, but were intent only on leaving the selection of their King to the natives, the three powers confining themselves to the task of protecting the rights of the whites, and, if necessary, compelling the observance of their treaty privileges. In view of the powers which the whites' overlordship possessed under the treaty, it is difficult to understand how the German attitude could become practicable without the unanimous consent of the local representatives of the three powers. But, however that may be, it is clear enough that Dr. Raffel's view is worthy of consideration and suggests a possible solution of the existing complication. Accepting the assertion as true, as we must, the action of the Germans that followed is intelligible up to the point where the German President broke with his American and English colleagues.

It must also be understood that Germany had withdrawn her opposition to Mataafa before the elder Malietoa's death, and had therefore abandoned the position she had assumed ten years before in consequence of the killing of German subjects by Mataafa's followers. The reason for this change of attitude on the part of Germany, as stated by Dr. Raffel, is enlightening and perhaps controlling as to the whole situation. At the last election before that from which this complication has arisen the candidacy of Mataafa was barred, owing to the protest of Germany, a protest which was recognized as valid by the other two powers, who, however, were then friendly to Mataafa. What followed, however, had not been foreseen. Since Mataafa's defeat and expulsion there have been two governments in Samoa. Malietoa ruled over the capital and the municipal district, but his authority was not respected in the rest of the kingdom, which was therefore his only nominally. Outside of the small jurisdiction of Malietoa, the rebels ruled supreme. At first Mataafa was the rival King, and after his banishment the young Tamasese ruled. The rebels, representing the great majority of the Samoans, refused to pay taxes for the support of the Malietoa dynasty. Acting upon this refusal, the Samoans loyal to Malietoa and obedient to the powers also declined to pay taxes, and therefore the whites in turn declined to pay their share towards the support of the complicated political structure. This left Dr. Raffel without funds for the payment of salaries, including the salary of the Chief Justice. This, however, was provided for by a diversion of customs revenues, but the King was left unpaid until the loyal Samoans and the whites changed their minds. In the mean time the rebels exercised full jurisdiction in the islands outside of the municipal district. If a Samoan was caught stealing from a white, or violating the laws in any way, he was arrested by the rebels and punished, or handed over to the whites for punishment. If, however, the latter undertook to carry their prisoner to Malietoa's government for punishment by the Supreme Court, he was immediately rescued, the rebels saying that the Americans or Germans or English, as the case might be, could punish the culprit, or he might be left to the justice of Tamasese. In no event would the rebels permit him to be delivered over to the government which was presided over by Malietoa and recognized by the three powers.

According to Dr. Raffel, it was this state of affairs which convinced him, and presumably his government, that nothing but harm could result from white interference in the native politics of the archipelago. Therefore, towards the end of Malietoa's life, the death of the King not being anticipated, the Germans yielded at least a tacit consent that Mataafa might be brought back, Malietoa himself having consented on condition that his old enemy would be loyal to his government. Before Mataafa reached the island, however, Malietoa died, and native political complications arose almost immediately. Weeks before the election for the successor of Malietoa could be held, Mataafa and his followers camped in large numbers in the vicinity of the capital, and it was clear, so Dr. Raffel thought, that Mataafa would be chosen. He further says that Chief-Justice Chambers wrote a letter to a leading American merchant of Apia, saying that if Mataafa were elected he did not see how he could avoid declaring him King. As the American to whom this letter was addressed was friendly to Mataafa, the declaration of the Chief Justice was speedily made known to the friends of the old chief throughout the islands. The result of the election and the subsequent action of the Chief Justice are matters of familiar knowledge, but it is with this decision that the rupture between America and England on the one side, and Germany on the other, begins, and it is with this rupture and the light which it throws upon the tripartite agreement that we have now principally to deal.

Let it be taken for granted, then, that the German policy was simply one of non-interference in Samoan politics. Dr. Raffel, acting on this, refused German aid in support of the decision which had been made by Chief-Justice Chambers against Mataafa's eligibility, and declaring that Malietoa Tanu had been elected. It is unnecessary to discuss Dr. Raffel's criticisms of Chief-Justice Chambers and his decision. He alleges that the Germans have by far the largest commercial interests in the islands; that there are only two American merchants who are at all to be considered, and that they are both friendly to Mataafa; and that the main or sole English interest is that of the London mission. Dr. Raffel is convinced, indeed, that the occasion of the quarrel is entirely ecclesiastical; that Mataafa being a Catholic and more or less under the control of the French Jesuits of the island, the English Protestant missionaries are fearful of the consequences to their cause if he is permitted to rule over the islands. He says that the Chief Justice, contrary to the advice and warning of his predecessor, took up his residence at the London mission-house when he first came to the islands as Land Commissioner, and that he has since been entirely under the influence of the London mission, which, in turn, is naturally protected by the English naval force. Dr. Raffel insists that it is because of this influence, which he regards as unwholesome, that the Chief Justice changed his mind and rendered a decision in favor of Malietoa Tanu and against Mataafa, after he had declared that he did not see how he could possibly do so.

The merits of the decision, however, are, as I have already said, not now in controversy, but they clearly ought to be made a subject of inquiry by our government. If Chief-Justice Chambers is such a man as Dr. Raffel describes him to be, he ought not surely to be in any official position, much less in one which gives him an opportunity to embroil us with such powers as Germany and England, with both of which we ought not only to be at peace, but on terms of friendship. So far as the representatives of the three powers were concerned, however, the decision of the Chief Justice was the law, and Dr. Raffel should have respected it as such. In Samoa there were, and are, under the Berlin treaty and under certain conditions, two parties. One party consists of the natives, and the other of the three powers, whose representatives, therefore, are bound in loyalty to act together. Consequently, whatever Dr. Raffel may have thought of the decision which Chief-Justice Chambers rendered in behalf of Malietoa Tanu and against Mataafa, he should have supported the Chief Justice. Possibly this would have brought all three powers into an ineffectual conflict with Mataafa and his followers. But it is far from certain, on the other hand, that it would not have been followed by a peace which would have enabled the three powers to settle the question at issue without loss of life, as they must now settle them after the killing of English and American officers and sailors, and after a serious and regrettable quarrel between two of the signatory powers and Germany. As it was, the American and English representatives could not, or did not, enforce the decision of the Chief Justice, and Dr. Raffel himself consented to what was practically an overthrow of the treaty government and the substitution of a provisional government, which, in turn, has been overthrown by Admiral Kautz and Captain Sturdee.

It is clear, on this recital of the German case, that the overlordship of the three powers is a failure. It may be, as has been charged, that the Germans desire to annex Samoa to their empire, and that therefore they are quite willing that the Berlin treaty should be torn up and the islands left to the future, which embraces quite as many possibilities for Germany as for England or the United States. Probably, in view of Germany's friendship for Mataafa, who doubtless represents a very large majority of the Samoans, Germany would be in a much better position than either of the other powers for future undivided control or influence in the islands. It may be, on the other hand, that Germany does not want the islands, and is merely desirous, as Dr. Raffel says, to put an end to the treaty because it is impracticable, and because the three powers can protect their own people, each acting separately, much more efficaciously and much more agreeably than is possible under the existing arrangement. This arrangement, at all events, is a mistake, and those who were opposed to the Berlin treaty when it was before the Senate are justified. The bargain was a foolish one, but it cannot be terminated, of course, until the three powers agree. It is one of the follies of nations that a government must hold on to all that it has gained by war or by treaty until it can obtain at least an apparent consideration for anything it may surrender. And this is true even if in holding on it must expend valuable lives and treasure only less valuable. It may be that we cannot get out of Samoa without a great sacrifice, notwithstanding the fact that the cost of remaining will always be greater than the value of the islands, and that the time is inevitable when the whole country will wish that Mr. Cleveland had yielded to the temptation which was strong with him during his second administration, and had simply abandoned the unfortunate enterprise with which he found himself burdened during his first term. But we can at least withdraw from a tripartite arrangement which seems to be binding on one of the parties only so long as it approves of the conduct of the representatives of the other two. Germany has insisted on the unanimous action of the members of the new commission which is to determine the right and wrong of the conduct of Dr. Raffel and Consul Rose on the one side, and of Chief-Justice Chambers, Admiral Kautz, and Captain Sturdee on the other. This principle of unanimity is essential to the success of any tripartite international agreement, and it can never be more necessary than in an agreement under which three civilized powers undertake the control or the protection of a savage or semi-savage people. In this case the German representatives have taught the Samoans that they are dealing with a divided and even a warring protectorate, and therefore the protectorate must fail of the purpose for which it was established—that is, the joint enforcement of such law and order as is essential to the defence of the rights of the whites against the changing policies of Samoan chiefs and Samoan politics. It is evident now that one power of the three may be separated from the other two by considerations or circumstances appealing to the selfish interests of its own people; and it will not necessarily always be the same power, although it is difficult to conceive of Americans and Englishmen being disloyal to a treaty into which they have entered for the defence of their mutual rights. Even in their case, however, it can be imagined that one may be separated from the other by an appeal to its sense of justice, but when a separation of one from the other does take place, the position of the protectorate is not alone put in danger. In this instance it has been shown that the lives and property of the citizens of the two remaining loyal to each other and to their agreement are likely to be sacrificed when the natives are convinced that their disorder may have the countenance of the third power. So long, then, as this tripartite agreement remains in force, the Samoans may be counted on to intrigue for the purpose of seducing one of the powers from its allegiance to the other two, and therefore there is nothing but trouble, jealousy, and perhaps open hostility in store for the future. By all means, let us break up this incompatible partnership. Dr. Raffel's own story, justify himself and condemn Chief-Justice Chambers as he may, proves that the Berlin treaty is a delusion and a snare, and that it not only does not benefit the Samoans or the whites of the island, but that it may bring about a war over these savages—the contemplation of which brought forth so vigorous a protest against such a termination of this international arrangement from the German Minister of Foreign Affairs.



COL. JOHN M. STOTSENBURG, U. S. V., 1st Nebraska Vols. Captain, U. S. A. Killed near Quingua, April 23.

Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, April 20.—There were skirmishes near Taguig, about seven and one-half miles southeast of Manila, and beyond Guiguinto, about seventeen miles north of the same city. In the first of these affairs the Filipinos were the aggressors, and formed a skirmish-line in imitation of the tactics of the Americans.

Friday, April 21.—The natural anxiety of relatives and friends in this country to secure the return of the volunteers now serving in the Philippines was expressed in telegrams urging the latter not to re-enlist, but to insist upon immediate discharge. It was also asserted in some of the American newspapers that, in furtherance of "a plot on the part of the anti-expansionists in the United States," other telegrams were sent for the purpose of creating a mutinous spirit among the volunteers because they had not been sent home immediately after the declaration of peace between Spain and the United States. The statement that the volunteers were dissatisfied was accepted in some quarters, and regarded as an unfavorable element in the situation. The gallant behavior of regiments in the field showed that these reports must be in part inventions, in part exaggerations.

Saturday, April 22.—In our diary, under the date April 18, we noted a rumor in regard to "strengthening the American force *at Calumpit*." MacArthur's command being then at Malolos, and the further advance not having been undertaken. The nature of this possible re-enforcement was disclosed to-day, when Lawton took the field, starting out at daybreak, and leading his brigade of 2500 men in a northeasterly direction from Manila towards Novaliches. The design was that he should proceed



LIEUT. LESTER E. SISSON, U. S. V., Company K, 1st Nebraska Vols. Killed near Quingua, April 23.

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northward as rapidly as possible, by way of Novaliches, San José, and Norzagaray, until he should reach a position between the Filipino army at Calumpit and the mountains towards which it was assumed the enemy would retreat when attacked by MacArthur. It was evident that this plan, if perfectly executed, might even result in an almost simultaneous attack upon the Filipino stronghold by MacArthur from the south, and by Lawton swinging in from the east. But the country was difficult, the roads in bad condition, and the amount of opposition to be overcome purely a matter of conjecture. After a skirmish with hostiles near the Tuliahan River, Lawton's column reached Novaliches at ten o'clock in the morning.

Sunday, April 23.—General MacArthur sent Major Bell, with a small troop of cavalry, to make a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Quingua, four miles northeast of Malolos. When approaching that town the troop was attacked by a strong force of hostiles intrenched in the brush. Several of our men were wounded by the first volleys, to which they were exposed, but they dismounted and returned the fire, holding their ground until General Hale came up with re-enforcements from Malolos—two battalions of the First Nebraska and two battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa, with four field-guns. The Filipinos, before they were driven from their strong intrenchments, inflicted a heavy loss upon our men, of whom more than forty were wounded, and six, including Colonel Stotsenburg, in command of the First Nebraska Volunteers, and Lieutenant Lester E. Sisson, of the same regiment, were killed.

Colonel John Miller Stotsenburg was a native of Indiana and a graduate of West Point. In 1881 he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Sixth Cavalry; he served with his regiment in Arizona and New Mexico from 1887 to 1890 (having been promoted meantime to the rank of First Lieutenant), and took part in the Sioux campaigns and the action at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Then followed seven years of garrison routine and study, extending to December, 1897, when the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska employed him as instructor of military tactics. In the university he was very popular, and was considered a fine disciplinarian. When the war broke out he received permission to leave his duties as instructor in order to assist in the work of organizing a regiment—the First Nebraska Volunteers. He was mustered in as Major, and sailed with his regiment for Manila last summer. The colonel of the First Nebraska fell sick, and was condemned by a medical board; the lieutenant-colonel had been made deputy-collector of the port of Manila; Stotsenburg was named to command the regiment, which he brought to a high state of efficiency. His care and kindness for his men won their gratitude, and as for his bravery, we would quote Private Gibson of Nelson, Nebraska: "The boys have confidence in him because he does not get back a mile and say, 'Go on, boys; I am coming,' but he gets in front and says, 'Come on, boys; I am going.'" He had held the rank of captain in the regular army since December, 1898.

Monday, April 24.—Before daylight General MacArthur's division began to move on Calumpit. The Fourth Cavalry, with three guns of the Utah Battery, the Nebraskans (now commanded by Major Mulford), and the Iowa regiments, were led by General Hale toward a fordable point in the Bagbag River. MacArthur and Wheaton pursued another course, advancing with the Montana volunteers on the left of the railway, while the Kansans moved forward on the right. A supply-train accompanied them, with two armed cars in front, carrying Gatling and Colt rapid-fire guns and 6-pounders. As our men left Malolos, the natives began to return. Chinese residents in a panic, now that the protection of our troops was withdrawn, fled to Manila, "loaded down with all their worldly goods."

Marching orders were received with enthusiasm by the Americans, who proceeded towards the town as rapidly as possible, dispersing a force of Filipinos at the ford, and sometimes wading or swimming to hold the line of advance. General Hale halted his command on the outskirts of Calumpit, to await the arrival of General Wheaton's brigade.

Tuesday, April 25.—A despatch from General Otis to the War Department: "Hale's brigade, MacArthur's division, moved down right bank of Quingua River yesterday to vicinity of Calumpit; now joined by Wheaton's brigade on the left bank. Hale encountered fierce opposition, driving enemy with heavy loss, taking his intrenchments in flank. Hale's casualties, six killed and twelve wounded. The division has now invested Calumpit, which will be taken today. Lawton, with part of his command, reaches Norzagaray this evening, where he will be joined by centre column from Bocave." [Colonel Summers, with two battalions each from the Oregon and Minnesota regiments, three troops of cavalry, and two guns, marched across from Bocave and effected this junction successfully. The sudden appearance of an overwhelming force at this point, so far inland, and commanding the district between Calumpit and the mountains, had a most depressing effect upon the spirits of the Filipino leaders.] "Extreme heat, rain, high streams, and bad roads made the march very difficult. He (Lawton) had not met opposition since leaving Novaliches, the enemy retreating before him. South of and near Manila the enemy has a force of 4000 making demonstrations daily; can be easily taken care of. It cannot communicate with [the Filipino forces in the] north."

Wednesday, April 26.—The fighting yesterday resulted in the capture of the outer trenches, but not of the town of Calumpit. During the night American engineers repaired the railway bridge, which the enemy had attempted to wreck. General Wheaton's brigade was thus enabled to cross with baggage and artillery. This morning, with the Kansas regiment on the western side of the railway and the Montana regiment on the eastern side, Wheaton's brigade advanced in extended order until they came to the south bank of Rio Grande. On the opposite bank the Filipinos held a position of great strength, and used cannon for the first time in this part of the field of operations. A determined resistance was offered in the afternoon, and our losses were reported to be fifteen killed and wounded. General Otis's despatch of this date gave the result of the day's work: "MacArthur has taken a portion of Calumpit, south of river. Movement attended with difficulties on account of jungle, heat, and strong intrenchments. His casualties yesterday, three killed and eleven wounded. Developments thus far satisfactory." The same despatch contained the interesting statements: "Lawton at Norzagaray and Angat; his two columns united have driven enemy to north and west; slight casualties; names not reported; only means of communication couriers." One of the American correspondents at Manila cabled: "The Indian-fighting tactics of General Lawton have demoralized and crushed the hopes of the insurgents." The actual situation, if one stopped to think, made a picture in the mind—of MacArthur's troops who had fought their way into Calumpit, planted their guns in front of a church, and from this position were shelling intrenchments in the suburbs, where some of the Filipinos still desperately held out.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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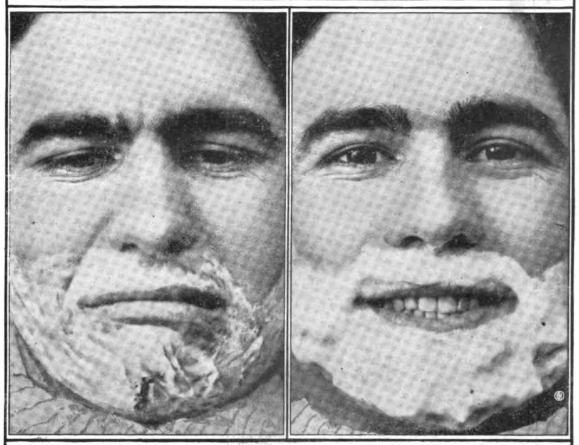
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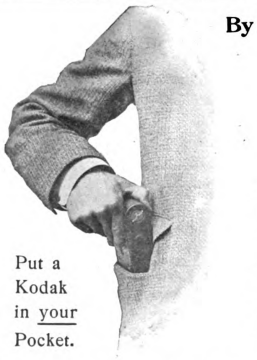
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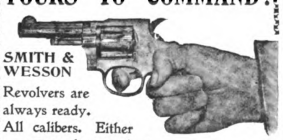
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THE DUKE DE ARCOS,
The New Spanish Minister to the United States.

Our Havana Photographs

ON page 450 of the WEEKLY will be found some very interesting photographs of Havana from our special photographer. The one of the street-car line operated by steam-dummies shows the only street railroad in the city for which horses do not furnish the motive power. Formerly this was operated in the usual slipshod Spanish fashion; peculation was rampant, and the soldiery always rode free of charge; but the road still managed generally to pay fair dividends, so that its possibilities under American management are great. It was at one time the rule to charge fare only for persons who occupied seats, those on the platform riding free.

The old military prison might well have had over its gates the legend "All ye who enter here abandon hope," for during the Spanish régime many Cuban political suspects were consigned to it, never to be heard of again. In the foreground of the picture of the Central Park and Hotel Inglaterra will be noticed a pedestal without a statue on it. Here stood the statue of Queen Isabella II., a picture of the removal of which, preparatory to its shipment to Spain, was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated April 8.

The building now used as a Custom House was formerly the Franciscan Church and Convent. When the English captured the city, a century and more ago, they held services there. To the Spanish mind the presence of the heretic invaders was a desecration, and religious services were never held there again.

Jealousy in the Wood

WAKE-ROBINS in the clearings cry
That the sun has passed them by,
In wood-clearings violets weep
That the sun should hold them cheap;
Slighting what he used to prize—
Witched away by a woman's eyes.

Violets, smile, your tears forgetting,
Wake-robins, hark, and hush your fretting;
She's won at last, and sweetly she
Has sworn her eyes 'gainst coquetry;—
So now the flowers won't have to run
Begging after fickle sun.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.



Rafael Ortiz

THE photograph given above of Rafael Ortiz was received through the courtesy of Major-General Guy V. Henry, U.S.V., Military Governor of Puerto Rico. When the Forty-seventh New York Volunteers came to Caguas, Ortiz's sweetheart was won by the attentions of Private Burke. Not content with this, Burke twice humiliated his discarded rival by striking him in the face in the presence of the girl. Ortiz finally killed Burke as he sat in a café. He was tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot. Secretary Alger arrived at Caguas on the day set for the execution, and seeing a crowd of people before him and a large American flag hung across his path, stopped his carriage, whereupon the assembled people fell upon their knees. One of their number came forward and explained the circumstances of the Ortiz case, and begged that the sentence be commuted to life-imprisonment. Secretary Alger telegraphed to San Juan to stop the execution, and referred the case to the President, who has granted the request, and Ortiz will probably be sent to the United States to serve his sentence.

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

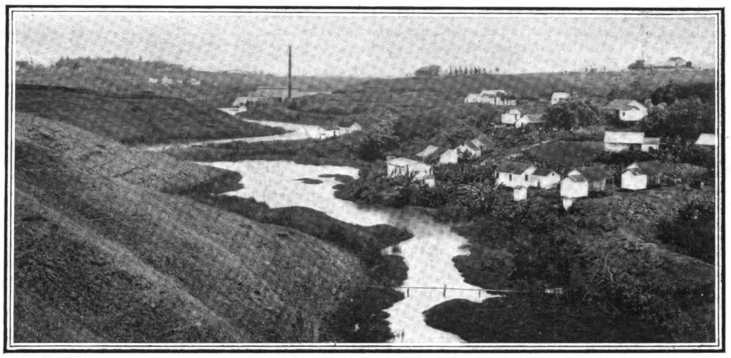
BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

V.—THE LABOR QUESTION

PERHAPS no other feature in Hawaiian industrial life has proved such a boon, to those sentimentalists whose habit is to speak twice before thinking once, as the contract-labor system which has ruled hitherto on these islands. They have called it "Hawaii's legalized slavery," and likened it unto negro slavery as it formerly existed in the South, comparisons that give fine opportunity for harangue from the rostrum, but in truth reveal the superficiality that appears to be the usual accompaniment of modern sentimentalism. The comparison is absurd, and discloses ignorance, as we shall see.

The general industrial activity following fast upon the signing of the reciprocity treaty in 1875 made it immediately apparent that a very considerable increase of laborers was necessary. The rise of the sugar interests,—the development of established plantations, and the laying out of new ones;—created a demand for labor which the home or natural market could not begin to supply.

Differing from Cuba or Puerto Rico or the Philippines, which have the advantage of a cheap labor indigenous and sufficient to supply the needs of many and extensive plantations, Hawaii's native labor was, and is, neither cheap nor dependable. Therefore it became absolutely necessary to seek help in the labor-markets of the world, and in 1876 a Bureau of Immigration was organized at Honolulu, and vigorous effort put forth to get the labor needed by expanding industry, the hope being held, at the same time, of attracting a class desirable for permanent settlement. With this latter object particularly in view, the bureau sought to encourage immigration of the Portuguese, as being an industrious people suited to Hawaiian climatic conditions, and from 1878 to 1887 assisted about 8000 of them into the islands. But their importation proved so expensive that after 1888 no more were assisted until the middle nineties, and Chinese and Japanese, costing greatly less in transportation, were imported instead.



SUGAR-MILL AND PLANTATION LABORERS' HOUSES.

The cost of importing Portuguese was never less than about $240, and sometimes upwards of $400, per capita. In one instance a shipment in 1885 cost the government $303, and the planters $115, a total of $418, a man—rather a high premium to pay for labor. The lowest cost to government was $130, and to planter $110, or total of $240, per capita. The cost of getting over the Japanese was $23 to the government, and $64 to the planter, a total of $87, per capita, of which the Jap returns $60, leaving net cost to government $17, and to planter $10.

In the first ten years of assisted immigration the Hawaiian government expended in round numbers about $1,000,000, and the planters paid out about as much more, the imported labor including (approximately) 9000 Portuguese, 1200 Germans, 200 Norwegians, 900 Polynesians, and 17,000 Chinese (not assisted). No Japanese were imported until 1886, when 1152 men and 252 women arrived, to be so rapidly followed by others that in 1890 there were 12,360; in 1896, 22,329, and at this writing there are very probably 30,000 Japanese on the Hawaiian Islands; while the Chinese number about 24,000, and the Portuguese 16,000.

The first shipment of Japanese was gathered from the cities, and proved an undesirable lot, who disregarded agreements and caused the government and planters much loss of time and money. It was obvious, therefore, some arrangement must be made that would guarantee government and planters against loss of the money they advanced to assisted laborers.

Thus began the contract-labor system so disturbing to the sentimentalists!

Let us consider this contract and see how much of "slavery" there is in it. The agreement to which the laborer subscribed was about as follows: (1) That the money for passage from his home to Hawaii be advanced by his employer. (2) That he will refund this money at the rate of from one to two dollars a month until it is paid. (3) That he will continue with his employer for three years or whatever time he has agreed to work. (4) That twenty-six days of ten hours each constitute a working month. (5) That he be paid at rates varying from $12 to $15 per month, with free house, firewood, medicine, and medical attendance; in some cases agreements are entered into that provide for the employer furnishing hospital, medicine, attendance, physician, etc., and the laborers contributing each 25 to 50 cents a month towards its support. (6) That he be paid 10 cents an hour for overtime. (7) That his wife, if he has one, is given employment, if she wishes it, at from $7 50 to $10 a month. (8) That he agrees to work faithfully as an agricultural laborer and servant during his term of contract. He need not be separated from his family; he may return to his country or go where he likes at the end of his service.

The contract is voluntarily entered upon and signed by both parties—employer and employé. The employer agrees to find steady work and uninterrupted pay to the employé for three years. The employé, for his part, agrees to labor on each working-day during that time, except the holidays stipulated in his contract. When his service is concluded, the laborer either remains in the country as an independent worker, or enters upon a new contract, or goes elsewhere. Several thousand Japanese are to-day in the Hawaiian Islands working under their second contract. Sometimes they go home for a little vacation to enjoy some of the money they have accumulated; more often they continue on the sugar-plantations; or just now they are being attracted in large numbers to the coffee industry, by the inducement of a higher wage from the clearing companies, the road contractors, or the coffee-planters. A considerable percentage of ex-contract-laborers plant little patches of cane for themselves on bits of waste land loaned them by the planters.

The Chinamen from the cane-fields have, as their contracts expired, worked their way into the rice and taro fields, with the result that they have practically absorbed the rice industry of all the islands, and are fast doing as much in taro; the Japanese remaining on the islands as independent workers have drifted more particularly into coffee and somewhat into small truck farming for the local market. The Portuguese have practically all remained on the islands at the expiration of the contracts that served to bring them over, and devoted themselves to small farming and fruit-growing. In the latter industry they have almost as much of a monopoly as the Chinamen have in rice.

Comparatively few Portuguese, however, are now to be found on the cane-plantations, though their wage runs from $18 to $30 per month, and not a member of the family, old or young, that fails of taking his or her place in the field. Therefore, as a rule, a Portuguese family saves enough in the first period of their contract to labor subsequently for themselves in farming, or in fruit-growing, or in coffee-planting which is now attracting a great many of them. The industrial and economic ideas of the Portuguese, who want every member of the family at work, clash sometimes with Hawaii's educational laws, which, without distinction as to color, race, or class, insist upon every child between the ages of six and fifteen attending school regularly; but, on the whole, they have proved well worth the original outlay of their importation. They are desirable immigrants, sober and industrious workers, and useful citizens in the development of the islands.

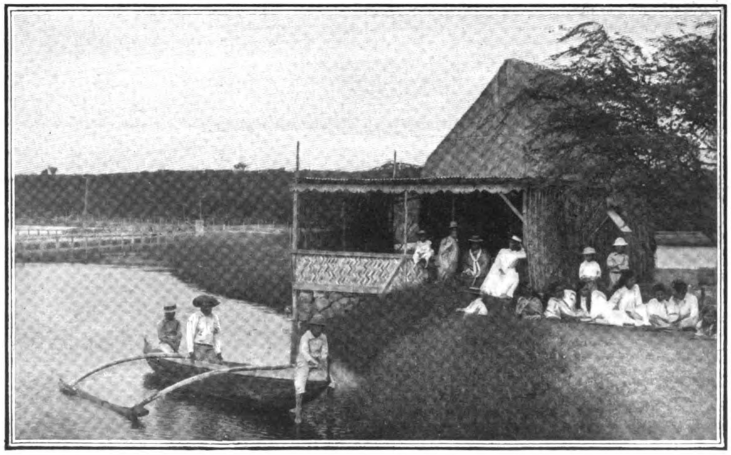


THE NECESSARY (INDUSTRIAL) EVIL.

So, too, the Chinese have been and continue a very helpful factor in Hawaii's industrial expansion. They are quiet, industrious, peaceful; occupy a considerable section of Honolulu with their mercantile houses, fill the majority of the trades, and supply the local markets with most of their fish and vegetables. Together with the Japanese, they are, too, the domestic servants of the islands. In the cane-fields they are diligent, obedient, and tractable. Rarely is any trouble had on plantations with the Chinese.

On the other hand, the Jap is the agitator of the islands. He is the "walking delegate" of Asiatic labor organization. The only Oriental to have been converted to the modern labor union, and, once converted, he has pursued it with the same thoughtless haste that has characterized his adoption of Western ideas generally in Japan. It is only necessary for an idea to come out of the West, and the Jap seizes upon it with avidity. The average Japanese day worker could probably give agitator Debs pointers on the systematic organization of labor. From the jinrikishamen through all the various fields of labor, up to the skilled trades, the Japanese working-class at home are powerfully and thoroughly organized. Added to which the Jap is thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of strikes.

There have been some pretty serious times on the sugar-



CANOE, MODERNIZED GRASS HOUSE, AND HAWAIIAN WOMEN IN THEIR HOLOKUS.

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plantations of Hawaii because of these Japanese tendencies, and other times likely to be yet more serious have been barely avoided through the interference of the Japanese government. While I was on the islands the Japanese government representative nipped in its incipiency a wholesale strike of Japs that would for a time just about have paralyzed the sugar industry. Strikes can perhaps be more disastrous in the sugar industry than in any other; on occasion they might, indeed, cause the loss of the returns of a season's crop. Therefore planters have become rather nervous over the preponderance of Japanese labor in the cane-field, with the leaven of Chinese or Portuguese or others lessening, and a strong desire more nearly to equalize the nationalities is manifest. Chinamen whose contracts have expired are being re-engaged at an increased wage, and an effort is making to recruit 1500 Portuguese from the Azores and Madeira Islands.

The Japanese, who at home earns from $1 30 to $3 90 a month, is a pugnacious, troublesome laborer, vain, slow-witted, impudent, and prone to riot. I was often surprised at the toleration of plantation *lunas* (overseers) in dealing with these surly, cheeky brutes. Not, of course, that all Japanese are so trying, but they are so to a sufficiently large degree to make it the rule, while with the other nationalities trouble is had in only exceptional and individual cases. There are *lunas* who are cruel, sometimes brutal, to the laborers under them, but I am bound to say my investigation in this direction (and I made an extended one, because of circulated stories of cruelty) disclosed only an occasional brutal *luna*, and he was marked for discipline by the courts and by his employers.

Speaking generally, the care of plantation laborers has been most considerate, and in some instances that came under my observation really paternal. Every district in the islands has its physician, the majority of plantations have hospitals, and one I visited employed nurses at its own expense. I also made it a point to visit the laborers' houses, and in all cases found them sufficient to the needs of the men, and superior to the habitations they had been



HOMES OF SUGAR-PLANTATION LABORERS WITH FLOWER-GARDENS.

accustomed to at home. As these houses are quite similar all over the islands, the illustration presented will give a fair idea of their type and appearance—though not invariably has the occupant the love of flowers and the diligence to beautify the surroundings.

The difference in relationship between the Japanese and the Chinese towards Hawaii is perhaps shown in no way more clearly than by their respective classing on the tax-book. Here we find the Chinese are taxed in real estate to the amount of $1,146,301, the Japanese to the amount of $56,000; on personal property, corporations, mercantile houses, etc., the Chinese are taxed on $2,205,339, the Japanese $177,307. In Honolulu district alone there are 281 Chinese houses of business, taxed on $446,950, and 55 of Japanese, taxed on $77,700. The Portuguese, by-the-way, are represented in this district by 18 establishments, taxed on a value of $21,200. The personal property of the Hawaiians and half-castes is taxed at $1,144,104, or about half the value placed on the property of the Chinese. "Other nationalities," which include Portuguese and the others, small numbers of various foreigners, are taxed on $221,116 personal property, or but very little more than the Japanese. In real estate the Hawaiians and half-castes own $6,958,597, which is just half the combined real-estate holdings of the American, British, and German interests.

There is abundant cause for criticising the labor-contract system of the Hawaiian Islands; not, however, that it savored of "slavery"; not that it violated the canons of free labor, or even permitted injustice or cruelty to be visited upon the laborers; not that it failed in any particular to uphold the workman's individual rights. But rather because it surrendered the labor of the islands to the cheap—practically coolie—labor of Asia, and thereby retarded by about twenty-five years at least the settlement upon the islands of a desirable class. It will require tireless energy, highest intelligence and management, and a considerable amount of money now to supplant Asiatic with white labor. And yet until that end is accomplished Hawaii will remain undeveloped, much less attain its agricultural possibilities; for no competition is possible between Eastern and Western men in the same field and operating on a common basis. There must be substitution of one by the other.

That the Eastern man gained the ascendency in Hawaii was due to the paucity of the home labor-market and to the suddenness and urgency of the demands made upon it. The local labor-market was equal to the country's industrial needs up to the signing of the reciprocity treaty. And then suddenly, with the great boom making in sugar-plantations, there was imperative demand for laborers—thousands of them—which the islands could not supply and America would not send.

No criticism can justly be made on the introduction of Asiatic labor in the early eighties; there was no other recourse. Effort had been made, money spent, to enlist European labor in sufficient quantities, and without success. The sugar industry was developing and demanded labor, and the Hawaiian planters did what every business man put in the same position would—they got what they could and made the most of it. It is difficult to see what else they could have done in those first days of Hawaii's third commercial era.

The existing labor situation is to be attributed largely to the fact that Hawaii, since 1876, has been overwhelmingly dependent for its commercial existence upon sugar. It is impossible, of course, that the success of an industry which has been the source of the prosperity of all classes in the country, which has been so closely identified with the development of the country, should not be studied diligently and indulgently. Sugar, it must be remembered, has been the very commercial backbone of Hawaii during these twenty-five years of its greatest prosperity.

For the last five years, however, the labor question has been in the hands of the planters, and, I confess, as I rode about the islands it seemed to me they have fallen a long way short of what might have been accomplished in the way of leavening the Asiatic horde. We can understand the needs of the first dozen years of the sugar industry, and find no fault for the apparent indifference to flooding the country with a class of coolie labor that could never become a part of its permanent prosperity. But for ten years now Hawaiian planters have been amply able to turn from their work long enough to consider the welfare of their country; for just so long at least have they been facing the inevitable and done practically nothing, save to continue getting in cheap Asiatic labor. We are bound to conclude that greed is the responsible quality for this exhibition.

Hawaii is looking the labor question straight in the face these days; the preponderance of the Japanese and their well-developed tendency to strike and riot, the restriction of Chinese immigration through annexation to the United States, the neglect of industries that should flourish, are suggesting the absolute need to Hawaii's more general prosperity of inducing white labor to enter the country. Many think the budding coffee industry will supply the desired want, and no doubt to an extent it will; but what Hawaii needs is white labor to replace, in large measure, its present coolie labor.

Whence is this labor to come, and what effect will it have on the profits of the sugar industry? These are the questions now before the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce and the Planters' Association, and which they can answer quickly and satisfactorily if the majority are inclined to consider the prosperity of Hawaii above their own swollen dividends.

There is division of attitude—I cannot believe there is division of opinion—among Hawaiian planters on the labor question. Some are frankly in favor of inducing white-labor immigration, and are indefatigably working to that end; others, and I am bound to say the larger number, profess to see the end of Hawaii's prosperity in the abandonment of coolie labor. They cling to the fallacy that the cheaper the labor the less the cost of production, ignoring entirely the contrary lesson emphasized by their own experience; for to what but intelligent, higher-class, better paid work, the study of irrigation, of fertilizers, of machinery, is due the enormous increase of sugar per acre on the Hawaiian plantations?

Manufacturers, planters, traders, the world over, have invariably used that cheap-labor argument in opposing employment of a better class of labor to divert attention from their real motive—disinclination to yield any of their profit. The theory that Hawaiian sugar estates cannot be profitably worked except by coolie labor—as this very low class Asiatic labor must be called—rests wholly on greed. Undoubtedly coolie labor is necessary to the making of dividends that run from thirty to sixty per cent.; but if Hawaii is to increase its population, to develop its other industries—as it must to attain permanent prosperity—a reduction in those sugar dividends is needed. It will be well for Hawaii if more people enjoy the very handsome returns from the sugar industry.

The largest, and therefore the most experienced, employers of labor in the world are united in testifying that the cost of any product is more a question of brain than of cheap labor. The history of America's commerce tends to prove that, as a rule, high wages indicate a low cost of production. How else may be explained the enormous exportation of American high-priced-labor goods to low-priced-labor countries? How else may be explained the successful competition of the California farmer with India, where the cheapest of cheap labor abounds? Judge Frear, one of Hawaii's stoutest and ablest advocates of white labor, puts the question pointedly to the Hawaiian planters by asking them to "explain the fact that the California farmer pays high wages, high prices for his implements, the expense of transportation by rail to San Francisco, and by seas fifteen thousand miles around Cape Horn to England, the expense of interest, and insurance during this long voyage, and is still able to sell his wheat in the same market and at the same price as the English farmer, who has paid much lower wages, has not had similar expenses of transportation, interest, and insurance, and has obtained his implements at lower prices?"

It is not that white or high-priced labor is prejudiced by Asiatic or cheap labor, in so far as white laborers are paid more; it is not merely because they are white men, or because they want more, or because it costs them more to live, or because, on occasions, there must be recompense for unfamiliar or somewhat trying climatic conditions; but it is because white or high (comparatively) priced labor is more capable, has better opportunity, and can earn more. It is cheap in the sense that Andrew Carnegie used the word in one of his recent addresses, when he referred to some of his men as "cheap at $10 per day."

Coolie labor may enable Hawaiian planters to secure for a couple of years longer the extraordinary profits they have realized for several years past, but it will not advance the industry itself, and it will not build up the country. 'Twas not coolie labor that enabled the Hawaiian planters to weather the storm following fast upon the McKinley bill—but the best products of brain, skillfully, diligently employed.

There is literally nothing to support the frequently uttered statement that Hawaiian climate is unsuited to white labor; on the contrary, there is much evidence to confute it. The Portuguese bred in the latitudes of northern California and southern New York have been employed in Hawaii for years, have multiplied and prospered; on Kauai one plantation is manned almost exclusively by Austrians, who are healthful and contented; on Maui, employed in the cane-fields are a number of Poles, whose reputation for hard, steady work suffers no change in Hawaiian climate; elsewhere in the islands are some 400 Galicians, and all thrive under the new climatic conditions.

White man and negro work in the fields of Florida, Alabama, and Texas, and the white man does more work, gets more pay, and is less sickly. It is surprising how malignment of Hawaiian climate with regard to its effect on white labor could so long have been received without question. The most trying time of the Hawaiian year is when the south wind blows; and even then it is not so hot as it is in the wheat-fields of California or in the potato-fields of New Jersey, not to mention Missouri and Indiana. At all other times of the year Hawaii's fields of labor are delightful, compared with those of the Middle West or the extreme East.

It is not the climate that is ailing in Hawaii; it is those planters who are disinclined to yield any of their immediate profits by offering a wage high enough to attract white-labor immigration. Nor is white labor to be had merely for the asking. All the Western world is asking for laborers. And the United States, instead of having a surplus, is taking them from the Old World at the rate of very nearly three hundred thousand a year! With its many million acres of untilled lands and its wage the highest in the market, the United States is not likely in many years to become naturally an exporter of labor; nor may Hawaii expect to attract the white labor necessary to its upbuilding, unless it offers at least as much as the laborer can get on the mainland. Many reasons may be alleged for shifting labor, but the real reason invariably is search for a larger wage.

While it may not be that Hawaii can attract white labor from America, there remains all of Europe, the world's recruiting-field, and the same energy (with less capital) that characterized the first work of Honolulu's Bureau of Immigration will bring over white labor now just as surely as it brought over the Portuguese in 1878. Immigration from the United States will not come, probably, for several years—not until the odium of coolie labor has been removed; meantime inducements must be offered if white labor from any quarter is to be attracted in appreciable numbers.

One of the few worthy efforts now making in this direction is that by James B. Castle on the co-operative plan. Aside from being a most interesting experiment, it is to be commended for the appreciation it conveys of Hawaii's needs. Mr. Castle's plan includes the payment to each white laborer of $18 a month in addition to furnishing him with house, fuel, a cow, and the exclusive use of ten acres of ground, which the plantation will break up, supply water for irrigation, transportation for the crop, and buy the cane on the field at the current market-price. As an acre (on the Ewa plantation, where this co-operative scheme is being tried) will raise, on the average, about sixty tons of cane, and as it takes about seven tons of cane to yield one ton of sugar, at the price current the white laborer would realize about $400 from his ten acres, in addition to his monthly wage, which would bring his total annual income up to $600. Fifty dollars a month, with house rent, fuel, and cow in addition, is infinitely better wages than the average farm hand is now getting in the United States, not to mention Canada or any part of Europe. There is no surer panacea for strikes than a co-operative plan, for under such an arrangement the striking laborer injures himself as seriously as his employer. Last autumn Mr. Castle sent his manager on a recruiting trip to California, and was successful in engaging a number of families that will begin work in Hawaii this spring on this basis.

That this plan can be made a success I have no doubt whatever; that it will be an immediate success I very much question. With the Hawaiian cane-fields monopolized by coolie labor, it will, I think, be some years before the co-operative plan will realize its possibilities—several years, indeed, before any plan short of immigration by the several thousands at a time, could introduce white labor in sufficient numbers to make an impression on industrial Hawaii. It is not that the co-operative plan is lacking in any essential; it is that the Eastern and the Western man cannot be operated on the same basis simultaneously in the same field of endeavor. Whether, in fact, it is or is not a degradation of labor, at least it is thus viewed by white men, and as long as the Japanese and Chinese so vastly outnumber all other labor on the sugar-plantations, the result of any scheme introducing a mere handful of white men to labor alongside of the Celestials must be considered as extremely uncertain. Annexation has, of course, checked the flood of Oriental labor Hawaiiwards, but with some fifty-odd thousand already in residence, there would appear to be enough to prolong the solution of the labor problem.

Whatever may be the action of the Hawaiian planters, there can be no two opinions as to the action needful to Hawaii's future prosperity. White labor is necessary to the further development of the islands, and it must be acquired not in occasional dozens that scarcely are to be discovered in the great mass of coolies, but as it was in the wheat-fields of California and of the middle Northwest, in the potato-diggings of New Jersey and the hop-fields of New York. Individual co-operative plans will undoubtedly accomplish something to this end, but what is more necessary is association by the planters, and a proposition made to white labor definite enough to be understood, and generous enough to attract in such numbers as may speedily leaven the Japanese-Chinese elements.

When the abolition of slavery was proposed, Southerners viewed it as the forerunner of complete ruin. Slavery was abolished, and to-day the South, with free labor and immigration, is richer and more prosperous than ever it was under the old system. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,130.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE Roosevelt of the war in the Philippines is evidently Colonel Funston of Kansas. In the galaxy of fighters, which includes some of the ablest and most active officers of the regular army, along with gallant and distinguished volunteer officers from Utah, Tennessee, Minnesota, and elsewhere, the intense luminosity of Colonel Funston's career fixes the public attention. Spurs are not much in use in the Philippines, where speed is still obtained from such animals as are available by the homely expedient of twisting the tail, but there is no doubt that if spurs had been the prize of valor Colonel Funston would long ago have won barrels of them. As it is, the President has appointed him a Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of General Otis and General MacArthur. His promotion is the immediate consequence of General MacArthur's commendation of his skill and gallantry in crossing the Rio Grande, and of gallant service since the beginning of the war. "I urge the appointment," cabled General Otis. "Funston is an able leader of men, and has earned recognition." Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, who has got back to California, speaks of Colonel Funston as the greatest dare-devil in the army, who would rather fight than eat, and his estimate is borne out by many despatches published during the last two months, in which the name of the Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas has figured.

Funston is young (thirty-three) and compact, small of stature, and light of weight. The last heard of him before his promotion was his exploit in crossing the Rio Grande under fire with his regiment. He has led an adventurous life, has travelled much, and done many remarkable things besides fighting. Before he hitched his wagon to the star which he has since pulled in, he was assistant editor of a Kansas newspaper. His spirit burned with too obstreperous an ardor for his continuance in that calling, and feeling the twitches of destiny, he went to Cuba and joined the insurgents. But the insurgent war methods did not altogether suit him, and, after two years' of active experience of them, he got back in time to see the war with Spain blaze out, and to get from Governor Leedy (Populist) of Kansas a better fighting job in the colonelcy of the Twentieth Kansas regiment. His commission took him to Manila, and by the time the trouble began there his command was ready for use.

He has had the advantage of our Colonel Roosevelt in that his war has held out better than the one at Santiago. Topeka advices declare that there is nothing in the gift of Kansas that he cannot have. If he cares to be Governor when he has leisure, he has only to speak.

ALL of the members of the family of the late R. L. Stevenson who lived with him at Samoa have been raising their voices in lamentations over the Samoan war. They all love the Samoans, and having personal acquaintance with most of the actors in the dispute, and familiar knowledge of the bases of the disturbance, they naturally have pronounced opinions as to rights and wrongs. Their interest is neither with the Americans, the British, nor the Germans, but with the Samoans. It is clear enough even to the distant and cursory observer that the islanders are suffering because their imported protectors cannot agree. Lloyd Osborne, in London, has been proclaiming through the newspapers that the quarrel at the bottom of it is an affair of rival missionaries. He disparages Chief-Justice Chambers as a narrow-minded person who is not suited to his job, and who has allowed his religious preferences to influence his politics. Mrs. Stevenson, writing from Funchal, Madeira, deplores the bombardment of the Samoan villages by the American and British ships, and mourns unaffectedly over the misery that the fighting must have brought upon the islanders. Stevenson, as will be remembered, favored Mataafa as the king whom the Samoans wanted and ought to have. Mrs. Stevenson and her children still side with Mataafa, though it has come about that the German influence is with him too; and for the Stevensons and the Germans to be on the same side of any Samoan question is novel indeed.

Nothing that can be written or printed just now about Samoa seems likely to do any good, for the commissioners have sailed, and they will doubtless come to some agreement which will result in pacifying the islanders. To most of us the whole affair is a tempest in a teapot. Mrs. Stevenson, her son and daughter, are almost the only people on this side of the globe who have intense personal feelings about it and can express them.

THE decision of the government that the views of Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, anent the policy of the administration in the Philippines, were unsuited for exportation to Manila, resulted, on May 3, in the removal from the mails in San Francisco of six of Mr. Atkinson's pamphlets. They were addressed respectively to Admiral Dewey, General Otis, General Miller, Dr. Schurman, and Professor Worcester. The pamphlets include statistical documents by Mr. Atkinson, entitled "The Hell of War" and "Criminal Aggression," and copies of speeches delivered by Senator Hoar, ex-Governor Boutwell, and ex-Senator Edmunds.

It has been asserted that Mr. Atkinson has been sending these pamphlets to our soldiers in the Philippines to disgust them with their job. That would certainly have been outrageous, for to meddle with the obedience of soldiers in war-time is clearly treasonable. But Mr. Atkinson denies that he has sent pamphlets to any one in the Philippines except the members of the commission, the correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and two or three others. Other persons may have sent his pamphlets to soldiers, but at this writing it has not been reported that any others than those above specified have been held up on their way to the East.

It may be that these pamphlets will be excluded from the domestic mails also. If that is done there will be vigorous remonstrance. The anti-expansion sentiment will have its say in the United States, however military necessities may curb it elsewhere.

ANOTHER interesting thing that happened last week was the endorsement of Secretary Alger by General Merritt. Years ago General Merritt held an unfavorable opinion of General Alger's conduct as a soldier, and for many years it was believed that there was hostility between them. That must all have passed, for when the Secretary went to Michigan last week to see his neighbors, General Merritt and General Joseph Wheeler went with him, and at the dinner of the Michigan Society, on May 2, in Detroit, General Merritt expressed his belief that Secretary Alger's work in the war with Spain had been very unjustly disparaged, and that "no Secretary in time of peril to the nation has made fewer errors, or has had the confidence of a greater number of people."

While this endorsement cannot but be gratifying to General Alger and his friends, it is not equally pleasing to the friends of General Merritt, who feel about it a good deal as the admirers of William Tell might have felt if he had recognized that on the whole it would be more sensible for him to doff his hat to Gessler's cap. The sorest charge against General Alger is that beyond all precedent he has carried politics into the army. The converse follows, of course, that the army is carried into politics, and every officer is constrained to remember that the War Department will not forget its friends.

There are signs of the incubation of a sentiment in Michigan that General Alger is a suitable statesman to represent that State in the Senate. He and General Wheeler were the guests of the Michigan Legislature on May 3 at Lansing. Both spoke with pride of the military achievements of the past year, and firmly but hopefully of future prospects.

WHATEVER any Northern reader may feel about the burning of the negro Sam Hose and the lynching of the negro preacher Strickland, in Georgia, one thing he should always bear in mind, that there is no vital difference between the white man in the South and the white man in the North, and that what white men do in Georgia white men from New York, or Massachusetts, or Minnesota would probably do in Georgia under similar circumstances. A county in Georgia went stark crazy over Sam Hose. Northern readers cannot understand it. A letter has come to the WEEKLY from a Georgia woman which tells a story of Sam Hose's crime as Georgia understands it. It is hardly a letter that the WEEKLY may print, but it may all be believed, and it helps to an understanding of what has happened. No man who believed what this woman believes and has written about Hose and Strickland and negroes of their class in the South would be surprised at anything that might follow such a crime as Hose committed. It may be that nothing can justify such an orgy as was held over Hose, but there is plenty that can explain it. The men and women of the South believe that certain unruly negroes can only be restrained from horrible crimes against white women by swift and terrible punishment. We of the North have little experience of these crimes, but our blood circulates, and we know what sort of dispositions such crimes arouse. To read the story of Sam Hose's crime as our Georgia correspondent has written it begets absolute indifference to that negro's sufferings or fate. It fills the mind with horror, and makes one feel that any means that is effectual to prevent such crimes is justified. One forgets the monstrousness of the Sam Hose lynching, and only wonders whether it was expedient.

THERE has been a divorce and a remarriage in New York which has attracted a vast deal of public attention, albeit the divorce was obtained with a degree of privacy that some thoughtful persons considered contrary to the interest of public morality; and the marriage that followed it was superlatively unobtrusive. The people whom it concerned are very conspicuous in New York society. The main facts are perfectly familiar. A woman of high social position left her husband and children; the husband got a divorce under the laws of New York; the divorced wife immediately went out of the State and married the corespondent in the husband's suit. Because all the persons concerned in this matter were rich and influential it has been felt that the transfer was too easily accomplished, and that, though a wrong had been done, the wrongdoers seemed likely to go unwhipped of justice and profit by their fault. The basis of this opinion seems inadequate. What all the inner facts of such a case are the public cannot know and need not know; but it is easy to recognize that such a divorce is a tragedy, and that all who are concerned by it—the guilty, the less guilty, the innocent—are sure to suffer. We need not denounce; we need not vindicate our own morality by exhortation or censure. We can sigh and go our ways, assured that these unfortunate people have trouble enough, and that the breaking up of a family and the destruction of a home is a calamity, and inevitably involves suffering which luxury cannot prevent, and which time itself does not cure.

IT was certainly the unexpected that happened when G. P. Putnam's Sons were sued by Rudyard Kipling for infringement of copyright. Mr. G. P. Putnam worked as hard as any one to bring on international copyright, and the presumption is that his intentions towards the foreign author are always good. What Mr. Putnam's house did was to buy sheets from the various houses which have published books by Mr. Kipling, bind them uniformly in a cover of special design and bearing Mr. Kipling's autograph, supplement them with some biographical matter, and sell them in its book-store and in the neighboring book-store of the Messrs. Dutton as a "Brushwood Edition" of Kipling. Of course all the copyrighted books in these sets pay Mr. Kipling royalties, and it is stated that where Mr. Putnam, in buying sheets, had the choice between "pirated" sheets and those which paid the author, he chose the latter.

Mr. Kipling's objections, so far as understood, are that the "edition" gives an impression of having been issued with the author's connivance, which was not the case; that it includes divers deliverances which he does not wish to preserve; that it includes matter (the biography) which he didn't write, and one or two copyrighted poems which no one had a right to reprint, and that its existence is more or less prejudicial to the prosperity of an existing complete edition of his works which is authorized, revised, expurgated, blessed, and highly commended by the author.

It is always more or less of a pity when one good man sues another, nevertheless this suit is interesting. Not only are the parties to it well known and highly respectable, but the points at issue are much mooted. For a bookseller to bind sets of books and sell them is common practice, and no fault is found with it. The Messrs. Putnam went a little further. It is a question whether they exceeded what was lawful, and another whether they exceeded what was merchant-wise and courteous.

ON May 4 the World's Fair committee in St. Louis had found purchasers for $4,770,000 worth of the stock of the fair, and probably by this time the whole fund of five millions has been provided for. The Legislature of Missouri has passed the law for the creation of a corporation to manage the fair, and the plan is to form the corporation as soon as the five millions of stock has been taken. Besides the capital provided by the stockholders, the promoters of the fair count on borrowing five or six millions more from the city of St. Louis and the State of Missouri, and hope to get $5,000,000 from Congress. With $15,000,000 to spend and four years to work in a good deal can be done. The year of the fair, as will be remembered, is 1903, and the event to be commemorated is the Louisiana cession. The plan is, no doubt, for the show to open in May or thereabouts and close late in the fall. If that is done, and the fair runs all summer, it will be useful in correcting an impression—more or less prevalent—that it is so hot in St. Louis in summer that animation is suspended and the town is left in charge of a small body of trained salamanders. It will be worth something to have this fable thoroughly disproved.

IT is reported from Chicago—and, if true, it is rather an important piece of news—that the condition of the health of ex-Governor Altgeld is such as to make it very doubtful whether he can ever again take an active part in politics. He takes his politics hard, and labored faithfully in the recent Mayoralty campaign, which resulted in his defeat and the election of young Carter Harrison. Now, it seems, he has nervous prostration, the result partly of overwork, partly of despondency because he fears that he will never again be able to work hard enough to win.

Governor Altgeld has been much feared as a man who combined excellent ability with dispositions and beliefs which were very prejudicial to the public welfare. His retirement from public life will not excite unmixed regret even in the State of Illinois, notwithstanding the natural sympathy that all decent people must have with a fellow-creature whose health has collapsed.

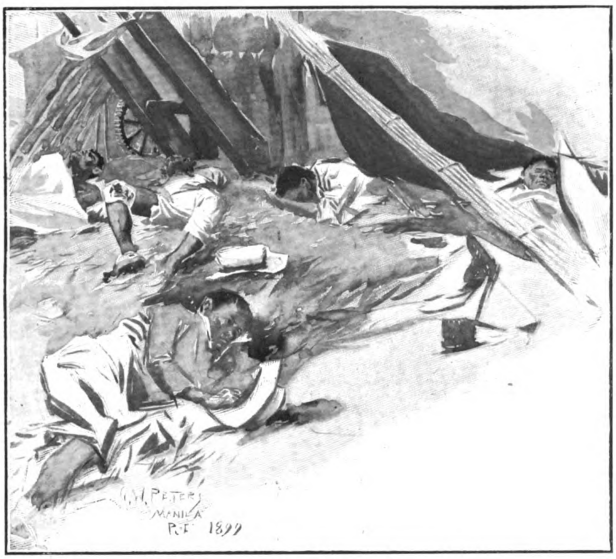
THE twenty million dollars paid for the Philippines, part of which Mr. Hay is represented, in this number of the WEEKLY, as handing to M. Cambon, would weigh thirty tons in gold coin, and it was obviously more convenient for the courteous French ambassador to receive it in paper. The transaction is a paper affair throughout, and no actual coin crosses the ocean. The Spanish government had turned the money over to the Bank of Spain in part payment of a war debt. The Bank of Spain arranged with the Deutsche Bank of Berlin and the National City Bank of New York for the collection and transfer of the money. On the four warrants which M. Cambon receives the gold is drawn from the Sub-Treasury, and goes into the vaults of the City Bank and any other banks which may have had drafts on Europe to exchange for it, while the Deutsche Bank, on receipt of these drafts, pays over the money to the Bank of Spain.

LOWELL (Massachusetts) has voted no-license, and on May 1 all the liquor-stores went out of business. The nearest place where drinks may lawfully be bought at retail is Lawrence, ten miles away. Cambridge likes no-license and sticks to it, but Cambridge is hard by Boston. The test at Lowell will be more severe, and for that reason more interesting.

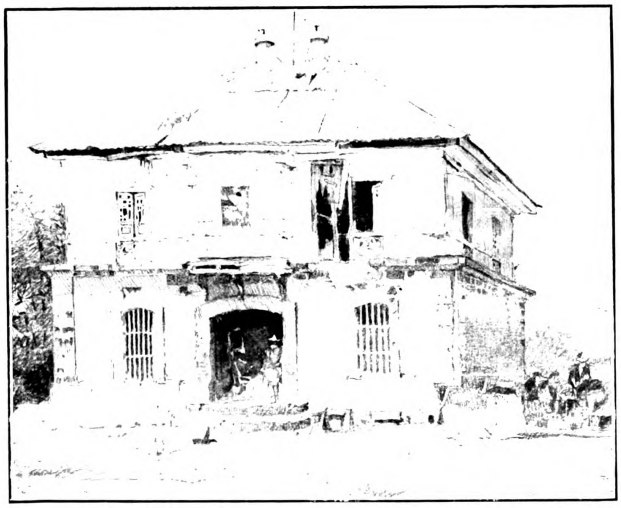
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OUR NAVAL AND LAND FORCES EXCHANGING SIGNALS AT NIGHT.



WOUNDED INSURGENTS IN THE REAR OF THEIR FIRING-LINE.



INSURGENT HEADQUARTERS AT CALOOCAN, SHOWING EFFECT OF AMERICAN ARTILLERY FIRE.

Mr. Peters made the Sketch for the Drawing on Pages 478 and 479 while confined here.

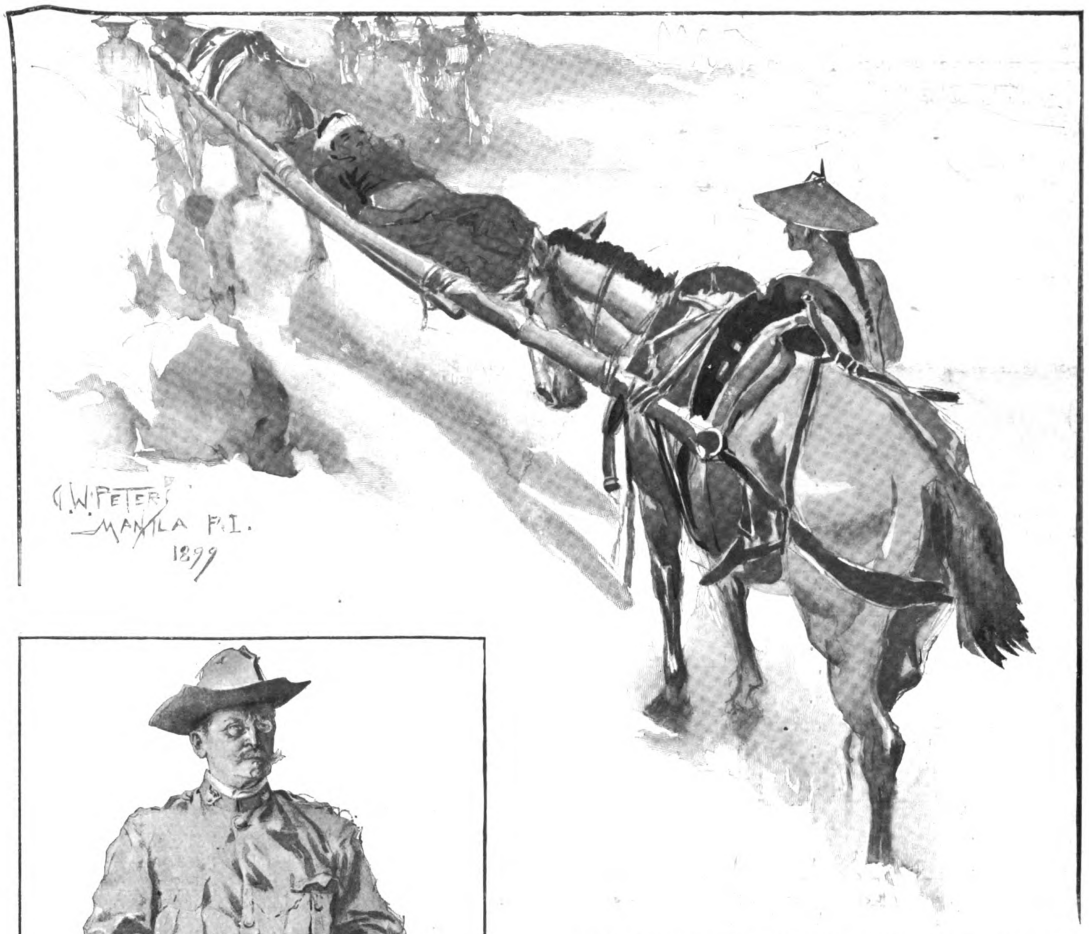


CAPTAIN JAMES O'HARA, U. S. A., 3d Artillery.

THE PHILIPPINES—OUR ARTIST WITH THE FIRING-LINE DURING THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

Sketches from Life by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.—[See Page 485.]

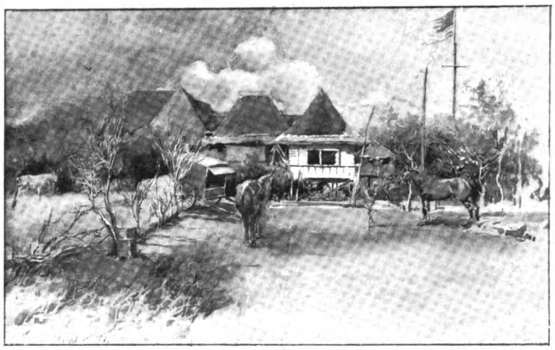
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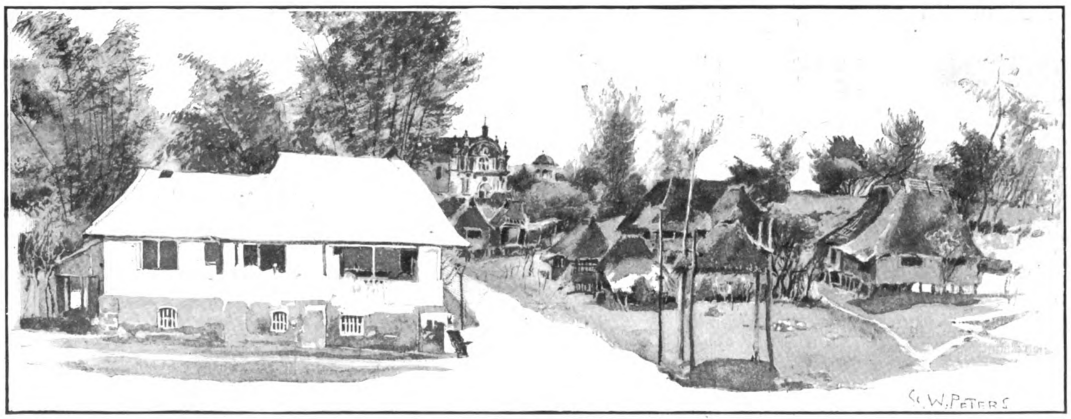
POLO—REMOVING OUR WOUNDED FROM THE FIRING-LINE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING, U. S. V.



MAJOR-GENERAL MacARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS AT CALOOCAN.

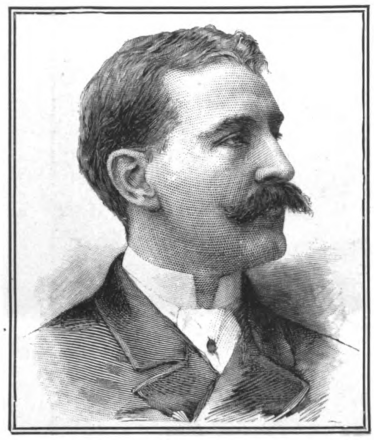


VIEW OF SAN PEDRO MACATI FROM GENERAL KING'S HEADQUARTERS.

THE PHILIPPINES—OUR ARTIST WITH THE FIRING-LINE DURING THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 485.]

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HON. HERBERT W. BOWEN,
Newly Appointed United States Minister to Persia.

A Monopoly to our Rescue

BY JULIAN RALPH

WE were in Bombay, and we needed advice. It occurred to us that the American consul would be the best man to go to for it. Bombay is a large and very important city — of that I can assure our government, if it does not realize the fact. As the Governor of the Presidency said, "When no man from Glasgow is by, we call it the second city in the British Empire."

It naturally occurred to us, under these circumstances, that we would readily find our country's consul, and that he would be a man of distinction in the city.

At the office of our hotel (Watson's Esplanade) we asked for the address of our consul. Nobody knew it. He used to live at the hotel, they said; or perhaps it was another one who came before this present one—they were not sure. Does he not have an office? Oh yes, he must have an office, but nobody knew where.

We went into the street and hailed a "garry"—pigeon-Indian for carriage—and asked the garry-walla, or driver, if he knew the way to the American consulate? He said he did; but he lied in his throat, as per the custom of his kind, who think it polite always to say "yes" to whatever you say to them. He drove us up the Queen's Road and along the bay shore, past the pyres where the bodies of the plague-stricken Hindoos were blackening the sky with their smoke. We felt that he was wrong, and said so. He called to a passing white man, who said, "He is taking you to the French consul." We said we wished to be taken to the American consulate. "I am not sure that country keeps a consul here," said the white man.

Back to town went we, and presently stopped at a grand bungalow with a double-headed eagle on the gates, and flunkies in livery hovering about the veranda. It was the house of the Austrian consul. We alighted, and asked a flunky where was the American consulate. He replied in the native tongue to our driver, and again we set off. We were now carried to the heart of the business district of the city—among the offices of insurance companies, exporting firms, wholesale stores, and the like. The driver stopped the carriage and looked at us. We saw no American consulate, no United States flag—nothing suggestive of that for which we searched. My friend noticed the sign of the ubiquitous New York Life Insurance Company, and climbed the stairs of a building to ask for information. I stood below and waylaid the baboos, or Indian clerks, who speak English. Whenever I asked one where the American consulate was, he invariably looked perplexed, and stopped the next baboo to ask him.

"He used to be in the office of the Standard Oil Company," said one man; but he was not sure, and he did not know where the Standard Oil office was. A dozen who followed said frankly that they did not know there was any such consulate.

Inwardly I boiled with indignation at the shame of having to search so hard for my country's representative, where I had seen the Austrian consul so nobly housed, and where only the day before I had seen the French, the German—yes, even some South-American consuls—riding on the Queen's Road with great pomp and display. Presently down came my companion.

"Our consul is in the Standard Oil Company's office," said he. "What do you think of that? Coming over from New York I met a man who was our consul at La Rochelle, in France, and he was also in the pay of the Standard Oil Company."

"And at Baku, on the Black Sea, where I was last year," said I, "our consul was a Standard Oil man, sent there to keep an eye on the Russian oil-wells, whose owners are the greatest competitors of our gigantic oil company. Out there nobody made any bones about the consul's connection with the Standard Company. The other consuls in Tiflis told me about him, praising him very highly for his ability, but saying that his interest in the consulate was left-handed; that, in sober fact, he was simply a petroleum expert."

"Curious," said my companion.

"It would be interesting to know how many consuls the Standard Oil Company is supplying," said I; and ordering the garry-walla to make for the oil company's office, away we went. On the main business thoroughfare, above the Bombay Club and on the opposite side, was a large building fronted by an arched covered way and filled with offices. On one of the posts supporting the arches were two signs, thus:

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

CONSULATE OF
THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

We mounted the stairs, and entering the office of the greatest of our corporations, presented our cards. We were asked into an inner office, and were smilingly received by a Mr. Mayer, a Bostonian, of under the middle age, who was our consul, and also the acting head of the oil company's branch, in the place of Mr. Comfort the manager, then absent.

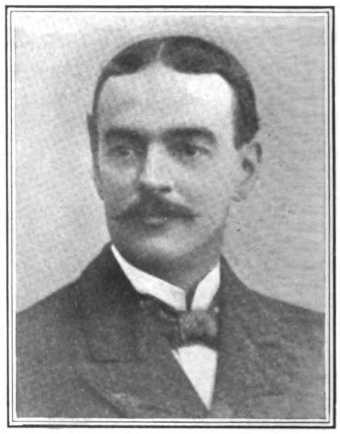
Of his own motion, Mr. Mayer told us how he came to be consul. It seemed that the office of consul to Bombay used to pay four hundred dollars a year. What sort of diplomats were obtainable for that sum the reader may imagine. If he has had my experience, and has encountered or heard of the negroes, half-breeds, Greeks, Armenians, broken-down politicians, drunken journalists, petty shopkeepers, and the rest of the motley crowd that is sent to represent us abroad, his imagination will give him a very clear idea of what four hundred dollars a year got for us in Bombay. But, to go on, the place was shabbily filled, and we were put to constant shame. Not long ago such representations were made to our State Department that the salary was raised to two thousand dollars. The first incumbent at that figure was a young medical student who had come to study the plague, and who found it very difficult to do even that on the newly increased wage. Mr. Mayer was the next consul; but presently a Western man was appointed. When he found that he must pay for his passage to and from Bombay, no less than seven hundred dollars, out of his pocket or salary, he hesitated. He is hesitating still, and the consulate and Standard Oil Company's office remain undivorced.

It will be seen that in this history of the Bombay consulate there is no suggestion of anything but credit to the oil company. It has not sought the place, and it has filled it more creditably than our government ever succeeded in doing. Furthermore, I learned that the salary Mr. Mayer receives from our government he pays over for the rent of his dwelling alone; and I further discovered that the great Continental powers of Europe—which are not so great or so rich as we—pay their consuls six thousands of dollars a year, giving them a chance to return in some degree of style the hospitalities and honors pressed upon them by the British Governor, Lord Sandhurst, at his palace by Malabar Hill. In the four classes—official, military, consular, and commercial—which maintain their own high social circles in a place like Bombay, the consular set has a distinguished standing. The consuls are invited to all the principal affairs and functions; they attend these in their court costumes, are driven to and fro in their official carriages, and are attended by liveried servants wearing distinctive sashes, with the royal arms of their monarchs graven on gilt plates upon them. Now and then they, in turn, give entertainments, which the Governor and his suite are proud to attend. It does not matter whether they have a good time or a dull time. They and their feelings do not count. They lose their personalities in representing their countries.

Wherever there is a British court the desire is to show the most favor to the American representative. My fellow-countrymen will be disappointed to learn that, since all his salary goes for rent, Mr. Mayer cannot vie with the German or French, or even the Portuguese, consul in displaying the outward signs of the power and importance of his country. Yet, by plundering his own pocket, and out of the generous salary paid by the Standard Oil Company, he is able to do something now and then, in a modest way, to return the favors shown to him. He is not able to bear himself like a consul of even a third-rate power, but he does comport himself like a gentleman. I wonder at how many foreign points the Standard Oil Company is thus saving our "face." I came away from Bombay with no inclination to cavil at the fact of Mr. Mayer's being a Standard Oil man. After the reader has seen what I have of our country's consuls he will agree with me that if the United States cannot afford to hold its head up among the powers of the earth, if it cannot pay the keep of men of brains and refinement, if it is mean enough to accept favors which it does not intend to return, if it is too penny-wise to equip its consuls to play their parts in the formalities by which nations are judged and rated by one another—then we are indeed fortunate to possess in the Standard Oil Company a private corporation which is willing to do at least a fraction of these things for us.

Aboard the ship on which I went to India was an Englishman who is our consul at Madras. Madras is the third city in the greatest empire of the East, and one of the world's great seaports. The consul's fees amount to about two thousand dollars—one thousand of which he keeps for himself. Mr. Scott, the gentleman who represents us there, was one of the most courteous and well-appearing men in the large and distinguished company among which he and I found ourselves. But he is an Englishman. The rulers with whom it must be his occasional duty to deal in delicate matters, and with whom he must dispute and make demands, are of his own blood and are his superiors. Therefore he cannot be our consul except in name. It is not in nature for an Englishman to do justice to us Americans when our point of view and that of the English do not coincide. In other words, when we most sorely need a spokesman and an agent in Madras, he cannot give us the service we should have.

We are worse off there than we were in Turkey when the war broke out with Greece. Then (and now, I believe) our consul in Salonica, the second seaport of the country, was a Greek. I doubt if the average reader can realize how monstrous that was! The Turks were righteously locking up some of his countrymen and expelling others. Among them all none was a more intense lover of his country than our consul, and the Turks knew it, but they could not deal with him as the rules of war demanded, because he was our consul. I believe he had sworn with us a citizenship, as so many hundreds of others in Turkey have done, though they do so for every other reason than love of us or intent ever to live within our borders. Fancy to what extent he could have served us had we needed his help—or, for that matter, if we needed it now!



HON. LAWRENCE TOWNSEND,
Newly Appointed United States Minister to Belgium.

In one of the largest cities of Russia I wanted the advice of my consul. I drove far from the heart of the city, and mounted three or four flights of stairs, to read these words: "Consulate of the United States of America. Office open from 5.30 P.M. to 7 P.M. daily." As that was the period when every one except the American consul took dinner, I was not able to see him.

"Why does he give his government the paring of one finger-nail like that?" I inquired.

"He cannot come until he closes his shop," was the reply. "He keeps a small hardware shop, you know."

Fancy the standing of a man who keeps a small shop in that proud capital, in that land of caste and show and pomp! Fancy what ideas of our great republic the people of that city must have! Worse yet, try to conceive what the consuls of all the other great and little powers there assembled must think of the United States for keeping such a representative in such style as that! But you cannot conceive it, for they cannot know what to think.

When I was in China we had for Consul-General at Shanghai a Mr. Jernigan, the ablest, proudest, most thorough American I have ever met in our consular service. Any other country would have retained him in the service, promoting him to be Consul-General in Calcutta or Bangkok or Yokohama, then Minister to China or Japan. Thus he would master the peculiarities of the peoples and the governments of the Orient and their commercial needs, and his great knowledge would be at our command. But he went out with President Cleveland. At the same time that he was in China we were so disgraced by one of our consuls there that the European residents came to me to protest against the outrage he committed upon the fair name of America.

I could say nothing. What was charged against the consul was true of many others. In my travels I hear the same stories every now and then. Here we have a drunkard; there we have sent a loafer; in the next place (two that I have recently heard of) we keep a man who is married to a black or a brown woman, who is outcast to both the blacks and the whites.

"What of all this?" I fancy I hear some Senator ask. "If any foreign countries aren't impressed with our power and importance, we can mighty soon show them what we are." Or it might be said, as it has been said in formal session of the Senate already: "What do any Americans want consular assistance for? Why can't they stay at home? Isn't this country good enough for them?"

In reply I respectfully suggest that our trade is branching out all over the globe, and our merchants and ship-captains will more and more need fit American agents abroad. Our navy, too, is swelling; our territories are multiplying. The other day the *Raleigh* came up the Red Sea, and a few days since we met the *Machias* going East. Every day, wherever we stopped, the papers made conspicuous the news of our doings in Cuba and the Philippines. It is too late to ask why we don't stay home, when our army and navy and our manufactures have gone so far abroad.

Perhaps it is not too late to advocate the foundation of a proper consular service. I know that for years some of the ablest of my countrymen have urged this in speech and writing. But has any one, before this, taken note of the assistance which the Standard Oil Company is giving to the good cause? Has it ever been suggested that we turn the entire service over to that giant corporation? I know of three Standard Oil agents now representing our country abroad? They are picked men—proud, accomplished, shrewd, reflecting great credit upon their country. Why not have all our consuls up to their standard? It would be to our advantage if we could.

As I Walked

AN unseen spirit in the trees
Swings high a censer sweet with musk,
And sets the tulips quick ablaze;
A blossom dances down the breeze,
And wakes a bird-note in the dusk
That silvers all the lilac haze.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, April 27.—After taking Calumpit, General MacArthur's division crossed the Rio Grande in the face of great obstacles, driving the concentrated forces of the enemy back on the railway two miles. General MacArthur reported to General Otis that the passage of the river was a remarkable military achievement, the success of which was due to the daring, skill, and determination of Colonel Funston, "under the discriminating control of General Wheaton," and that our casualties were slight.

Details of the fighting follow:

Shortly after daybreak General Wheaton's brigade, which had advanced through Calumpit to the south bank of the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, found opposed to it on the north bank of that river a strong Filipino force, well intrenched, and provided with old muzzle-loading cannon. Neither artillery nor rifle fire proved sufficient to dislodge the enemy. The bridge at this point had been so badly damaged that it was almost useless, and as the Filipinos had constructed a series of trenches extending for three miles along the river, their position appeared to be impregnable. So matters stood at ten o'clock, when Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas called for volunteers to swim across the river, and from the number of those who responded chose two to aid him. These men, accordingly, did swim across, carrying one end of a long rope with them; and though they were targets for so many rifles, they landed unhurt on the opposite bank, and there fastened the rope to a tree. Meantime our troops kept up a hot fire to prevent the hostiles from leaving their trenches to capture the adventurers or cut the rope, and as soon as a raft could be constructed several companies of Kansans crossed to the north bank, the rope keeping their improvised craft from being swept down with the current. When a sufficient number had been taken over in this fashion, the next step, and a comparatively easy one, was to gain a position from which the Kansans could enfilade the trenches. Thus a seemingly impregnable position suddenly became untenable; the Filipinos were forced to retreat, and while some of them attempted to make a stand in a second line of trenches, others formed again on the plain beyond. But, now that the bridge was no longer swept by the enemy's fire, the remainder of the Kansans and the First Montana volunteers succeeded in crossing, though with difficulty. A force of two thousand Filipinos advancing from Macabebe (west of Calumpit) at this juncture engaged the Americans for half an hour, and when driven back by General Wheaton's artillery and the volunteers' rifle-fire retired in good order. The American advance was then continued toward Apalit, north of Calumpit. Three lines of trenches were taken on the way, and when Apalit was reached two abandoned trains were found. "These trains," a press despatch stated, "were probably destined for San Fernando, which has been the rebel capital since the fall of Malolos." But in its ability to keep ahead of the march of events the Filipino capital had outstripped even the daily press: the Filipino President was at that time on the way to San Isidro, twenty-eight miles north of Calumpit, on the Rio Grande.

A heavy thunder-storm in the afternoon prevented further operations. During the day fifty Americans were overcome by the heat, and Colonel Funston dropped, utterly exhausted, after the battle. The Kansans cheered him excitedly when he went among them.

While this battle was taking place, far away to the southward a force of 1500 Filipinos attacked our troops at Taguig, which lies southeast of Manila. The Washington regiment suffered a loss of two men killed and twelve wounded in driving the natives back.

Friday, April 28.—In an official despatch General Otis said: "This morning the chief of staff from [General Antonio Luna] the commanding general of the insurgent force entered our lines to express admiration of the wonderful feat of the American army in forcing the passage of the river, which was thought impossible. Staff-officer reports that the insurgent commanding general has received from the insurgent government directions to suspend hostilities pending negotiations for the termination of the war. Staff-officer with party is now *en route* to Manila, and will arrive soon."

General Luna's emissaries were Colonel Manuel Arguelles and Lieutenant José Bernal, who approached Apalit under a flag of truce. They were conducted to General Wheaton, who forwarded them under escort to General MacArthur. At division headquarters they were well received, and, in addition to the communications which are mentioned in General Otis's despatch, they offered an excuse for their defeat, saying that when the two regiments of their own men came up from Macabebe they mistook these re-enforcements for a flank movement on the part of the Americans. The Filipinos were escorted by Major Mallory, of General MacArthur's staff, to Manila, where they arrived at 3 P.M. They drove directly to the Palace, where an interview was held with the commanding general and the president of the Philippines Commission. General Otis provided the envoys with a house and a guard of honor, and permitted them to visit friends in Manila.





IN THE TORNADO'S PATH—THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT WAS CARRIED FOUR BLOCKS WITHOUT INJURY TO THE OCCUPANTS.



ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM—THE REMAINS OF A $15,000 RESIDENCE.

EFFECT OF THE DISASTROUS TORNADO WHICH STRUCK KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, APRIL 27, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

Saturday, April 29.—At a second conference with the envoys Admiral Dewey was present. The nature of their proposal and the answer returned are briefly expressed in General Otis's despatch: "Conference with insurgent representatives terminated this morning. Their request, cessation of hostilities for three weeks to enable them to call their Congress to decide whether to continue the war or propose terms of peace. Proposition declined, and full amnesty promised on surrender. Believe that insurgents are tired of war, but seek to secure terms of peace through what they denominate their representative Congress."

On the conclusion of this conference a discussion was held at the office of the Philippines Commission, which was also inconclusive. The envoys returned through the lines in the afternoon to General Luna's headquarters at Santo Tomás, on the railway, six miles beyond Calumpit.

Sunday, April 30.—Admiral Dewey cabled that some of the *Yorktown* boat-crew, including Gillmore, were prisoners at insurgent headquarters. The reference was to the men who were captured at Baler on April 12.

Monday, May 1.—Hostilities had not ceased. General Lawton, now moving westward from Norzagaray to cooperate with the forces north of Calumpit, lost one killed and five wounded in a morning engagement. Midway between Norzagaray and Apalit he captured the town of Balinag, scattering and pursuing 1600 Filipino troops. His loss there was two wounded; the Filipino loss, several killed and a large number wounded and captured.

General Otis cabled that Captain Charles M. Rockefeller, of the Ninth Infantry, had been missing since the 28th ultimo; that he had visited outposts near Caloocan on the evening of the day mentioned, and had not been seen since; that it was believed he had lost his course and been captured. Captain Rockefeller served through the civil war, reaching the rank of First Lieutenant of Volunteers. He became Second Lieutenant in the Ninth Infantry in 1867, First Lieutenant in 1878, and Captain in 1889. He received a medal of honor from Congress for gallantry in action in 1865. In the campaign in Puerto Rico last summer he served on General F. D. Grant's staff.

Major Bell with a squad of scouts entered the town of Macabebe. The people, who are foes of the Tagalogs, rang bells and shouted "vivas" on the arrival of the Americans.

General MacArthur sent officers to General Luna, under a flag of truce, carrying money and provisions for the American prisoners, and proposing an exchange.

Tuesday, May 2.—Arguelles returned from General Luna's headquarters with new propositions for a cessation of hostilities.—General Lawton was engaged in hard fighting. General Hale's brigade started from Calumpit at daybreak to proceed eastward and open communication with Lawton.—It was reported that the Filipino army was massing at Santo Tomás, and that strong intrenchments were being constructed there.—A despatch from London: Representatives of the Filipino Junta said that Aguinaldo, in a telegram dated April 30, had disavowed the present negotiations. It was asserted that the peace overtures came only from the Luna faction.—Colonel Frederick Funston became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, by President McKinley's appointment.

General Otis cabled that the American prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos were Lieutenant Gillmore and seven enlisted men of the navy, and six enlisted men of the army, held by General Luna; two men captured by the hostiles on the lines south of Manila; and Captain Rockefeller still unaccounted for.

MARRION WILCOX.

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WASHINGTON—HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, HANDING TO M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, THE $20,000,000 DUE TO SPAIN UNDER THE TREATY OF PEACE, IN FOUR WARRANTS FOR $5,000,000 EACH, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT, MAY 1, 1899.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY WILBERT MELVILLE.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD."]

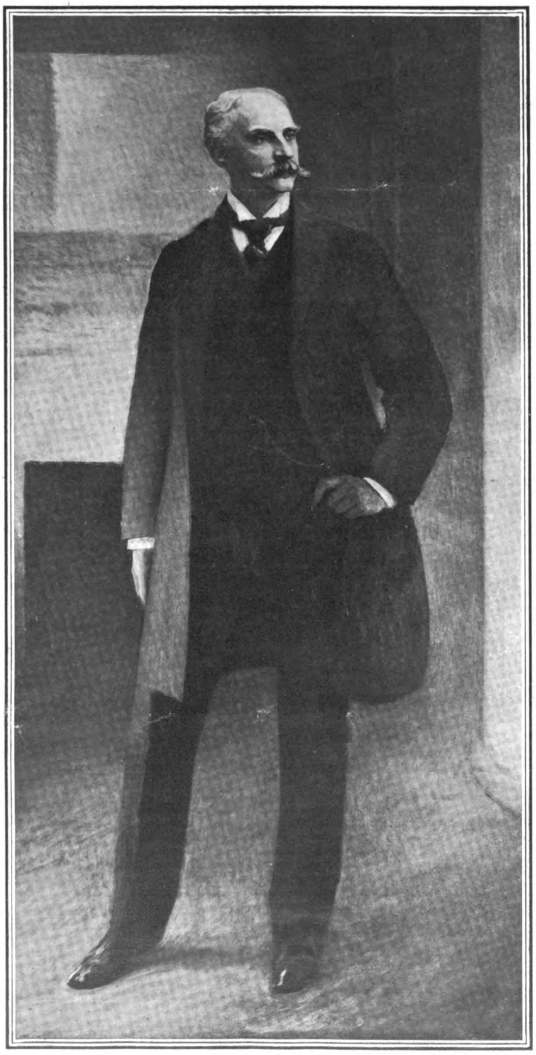
Henry B. Hyde

"THE most eminent insurance man in this or any other country," as he has been characterized, died of heart-disease at his residence in New York on May 2.

Henry Baldwin Hyde was born in Catskill, on February 15, 1834. When sixteen years of age he came to New York city, and for two years was employed by Messrs. Merritt, Ely, & Co. In 1852 he obtained a clerkship in the office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and subsequently became cashier of that organization. Through this connection and the instruction of his father, Mr. Henry H. Hyde, of Boston, who was in his day an authority on life-insurance, the subject of this sketch was enabled to post himself thoroughly on all details of the business. In 1859 he reached the conclusion that there was room for a new company, organized along new lines. Accordingly we find that he surrendered his responsible position at the Mutual, and that the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States was incorporated in the same year. Mr. Hyde rented, at the rate of $900 a year, a rear room on the second floor of the building at 98 Broadway, and placed a sign on the front of the building. He decided, when the society was organized, that he would accept the position of vice-president, and the Hon. William C. Alexander, of New Jersey, was selected for the presidency. The first meeting of the incorporators was held at 19 Nassau Street, as the room at 98 Broadway was too small. In the beginning the office force consisted of the president, vice-president, actuary, secretary, physician, and one office-boy. There was no clerical force. The actuary kept the books and attended to the general correspondence, while Mr. Hyde was charged with the management of the business and the appointment of agents.

The story of Mr. Hyde's life from this time forward becomes the history of the enterprise to which he devoted his most uncommon talents, with indispensable support from his power of physical endurance and his consistency of principle. It is authoritatively stated that chiefly through the personal efforts of Mr. Hyde the first applications for assurance, which launched the business, were secured among his own friends and those of the other incorporators; that every department received his constant scrutiny; that no obligation was incurred and no bill paid without his approval; that, during the early years of the society, he would sometimes make extended business trips, working all day, day after day, travelling at night, and inspiring all employés with the ambition to rival him in energy. It was his habit to base his convictions, in all matters of importance, upon laborious and deliberate investigation of facts and circumstances; but as soon as his mind was made up, the plan which corresponded to his views was advocated fearlessly and carried out aggressively. Then everything—even the slightest detail—became important, from its bearing upon the great matter in hand.

On August 23, 1874, the first president of the society died, and ten days later Mr. Hyde was chosen to fill that office, with Mr. James W. Alexander as first vice-president. His personal devotion to even the most tiresome and apparently least attractive portions of the routine of the central office and the many agencies was not relaxed. It must be said, however, that the almost unprecedented success of the organization, which was in so large a measure his own creation, must have been a constant stimulus, and at times, when its present gigantic proportions were reached, almost an inspiration. It is not so difficult to be faithful to a winning cause! The growth of the Equitable Society in forty years is a matter of general interest and importance. The original Equitable Building was erected in 1870. It is said that Mr. Hyde insisted upon the introduction of passenger-elevators into the building, against the advice of the society's building committee, and at a time when not a single office building in New York had that feature. This may seem a comparatively slight matter, but it is really characteristic of his achievements in other directions; for many things which he approached as promising novelties and innovations have become commonplaces.



HENRY BALDWIN HYDE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

The Tornado

ONE of the prettiest residence districts in all Missouri—a part of the city of Kirksville which had been newly built, and in which hundreds of cottages, each with its garden or lawn, stood on either side of streets lined with shade-trees—was destroyed in two minutes by a tornado on the evening of April 27. Nearly fifty persons were killed, one hundred or more were wounded, and six or seven hundred rendered homeless. A public appeal by the Mayor of Kirksville, dated April 28, requested cities and towns throughout the State to contribute financial assistance at once to relieve the sufferers, as the emergency could not be met by the local authorities.

The storm came without warning, preceded only by a light rain at six o'clock. There had been no ominous darkness; the clouds appeared to be (according to one survivor) innocent and "fleecy-looking"; there was a fair breeze, and the temperature was moderate. Then the great wind fell like the torrent of Niagara, and with a roar and a destructive power like Niagara's. All things standing in its path—the trees, buildings of wood and of brick—were either levelled with the ground, or torn or lifted up, whirled away, and scattered as fragments beyond the town in woodland and prairie. In two minutes it had passed. Then fires broke out at several points among the ruins; the apparatus of the fire department could not be made effective. Opportunely a heavy rain followed to quench the flames. Many people report seeing bodies of men and animals blown skyward.

Newton, a small place of about eight hundred inhabitants in Sullivan County, was also struck by a cyclone at nearly the same hour. A large part of the town was ruined; ten of its inhabitants were killed, and twenty-six injured. This storm, also, came almost without warning.

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SECRET HISTORY.

Concerning myself, an Emperor, and a few other important people.

HAD it not been for the restlessness of William the Sudden, this would never have been written. The trouble began in his Majesty's ear, I believe—I have forgotten which one. At any rate, the trouble spread—I do not mean locally, but in accordance with the inelegant Muscovite proverb, "When the Czar itches, all Asia scratches."

So when the Emperor's auricular irritation set him scheming and plotting, those symptoms of international agitation known as canards kept the telegraph busy, until even the United States stirred like a sleepy watch-dog vibrating with subterranean grumbles. Nevertheless, in the daily papers there was nothing more than the usual rumors of war in Europe. Nobody imagined that America had any interest in the Luxembourg question. Therefore what I write may surprise some people.

Late in that oppressive month of July I had been detached from my regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, and ordered to Washington—why, I knew not. I had absolutely nothing to do in the city, except to report at the War Department every day, study geography, and brush up my knowledge of French, Dutch, and Flemish.

For a week I sweltered in the broiling city, wondering what I was wanted for, until a chance word from the Assistant Secretary of War gave me my cue. I was utterly amazed. I had read in the daily papers something about the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and the mild European sensation concerning the Emperor's rumored intentions towards it. I knew, as everybody knows, that Luxembourg, once a state belonging to the German Confederation, is now an independent Grand Duchy closely allied to Holland. This small triangular country, hemmed in by Belgium, France, and Rhenish Prussia, and secretly coveted by all three, served as a buffer-state to keep these Christian nations from inter-assassination. It was practically defenceless; its capital, the crumbling city of Luxembourg, contained a single battalion of troops, a grand-duke, a duchess, and a dozen cannon. Yet its very weakness was its safeguard—or at least had been its safeguard until the ear of William the Sudden tickled that monarch into a mischievous activity that threatened to arouse all Europe. For William cast his weather-eye towards Luxembourg, and deciding it to be proper ground on which to plant the gospel of his consecrated person, set his archæologists to work to prove that Luxembourg had always belonged to him, and that the Treaty of London was void. The archives of the German Confederation, which once existed, corroborated his tentative claim—at least he said they did; but the pretty young Queen of Holland turned up her pretty nose and quietly mobilized two drowsy Dutch army corps, which contributed to the merriment of the initiated and the irritation of William the Sudden. And all this time the public suspected nothing, and the press saw in the mobilization merely the autumn manœuvres of the Dutch army.

Then intrigue followed intrigue and politics waxed hotter, and France secretly created more artillery and Belgium built more forts—forts utterly superfluous, by-the-way, as everybody knows that there are already more forts in Belgium than regiments to garrison them.

England, rising heavily from her sea-washed chalk cliffs, looked out across the Channel and glared at Luxembourg. Then the Atlantic cables began to grow hot with cipher codes—messages that culminated in a secret understanding: the proposed joint seizure of Samoa by England and the United States the moment a German soldier set foot on Luxembourg soil. Yet of this understanding the public had not the faintest suspicion.

That was the situation until the tension increased, when William the Sudden made a speech to his guard regiments, full of concentrated and consecrated malice, which startled a Foreign Office and a Department of State. The public, not understanding it, derided its author.

In the astonished silence that ensued, the United States, ignoring its traditional policy, executed an unobtrusive masterpiece of diplomacy, neither noticed nor understood by anybody except the government officials directly concerned. And yet it was exquisitely original, and almost Asiatic in its complicated simplicity. It was this:

An American commissioner had been named and sent to Luxembourg, ostensibly *en route* for the Antwerp Exhibition. Once in Luxembourg, however, he was quietly received as the accredited representative of the United States—the first foreign minister to the independent state of Luxembourg.

This unprecedented action signified the unmistakable decision of the United States that Luxembourg was to remain an independent country; it made clear to Germany that any imperial action towards the acquisition of Luxembourg would be considered as an act of conquest on the part of Germany towards a free and friendly state.

The blow fell hard on William. He had expected to have some moral excuse for action. Now he had none. This diplomatic slap in the face did not sweeten his disposition. To smite him was an awful thing; the United States government knew that, and waited for a Teutonic upheaval. And the sensational press and the prying public never imagined that the United States and Germany stood on the brink of war.

Affairs were at this stage when I was ordered to Washington. Affairs remained in that state until, to the admiration and amusement of the few officials who enjoyed the confidence of the Executive, it was hinted that the President had decided to send a military attaché to the legation at Luxembourg. I was to be that attaché; not because I possessed the slightest diplomatic ability, but because I spoke Dutch, French, and Flemish, and was not ignorant of the Walloon dialect. So, one beautiful morning in August, after a rambling and tedious lecture from the Secretary of War, I packed my grip and climbed aboard a B. & O. train for New York.

A week later I was in Paris.

An hour later I was in trouble.

CHAPTER II.

TWO PASSPORTS.

In which there is the devil to pay.

WHEN the Brussels-Antwerp through express left Paris for the city of Luxembourg, late in the afternoon, the first-class smoking compartment was occupied by two young men. One had been handed a telegram just as the train moved off. He turned a trifle pale as he opened it. He did not interest me particularly, although I hoped he had received no bad news. I could not ask him, however, because I did not know him.

The other young man sat smoking and drumming noiselessly on the car window with gloved fingers. That was the man who interested me. I glanced into the panel-mirror across the aisle, and nodded at my own reflection in friendly fashion, then turned again towards the window, to blink at trees, hedges, and telegraph poles flying past, until the monotony tired me, and I picked up the *Figaro* and read it through.

Now, although there was little in the paper to interest me, a single news item tucked away on the third page momentarily arrested my attention. The item was food for a cynic's digestion. It read:

"Prince Edric of Prussia is said to be deeply in love with a beautiful peasant girl of Luxembourg. As his intentions are *honorable*, the situation causes the Emperor great unhappiness."

The paragraph started a train of thought, which I followed, leaning on the window-sill, until I unconsciously began to weave a pretty romance around the peasant girl of Luxembourg and the handsome Prussian prince.

The train roared across a trestle; below, a swiftly rushing river flashed into sight, then vanished, and again the broad level plain, spotted with poplars, stretched peacefully away to the horizon.

I had been lounging there by the window for some time, absorbed in my own thoughts, eyes noting indifferently the changeless procession of trees and fields, when the sound of a match scraping behind me drew my attention. My fellow-traveller was attempting to set fire to a cigar—an atrocious one, from which he had just pulled a straw. I thought to myself, "There is but one nation sufficiently degraded to foster trade in that kind of cigar: my companion is a German."

I spoke to him pleasantly in German. I can do it when mentally excited. He courteously removed the cigar from his lips and replied conventionally to my conventional observation. Meanwhile his match had burned out. I saw him prepare to strike another; at the same moment he

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caught my eye. What my face expressed I can only conjecture, at any rate, he again removed the cigar from between his lips and examined the slightly charred end.

"There is nothing the matter with it, is there?" he asked, seriously.

I leaned across the aisle to inspect the infernal machine, and we began a critical confab concerning tobacco, which ended in my suggesting that he give an expert's opinion on one of my Havana cigars. He agreed; it was my first diplomatic triumph on foreign soil.

Now I knew that I was casting pearls; moreover, I had few American cigars left; but as long as my cigars and diplomacy held out, I swore that I should not suffocate to make a German's holiday.

When my companion expressed placid satisfaction with the cigar, I replied suitably, and we settled back on our velvet cushions, prepared for further confidences or for silence.

After a few moments' aromatic reverie, I became conscious that my companion was staring at me. Instinctively I raised my head, but he was looking at the lamp in the ceiling, absently tearing the blue telegram to pieces.

We chatted a little; we touched on politics, partridge-shooting, and the Spanish loan. I tried him with English; he spoke it perfectly, so I knew he had not learned it in America, and he knew that I had.

Again I relapsed into a reverie, unconsciously taking up the thread where I had dropped a stitch in the romance of the prince and the peasant girl, indolently wondering where, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Prince Edric's inamorata dwelt.

As long as I was bound for the city of Luxembourg, it pleased me to think that I was going to a land where a prince could still love honorably, and where the opening bud of Romance proved that the stalk had not withered to the root. For the roots of Romance are bedded in chivalry, and not until chivalry and honor vanish from the world will the frail flower of Romance become extinct.

While I had been musing by the window, industriously smoking and constructing this metaphor, my eyes had followed an interminable landscape, monotonous, featureless, yet continually changing to a thousand dreary facsimiles of the original copyrighted view.

And all the while I had been instinctively aware that my German neighbor opposite had never taken his eyes off me. He studied my features persistently; he examined my clothes, my shoes. I gazed dreamily out of the rattling cinder-smeared windows, and I felt his eyes estimating my probable height.

"Continental curiosity," I thought to myself; yet, as I thought it, I knew there was no such thing as Continental curiosity. I had been educated in France.

A little impatient, I turned to encounter his direct gaze. He did not attempt to evade my eyes; on the contrary, he said, amiably:

"It is curious how we resemble each other. Have you observed?"

"No," I said, "I have not."

Irritation succeeded surprise as I noticed his dark, handsome eyes, his splendid color, his perfectly shaped head, and contrasted them with my ordinary brown eyes, monotonous coat of tan, and stocky neck and head. He noticed my reserve.

"Nevertheless," he said, pleasantly, "I will wager, monsieur, that in your passport the official description of you would fit me in every particular."

"Oh," said I, "that is easily proven. Shall we lay a bet?"

"With pleasure," he replied; "and, furthermore, I will wager that the description in my passport will fit you."

"I'll take those bets," I said; "what are the stakes?"

"I beg you to name them," he replied, courteously.

"Very well," I said; "I'll lay you a dozen cigars against a cigarette that neither of our passports properly describes anybody but the owner." If I lost, at least I'd keep him smoking decent tobacco.

"Done—with pleasure," he said, drawing his passport from his pocket.

Fumbling in my breast pocket for my own passport, I had time to notice that his was engraved in German and bore the seals of the German Empire.

"Shall I read my passport?" I asked, opening the parchment and glancing at him.

"By all means," he replied, opening his own formidable document.

He raised the window, tossed out the pieces of his torn telegram, and turned to me expectantly. So I began:

"United States of America, Department of State.

"*To all to whom these presents shall come:*

"Greeting,—I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit Gilbert Hardy, a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass, and, in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State, at the City of Washington, the 17th day of July, [SEAL.] in the year of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-first.

"Now," I continued, "follows the description:

"Age, twenty-five years. Stature, five feet seven and a quarter inches. Forehead, medium. Eyes, brown. Nose, very slightly upturned. Mouth, medium. Chin, round. Hair, brown. Complexion, fair. Face, full. Mustache, short and light brown.

"And," I ended, "here is my signature and the number of the passport,—5329."

"Does not that description fit me also?" he asked.

I began to re-read the items, glancing up at him from time to time, and, to my surprise, found that everything, except age and height, described him as well as it did me.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-five."

"And are you five feet seven and a quarter inches in height?"

He made a rapid mental calculation from German to English measure.

"Exactly," he replied.

Then he read from his own passport his name, Stanerl von Elbe, and the official description of himself, which, translated into English, agreed exactly with the description of myself in my own passport.

"I have lost my bet," said I, laughing; "yet could any two people be really more unlike than you and I?"

"Suppose," said he, gayly, "that you and I exchange passports for a while—say for a month or two? It would be amusing, would it not?"

I laughed and folded up my paper.

"I mean it seriously," he said; "would you?"

"No," said I, frankly, "I don't think I would."

"Neither of us really have any use for passports in civilized Europe," he persisted; "and yet, do you know, it would be of great service to me if you would exchange —say for a day or two."

At this extraordinary if not impertinent request I looked at the young fellow in surprise. He returned my stare and continued:

"I am perfectly aware how unusual such a suggestion may seem to you, Mr. Hardy, and I beg you to believe that I intend neither to affront you nor to attempt any familiarity that our casual acquaintance could not warrant."

"It certainly does not warrant our exchanging passports," I said.

"It warrants nothing," he replied, turning red. "I should scarcely have risked a snub from a stranger. I have been trying to make up my mind to ask you for your passport for the last hour."

"I cannot, of course, give you my passport," said I; "you yourself, Monsieur von Elbe, will understand why."

"Because you don't know me?"

"Exactly; and because I don't propose to have a stranger impersonating me. Why should I?"

"Because," he said, in a low voice, "it might help me without harming you."

"If I knew that," I said, "you should have the passport."

He straightened up and dropped his left hand to a level with his hip, where, had he been an officer, he would have found a sword-hilt swinging.

"Can you not understand, monsieur," said I, irritably, "that I am not insulting you because I refuse to credit what you tell me? Nor should I, under such circumstances, expect you to believe me."

"I am a Prussian and an officer," he said, haughtily.

"That I knew when you reached for your sword—which," I continued, "is a habit of German officers not at all appreciated by Americans."

I was becoming more irritated every moment; he had tightened his lips and straightened up, shoulders squared, eyes narrowing with suppressed anger.

"When you acknowledge me to be an officer and a Prussian," he said, "you naturally admit me incapable of deception."

"And yet," I said, "you wish me to be a party to wholesale deception by furnishing you with my passport."

That staggered him; he gazed blankly at me, lips slightly parted.

"Let us drop the subject," I suggested, pleasantly; for, in spite of his impudence, I could not choose but like him; he was wonderfully handsome, and as manly a youngster as I had ever encountered.

"I cannot drop the subject," he said, with an effort; "all the humiliation you put me to is worth enduring—because I must have your passport."

"Must?" I repeated, sharply.

"Yes. You would give it to me if you knew what depends on your generosity."

"What depends on my generosity?"

"I cannot tell you."

I bowed and picked up the *Figaro;* not that I was going to read it, but it seemed a means of closing the discussion.

For ten minutes I scanned it mechanically — understanding nothing of what I read — wondering who the deuce this young fellow might be who took such easy liberties with other people's property. My paper hid him from my view. He kept very still. After a while I slightly lowered the paper to glance at him, and found myself looking into the round black barrel of a revolver. There was a painful silence; I tried to rivet my gaze on his face, but my eyes always returned to that round black muzzle. Suddenly I made a quick motion towards my hip pocket, and at the same moment the muzzle of his pistol chilled my ear.

"Give me your passport," he said, in a strained voice.

"The pleasure is mine," I replied, producing the document. "I was not before aware of your profession, monsieur, otherwise I might have made it more interesting for us both."

His hand trembled a trifle as he lowered the shining weapon, but he still kept me covered, his hand resting on his left knee.

"I am not a highwayman," he said, unsteadily; "I am driven to this."

"Oh, I see you are not a highwayman," I replied. "May I offer you my watch as a guarantee of my sympathy and admiration?"

My policy was to wait, and I knew it.

He paled and raised the pistol, aiming at my eyes.

"Damn you!" he said, fiercely, "if you insult me again, I'll fire this in your face!"

We sat silently facing each other. I, between apprehension and astonishment, found my wits in a sadly disordered condition, and I felt decidedly relieved when again he lowered his weapon and sat, breathing fast, watching my slightest movement.

Presently he spoke again, distinctly, weighing every phrase, trimming each word to the quick, and biting off sentences with a crisp snap.

"Your passport will be returned to you—my word as a Prussian officer. Give me your parole that you will not attempt to recover it by force. It will relieve us both."

"I give you my word that I won't attempt anything as long as you have me covered," I said.

"And if I put up my pistol?"

"Then God help you!" I thought to myself.

"Answer," he repeated.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked out of the window. For I had an article in my hip pocket that I was sure would interest him—and I wondered whether he'd give me half a chance to reach for it before we reached Luxembourg.

"May I look at my time-table?" I asked, gently.

"There are no stops between Paris and Luxembourg," he said.

CHAPTER III.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

Wherein an interesting question of precedence is settled.

IT was an hour before I spoke again. My companion sat quietly in his corner of the compartment, revolver and eyes focussed on my person. Whenever I made a movement he promptly levelled his weapon at my head, and kept it in that annoying position until I became motionless again. To me the proceedings were at once humiliating and monotonous. At times I relapsed into a hypnotic inspection of the revolver muzzle always confronting me, although his firm hand rested easily on one knee.

As the slow minutes passed, the situation became more interesting to us both, because we knew that sooner or later we should arrive at the station. There I intended to turn the tables on my bandit friend from Prussia. Perhaps he read my thoughts. He glanced uneasily out of the car window; but as yet there was nothing to see except flat dusty plains, symmetrical poplars, and the level western sun smouldering behind a straight band of violet haze.

Disgust had succeeded my first alarm; that too gave way to curiosity, then to ennui.

"Pooh!" thought I, "the game is in my own hands when we come to the station."

Before long I felt that I was going to yawn, and this pleased me. "For," thought I, "there are not so many people in this world who find time to yawn into the muzzle of a pistol."

"Pardon, monsieur," I said, "but I am about to commit a breach of etiquette. May I dissimulate the indiscretion with my hand?"

He said nothing; I enjoyed my yawn, the more because I noticed he had not raised his too convenient pistol.

"I am under obligations to you," I said. "May I search in my pockets for my handkerchief?"

"Are you armed?" he demanded.

"I am doubly armed with innocence," I replied, flippantly.

"Anything else?" he insisted, sarcastically.

"Oh, nothing but a Colt's six-shooter."

"Then never mind your handkerchief for the present," he returned.

As I didn't need my handkerchief, I didn't mind. After a while he again asked me for my parole, and I refused.

"I tell you no harm need come to you," he repeated.

I said nothing.

"But it may, unless you listen to me and do what I say," he added, with unconcealed impatience.

"Oh, I'll listen," I replied, "but I won't give you my parole. If I did I'd keep it—even to you."

He eyed me narrowly for a moment or two, during which I affected an interest in the sunset that I did not feel.

"May I trouble you for your attention?" he said, angrily.

"You are in a position to trouble me for more than that," I imprudently replied.

For a second I thought he was going to shoot me. A cool current of air from the ventilator dried the sudden perspiration on my cheek-bones. When he had mastered his fury, which was exclusively internal, he said:

"Monsieur, I have subjected myself to sneers and insinuations from an American. Our relative positions at this moment do not allow me to resent any affront from you, nor even to inform you, in suitable terms, of my opinion concerning you. But when I have the pleasure to return you your passport I shall permit myself the honor of insulting you."

"Your presence alone will accomplish that," I replied.

He controlled himself so beautifully that it occurred to me I was playing a sorry game—like a little boy making faces at a caged panther.

"Come," said I, "after all, I suppose even highwaymen are sensitive at times. I'm obliged to you for your self-control. I can't make you out, and I don't particularly care to, but I warn you frankly that if I can get my passport back I'll do it. Why," I continued, "this thing is monstrous. By Heaven! if I had a chance—only half a chance—"

"What would you do?" he asked, much interested.

"I'd blow your damned head off!" I said, gayly.

"Listen," he said; "I'll give you a chance to seek the satisfaction that certainly is yours by right. I'll fight you in a week, when and where and with whatever you please, conforming, of course, to established procedure. Now will you give me your parole?"

"No," I said, shortly.

"Why? Because you do not trust me?"

"Why should I? You rob me, and then ask me to trust you? Go to the devil!"

"Very well," he said, with tightened lips; "I shall have the greater pleasure in offering you satisfaction—a week from to-day."

"The tribute will be as unwelcome as unexpected," I said. "I don't fight duels with bandits."

"That will do!" he interrupted, in a harsh voice. "You can afford to risk it if I can."

He glanced out of the window; I made the faintest motion towards my hip, then desisted.

"I have one thing to say to you before we reach Luxembourg," he said, tossing his passport on to the cushion at my side. "It is this: don't use that passport of mine. You need not show it. I give it to you to be rid of it. In case of detention I can't afford to have that passport found in my possession."

"I don't want it," I said; but he ignored my observation and continued:

"When we reach the station—and we'll be there shortly—contrary to custom, the gendarmes may ask for your passport. Don't show them mine. Say simply that you have lost your passport—which will be true."

"Oh, quite true."

"Which will be true," he repeated, coldly. "If you do this you will avoid serious inconvenience."

"If I don't, what then?" I asked.

"You'll find out," he said, with the faintest twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

Of course I immediately made up my mind to show his passport, whether anybody asked for it or not. Naturally he would not care to have me show his passport to the police. Then it occurred to me that he certainly was not obliged to give me his passport and run the risk of my

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showing it. Perhaps, after all, it was to my advantage to take his strange advice.

He must have divined my perplexity, for he said, "It's good advice; take it."

Out of the corner of my eye, through the car window, I saw signs that we were approaching the city of Luxembourg: long lines of freight-cars side-tracked, signal-towers, sheds, lonesome locomotives hissing and steaming on turn-tables, and, to my great satisfaction, here and there I had a glimpse of Luxembourg gendarmes in patent-leather shakos and blue and white uniforms, patrolling a broad terraced highway that ran parallel with the railroad.

"When we arrive at the station and the train stops," said my companion, "I'll trouble you to get out first."

"In the etiquette of precedence," I replied, cheerfully, "I submit to your revolver and to your more extensive Continental experience."

"Confound you!" he burst out, with a boyish laugh, "you're not a bad fellow, after all!"

"Indeed I'm not," I said, "but you may not appreciate me in a moment more."

"Are you going to get out first?"

"Yes—if you insist."

"And wait for the psychological moment when you can draw your six-shootaire?"

His affected pronunciation—for he spoke English exquisitely when he chose, revealed in a flash a coolness, a self-assurance, and a subtle irony that fairly took my breath away.

"See!" he said, "we are in the suburbs already. We shall be in the station in half a minute. There you will see lots of gendarmes, lots of railroad officials, lots of people, and a few soldiers on the station platform. Are you going to shout: 'Brigands! Police! Help!'"

"I will if I choose," I said.

"And you'll show my passport as exhibit A, I fancy. Eh? Documents in evidence, damning proof, and all that?"

"Perhaps."

"Better not," he said, laughing outright. His handsome face had undergone a complete transformation. Before, it had been haughty, impenetrable, often darkly furious, and always tinged with the shadow of care. Now it was the face of a boy, reckless, half laughing, glowing with color. He flushed like an eager subaltern at his first battle; he sniffed at danger, and seemed to find the aroma satisfactory. He was a highwayman worthy of the name.

"Pick up my passport," he said, "and put it in your breast pocket. Careful now!" He twirled his revolver as he spoke.

I obeyed, wondering when he was going to appropriate my watch and wallet.

The train glided under an overhanging roof—slower, slower—then stopped in the midst of a sudden tumult of cries: "Luxembourg! Luxembourg! All out for the Custom House! Descendez, messieurs, s'il vous plaît!"

"Descendez, monsieur, s'il vous plaît," said my companion, with a nervous laugh. I hesitated; his revolver flew up and almost touched my cheek.

"Turn your back. Go!" he whispered, fiercely.

I went.

But as my foot touched the asphalt platform, quick as thought I ducked behind the door, whipped out my revolver, and fired back into the compartment from which I had emerged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

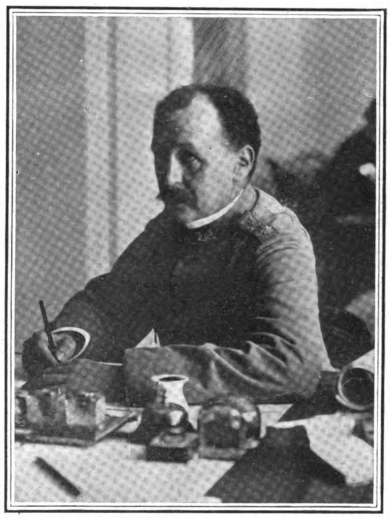
By Franklin Matthews



VIII.

TAXATION AND MATTERS OF FINANCE IN HAVANA

IN the orders assigning General Ludlow to become the military governor of the city of Havana and its suburbs there was a direction that he should cause an investigation to be made as to the income and expenses of the city, and also as to the methods of taxation employed. The object was not only to obtain accurate and necessary information for the proper administration of the affairs of a large city under American military control, but also to correct such evils of grave importance as might be discovered. There was little doubt that such evils did exist.



COL. WILLIAM M. BLACK, U. S. A.,
Chief of the Department of Public Works.

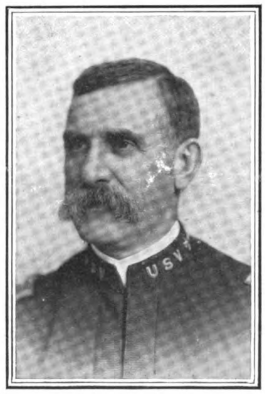
In accordance with his instructions, General Ludlow issued an order, almost as soon as he reached Havana, establishing what was called a Finance Commission. The order was dated January 14. A commission of six members was appointed to find out the exact condition of the city treasury—to learn the exact sources of revenue of the city; how this revenue was collected, accounted for, and where it was deposited; to learn the full disposition of the money collected, how it was spent, by whom, and on what authority; to learn particulars of the bonded debt and other obligations of the city, and for what purposes these obligations were incurred; to learn how advances were secured and loans made, and to secure any other information of importance regarding the city's finances.

The commission was to make an exhaustive and thorough study into matters of the municipal revenue, with the hope of finding better ways of distributing the burden arising from them, and to stop corrupt practices wherever they existed. It was a task involving a vast amount of research, and it needed the supervision and study of clear-headed men. For the chairman of this commission General Ludlow selected Mr. Ernest L. Conant, a New York lawyer, just entering upon middle age, a man whose legal attainments had attracted wide attention in our law-schools. He had been a teacher in the Harvard Law School, and when he left the theoretical for the practical side of the law he did so against the earnest protests of President Eliot and other men, who knew his worth as an instructor and as a deep student. Mr. Conant had been called to Havana when the Evacuation Commission was in session in the fall of 1898. His legal work was of great value to the American commissioners, and when that work was over he remained in the city to look after certain American interests of large importance.

General Ludlow immediately decided to make use of Mr. Conant's ability. Mr. Conant informed him that he represented certain corporate interests in Havana, but General Ludlow said he saw no reason why, as a man of honor, he could not maintain business relations with the administration of the city and look after his private clients as well, inasmuch as his private business had no connection whatever with the matter of city finance and taxation. With the distinct understanding that if at any time questions relating to the interests he represented should become a matter for decision by the administration they should be passed upon strictly on their merits and without regard to Mr. Conant's association with them, he consented to head the commission to study and report upon the city's finances.

Associated with Mr. Conant were Mr. Leopoldo Cancio, Samuel M. Jarvis, Manuel Villanova, I. N. Casanova, and George W. Hyatt, most of whom had long been residents of Havana, were familiar with the business methods of the place, and occupied a recognized place of the highest integrity in the community. The instructions to the commission were to do the work thoroughly, and to report as soon as the work could be accomplished. General Ludlow gave the commission the fullest authority to examine documents and records and to question any one who might have knowledge of the affairs they were investigating. He set aside for them the office-room and workshop of former Captain-General Weyler, and they were instructed to sit as frequently as they could. They held daily sessions.

The commission soon found that there had not been any statement or report prepared regularly of the exact amount of money collected by the city or of its exact expenses. A budget had been prepared each year, showing estimates of the amount of money required to run the city, but it was never the custom to report how near the expenses, as estimated in the budget, were satisfied by the actual collections and disbursements. Mr. Conant repeatedly called for a statement as to city expenditures, but the officials said there was none, and that it could not be compiled. Mr. Conant thought it could be compiled, and he told the city officials so. They said it would take an immense amount of research and labor, and the mañana pretext was called into use for delay. Mr. Conant expected that and was prepared for it, and the way he solved the problem was a passing illustration of what happens when so-called Anglo-Saxon methods come in conflict with Latin methods in the matter of government. Mr. Conant had several interviews with the chief bookkeeper of the city.



MAJOR JOHN G. DAVIS, U. S. V.,
Department of Sanitation.

Mr. Conant has a manner of reserve, but of great force. He always speaks in a low tone, never gets excited, but has a persistence that is developed in consecutive and logical steps, and that refuses to be thwarted by anything except the impossible. The amount of work involved in the preparation of statements did not bother Mr. Conant at all. It was possible to have the work done, and therefore Mr. Conant, in his quiet determined way, that had a strength of steel in it, said that it should be done forthwith.

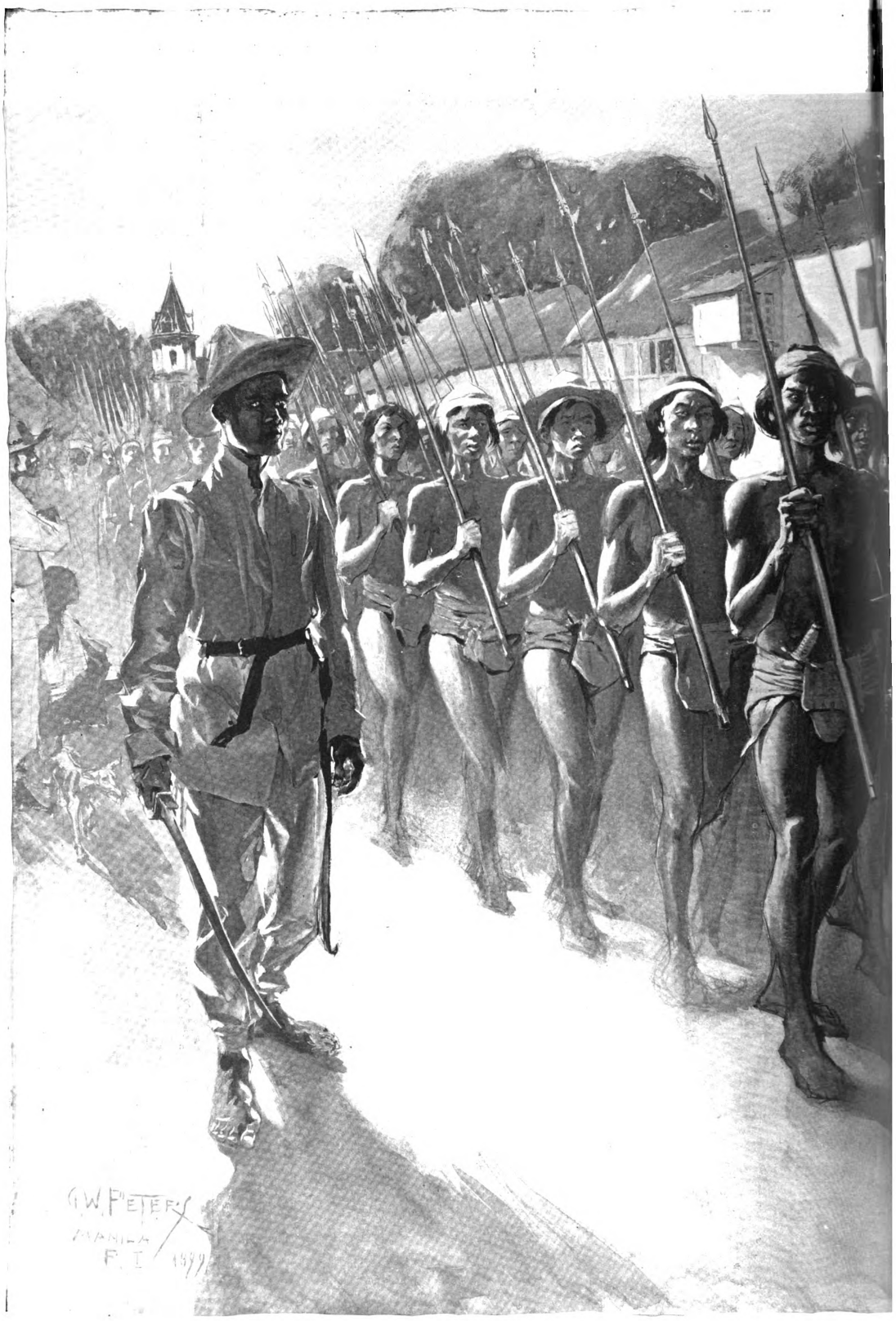
Mr. Conant recalled to the bookkeeper that the office force had had practically nothing to do for several months, except to report at the office, remain there during so-called office hours, and then go home. "You have had a good long rest," he said, "and it is only right that you should bear a little of the burden and heat of the day. I myself work from seven o'clock in the morning to midnight frequently. Suppose you have your clerks report at eight o'clock in the morning, with the understanding that they remain as long as seems necessary." A hint that if the office help could not perform the work that was wanted it would be necessary for the commission to find men who could do it was sufficient to transform the office into a hive of excited activity. Mr. Conant set a time when he wanted the report of expenses for the year that had passed transcribed, visited the office several times during the day, smoothed out the wrinkles here and there, dropped a word or two, which were galvanic in their action upon the officials, and, lo and behold! the impossible, according to the officials, had been accomplished, and according to the time limit set.

It was a commendable piece of work, and Mr. Conant told the officials so, and, to prove his sincerity and his appreciation of it, said that inasmuch as they had prepared a table for one year, he then desired them to go back and prepare one for each of the nine years preceding. That was such a droll American way, the former Spanish officials thought, of doing unheard-of and really unnecessary business; but their shrugs and gestures and dismayed looks availed them nothing, and so the work went on, and promptly too. In this way tables of receipts and expenditures were prepared for ten years back, and the commission had something on which to begin work.

The committee's sessions were consumed with the examination of the figures and the questioning of witnesses. A complete record was kept of the proceedings for submission to the American authorities and their inspection. The hearings were not public, and I am not at liberty to reveal any details, so far as I happened to learn them through confidential conversations, as to the discoveries made. By the time this is published a report, or some part of it, may be made public, showing definitely what was accomplished by the inquiry. I can speak in a general way of the methods employed, and give some idea of the great care and thoroughness with which this branch of American control, like all the others set on foot by Generals Greene and Ludlow, was undertaken.

Every side of municipal finance was considered. All the city contracts were examined and passed upon. Grants and concessions, made for whatever reason, were examined, and all their ramifications followed up. Many cases of favoritism were disclosed; situations where there was opportunity for fraud were laid bare. There was need occasionally for great tact in the investigation; and Mr. Conant, as chairman of the commission, was daily in consultation with General Ludlow. He was one of the few callers upon General Ludlow who practically had free admission to the general's presence at any time. He became practically the consulting counsel or city attorney of the American administration. It was found that the taxes were collected in several ways. Part of them were collected by the Spanish Bank, under an agreement by which certain loans were made to the city. The chief of these loans was one of $7,000,000 for the building of the excellent water-works system of the city. Other taxes were collected in a more or less loose way by contract and a percentage system. There was great looseness in the disbursements, as was to be expected. All sorts of licenses and imposts were exacted wherever it was possible to place them, and there was evasion and deception in returns. The revenue from water consumption was nearly $300,000 a year, and the tax on meat consumption was said to be as high as $675,000 a year. Certain contracts were found to be not in accordance with good public policy, and it was soon seen that some of them ought to be abrogated for good and sufficient cause. The purpose of the inquiry was not so much to punish as to correct abuses, although if it was found necessary it was decided that there would be no hesitation about pun-

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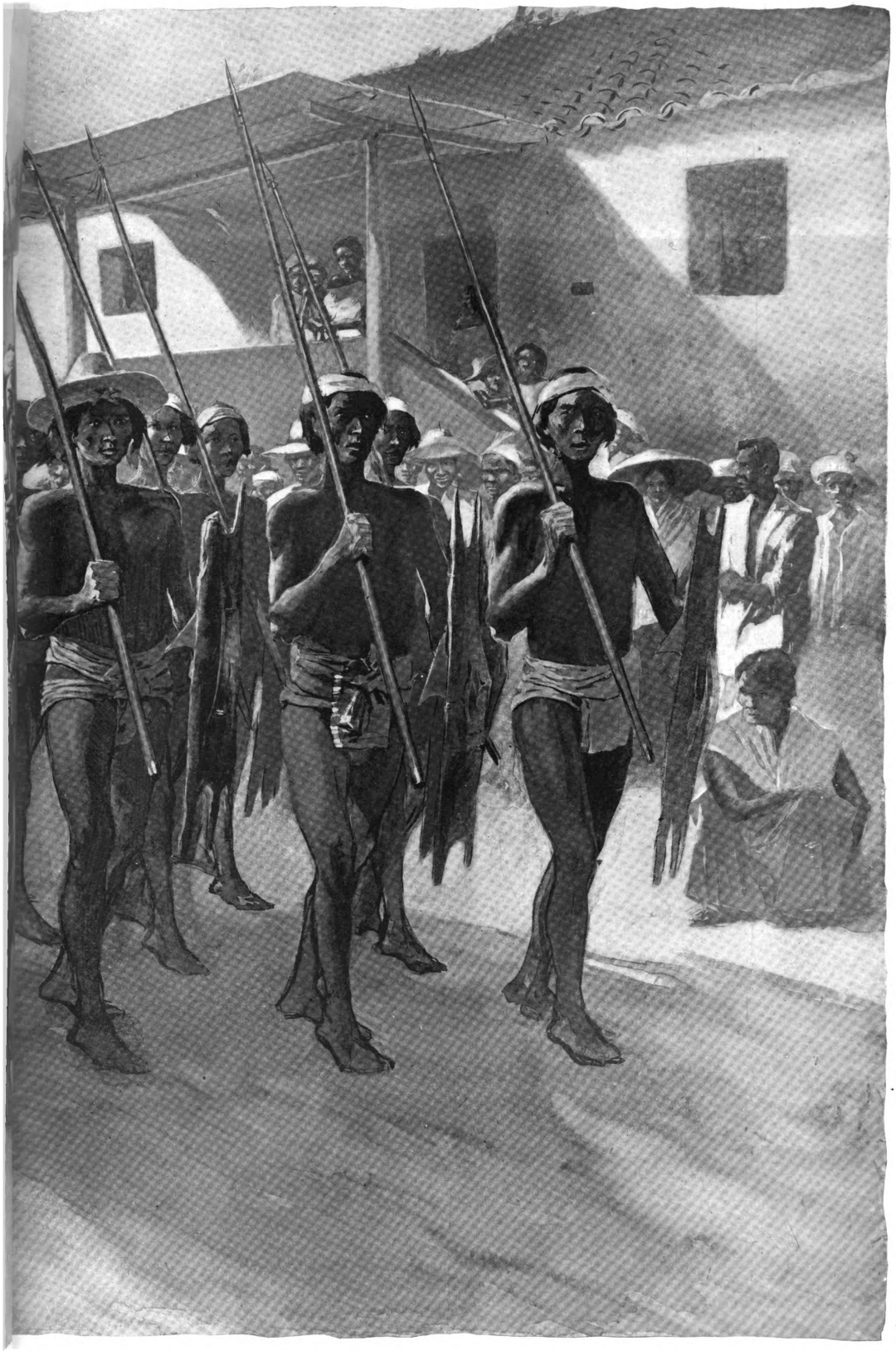


WITH THE INSURGENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES—A COM

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "H

Mr. Peters made the Sketch for this Drawing from the Window of the Ca

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OF IGORROTE SPEARMEN DRILLING IN CALOOCAN.

EEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 485.]

e was imprisoned when captured by Igorrotes within the Insurgent Lines.

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ishment. The idea was to reform thoroughly the money administration of the city, and put it on as satisfactory a basis as that of the honest administration of the custom-house under American military control.

It soon became apparent that there were great frauds in the management and collection of water rents. Gradually they piled up to such an extent that there was need of immediate correction in a wholesale way. It was found that there were thousands of persons getting their water free, through favoritism and corruption. The way this was stopped has not yet been told in print. It forms a fine illustration of what American thoroughness coupled with intelligence and tact can do. There are in Havana something like thirty-nine barrios, or wards, each having an alcalde of its own—an official with powers something like a mayor of the district. These alcaldes had control of the collection of water rents. They could give free water to persons for a consideration, and it was believed, with good reason, that they shared their plunder with other persons higher in authority. It was all part of the great stealing game that had been going on in Havana for decades. All public business and a large amount of private business in Cuba were keyed to the idea of plunder. Somebody robbed you, and you robbed somebody else to get even, and so the game went on, until the burden rested finally upon the one least able to bear it—the poor man who toiled for almost nothing, and was a slave to a base social and commercial system.

Mr. Conant had a long conversation with General Ludlow one day, and a plan was adopted to stop the water frauds in a flash, and to detect those who were committing them. The new police force had been formed, but was not in active service. One day General Menocal, the chief of police, received directions to place his entire force of something like eight hundred men at the disposition of the Finance Commission at a certain hour, without knowing what it was for. That morning Mr. Conant, with a force of twelve clerks, descended upon the Spanish Bank and began an exhaustive examination of its books. By noon this force had copied the names of seven thousand persons who were using the water of the city without paying for it. These names were classified by districts and streets, and a certain number was apportioned to each policeman. It took an immense amount of work, but it was done thoroughly.

The plan was to send a policeman to each house and catch the person using the city water. It was feared, however, that if the alcaldes should find out what was going on they would send out runners and warn those committing the frauds, and thus the work of catching these persons in the act might be rendered futile to some extent. It was planned at first to arrest every one of the alcaldes, but Mr. Conant and his associates evolved a more clever plan, one that showed great tact.

It was decided to send a carriage with a messenger and a written invitation to each of the alcaldes, summoning them at once to attend a meeting of the Finance Commission to consult about the water-supply of the city, and to suggest to the commission any changes in the business methods that might seem desirable. The alcaldes took the bait. Some of them had never been in the Governor-General's palace, and they thought it a great honor to be invited there specially and to come in style. The carriages and messengers dashed away about one o'clock, and before two o'clock the alcaldes began to arrive. By half past two o'clock more than thirty had arrived, and had received a warm welcome. As soon as the alcaldes were safely cornered the police were started out in their work, and they caught more than seven thousand persons actually stealing water. Of course it would have been impossible to arrest them all, and so their names were taken, and instructions were given that they must pay henceforth. What was done about past stealings I do not know.

Meantime the alcaldes began to get restless. They did not know exactly why they were summoned, and upon the pretext of waiting for belated arrivals a desirable delay was made before opening the proceedings of the conference. Finally, about three o'clock, Mr. Conant began to speak. He chose to speak in English, so that something might be gained in time in translation. He wanted information as to how they had conducted the water business in their respective wards. They were very reluctant to speak at first, but finally some of them admitted that there might be frauds here and there, but each one insisted that the frauds were in some other man's bailiwick. Every man present was sure that his own skirts were clear. Mr. Conant was glad to hear such convincing testimony, of course, but he wanted to know how it was possible to commit any frauds. Gradually they loosened up, and by four o'clock they were quite voluble. For an hour the conversation was animated on all sides. The full history of the water operations was gone into, and the commissioners declared that they were happy to get accurate and full information. Would the alcaldes continue to tell what had been done, and what they thought should be done? By five o'clock the tongues of the voluble alcaldes had become completely unloosed, and the commissioners quit talking. They preserved a grave face, although it was somewhat trying to do so, and the alcaldes ran the meeting. They were intensely excited, and even accusations came thick and fast. Of suggestions there was no limit. By six o'clock it was impossible to stop them, and it would have been hard to predict when the meeting would come to an end naturally. The commissioners were in high fettle, but concealed it most skilfully. Finally word came that the work of the police was done, and, with a gravity that only a true humorist could appreciate, the alcaldes were dismissed, with the great thanks of the commission for their valuable services, and they went home. They had been under a delightful duress all the afternoon and had not suspected it. They were told that, inasmuch as the conference could not complete its work that day, they might be summoned another day, and they left, pleased at the great consideration that had been shown to them. The Americans were not so bad, after all, and their politeness was especially worthy of all praise. That conference saved the city of Havana not less than $100,000. I do not know whether it was ever continued. Up to the time I left the island it had not been reconvoked. The full report of the commission's doing will disclose, doubtless, many abuses, and as result there will be a reasonable system of local taxation set in operation, one that will be free from the burden of fraud and robbery, and at the same time that will be adequate to the financial needs of the city.

Although not directly allied to the subject of taxation, the introduction of modern banking methods in Cuba was a subject of great financial importance to the business interests of the island, and it will not be out of place to refer to it here. One of the first acts of the administration, after the American occupation of Cuba had become necessary, was to appoint the North American Trust Company of New York city the fiscal agent of the United States in Cuba. It resulted, first of all, in the establishment of a modern bank in Havana. There were banks in the city, but not such as are known in the United States and European countries generally. Their business was an exchange business chiefly. It had to do largely with the buying and selling of exchange on American and European money centres. There was no deposit system as we know it. The banks would take deposits, but they preferred not to encourage that branch of the business, simply because it was not the general custom. Checks were used against money deposited in a modified way, but it was an unusual method of doing business, and had little vogue in a community used to all kinds of stealing. It was for that reason that the large merchants kept their gold in safes in their business houses. They were fairly sure of having their own money by that means.

This method of retaining direct control of their funds probably explains one remarkable fact which seems to have escaped general notice thus far. There were no large failures in Havana as the result of the war and its complete prostration of business. The shrewd men of property and large moneyed interests discounted practically the serious state of affairs that they saw was coming, and husbanded their resources in such a way that they escaped a great crash, such as might have been expected from the complete stagnation of commerce, the inability to make collections, or to get good security for loans. It is a great tribute to the business sagacity of the merchants and moneyed men of the city that they were able to weather the storm as they did, and it showed a clever adaptation of means to ends in a community where the money side of exchange of commerce was managed so crudely.

There has been a general impression that there has always been great risk in investments in Cuba. Mr. Alfred H. Swayne, the Assistant General Manager of the North American Trust Company in Cuba, said to me that there was great error in this respect. Investments in Cuba, he said, were safe enough, and had always been safe enough if managed properly. Although there has been for decades a condition of uncertainty as to land titles, and although in many cases it required as much as 20 per cent. of the purchase price to have a transfer of land recorded, there were other ways of securing loans than by giving and receiving mortgages. In the old way, when a man loaned money on any commodity the lender became the actual owner of the property until the money loaned was paid. Of course, in the hands of unscrupulous men, such loans were frequently used in oppression and fraud. Nevertheless, in a well-established form of business a general respect for the methods adopted was absolutely necessary, and the element of fraud in this line was not large. A favorite form of collateral was railroad stock. The railroads in Cuba had no bonds, but the stock was large and well distributed, and it was not difficult to secure it for the purpose of loan-making.

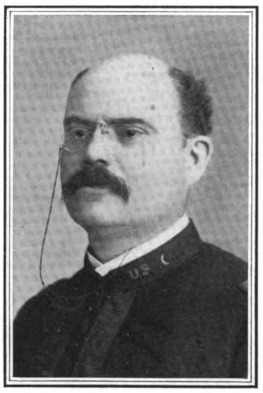
The North American Trust Company established a modern bank of exchange and discount. It also began to receive accounts subject to check. The merchants were slow to adopt such a serious change in their business methods, but not a day passed in the early part of the year when accounts were not opened. There was some difficulty at first in making out deposit slips, because it was necessary to keep two distinct accounts for every man. One was an account in Spanish gold, to which all Cuban money deposited was reduced, and another was in American currency. What is known as the Spanish five-dollar gold piece, the centen, had a value of $4 89 in American money at the time of my visit. The value of exchange was fixed by brokers who were accustomed to seek business in that form of buying and selling.

Another improvement in banking methods, early established by the trust company, was to open safe-deposit vaults—something that hitherto had been unknown in Cuba. There was under contemplation, at the time of my visit, the establishment of a savings-bank department, which by this time has probably been put in operation. All these improvements will take the hoarded money out of the safes of the merchants and place it where it can be put to a proper earning capacity; will bring about a comfortable way of paying debts and making exchanges by paper instead of using actual coin, and must result in greater freedom of exchange of commodities. One wonders how the island ever got along under the old régime. It did retard business life, and in certain lines crippled it, but the merchants got along somehow, at the expense of that confidence and satisfactory means of exchange of commodities so necessary to the existence of modern business life.

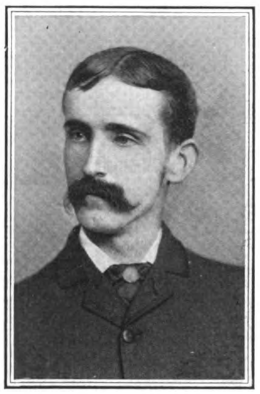
With reduced rates of transportation on railroads already in sight—because Spanish robbery and taxation equal almost to reprisal have been removed—and with modern facilities of exchange already established in the island, it would seem that the business outlook for Cuba must brighten at once, even while the people are waiting to know what kind of a permanent government is to be established. If it shall really be a stable government, vouched for by the American people as represented by the national administration, capital is bound to go to Cuba with a rush, and the laborers to put that capital into full play will follow, and the result must be, it would seem, according to ordinary reasoning, that the island in good time will become, what many of the Cubans are fond of calling it, "a cup of gold."

Gold is a talismanic word in Cuba. With all its troubles and uncertainties Cuba never wavered in its devotion to the gold standard. An artificial premium was put upon gold to keep it from going to Spain. A great transformation in its money system is coming over the island. The American invasion of peace has practically established a new standard, the American gold standard—not the artificial and slightly varying Spanish gold standard. Our money was in free circulation all over the island in February last. Merchants, ticket-sellers on the railroads, and cashiers in other places knew just what to do when American money was given to them in payment for value received. There would be invariably a lot of figuring on a pad—a figuring that I could never pretend to comprehend—but one always received his change accurately in Spanish or American money, as the case might be. The people preferred American money, not so much because it was gold-standard money as because it had an absolutely fixed value. It became the standard, and Spanish gold was adjusted to it day by day. It was driving Spanish money out of general use rapidly.

With honest taxation and the honest collection of taxes, with a modern and firm banking method upon the basis of the American gold standard, with the introduction of honesty in official methods, with the purification of the cities, with the consequent investment of large capital, it seems entirely reasonable to say that the recovery of Cuba from the disaster of war must not only be rapid, but even more fruitful than is customary when the ways of peace have superseded the sword and the torch.



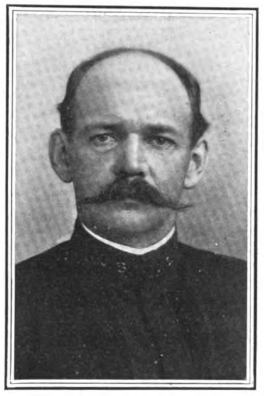
MAJOR T. H. BLISS, U. S. A.,
Collector of Customs, Havana.



WALTER A. DONALDSON,
Deputy-Collector of Customs.



MAJOR E. O. RATHBONE,
Director of Posts.



CAPT. E. ST. J. GREBLE, U. S. A.,
Department of Food-Supplies.

FOUR OF THE MEN WHO ARE AIDING IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBA.

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

CITIES OF PUERTO RICO

EVERY one who intends to visit Puerto Rico asks two questions—"Which is the best town on the island?" and, "Which is the best town for business?" The answers to both questions must necessarily be a trifle ambiguous, for each of the three principal cities—San Juan on the north coast, Ponce on the south, and Mayaguez on the west—possesses certain prestige, commercially, over the others, while if the first question refers to climate no one of the three compares favorably with many of the interior mountain hamlets.

San Juan, as the seat of the island government, has always been the leading city in population, and also as regards the congested condition of its populace. It boasts naturally, as the past home of the Spanish Governor-General, the principal military, naval, and high civil functionaries, the finest public buildings, and there have been appropriated and expended more moneys for general local improvements than in any other city.

It has undoubtedly the best harbor on the island, in that it is completely landlocked, though at present it is sadly in need of dredging, so that ships may have sufficient depth of water and room to manœuvre in the basin. The city is entirely circumvallated by an immense seawall, and guarded on the north and east by the picturesque, antiquated, and massive forts of Morro and San Cristóbal.

The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at about 30,000, and probably within the narrow confines of the town itself, which is compressed into a very limited space between the great forts on the seaward side and the battlements of the harbor, live over 20,000 souls. The principal house portion of the town consists of well-constructed—so far as the walls go—double-storied buildings, with now and then one rising to three floors. In the more squalid portions of the city (one can walk all over the town in an hour) the houses are but a story high, and in a single room an entire family—and more—eke out an existence in the semi-darkness of the one-windowed, ill-ventilated apartment. The storekeepers and business men who do not live outside the city, in the pretty little suburban towns of Bayamon, San Turce, and Rio Piedras, usually live over their stores, on the second floor. A town residence with a front yard is unknown, and the only bits of green to be seen are in the gardens of the Governor-General's palace, the Casa Blanca, or in the inner courtyards, measuring a few square yards, of some of the more prosperous merchants.

The streets are narrow and dark—a gloom increased by the projecting balconies of the second story, where, in the evenings, the family sit and chatter in the light pleasant chit-chat of Southern climes. The sidewalks are so narrow two people may not walk abreast, and hence the streets—which, it must be said, are well paved and scrupulously clean—are used as highways for pedestrians and vehicles in common.

There are two public plazas—one near the heart of the town, upon which faces the City Hall and the Intendencia, and the other on the outskirts of the city, under the frowning walls of San Cristóbal. The former is merely a flat open space, cement-paved, and surrounded by a thin line of young shade trees. In the evenings the citizens of the town closely crowd this little quadrangle, and promenade, apparently in happy spirit, to the music of the band. The Plaza de Colombo is still more restricted in area, and in it stands a handsome statue of Columbus, while behind his back one may partake of the vinous beverages of Spain and the island in a tiny wooden booth. Facing this square is the grand theatre, which is not only a handsome building, but has a seating capacity of nearly 5000. The stage is wide and deep, and the settings admirable. Some of the most noted opera-singers have sung to crowded audiences in this house. Theatrical performances, however, have been, as a rule, far apart, the French vaudeville having oftener than anything else brought laughter from San Juan audiences. This great opera-house has served, too, as a public meeting-place, and all vital political questions have been discussed in its auditorium.

There are two clubs or casinos in the city, Spanish and Puerto-Rican—in fact, there are three, now that the Americans have opened their hostelry, which has a rapidly growing membership, principally of army officers. One small library may be found on the main plaza.

San Juan boasts of the most pretentious, at least, of the educational institutions and best supported churches on the island, and it has an island hospital for the insane, a poorhouse, a jail, the largest barracks for soldiers, and a great military hospital, which recently, under American hands, has become a model institution.

There is more of historic interest and general picturesqueness in this old place, founded by Ponce de Leon in 1511, than in any other locality, and hence the tourist and the sight-seer may have their hearts gladdened by the moss-grown and decaying architecture; though to the business man, the man who contemplates making Puerto Rico his future home, it is perhaps the least attractive place. Its drawbacks may be summed up by saying that the city has virtually no more room to expand on its little island without reclaiming outlying morass; it has already a shrewd and far-sighted population of business men, Spanish, Puerto-Rican, French, and German, with just a few Americans who are old residents, and they cover fully every branch of possibly profitable trade, and are perfectly competent, both by experience and accumulated wealth, to quickly seize new chances and hold closely in their grasp the old.

There are, however, two advantages—both natural—possessed by this town over the sea-coast places: one, the harbor, which, by its protected position and ready accessibility from the north, will always make this a desirable port of entry; and again, its position on a sloping hill-side in close proximity to the sea, which makes the problem of introducing underground drainage a comparatively easy one, and will, when this sanitary improvement is accomplished, convert San Juan into the most healthful of towns, instead of being, as it is now, a breeding-place for periodic pestilence.

Ponce claims, by her last census, a population of 49,000 people in her urban and rural districts of the province. In the town proper, however, the population is 15,000 or a little over, though, by including the villages of Cantera, Canas, and Playa, which are closely connected together, and lie on the highway leading to the water-front two miles away, the number may be raised to 24,500, or quite as many people as in San Juan proper.

It may be overdrawing a trifle to say that the spirit of Ponce is American; there is no doubt, however, that there is a far more progressive air about the inhabitants than elsewhere. They court and foster enterprise, and—which is a desirable condition—the population is principally Puerto-Rican, as distinguished from the conservative Spanish, over whom many years will pass before they will change their methods or hold out the hand of frankness to Americans. Without going into detail, it may be said that Americans will here find the hand of hospitality and fraternity extended to them in a degree not existing in the older town; and further, the writer believes that the people will heartily co-operate in any improvements or methods which will lead to a practical betterment of the city or its laws.

An important factor to men contemplating a permanent residence in some town on the island is the possibility of extension of the corporate limits. Ponce has none of the natural barriers to expansion existing at San Juan, as it is built upon a level surface, under the edges of the rolling foot-hills, and at a considerable elevation above the sea. It can grow readily in almost any direction with equal facility, and it has not at its threshold any of the miasmatic, fetid marshes so common to the coast.

The heart of the city is well built, with many brick houses, and the streets, while not paved, as in San Juan, are well macadamized and wide, with sidewalks which are too narrow, yet are an advance over other towns, since two people may easily walk abreast. The outskirts of the city are rather ragged, both as to houses and people, and in this fringe the city's poor live in detached huts and houses—bad enough, but far better than the prevailing condition at the capital, where the poverty-stricken, frightfully unclean live crowded shoulder to shoulder.

The principal plaza of the town is a park of real beauty, with the refreshing shade of its great trees, and on it are situated an old cathedral, the primitive hand-pump fire department, and an open dining-pavilion.

There are three hospitals, including the military; a home for the indigent poor; a few fair schools; several clubs, at which Americans are very graciously received; a very pretty little theatre; several hotels and cafés, which are the best on the island; a library with a few rare books and many worthless ones; gas, electric light, and ice plants—all too small and defective; water-works, supplying an abundance of good potable water; thermal baths, of which few seem to avail themselves; and lastly, the only Protestant church in Puerto Rico.

The seaport of Ponce is La Playa, two miles away, which has a resident population of some 3500. It is the warehouse of Ponce, and is a great advance over San Juan, whose lack of storage facilities for incoming or outgoing merchandise is astounding, the materials often lying piled twenty feet high along the water-front, exposed to the weather.

The harbor proper has ample water for vessels drawing twenty-five feet, to within a few hundred yards of the shore, where it shoals so rapidly that few steamers venture nearly as close in as they might. A most serious shortcoming of this port—and it applies equally well to all the others—is the lack of a wharf. It is astonishing that, with an average annual trade aggregating some thirty millions of dollars, not a wharf has ever been constructed at any water-front in Puerto Rico, or even attempted, except at Mayaguez, where a partially built and defective structure is found.

Commercially Ponce ranks second, and, unless the trend of American enterprise should take an unexpected turn, it will in a few years be the greatest trade centre on the island. It has, in support of this assertion, the following elements: A good harbor, rather too open, but withal fairly protected, and wharfs can be economically constructed here, as elsewhere; the port town is admirably suited, in its location and in the buildings already on the ground, for handling a great commercial trade; Ponce is a delightful home for the merchant and business man, probably the most healthful one on the island at the present time; it has more good wagon-roads leading out to sections rich in coffee, sugar, cereals, fruit, and tobacco than any other town, as well as a railroad connecting it with the prolific Yauco district to the west; and finally it possesses, inherent in the population, more progressive business enterprise, as measured by American standards.

Mayaguez is the prettiest town, of the three large centres, in the lightness and grace of its architecture, which in Spanish towns is apt always to be heavy. It also has the broadest streets and the widest foot pavements, and is situated upon rounded rising ground which will permit of easy drainage. The population is estimated at about 12,000, and it is said that there is a greater percentage of white inhabitants than in any other town.

This city claims the honor of being nearest to the point where Columbus landed on island soil, and the inhabitants have, in consequence, erected a monument to his memory in the central plaza, which, in connection with the handsome stone rail surrounding the paved park, set with statuettes commemorative of this landing, forms a fitting tribute to the great discoverer.

There is not, in the town of Mayaguez, the same visible evidence of poverty in the hordes of ragged, tattered natives upon the streets, and the citizens claim that there are less distress and want; there are certainly, in the outskirts, fewer huts and hovels of the poor. This can be explained, to some extent, by the fact that Mayaguez is off the main artery of travel, and does not as readily catch the negroes from the little islands of the Lesser Antilles, who are each year drifting in greater numbers from their forlorn sea homes to Puerto Rico, in the hope that it holds out more material promise. Also, the great coffee districts, which reach almost to the city's edge, demand laborers for longer periods of the year, and, lastly, the rate of wages has been, for the past few years, slightly higher than elsewhere; a few centavos a day, where the usual wage is low, means a marvellous amelioration in the condition of the laboring-man.

While Mayaguez ranks third commercially, and supplies very little territory with imported merchandise, industrially or in the manufacturing of products it leads the other cities and gives steady employment to many men. There are four big coffee-mills, which convert the sun-dried coffee, brought over the trails from Mayaguez, Utuado, and Lares districts, into a fine export article by removing the second hull, bluing, and polishing. In exportation of this product it is second only to Ponce. This town also leads in the shipment of fruit abroad, principally to the United States.

It possesses a tannery of no small proportions, where they use the native wangli bark for tanning, and turn out an excellent leather, much used by local cobblers.

There are four concerns which produce a fine chocolate, much in demand for local and Spanish consumption.

The small industries are manufacturing straw hats, weaving baskets, making the native rush pack-saddles, and polishing and cutting tortoise-shell.

Mayaguez has much the best ice and electric-light plants on the island. Nine tons of ice a day is the maximum output. The water for the city is brought from a mountain torrent two miles away, in the foot-hills, and is good and abundant.

Again, it is the only town which has, as its great pride, a street railway. It is very narrow gauge, and the cars are tiny affairs, but it does excellent service.

The harbor has the misfortune of having a wide-open mouth seaward; in fact, it is no more than a great indenture in the coast-line, protected to some extent by a series of immense coral reefs, acting as a giant sea-wall and embaying the inner waters. Some years ago the construction of a steel wharf was begun, but, as before stated, it has never been completed. It is said that some eighty thousand pesos were expended in putting up what there is of the shaky structure, and if this is true, the project has much the air of a steal, as the iron-work and labor could not have cost, in America, over twenty thousand.

The municipal and other prominent buildings of the town are the alcalde's office, a fine barracks for soldiers, a substantial hospital for the military, the cathedral on the main plaza, a delightful little opera-house, and an excellent home for the aged and infirm. It has two fairly good hostelries, and a market-place which is ahead of the other towns in architecture and spaciousness. In the lower part of the city, near the theatre, is a fascinating little park, with an ornamental fountain, gorgeous foliage, and flowering plants, and the whole set off with royal palms. The charm of this town, which altogether is the most desirable of any as a place of residence, is much enhanced by the magnificent ceiba-trees, which tower from behind the white porticoed houses with far-reaching branches and leaves, and by the mass of flowering vines which overgrow the heavy masonry walls, or guard fantastic wicket-gates with their clinging sprays of white and pink flowers.

There are several casinos, and in most of them Americans will be welcome, though the Spanish club still holds aloof, their haughty spirit having been somewhat wounded, perhaps, by the way in which General Schwan scared their brave soldiers and sent them cantering through the city to the mountain wildernesses beyond.

From a purely business stand-point, it is doubtful whether there are other cities on the island which are of any special interest to Americans, unless they intend to engage in the enterprises of tobacco-growing and coffee-raising, or the buying of these products.

Caguas is a dirty, unpleasant town of some five thousand people. There are no conveniences whatever which would tend to make a residence here desirable, and the sanitary condition of the streets is fearful.

Cayey, on the other hand, while not being much in advance of Caguas, either in convenience or sanitation, is, from a distance, one of the most picturesque of towns, and its elevation of nearly two thousand feet causes the climate to be delightful. The best cigars are made here, by half a dozen Spanish firms. This is one of the places which will, through the possession of general advantages in location, climate, and fertile soil, develop into a very strong commercial city, and become a stopping-place for pleasure-seeking winter tourists. The town is really a half-way point between the two cities of San Juan and Ponce, and either is easily reached over the fine military road.

The only other interior town which stands out in the mind of the writer as deserving of mention is Lares, high in the mountains in the western end. It is almost inaccessible from the coast, as it lacks connection therewith, except over execrable trails. Lares is a busy, thriving little coffee town, of some two thousand inhabitants, and its very isolation seems to have warmed the hearts of the people to acts of hospitality toward the stranger who comes their way. It is in the very centre of a great coffee district, and many of the richest haciendas on the island are clustered in a radius of ten miles, tucked away in beauty spots of mountain wilderness and tropical luxuriance. There is perhaps no more desirable town in which to embark in the coffee business, and certainly no better region, all things considered, in which to become the owner of coffee land.

Most of the other coast towns and principal interior cities have been mentioned in other articles, but those which have been here described are the most suitable, in varying degree, for accessibility to harbors, business, and residence.

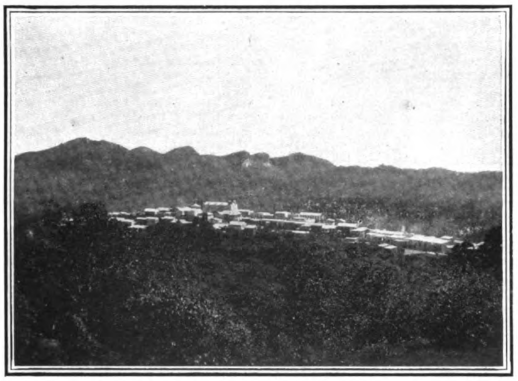
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MAYAGUEZ—CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA DE COLOMBO.



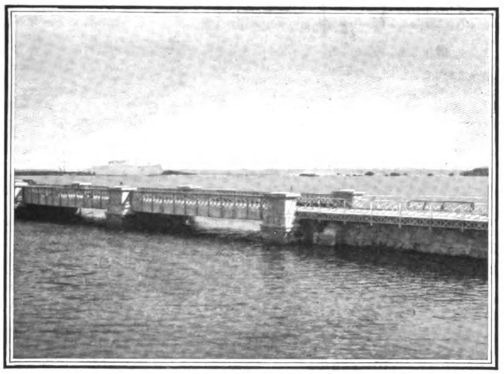
UTUADO—STREET SCENE.



LARES, LOOKING NORTH.



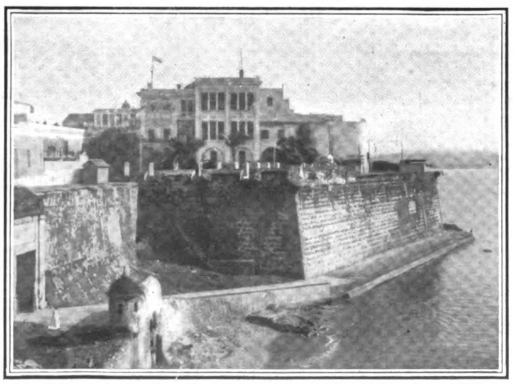
PONCE—STREET SCENE.



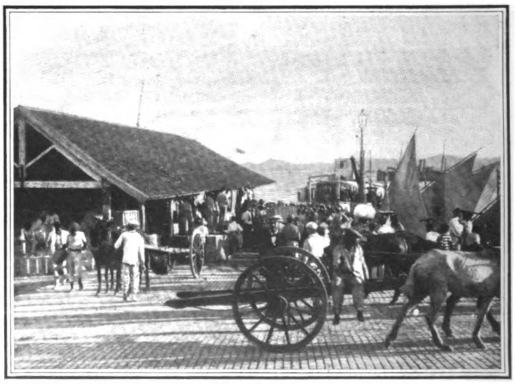
SAN JUAN—BRIDGE CONNECTING CITY WITH THE MAINLAND.



SAN JUAN—LANDWARD ENTRANCE TO MORRO CASTLE.



SAN JUAN—THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.



SAN JUAN—ON THE WATER-FRONT.

PUERTO RICO—SCENES IN THE ISLAND'S PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 481.]

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AMATEUR SPORT

PERHAPS the track-athletic season of 1899 may not develop so many new records as 1898 returned, but it will quite surpass all previous years in average of individual performance. There has not been a May, within my remembrance at least, which opened with such general athletic excellence as the first week of the present month disclosed. Apparently there is no end of first-class material. College training-grounds are literally overrun with it. In the sprints alone, seven men of exceptional quality come to mind as I write; six of them, I believe, are equal, under favoring conditions, to running 100 yards in 10 seconds; three of them will probably do so before the present season closes, and four of them are as likely to cover 220 yards in 22 seconds at the Inter-collegiate championships if in limb and weather all goes well. The middle distances have more genuinely strong men now than ever before. Only in such events as the broad jump, hurdles, and pole vault, where the world's-record holders—A. C. Kraenzlein and R. G. Clapp—leave no doubt of results, may conclusions of the season's forth-coming events be definitely foredrawn. To be sure, we severally have our opinions, our prejudices too, no doubt, as to possible winners; but the fact remains that there will be fewer of those impoverishing "sure things" at the Inter-collegiate championships this year than since the old Mott Haven days, when "sure things" were less frequent, if equally elusive.



A. C. KRAENZLEIN (PENN.) MAKING HIS WORLD-RECORD JUMP OF 24 FEET 3½ INCHES.

YALE has a fighting chance for victory in the dual track games with Harvard at New Haven next Saturday (13th), and will pursue it with desperate determination, for on the result of this year's meeting really depends possession of the University Track Athletic Cup. Eight years ago certain *alumni* of the two universities gave this cup, with the condition that it was finally to belong to the university scoring the most wins in nine successive years of team competition. Harvard has now four victories to her credit, and Yale three. Yale's success this year would tie the score, and make next year the decisive one, while Harvard's success next Saturday gives the crimson an advantage Yale cannot overcome. However it goes, the object of the donors has been accomplished in the splendid development of track athletics at the two universities. That was the purpose of the cup, and it has achieved its mission—especially at Yale, where, for several years preceding the first of the dual meets, the maintenance of track athletics depended on an occasional star, much tradition, and average performance that was scarcely above mediocrity. In those days Harvard's supremacy on the track was marked and invariable. The score of the first dual meet, for instance, was, Harvard, 85; Yale, 27! Undoubtedly another cup will take the place of the present one so soon as its ownership is settled, for the interest it arouses among students and *alumni* of the respective universities, and the work it incites on the athletic field, are too manifest and too beneficial to ignore.



C. J. Gleason. C. F. Luce.

ONE-MILE RELAY RACE—YALE, PENN., AND CHICAGO.
The second Relay starting, Yale leading.

ALTHOUGH, to my eye, Harvard looks like the winner, yet Yale's strength is so considerable as to provide at New Haven sufficient reason for undergraduate confidence of victory next Saturday. There probably never was an athletic meeting in which accidents, or the break-down of a counted point-winner, or the appearance of a "dark horse," did not materially influence conclusions in various events, if indeed not entirely change the complexion of the meeting. Such extreme results, however, happen less frequently in dual meets; it is in the Inter-collegiate championship where the unexpected is followed by radical readjustments.

I do not foresee any possibility in the Harvard-Yale meet so upsetting as to alter my opinion of the likely general result, though I see several things that might occur to bring the final scores much nearer than I now estimate—viz., a difference of about ten points at the finish in Harvard's favor. If any upset does come to shatter crimson hopes, it will be in the 100 yards and in the half-mile, and in such case Harvard could save herself from actual defeat only by visiting upon Yale an equally unexpected reverse in the one mile.

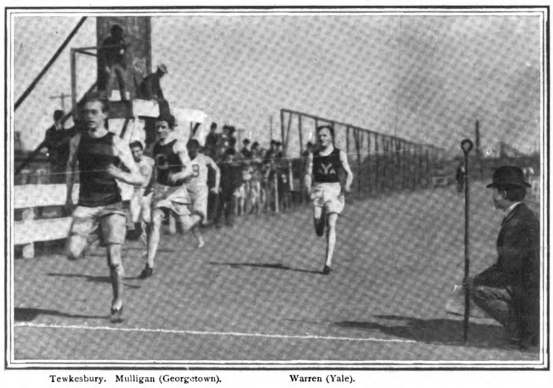
On the other hand, there are, too, Harvard possibilities of an accumulative nature that might slightly increase the disparity of scores, to Yale's disadvantage. I have no doubt a dozen differing conclusions could be, and in fact have been, figured out, for the approaching meet. One more or less will have no real effect on the actual result next Saturday, and meanwhile—it fills the long-felt collegiate want that demands these (to the author) joyless prophetic disquisitions.

EXCITING racing will mark the decision of the 100-yards winner. Yale rather confidently reckons this event as a first among her points, with Blount and Boardman to do her honor; and Harvard with equal confidence, and for reasons as satisfying, counts on adding these five points to her score, with Quinlan, Roche, and Green. Whatever the result, there can be no question that the meeting of these men in that event will make as stirring a race as college sport has developed. They are practically all of a class. Blount is a familiar and a dependable figure in Yale athletics; last year he ran second to Robinson of Harvard at the dual meet; this year, under superior handling, his form has bettered and his speed quickened. He may be considered a safe .10⅕ man, of whom better things are expected. Boardman is the Freshman who has recently been filling the athletic firmament at New Haven with all kinds of stars; at the Yale games he did a quarter in much lower time than published (.51⅘), and, with the wind on his back, ran 220 yards in 21⅘ seconds. What he can do in the 100 he has not yet shown, but no doubt exists that he will run very close to even time.

At the Harvard games Quinlan, Roche, and Green finished the 100 yards with less than two feet between first and third, and in time officially given as 10 seconds, the slowest of the three watches recording 10⅕. Now while the slowest watch was perhaps the most accurate recorder, yet it sufficiently indicates what may be expected of men capable of such good work so early in the season. And the same may be said of the Yale sprinters in their games the preceding week.

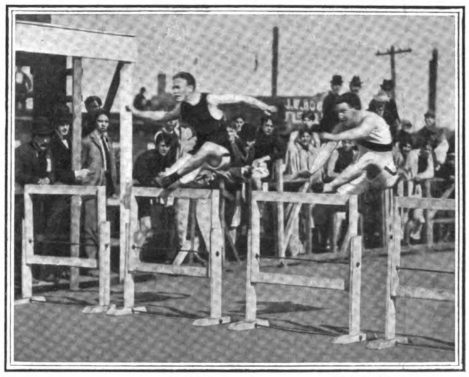
QUINLAN is the former Fordham College sprinter, who is in his second year in the Law School, and his first representing Harvard. He has always been a strong, improving runner, believed, at his best, a consistent even-time performer. Two years ago his leg gave out, and again last year he broke down after having gone his distance in 10 seconds. Roche (captain) too has always been a sprinter from whom much was expected, and who gave excellent promise of fulfilling the hope of his university. But two years ago he broke down at 90 yards in the dual meet with Pennsylvania (at Cambridge) when leading by two feet Hoffman (Penn.), who won in even time. Last year he could not get going, but this year no evidence of weakness is apparent. If either of these men break down at New Haven, Harvard's chance for the 100 will be lost; but if not, then the crimson has a prospect that seems fairly bright. With all the entries turning up fit, and running without accident to the finish, I fancy Quinlan, who is a strong and, in condition, a dependable finisher. Roche and the Yale men should make the second man hard for the judge at the tape to pick. Indeed, I incline to the belief that a blanket will suffice to cover all the men in the final when the winner crosses the finish-line.

The 220 yards will furnish racing quite as exciting as the shorter sprint, though. I should judge, it will take covering larger than a blanket to stretch from the first to the third man at the tape. As in the 100 yards, Harvard's



Tewkesbury. Mulligan (Georgetown). Warren (Yale).

J. W. B. TEWKESBURY (PENN.) WINNING THE 120 FLAT IN 12 SEC.



Remington. Hutchinson.

TAKING THE LAST HURDLE IN THE 120-YARD EVENT.

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C. J. Gleason. T. R. Fisher, 2d. D. Boardman. C. F. Luce.

YALE'S WINNING ONE-MILE RELAY TEAM.

fastest man, it seems to me, in the 220 is Quinlan, whom I expect, under favorable conditions, to run close to 22 seconds. But unless all previous performances have been untrustworthy, Yale ought to take the first and second places in this event with Boardman and Fisher. There is no telling what Boardman may do; he may run a great race and finish inside even time, or he may not be one, two, three. Seasoning and experience count for a great deal in these important meets. Of Fisher, however, we can be perfectly certain that he will run a game, heady race from start to finish, and that, if the weather conditions are at all favorable, he will do 22 seconds. Quinlan is the only Harvard man with a chance of beating him out (although Green is coming), but I must see it done to have my faith in Fisher shaken.

UNLESS Burke toes the scratch very fit, Harvard is not likely to get even a point in the quarter. It will undoubtedly take a performance under 50 seconds to capture that event, and Burke, who has been suffering from some stomach trouble, has as yet given no indication of ability to even equal that, not to mention approaching his best form. It would seem wise to save Burke for the less gruelling half-mile, in which Yale is not so strong, and yet, judged by recent work, apparently too strong for Harvard without Burke as the crimson's main dependence.

Yale's quarter men—Boardman, Fisher, Luce, Gleason, Ordway, Dupee—are an enduring, speedy lot. Against Pennsylvania, the first four, in the one-mile relay race, did 3.24⅘, which yields an average of .51⅘ to a man, and of course one or more of the four undoubtedly ran inside of 51 seconds. Boardman is the fastest of the four, and will make a record of 49 seconds before the season's end if he does not do it on Saturday. Fisher ran a dead heat in 51 seconds with Fish (Harvard) in the dual games last year, and has rounded into such form this spring as to assure his doing several fifths of a second better this year. Luce is good for 51 seconds.

BESIDES Burke, Harvard has Fish, Winslow, and Clerk; but the first two only may be considered in the running, and it is rather a question, if Burke is not at top form and Fish only equals his own best, whether the crimson has a chance for a single point against Boardman, Fisher, and Luce.

The situation is more even in the half-mile, and more comforting to Harvard. Unless Burke has been completely winded in the quarter, he should win the half if he is in any kind of condition. And the poorer his condition, the more steadfast the conviction that the crimson team will profit by his remaining out of the quarter. It will not do for Harvard to misdirect any energy in the quarter and half mile; the loss of both those events and of a few expected points in the sprints might easily lose Harvard the meet.

Yale's half-milers—Brennan, Adams, Scudder, Poynter—while not so speedy a group as her quarter-milers, are decidedly more than a good average lot at this writing, and are gaining in speed as the season advances. They had a very easy win against Pennsylvania in the two-mile race of half-mile relays, and yet averaged 2 m. 2¼ s. per half-mile to the man. Of the Harvard string, next to Burke are Bush and Draper; and as between the last two and Brennan and Adams, there is so little to choose that it must be brought out by a race. Brennan has been doing some very good work in practice, and seems a coming man.

YALE'S advantage appears to come again in the mile event, in which she has a group of first-class men in Spitzer, Smith, Speer, Clyde, and Chittenden—all of whom have been well tried out this spring. The relay team had so little incentive to fast work at Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania relay races that it made no showing commensurate with its ability. Harvard's mile men are Clerk, White, Mills, and Foote, and the two teams would make a close, interesting race. In fact, a relay-team race between Harvard and Yale for one, two, and four miles would be an exciting series, with the winner very hard to pick.

Last year in the dual games Grant (Harvard) won the mile in 4.26½, with Spitzer and Clerk second and third, less than a yard apart, in 4.29½. Grant has been graduated, and this year Spitzer and Clerk, who are in about their '98 form, will make a close, hard struggle for the honor, with Smith or one of the other of Yale's several good ones in third place.

Harvard is so much stronger than Yale in the hurdles as to be overwhelming. In the 120 yards—for the crimson there are Fox, who can better .15⅘, Hallowell, and Goddard; while for the blue there is only Fincke, who should be well satisfied with third place. Yale is so weak in the low hurdles that there is none in the class with Harvard's trio—Converse, Morse, Hallowell—who are all equal to doing .25⅘.

POINTS will all go Yale's way in the pole vault, even more certainly, for with R. G. Clapp holding the world's record at 11 ft. 10 in., Johnson with a record of 11 ft. 6 in., and Selin doing 11 ft. 3 in., the blue has an unbeatable group. Harvard's best are Prouty, Barnes, Brooks, and Burton, good for from 10 ft. to 10 ft. 3 in. Things go Harvard's way again in the running broad jump, with Daly doing 22 ft. 3 in.; Harrington, 21 ft. 6 in.; Edgell, 21 ft. 4½ in., and Harris 21 ft. 3½ in. Berger, who won third for Yale last year in the dual games with 21 ft. 8½ in., has recently recovered from typhoid, and will not, of course, be fit, and, of those remaining, Cheney has done 21 ft. 7 in., and Clapp 21 ft. 5 in.

So too in the high jump Yale is unfortunate. Waller, her best performer, served his country in Cuba as a Rough Rider last year, and has not yet shaken out of his system the wretched malarial fever which seized upon so many of those who fought before Santiago. His record is 6 ft. 2 in., but he has not come within several inches of that mark this season. It is exceedingly doubtful if he can pull into shape by Saturday, and Harvard has a formidable array in Morse, 6 ft. 1 in.; Rice, 6 ft. ⅛ in.; Ellis, 6 ft.; Roche, 6 ft. 1⅜ in.; Ferguson, 5 ft. 10½ in.—some of whom may do better. Under the circumstances, if Yale gets a point she will be lucky, though Waller's recuperation would change the situation quickly.

In the weight events Yale prospects appear to depend largely on the development of material that gives no present indication of attaining distinction. In the shot O'Donnell, who won with 40 ft. 6 in. last year, is not entered; but Francis, who is said to be doing quietly the best work of the candidates, is nearing the 40-foot mark, and there is none other who has surpassed 38 ft., though some expect to do greater things. Harvard has E. H. Clark, 40 ft. 4⅛ in.; Ellis, 40 ft. 1 in.; Brown, 39 ft. 4½ in.; and Heath, 37 ft. 9½ in.

Boal, the 'varsity football guard, is Harvard's most promising hammer-thrower, with a record of 138 ft. 6½ in. Clark has to his credit 127 ft.; Hennen, 125 ft.; and Ellis, 118 ft. Yale's best man, Sutphen, who won third in the dual meet last year with 121 ft., is out, but Marshall is reported as good. Thus we see that Harvard may be said to be sure of the hurdles, hammer, and broad jump, and Yale absolutely certain of the pole vault. The great struggles of the day will be in the running events, and neither university may be said to hold any one of them safe. Harvard has the more evenly developed, better all-round team.

PENNSYLVANIA'S annual relay races furnish some explanation of the high average of individual performance, which the present season appears to be accentuating more than any year that has gone before. When we see twoscore teams of schoolboys running in what would have been considered college form a few years ago, it is easy to understand the present general high standard at the universities. Aside from providing most interesting racing, these relay meetings develop an athletic spirit, such as no other track events can. Pennsylvania has been a sportsmanly pioneer in this direction, and, if I mistake not, the university will reap handsomely, as it deserves to, of the seed it has sown.

In 1895, when Pennsylvania held its first relay meeting, the entries were drawn from about nine colleges and twelve to fifteen schools; this year (April 29, on Franklin Field) there were entries from twenty-two colleges and forty-four schools. And the significant thought is that these college and school teams this year represented the athletic flower of about 30,000 young men and 12,000 boys! That so many schools should send teams is not of itself remarkable, considering the spreading and deepening interest in athletics, but the showing of these teams was so good as to be genuinely surprising. It takes a good boy, or man, to run a quarter-mile at top pace and hold his form to the last. Yet in the large majority of cases the boys in Pennsylvania's relay races not only held their form, but made exceedingly good time.

SPEED in schoolboy teams, in my judgment, has less bearing on the future than the form they reveal. I should be sorry to see young boys pushed to greater pace in the quarter than they now show; the result would be harmful. But the form may be developed so that as years give strength it can be used to the limit without fear of overdoing—the chief difficulty to guard against in training growing boys.

Already there is speed enough in these schools. Hill School, in winning the one-mile "preparatory and high-school championship" from South Jersey with four quarter relays, did it in 3 m. 35⅘ s., which bettered by one second the time Georgetown's seasoned team made in defeating Western Pennsylvania University, and only six seconds slower than Columbia's fast team recorded in defeating Cornell. Penn Charter was another team that ran in excellent form—in fact, I think, showed about the best form of any school team on the field.

Of the smaller colleges, Dickinson, which, I observe, has the ex-Carlisle School football-player Cayou, put forth a well-trained team of very fair form, that defeated Bucknell in 3 m. 37⅗ s. University of New York made even a better showing, winning from Haverford in 3 m. 35⅘ s.; and Georgetown's team ran in as good form as the best on the grounds.

BETWEEN Yale and Pennsylvania the two and four mile relay championship races were too one-sided to be interesting. Yale outclassed her rival, and won easily in 8 m. 10½ s. and 18 m. 39 s. The one-mile relay championship between these two and Chicago was more evenly contested. Though Yale took the lead at once, and had a couple of yards to the good at the start of the second relay, Kraenzlein's inability to finish lost Pennsylvania too much to make up. Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania's fourth relay, started ten yards behind Yale, and was run off his feet trying to make up the handicap. Even had Kraenzlein finished out, Yale must have won; her team is stronger than Pennsylvania's—time, 3 m. 24⅘ s. Chicago was a fair third. Next to this event, the most exciting race was that won by Columbia from Cornell and Lehigh, and the time, 3 m. 29 s., suggests the quality of the winning team's work.

Of the special running events, the most notable was Tewkesbury's 120 yards in 12 sec., within one-fifth of Wefers's world's record, which very likely the Pennsylvanian will equal before the year is out. Hutchinson (Princeton) and Remington (Pennsylvania) made a pretty race of the high hurdles, the former winning out on the run to the tape. But the event of the day was Kraenzlein's remarkable broad-jumping. He made three jumps, 23 ft. 11 in., 23 ft. 11⅛ in., and 24 ft. 3½ in., all beating the American record, and the last supplanting the world's record of 24 ft. ½ in. Prinstein, who held the American record of 23 ft. 8⅞ in., was second with only 23 ft. 2½ in.

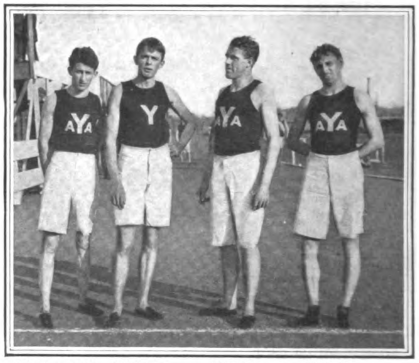
"Only 23 ft. 2½ in."! A few years ago we thought that distance unattainable. A lively age this.

As usual with these Pennsylvania meetings, the management was perfect. If only college managers generally would profit by the example!

BASEBALL is not sufficiently advanced in the college season to permit of conclusive comment. The nines are just settling after the preliminary work, which tries out candidates and shakes the teams together. Thus far none of the nines has shown any signs that point to future heavy batting, but the work of the majority suggests there will be little to criticise in the fielding. The scarcity of errors throughout the April schedules was notable and encouraging for a first-class quality of ball in the latter end of the season. Nor is the lack of batting due to a higher average of skill than is found usually in the pitcher's box. Yale has been doing most hitting so far, and seems to have material for a nine of all-round fielding and batting strength when it has steadied a bit. Her showing against Georgetown and Holy Cross disclosed possession of three or four men in the middle of the batting list who will do some good work so soon as they get their eye in. In the box the present outlook is not so encouraging.

The best-played college game to date, however, was the first of the Princeton-Cornell series. Princeton won the game, 3–0, through Hillebrand's control of the ball, aided by really brilliant work of the second-base man and excellent fielding by the team generally. Her one run in the first inning Princeton earned, but the other two in the second came through gifts of first base and errors. Thereafter Cornell's pitcher steadied, and for the remaining six innings better ball has seldom been played by college nines in April. Only one hit was made off Hillebrand, and while Princeton made seven off Young, none the less Cornell has reason to view the future hopefully.

Pennsylvania is perhaps somewhat behind the others in development, owing to discouraging experiences in filling the pitcher's box. The practice of April was rather poor, but the showing against Cornell (6–4) and Lehigh (8–7) was a great improvement, and ought to make Pennsylvania feel better, since Lehigh, it will be recalled, had, a few days before, beaten Princeton (5–4).



S. B. Chittenden, Jr. C. B. Spitzer. J. P. Clyde. H. P. Smith.

THE YALE FOUR-MILE RELAY TEAM.

HARVARD and Princeton will meet next Saturday (13th) at Princeton for the first of their series, and in what is really the opening game of the college season. It ought to be a very close, interesting struggle, with chances of victory somewhat favoring Princeton. Not that Princeton hits the ball more frequently or harder—for, judged by their work in April, the two are about evenly matched in that respect—but Princeton has thus far put much more life and determination into her general work. There has been more snap in her fielding, and more skill and spirit in her base-running. Besides which Princeton has a pitcher with greater command of the ball and a longer experience in his position. Behind the bat the two teams are equally well and ably represented by Kafer and Reid.

Harvard's team-work has been excellent, the men backing up one another quickly, and at all times the nine has played really very good ball; the one urgently needed factor however has been and is steam. On the other hand, Princeton has shown periods of very slovenly play that have been costly; and in a close exciting finish Harvard, I fancy would not be so likely as Princeton to drift into erratic play. I look for a pitcher's battle at Princeton on Saturday; and though Hillebrand has shown greater strength, Morse has given promise, and is likely to keep Princeton's batsmen guessing.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—By Hamblen Sears.—Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.—Harper & Brothers

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Aguinaldo's Indians

IMPORTANT evidence bearing upon the question of responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities in the Philippines on February 4 comes to the WEEKLY as a part of the correspondence sent with the drawing by Mr. G. W. Peters, which is an interesting feature of this issue. It will be seen that even the most brutal of the auxiliaries in Aguinaldo's army were informed of the intention to supply them with "all the American heads they could carry home" long before the attack was begun or war declared.

Looking from his prison window in the town of Caloocan, on the first day of February, Mr. Peters made the sketch from which he afterwards drew the picture reproduced on pages 478 and 479; but, unfortunately for him, this was not his closest contact with the Igorrotes. A score of these savages, fully armed, and with their naked bodies painted in various colors, forced their way into his cell in the Caloocan prison, where for several hours they practised on him the preliminary motions in their favorite methods of putting enemies to death. This was, of course, in the nature of a rehearsal, but there seemed at the time no sufficient reason for believing that the performance would be long delayed. The "twenty howling savage devils," to adopt the phrase used by our correspondent, were dancing about him for hours, now touching him with the points of their spears, now threatening to cut him down with their machetes, and again swinging their terrible *lignа* (a kind of battle-axe or tomahawk) so that its keen edge barely grazed his neck. Then followed an unmistakable representation of thrusting the long point of the axe into the occiput and carrying away the head in triumph. Mr. Peters thinks it probable that they would have killed him, but for the opportune arrival of a Filipino captain. This native officer was, as regards his personal appearance, scarcely more attractive or reassuring than the confessed savages; but, after drawing his sword, brandishing it before the artist's face, and uttering threats against Americans as a class, he proceeded to advise the Igorrotes not to kill the prisoner forthwith, but to wait for a little while; and he promised them that they should have all the American heads they could carry home as soon as war was declared—which would be in a few days.

After this ordeal Mr. Peters was taken to Malolos, at that time the capital of the Filipino government, where he was again imprisoned, and informed that he might expect to be condemned as a spy. Many friends interceded for him, however, and with the aid of General Otis his release was effected on the day before hostilities commenced.

The Igorrotes are masters as yet on the western coast of Luzon just above the gulf of Lingayen. They have been made the theme of a good deal of descriptive writing recently, but nothing which has yet reached us seems more worthy of attention than the direct observations of our correspondent who saw Aguinaldo's recruits from this little-known region at Caloocan—perhaps some of the men who were given "a post of honor" in front of an American battery on February 5.

The name *Indios*, somewhat loosely applied to natives of various classes in the central and southern groups, as well as in the great northern island, may contain a suggestion with more significance than appears at first glance. Compare the article on "Philippine Ethnology" in this issue.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

PREPARATORY HINTS: Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.—[*Adv.*]

THE "X RAYS."

"TELL me, Jack, what were you looking at so earnestly through the Roentgen apparatus which you directed upon Miss Kitty at her mother's last Five-o'Clock?" "I was only looking at the SACHET FLOWERS of ORIZA-LEGRAND [to be had of all perfumers and druggists], these animated and perfumed flowers embroidered on her lace corsage and mingling with the lace. It was, I must confess, a most pleasing spectacle." —[*Adv.*]

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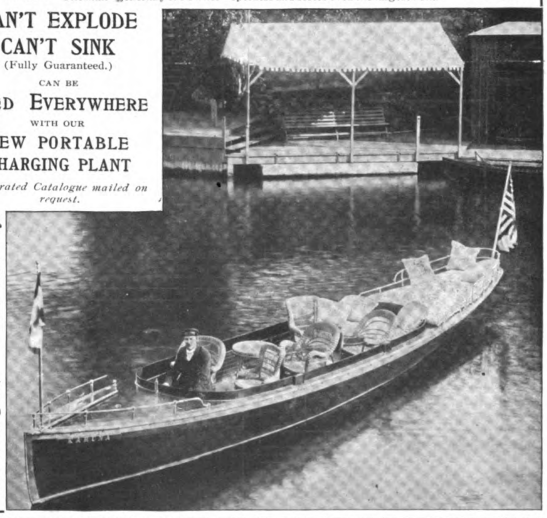
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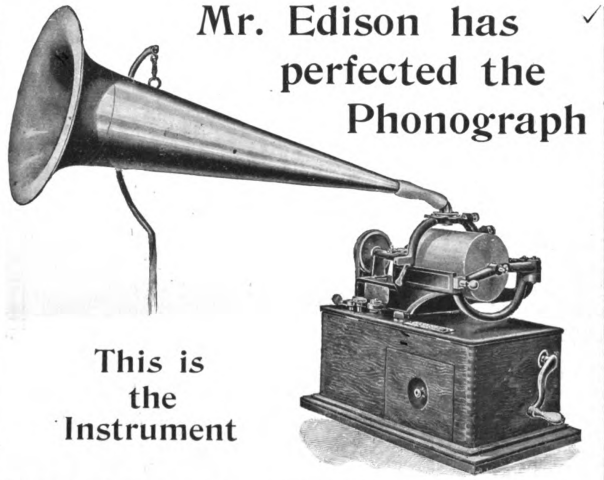
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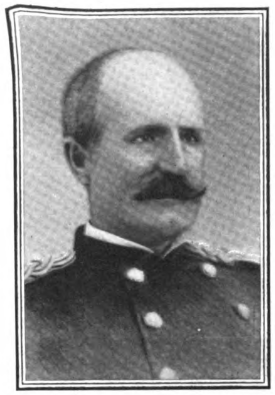
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CAPT. C. M. ROCKEFELLER, U. S. A.,
Supposed to be a Prisoner of the Filipino Insurgents.

Philippine Ethnology

A SIMPLE classification of the Philippine Archipelago's population may be made with the assistance of the accompanying ethnographic map:

1. The Moros, or Sulus (Mohammedan Malays) occupy the small southern islands, the southern and western coasts of Mindanao, and the southern extremity of Palawan. Their capital is Sulu. As for their number, the estimate in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle*, by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, is 200,000 to 300,000.

2. The Islands of the central group are inhabited chiefly by Visayans (Roman Catholic Malays). Of the Visayans proper there are about 2,500,000; but if we include the cognate tribes scattered from Northeastern Mindanao to Mindoro and the Calamianes Islands, the total number is probably much greater.

3. The Tagals, Tagalogs, or Tagalos (Roman Catholic Malays), from whom Aguinaldo has drawn the larger part of his forces, inhabit central Luzon. Their number is uncertain, though for the present we may accept Saint-Martin's estimate—1,200,000.

4. Tribes of Malays, which are numerically of less importance, are not always clearly distinguished from Tagalogs and Visayans—*e. g.*, the Ilocanos, Pampangos, and Zambales of northern and western Luzon, the Bicols (or Vicols) in the extreme southeast of Luzon and in adjacent islands, the Subanos of southern Cebu, etc.

5. Non-Malayan savages, remnants of an earlier population which was displaced by the Malays, are widely scattered, and the common name "Indonésiens" is given to these tribes by the writers, who regard them as representatives of a race which the Malays drove into the mountains, somewhat as Saxon displaced Celt in the British Isles. That famous band of the Igorrotes who trusted to charms and bows and arrows in the battle of February 5 were of this class. The accompanying map shows the names of a dozen different tribes in northern Luzon alone, with others in central Mindanao, northern Panay, and Negros, etc. Little reliance can be placed upon the estimates of the total number of "Indonésiens" who have never consented to stand and be counted. As an approximation, some of the authorities have suggested 300,000 or 400,000. It is only proper to state that Professor Brinton rejects the "Indonésien theory," and prefers to teach that the tribes of mountain and forest and the stormy eastern coast are not a distinct race, but represent crossings of Malayan with Chinese or Negrito blood.

6. Of the aborigines called Negritos (little Blacks), or Aetas, only 10,000 or 20,000 remain. They are "as near an approach to primitive man as can anywhere be found," says Professor Brinton; and they are so far inferior in physique and intelligence to the civilized or semi-civilized Malay or "Indonésien" that they seem destined to disappear altogether before long. Traces of immigration from the large islands which lie southeast and southwest of the Philippines are rather obscure; but Waitz, in his *Anthropologie der Naturvölker* (vol. v., map by Dr. Ernst Gerland), called attention to Papuans—natives of New Guinea and the Papuan Archipelago—in Mindanao and Palawan. The Battas, or Battaks, in Palawan bear witness to a migration from equatorial Sumatra.

7. At or near the principal ports are about 100,000 Chinese, and perhaps 15,000 whites—not including General Otis's army!

The present distribution of the native tribes has evidently been occasioned by successive waves of invasion. The aboriginal Aetas (Negritos), as a less vigorous branch of the human family, were unable to resist attacks from restless and progressive neighbors. The first people from the mainland to appear as conquerors on a large scale may have been the so-called Indonésiens; but these in turn were displaced, in the more desirable portions of the archipelago, by hordes of Asiatics coming from the Malay Peninsula by way of Borneo—the first incursion being led by Tagals, and the second by Visayans. The third and last wave of Malay invasion culminated about the middle of the sixteenth century, not far from the time when the Spaniards arrived upon the scene and established themselves in the Visayas and Luzon. And so these new Malay invaders—pirates, indomitable fighters, daring sea-rovers—brought Mohammedanism to the archipelago at the very time when the Spaniards were bringing Christianity. It was a renewal in the Far East of the old strife of the Crescent against the Cross, which had then but recently come to an end in Spain itself by the expulsion of the last of the Moors. Accordingly the Spanish adventurers in the Philippines dubbed the Mohammedan Malays "Moros" (that is, Moors), and "Moros" they are called to this day.

Interesting descriptions of the Igorrotes, who are referred to in the fifth paragraph, have just reached the WEEKLY from correspondents in Manila.

The Igorrotes are tall, robust, and well proportioned, we are told. Their skin is brown, their hair is black, straight, and very thick, cut short over the forehead, and hanging loose over back and shoulders. They have high and vertical foreheads; large, black, expressive eyes (sometimes with a slight inward tendency); prominent noses with broad nostrils; and large thick-lipped mouths. Nearly all have naturally smooth faces; a few, however, wear beards. Clothing for the body they frankly dispense with, but head ornaments are common, especially with their chiefs. The usual adornment of the head is a double ring of bamboo, from which project cocks' feathers or the plumage of other birds. Their weapons of offence are a long spear, a large machetelike knife, and the battle-axe. For defence they carry a wooden shield and a charm (their *ang-ting ang-ting*) to ward off the enemy's missiles. In time of war they paint their bodies and faces. Our North-American Indians so thoroughly interpret to us this type of humanity (with the battle-axe shrunken to the tomahawk, the head-hunting to a scalp-taking, and similar adaptations) that we shall presently hear of a Pacific discovery of America, and maybe find that some of our present hostiles are blood-relations to the poor foes of the Pilgrims and Puritans. In all the Philippines, these Igorrotes are the only people who use the *ligua*, the head of which is about one-eighth of an inch thick, four and one-half inches wide, and eight inches long—its cutting-edge so sharp that one swinging or horizontal blow suffices to decapitate an enemy. A four-inch projection opposite the blade is designed to carry the head of the victim. The handle is of wood, and about two feet long.

The editor of the *Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle* estimates the total population of the archipelago at about 9,000,000, but fails to give convincing reasons for this opinion. In view of the statements which have been repeated day after day for the last ten months, that the Philippines support a population of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons, it may not seem that our question is too pointed if we ask, How is this information derived? A little scrutiny of the figures given in the foregoing paragraphs will show that perhaps 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 have been accounted for. Within a limited area, conditions which allow half a million of people to live by hunting are not usually such as to allow 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 more to live by agriculture and commerce. Why, then, does it seem probable that the population of the Philippines is so dense? How has it been possible to secure trustworthy information on this head? MARRION WILCOX.

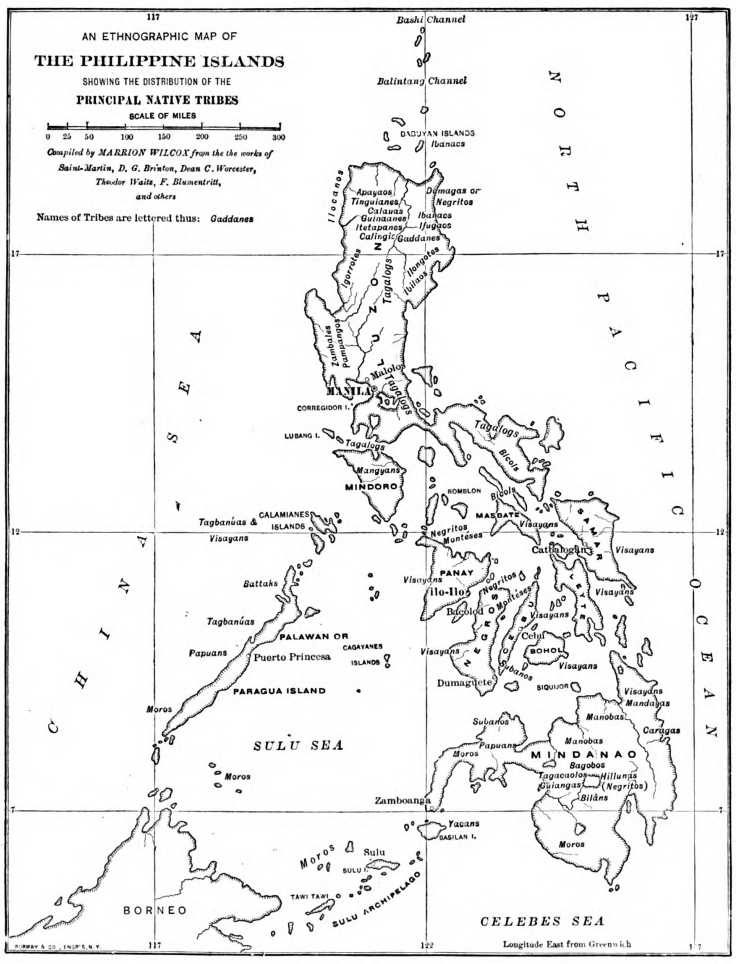


CAPT. M. G. KRAYENBUHL, U. S. V.,
Lieutenant, 3d Artillery. Mortally Wounded at Malinta, March 26. Died March 28.

LONDON

April 22, 1899.

TWO primrose days have occurred this week. On April 19 Lord Beaconsfield's memory was kept green, and the national stock of primroses was further diminished to do honor to the strange creature who understood the English character so well as to play on it as a great maestro plays on the violin. Radicals are afflicted that the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death is still observed by the nation, while the political influence of the greatest light of the Liberal party, only extinguished last year, has already practically disappeared. Primroses were seen everywhere—in the streets, in the theatres, in the House of Commons, on peers and crossing-sweepers—



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everywhere except at funerals. The only reference Lord Beaconsfield in life ever made to the primrose was in *Lothair*, where St. Aldegonde says it makes a good salad. The simple reason why Lord Beaconsfield's name is still honored, nearly a score of years after his death, is that he flattered the pride of the English by methods that appealed both to their pockets and to their imaginations. He bought the Suez Canal shares "at slaughter prices," a transaction that was at the same time regarded as a piece of spirited foreign policy. He stopped Russia at the walls of Constantinople, and translated the dull prejudices of the man in the street into dramatic realities at a reasonable cost. Every statesman who has struck the imperial note since Lord Beaconsfield's disappearance has acquired and maintains popularity.

LORD ROSEBERY was not remarkable for strength or continuity of purpose when Prime Minister, but has nevertheless acquired the respect and confidence of the English people to an extent little suspected by superficial observers. This was shown on the 20th of April, also a primrose day, when Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second daughter, was married to the Earl of Crewe in Westminster Abbey, amid surroundings of extraordinary brilliance and distinction. The most interesting feature of the day was the popular reception given to Lord Rosebery by the enormous crowds that lined the streets. It was not to be accounted for only by the fact of his daughter's wedding, but is to be attributed to the belief in the public mind that in Lord Rosebery we have a possible Prime Minister who will not allow the honor and interests of England to be whittled away. The reception of Lord Rosebery, as he drove with his young daughter from Berkeley Square to Westminster Abbey, was almost royal in its hearty enthusiasm, and is a political symptom not to be mistaken or ignored.

LORD SALISBURY'S measured neglect of national prejudices continues to occupy public attention. Things are not going well in China, and anxiety is felt as to the failure of the recent attempt to come to an understanding with Russia. Anxiety is also caused by American difficulties in the Philippines, and the reported statement of General Lawton that 100,000 men would be required to conquer and hold the islands has induced certain scribes to predict the abandonment of American possessions in the Far East. Jingo England would be very, very sorry if Uncle Sam abandoned his imperial projects. Those acquainted with the American character are aware how little foundation there is for the rumor. That temporary checks are irritating when fighting in a vile climate with a race "half devil and half child" is fully intelligible; but after the object-lesson of our costly scuttle from the Transvaal and the Sudan, it is incredible that the United States will dream of relinquishing the burden of her responsibilities in the Far East, whatever may be the destiny provided for the Filipinos when law and order are established.

AMERICAN difficulties in the Philippines are of special interest to British-Indian statesmen, as the problem is identical with that with which they have had to deal—a problem, moreover, that is not yet solved. I have had the opportunity recently of learning, from the inside, facts about the actual condition of British India which do not get into the newspapers, but are none the less interesting on that account. The policy of educating the native is far from proving an unmixed success. The training of the mind without the training of the character, the development of the body, or providing a career, simply engenders nihilism. England is manufacturing Indian nihilists in the hungry graduates who take university degrees, acquire a distaste for handicrafts, and fail to obtain official employment. Liberty is a word with two hundred definitions. It has already caused as much bloodshed as the interpretation of religion, and the grant of an erroneous form of liberty to Hindus in the shape of half-education seems not unlikely to create a new illustration of this truth.

THE natives of India are less content and less trustful than they were twenty years ago, although the administration presided over by Lord Curzon is, with the exception of America in the Philippines, better, purer, and less selfish than that of any governing power in the world. Notwithstanding the universally high character of the Indian services, and the fact that our hold on India is physically stronger than it was, it is growing sentimentally weaker. An old and faithful Sikh officer in the body-guard of the Governor-General expressed this feeling a few weeks ago, when he said that the English had done much for India, but they had brought two curses—the money-lender and the barrister. Natives now perceive that the elaborate legal machinery of the civilized West benefits the rich and intelligent at the expense of the poor and untaught. What the latter require is cheap equity and rapid finality; what they get is costly and unintelligible law, which ruins them before finality is attained. The native judges are generally corrupt, and the underpaid native police are like underpaid colored native officials all the world over: they pay themselves by terrorizing the people under their charge. A short time back a native judge was indicted with forty charges of corruption against him. Witnesses appeared to sustain four of these charges, and the accused was condemned on them. On the night of the verdict two of the witnesses were murdered in different parts of the province. The great Mohammedan towns are seething with fanaticism. India is restive under machine rule, and owing to our government being a debt-collecting instrument for creditors, it is a terror to the vast agricultural population, while it exactly suits the mercantile and money-lending classes, who form an insignificant numerical minority. Something has recently been done to abate the powers of the money-lenders.

A FURTHER difficulty of England in India is the growth of the military power of the feudatory princes. In addition to the special contingents known as the Imperial Service troops, now numbering 16,618 men, the feudatory and dependent states have independent armies numbering 70,000 equipped and disciplined men. Are they fast friends or potential foes? Who can tell? The great princes like Cashmir, Patiala, Gwalior, Jodhpur, and others have added to their armies beyond all necessity, and a very grave question confronts Lord Curzon and his advisers as to how far the arming of the feudatory princes should be allowed. Russia, fully acquainted with all the weak points of English rule in India, is at the present time active and mischievous both in Afghanistan and in the native states. These malign activities ill consort with the Peace Conference at The Hague. Lord Curzon has the wolf by the ears, and no heavier burden rests on the shoulders of any human being. He is much liked, and Lady Curzon has also become extremely popular. Although Lord Curzon has made so many speeches that he is called "the talking Viceroy," he has said nothing that has done any harm. He is credited with great quickness, phenomenal industry, and the capacity for getting at the inside of a subject with accuracy and despatch. One of Lord Curzon's difficulties is that formerly India had rulers; now she has only rules. He is said to contemplate a reduction in the number of rules and a curtailment of the incontinent effusion of minutes, letters, and rescripts that flood the overworked and overcentralized government.

WITH the opening of the London season the theatre becomes once more interesting. Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Gay Lord Quex," has captured the town. Its fortune is made. It has come under the ban of a bishop. Miss Irene Vanburgh has admittedly passed into the front rank of English actresses. Her consummate rendering of a part that would be repulsive in the hands of almost any one else excites a furor of enthusiasm among the critics. Nevertheless, the play is an unpleasant one. It deals with the eternal sexual problem and the irregularities of life, without which play-goers at the end of the century seem unable to exist. "The Gay Lord Quex" is one of the plays that will cross the Atlantic; but although it is admittedly a *tour de force* of the playwright, its popularity gives food for gloomy thought.

THE scene at the Lyceum on the return of Sir Henry Irving to the stage, after a long illness, was without a parallel. I never saw anything like the reception given to the veteran actor when he appeared in the first scene of "Robespierre." The pitites had waited, as usual, ten, eleven, and twelve hours outside the theatre in order to be included among the number of the first-nighters. It was known that since Sir Henry Irving last appeared in London the Lyceum had passed out of his hands. The appreciation of this fact added depth to the cordiality of his greeting; and, furthermore, the *première* of "Robespierre" was a dramatic event. It is the first time in the history of the English stage that a French dramatist of the first rank has written a play expressly for English actors and an English theatre. It is true that M. Sardou took liberties with *Robespierre*, compromised his character, supplied him with a past, and invested him with imaginative qualities singularly unlike the eponymous hero of the play. Nevertheless, "Robespierre" is interesting from first to last, and the interest is maintained by an opulence of staging rare in the history even of the Lyceum. Every act tells, and the burning passions of the Revolution are represented with inimitable skill. The most daring, and perhaps the most trying, scene of the whole is that where *Robespierre*, left alone in the conciergerie, sees the ghosts of the murdered victims of the Terror, and succumbs to an access of fear and foreboding which nothing less than the genius of Irving could have communicated to the audience. Reminiscences of the ghosts in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "The Bells" flit through the memory as this marvellously daring scene from the pen of the greatest living French dramatist is interpreted by the greatest living English actor.

"ROBESPIERRE" will cross the Atlantic, and will undoubtedly repair some of the ill fortune which has dogged Sir Henry Irving—much to the grief of his many friends—for some time past. The chief feminine part was of course taken by Miss Ellen Terry, but is a small one. It cannot be said that on the first night full justice was done to it. As is not unusual with the greatest actresses, Miss Terry was by no means letter perfect, and if here and there a scene dragged perceptibly owing to this cause, no other blemish could be detected by the most fastidious of critics. On the morning of the second night that the play was given the convention scene was rehearsed. At its conclusion the supers gave three hearty cheers to Sir Henry Irving, who was visibly moved by the loyalty and affection of his subordinates. It will be a long time before the English stage is graced by an actor who commands more general affection and respect than Henry Irving. He has become a national possession.

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So life may seem a dim unwindowed room
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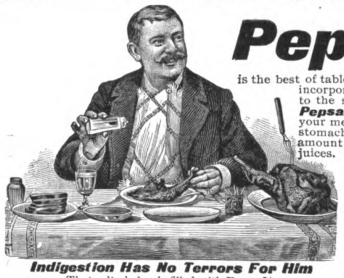
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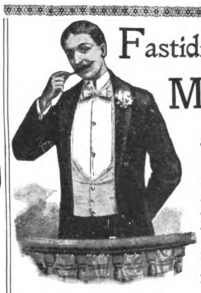
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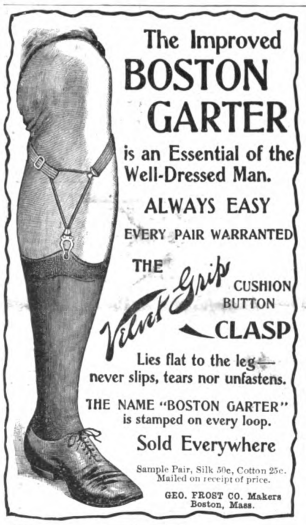
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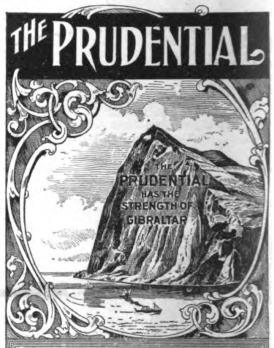
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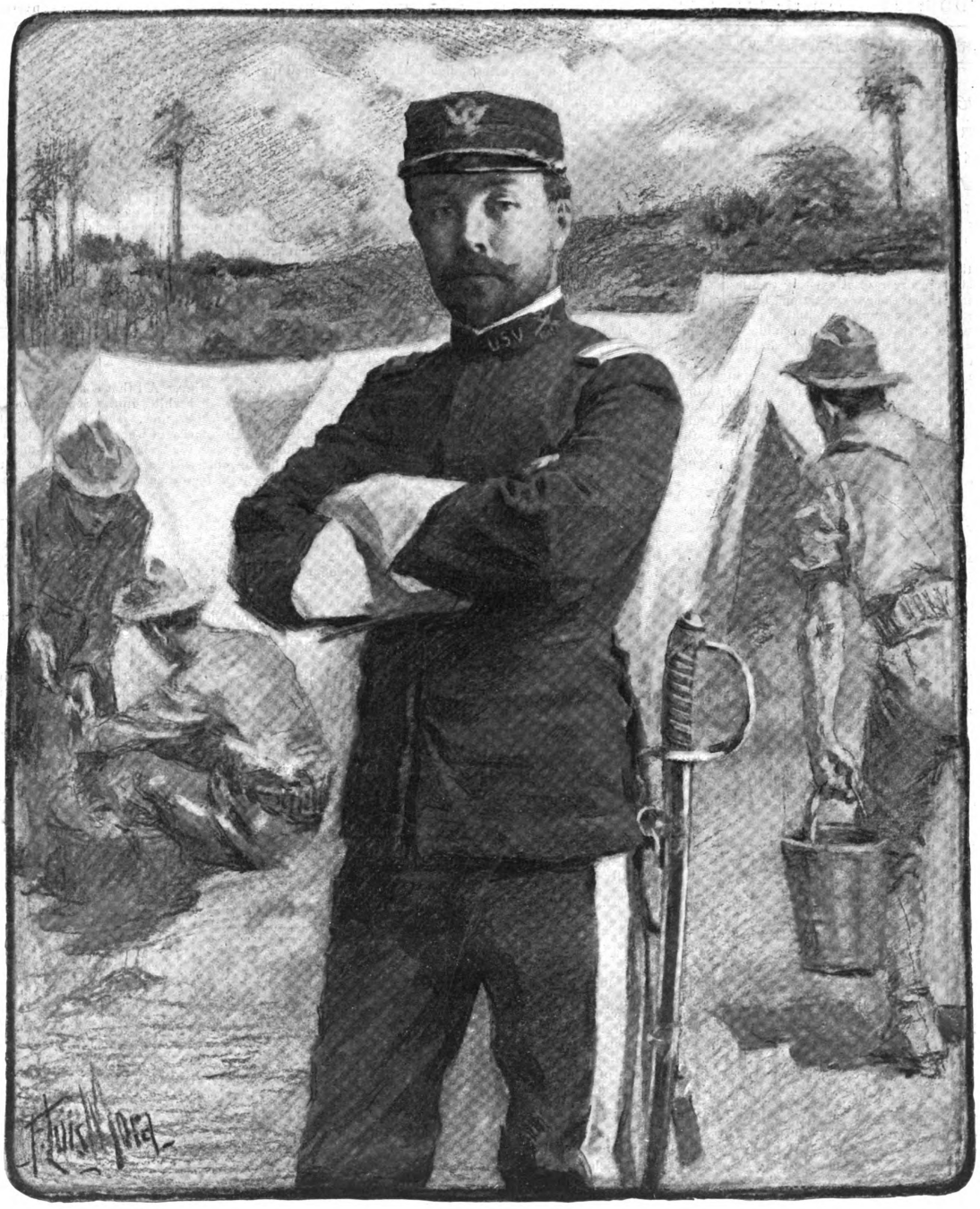
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2213 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899 TEN CENTS A COPY FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U. S. V.

THE FIGHTING COLONEL OF THE 20TH KANSAS VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAS BEEN PROMOTED FOR BRAVERY.

[SEE PAGE 496.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 20, 1899

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The Partition of China

ENGLAND and Russia have come to an agreement in regard to their interests in China. Russia is to have a free hand in securing railway concessions north of the Great Wall, England not interfering for herself or in behalf of any other power. Russia makes the same pledge in regard to English concessions in the valley of the Yang-tse. Both parties affirm that they purpose in no wise to interfere with the integrity of the Chinese government, or to modify in any respect existing treaties. They announce also their expectation that, by thus "averting all cause of complications between themselves, they expect to "consolidate peace in the Far East, and serve the primordial interests of China herself."

The agreement has been hailed by many as an indefinite postponement of the partition of China, as a guarantee of peace, and as affording substantial opportunity for the development of trade. Lord SALISBURY speaks optimistically, and the authorities at Washington are reported to be well pleased, as it insures to this country, under the "most favored nation" clause of the treaty with China, equal trade rights in both the Russian and English spheres of influence. It is noticeable, however, that in all the comments certain facts seem to be entirely overlooked. These facts are the nature of Russian extension, the decadence of the Chinese government, involving almost a state of anarchy in the remoter parts of the empire, and the increasing demands of other powers.

Russian extension in Asia has been very uniform in its character, and the same methods that made Siberia and Turkestan integral parts of the Russian Empire are to-day being employed in Manchuria. A Russian railroad, according to Russian practice, involves Russian troops for its protection and Russian colonists for its working. Accordingly, Russian garrisons are stationed all through that section connecting the fortified border on the north with the still more strongly fortified ports at Port Arthur and Talienwan. As the agreement concedes to Russia the entire section north of a line from the northern boundary of Tibet to Shanhaikwan, including not only Mongolia and Manchuria, but at least half of the important province of Pechili and a considerable section of the Yellow River, no one need be surprised to learn at any time of Russian garrisons stationed wherever in the course of development Russia thinks she may want a railway, or even a military road. It is notorious also that Russian colonists have been pouring into the rich plains of Manchuria by the hundred thousand. No one supposes that these Russian troops will be recalled at the request of the Chinese government, or that these colonists will be regarded as Chinese subjects. Chinese sovereignty over that whole territory has already become a mere fiction, to be disregarded entirely whenever Russia sees fit to do so, just as was the case with Batum. When that time comes, there will be no sentimental consideration for the rights of any "most favored nation."

The second fact, the decadence of the Chinese Empire, is too well known to require more than the mention. It is long since the Manchu dynasty has had much actual authority throughout central and western China. By shrewd manipulation of individual viceroys a semblance of rule has been preserved; but the chronic revolutions in the south and west have been witness to the general situation, which has bordered close on anarchy. More than once the question has arisen of a transferrence of the capital from Peking to Han kow, which would mean the overthrow of the present rule and the establishment of a different and probably distinctively Chinese government. In any case, order, better order than there has been, must be secured if trade is to be safe and the promised railway and mining concessions made actual. How is that to be secured? It is outside of Russian interest. England has a free hand. Will she, on Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S plan, reorganize the Chinese army and force the hated Manchu dynasty on the wealthy provinces of the Yang-tse Valley? The effort, once begun, could not be intermitted, and unless all precedent in Asiatic and African experience goes for naught, it would inevitably result in occupation, and the British sphere would become what the Russian already is, first virtual then actual British territory.

The third factor, the increasing demands of other powers, must also be taken into account. With Manchuria Russian, and the Yang-tse Valley English, there remains on the north the Yellow River section, and on the east and south the border provinces. Germany already holds Shan-tung on virtually the same terms as Russia holds Manchuria—*i. e.*, with military force—and she is reported as looking with longing eyes to the Yellow River Valley. Neither Russia nor England could offer great opposition to her claims, though Russia's share in the river valley might create a complication. Far less than her neighbors does Germany know how to get along with an even nominally suzerain power, and, her grip once on that section, the integrity of that part at least of the empire would scarcely be even a fiction. The same thing is true of French claims to Yun-nan and Kwang-tung. France affirms, indeed, that all she wants is railroad extension, yet she has already, according to report, which, even if not absolutely accurate, forecasts her purpose, claimed a mining concession in Sz-chuen, one of the most turbulent provinces of the empire. Such a concession she knows, as does every one else, to be worthless without a strong government to keep order. Will she join hands with England in reorganizing the Chinese army in the interest of the Empress Dowager and her Manchus, against whom the people of Sz-chuen are now in open revolt? The answer will be found in following her course in the establishment of her present Indo-Chinese Empire and her relations to Siam. So far as England is concerned, some arrangement between the two could probably be made in the south and west corresponding to that between England and Russia in the north, but France would scarcely be willing to play a more subordinate rôle than Russia. Italy at Sanmun is scarcely an important factor. More serious is the Japanese claim to Fukien. Few will imagine that the Chinese government will cordially recognize any such Japanese predominance there as is accorded to the European powers.

The fact simply is that Russia has forced the situation, and can well afford to sit quietly by and even perhaps smile as she watches the other powers working out the problems her action has made insistent. Were there any hope of a strong Chinese government which could, even in alliance with England, control its own territory, the partition of the empire might be still postponed. So far as appears, however, there is no outlook of that kind. Were it possible to isolate the Yang-tse Valley from the southern provinces, England might succeed in doing there what she has done in India —strengthen a native state. But with a Russian Empire on the north, and German, French, Japanese, Italian, and possibly Austrian districts interjected at various points, even such a scheme is virtually impracticable. There may be some delay, but the partition of China has begun, and American trade and diplomacy will do well to recognize the fact and adapt themselves to it.

ONE of the excuses made for lynching in rape cases in the South is that women who have suffered violence will not appear in court and testify against their assailants. A letter which recently came to the WEEKLY from a correspondent in Georgia speaks of a case, apparently well known in Georgia, of the wife of a prominent clergyman, who received injuries from a negro, from the effects of which she eventually died. Her husband would not allow the man to be lynched, and the wife would not testify against him in court, consequently he escaped punishment altogether.

The unwillingness of women to appear in court against such assailants is entirely natural and comprehensible. To get over this difficulty and still avoid the counter-evil of lynching, it has been proposed to establish drum-head courts, which will deal out sudden and summary punishment to authors of crimes against women. Mr. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, of Washington, who has taken some thought on this idea, suggests that, in States where lynching is common, the Governors be authorized to appoint an officer in every township, who, on the day an assault becomes known, shall summon six citizens who live conveniently near, constitute them a special jury, preside over them himself, hold a summary trial, and, if guilt is proved, give sentence, and execute it without further delay. Such a trial would be better than none, in that the accused would have a chance to demonstrate his innocence, and because the responsibility for the proceedings would be openly borne by known men.

A curious supplementary reason given for favoring these drum-head courts is that negro criminals of the sort these courts would deal with do not greatly object to being hanged, provided they have plenty of time to get ready, and especially to repent and get religion. Where the criminal, after a life of vice ending in some hideous crime of violence, is given time to become a happy convert, so that he steps confidently from the gallows trap into eternal bliss, the effect of his punishment upon other evil-doers is almost nullified. When he is sped into the unknown with unwashed hands, the example is held to be more salutary.

Here is what a Georgia woman writes about how the children in the country districts in that State go to school:

> You know Georgia is distinctly an agricultural State. The greater part of her people live on farms and plantations. The only labor employed is black, and the blacks outnumber the whites in the rural districts. Well, the white children go to school by the ringing of the plantation bells. At a place where there are large boys in the family the bell rings first; then the girls and small children on the farms within hearing flock to the call. They start off, and when they reach the next plantation that bell rings, and another band joins them, and so they go, gathering strength until they reach the school. Thus, you see, Southern boys early learn that they are our protectors. In the busy season, when the large boys are needed to help with the crops, the schools close, because the girls and small children cannot with safety go alone. If our land was infested with wild beasts, there could not be a greater fear in the breasts of parents when their girls and little ones start for school on a lonely country road.

That is interesting. All that concerns the relations of blacks and whites in the South is of surpassing interest just now. But as we read the tales of the insecurity of women, and the need of drum-head courts for their protection, we must recall that four-fifths of the lynchings in the South last year were for crimes other than violence or attempted violence to women.

IN trying to devise a remedy for affairs in the South, it must be remembered that the proportion of criminals among the negroes of the South is about three times as great as among the white people; that mere secular education seems not to be effective in improving the negroes' manners or morals; and that lynching as a remedy for crime in the South is a failure. Crime increases under it, and it scares away prosperity.

The worst enemy of the negro race seems to be the negro criminal, and especially the criminal who assails a white woman. The worst enemy of Southern civilization seems to be the lyncher. The most vigorous opponents of Southern lynching are white people in the South, who know that the lawlessness which it begets is ruinous to society. The worst crimes of Southern negroes are crimes in which lust and revenge are combined, but lust and revenge are not allayed, but incited, by such an orgy as was held over SAM HOSE.

Our Southern brethren have a very difficult and perplexing problem in making law and order prevail in their borders. The North has always recognized its large responsibility for the condition of the Southern negroes, and has been more than willing to do its share in looking after them. It is not enough for the North to be willing. It must be wise also. It gave the negroes the suffrage long before they were fit to exercise it. Has it proved a useful gift? BOOKER WASHINGTON, that great and noble negro leader, the most honored man of his race, counsels his people to keep out of politics and leave government to the whites, and to concentrate their energies upon improving their condition by learning better methods of work and acquiring property.

It is not enough for the North to denounce lynching. It must be prepared to uphold the best people in the South in the execution of any sound measures that can be devised to train the young negro in the way he should go, secure the restriction and punishment of crime by legal methods, and put lynching down.

Cruelty begets cruelty. Terror leads naturally to violence. So long as the whites in the South are afraid of the negroes the negroes will doubtless have reason to be afraid of the whites. No intelligent white person in the South defends lynching except as a desperate remedy, the need of which ought to be removed by some better means of restricting crime.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE is no longer room for confusion of ideas about what happened to the Seventy-first New York Volunteers in the Santiago campaign. The truth, which could not be publicly told last summer, has all come out at last, and is matter of a record which puts misconduct where it belongs, and does justice to courage working under difficulties. The findings of the Court of Inquiry, reviewed by Governor Roosevelt, and published on May 8, are that Colonel Wallace A. Downs disobeyed his orders, and kept his command under fire and out of action for hours; that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith failed to respond to the orders of the division commander that the regiment move forward; that Major Whittle looked out for his own safety, to the neglect of his military duties; and that Captain Austin received an order from the division commander and failed to obey it. Colonel Downs and Major Whittle have resigned, and it is unnecessary to be further concerned with them as officers of the National Guard. The excuse made for Lieutenant-Colonel Smith is that it was not his place to give orders while his colonel was present and unhurt. The Governor, however, reviewing the court's finding, holds that his neglect of duty is clearly established, and that such a man as he is unfit to hold high office in the volunteer army or the National Guard. With Captain Austin the Governor deals mercifully, and blaming a part of his misconduct, as found by the court, upon his three superior officers, merely recommends that he be severely reprimanded.

Most of the other officers and the enlisted men are found to have behaved well, and some of them very gallantly. The trouble with the Seventy-first was that the three senior officers of the regiment were unfit for their commands, and disgraced themselves and, as far as they could, their regiment. The men, and most of the subordinate officers, showed that under competent leadership they would have done admirably well. As it was, the majority of them, when their leaders refused to lead, moved forward with the regulars and stood with them on the summit of the hill.

The action of the court and the Governor is of great value as a means of demonstrating the importance of selecting officers of the National Guard on their military merits.

THE report and findings of the Military Court appointed to investigate the charges made by General Miles about the beef supplied to the army during the war with Spain have been approved by the President, and were published on May 8. As to the canned fresh beef, the court found that it was not a good ration under the circumstances in which it was used, that it had not been tried in large quantities, and that General Eagan's action in buying seven million pounds of it was "a colossal error, for which there is no palliation." It does not blame the packers, who were found to have canned the meat according to the methods customarily in use, and not to have solicited the government to buy it. It says the refrigerated beef was good, but that the arrangements for issuing it and transporting it to the camps do not seem to have been either adequate or efficient. It fails to find evidence that the refrigerated beef was treated with preservatives, as alleged by General Miles. It blames General Miles for not communicating more promptly to the President and Secretary of War such knowledge as he had about the unfitness of the beef; and while it sustains his allegation that the canned beef was unsuitable for use on transports and as a field ration, it fails to find grounds for other allegations about the canned beef. It finds that, except that General Miles was not justified in calling the refrigerated beef "embalmed," and was in error in not complaining sooner to the Secretary of War, and that General Eagan made "a colossal error," as aforesaid (though that there was no ground for imputing any other motive to him than the earnest desire to get the best food for the troops), and that Colonel John F. Weston, Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence, was responsible for recommending the canned beef as part of the field ration, no charge of guilt may be brought against any officer.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has sold his interests in the Carnegie Company's steel business to his partners. The price paid to him has not been disclosed, but it seems possible that he received as much as $150,000,000. Another estimate is $100,000,000. At all events, Mr. Carnegie retires a rich man, even according to modern standards. He says his action is based on a resolution, formed not long since, that he would not spend his old age in business struggling for more dollars. After sixty, he thinks, a rich man should devote his energies to a wise administration of his surplus wealth.

Mr. Carnegie has set a good example. One of the complaints that are made of American business men is that they don't know when to stop work. Many of them have no mental recourse except business, and dare not stop trying to make money, because that is the only thing in life that really interests them, and if they abandon that resource they are in danger of finding themselves completely out of a job, and of dying of dry-rot after a few years of remorseful inactivity. Mr. Carnegie need have no fears of that sort. His mind is incorrigibly active, and he will always be sure of finding congenial employments. He has various places of residence scattered about the world—in New York, in Pittsburg, in Scotland, and elsewhere, and he likes to move about. He also likes to give money for objects which promise to promote the progress of civilization. Even if he concerns himself no longer with steel-making, and only tries to spend his income, he will find an occupation in that, for the distribution of even four or five million dollars a year is a matter that invites thought; and thought will be sure to go into any distribution that Mr. Carnegie makes. A great millionaire is never out of business; but, besides being a millionaire, Mr. Carnegie is a philanthropist and a writer. He has written books so notable that the prospect of his having time to write more is a matter of public interest. He is perfectly safe in giving up the steel business, so long as he still retains its profits.

ANOTHER rich man who seems to be looking for more leisure is Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, who, the newspapers say, expects very shortly to turn over the management of his street railway companies to other hands and come to New York to live. Mr. Yerkes already has a house in New York, but he has not practised himself in supplementary occupations as much as Mr. Carnegie has. He is something of a collector, and he owns a newspaper in Chicago, but his street railroads have kept him pretty busy. There are a great many ways of having fun in the world besides manipulating street railroads, and New York is as good a place as another in which to test some of them.

There are no rumors that Mr. Russell Sage or Mr. John Rockefeller feels the need, as yet, of increased leisure, or sees any interests that attract him to the exclusion of his concern for the activities of Wall Street and of business.

IT looks at last as though work on the Public Library of New York was really about to begin. The Municipal Council has approved the issue of $500,000 worth of bonds, and it ought not to take long to get the money and make a start. According to Secretary Rives, of the Board of Trustees, this half-million which is about to become available will pay for removing the reservoir at Forty-second Street and bringing the foundations of the Library up to the level of the street. According to the prophecies of the architects, this preliminary work will take fourteen months, the foundations aboveground will take eight months more, the further erection of the building two years, and its decoration another year. That means five years for the whole job. It will be a work in which a vast number of people will be hugely interested, and which will be under constant public inspection during its continuance. There is probably no place on the American continent which more different people, from more different places, come in sight of in the course of the year than the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York. Greater crowds doubtless pass other points daily, but those crowds, day after day, are made up of approximately the same people, whereas the crowds that pass the reservoir include a large proportion of visitors to New York, and change materially from day to day.

THERE have been one or two recent bad cases of irregular healing that didn't heal, and the newspapers speak earnestly of the need of rounding up all Christian Scientists, Faith Curers, sorcerers, and other irregulars, and making it profitable for them to go out of business. One of the late cases was that of a twelve-year-old child in Brooklyn, whose sore foot was treated with Faith Cure paste and prayer, until gangrene set in, the mother became frightened, and the child was sent to a hospital. In that case the imposture was so obvious and the treatment was so crude that the healer has been arrested and the law may do something. The other case was that of an elderly woman with dropsy, in Mount Vernon, New York, who elected to have Christian Science treatment, and stuck to it until she died. In such cases, and in Christian Science cases generally, it has always been found difficult to take any action. Sometimes when children die of apparent neglect something can be done, but when responsible elders make their own choice, the coroner cannot do much more than express his sentiments. Fighting shadows is empty work, and somehow when the law gets Christian Science by the throat it isn't there. The statisticians say that in nineteen cases of illness out of twenty the sick person gets well if let alone. If that is true, it allows to all the healers, irregular and otherwise, a good margin of success, and accounts for vast differences of opinion among intelligent folks as to the merits of different means of cure.

MR. C. J. MOULTON-BARRETT, a surviving brother of Mrs. Browning, objects strongly to the recent publication of the Browning Letters (Harpers), and says that the notices of the book which contains them have been "cruelly unjust" to his father's memory. Mrs. Browning, he says, loved her father, and would have been horrified at the publication of the letters. It is well known that Mr. Barrett, the father, would not consent to his daughter's marriage. He never met Mr. Browning, says his son, though he knew of his visits. "My sister," says Mr. Moulton-Barrett, "had been an invalid for years. By direction of Dr. Chambers her room was kept at a certain temperature, and she never left it. Under these circumstances my father lost his daughter. He had loved her from her childhood. He never recovered from it."

The aggrieved parent seems hardly fortunate in his apologist. Of course it was hard on him that his daughter should undutifully have left her room and its even temperature and embarked upon adventures to which her father was sure her health was not equal. But inasmuch as the venture succeeded beyond hope, and brought the invalid great happiness and fair health, and showed that he had been mistaken, he might better have admitted his error, and made up with his daughter and her husband.

Public opinion fully supports Mr. Browning in publishing the letters of his parents. They were far too valuable as literature to be destroyed, and they reveal nothing about their authors which should have been concealed. If incidentally they let out that Mr. Barrett, the father, was a well-meaning but incorrigible domestic tyrant, there is no harm done, and nothing is really disclosed that was not known before. Fathers who want to keep their sane grown-up daughters shut up against their wills must take their chances of winning public disapproval.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has found a new librarian in Dr. James Hulme Canfield, a graduate of Williams, of the class of 1868. He is an educator of long experience, which began in St. Joseph, Michigan, where he was superintendent of schools. Later he was Professor of Literature for seven years, and after that Professor of History and Political Science, in the University of Kansas. In 1891 he became Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and in 1895 President of the University of Ohio.

Among recent gifts to Columbia are $10,000 from the Chamber of Commerce of New York for a Waring Memorial Fund, $10,000 from the George William Curtis Memorial Committee for a George William Curtis Fellowship in Political Science, and about $11,000, the proceeds of a performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House in honor of Anton Seidl, for an Anton Seidl Fellowship in Music.

President Low gives the university $75,000 to reimburse it for interest paid on bonds given to build the library. During President Low's absence as delegate to the Peace Congress, Dean Van Amringe will be acting President.

BARONESS DE HIRSCH did not leave a hundred million dollars to charity, as was reported. The *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, says the sum was $9,350,000, including $1,200,000 to the Hirsch Fund of New York. Francs, dollars, and pounds are prone to be confused in crossing the Atlantic. However, nine million dollars of Hirsch money added now to what the baron gave in his lifetime, and what the baroness gave while she lived, makes a great sum, and the spirit and intelligence that have directed its distribution are even more notable than the sum itself.

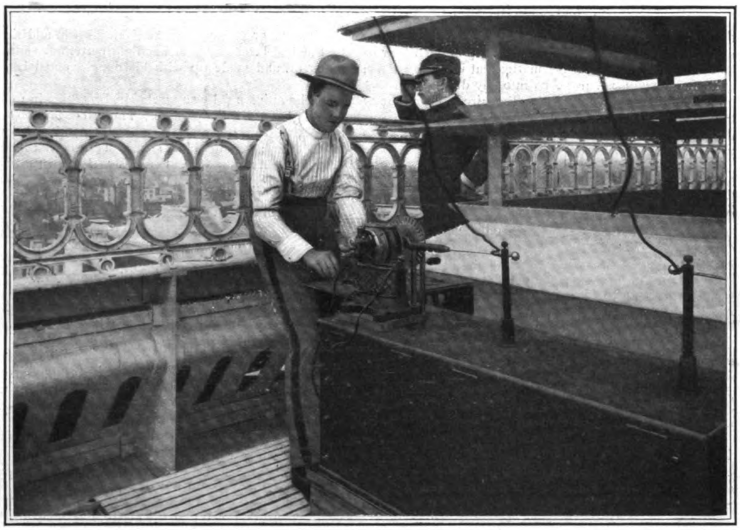
THE congregation of the Old South Church in Boston recently met and formally abolished "the Confession of Faith of the Old South Church," which was adopted in 1680. It has not been in use since 1850, and the last two ministers have not subscribed to it. It included, among other statements, a clear and precise declaration of the unsearchable wisdom of God in foreordaining unchangeably a certain and definite number of men and angels "to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." Only the elect, it held, had any chance; "neither are any other redeemed by Christ, nor effectually saved." For nearly two centuries the Old South held this indigestible mass of doctrine in its vitals, and yet was able to assimilate the word of life, and to live and prosper as a Christian society.

PRESCOTT, the former capital of Arizona, contributed several members to the regiment of Rough Riders, among them Captain O'Neil, killed at Santiago, and greatly lamented. It is the sentiment at Prescott that there should be a monument to the Rough Riders somewhere, and that Prescott is probably the best place for it. A reader of the WEEKLY who is now visiting there approves, and transmits the sentiment of the Library Club of the town that the proposed monument could not take a fitter form than that of a building for the Prescott Free Library. The town, it seems, has a considerable floating population—prospectors, cowboys, miners, and ranchmen—who come in for supplies and local color. They all need a free library, and so do the permanent residents, and the visitors who come to Prescott for their health. The town lies in the mountains, 5500 feet above the sea. Its climate is good, its scenery grand, and its "point of rocks" is a glacial product which is of the greatest interest to geologists. Fort Whipple is at Prescott, and there General Crook used to fit out his expeditions against Indians. Obviously the town is greatly blessed, but it would be still better off if its library committee could have proper shelter for its books. Any one who, like Mr. Carnegie, is forming the habit of giving away libraries, should communicate with the Library Club of Prescott.

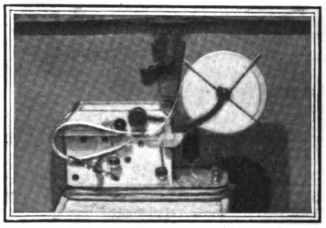
As for making the proposed library a memorial to the Rough Riders, that is an engaging idea, though action can hardly be taken on it until it has been approved by Colonel Roosevelt.

IN behalf of the officers and enlisted men of the Eighth Cavalry, Lieutenant Donaldson, acting regimental adjutant, writes to the WEEKLY from Camp Carpenter, Puerto Principe, Cuba, "to thank the kind people who have responded so generously to Lieutenant Steele's request for reading matter." "We would like," he says, "to send a personal letter to each person who has remembered us, and as far as possible this has been done. But it may be that some of the reading matter has not been acknowledged, and for that reason I ask that this letter be published."

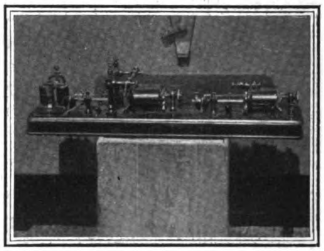
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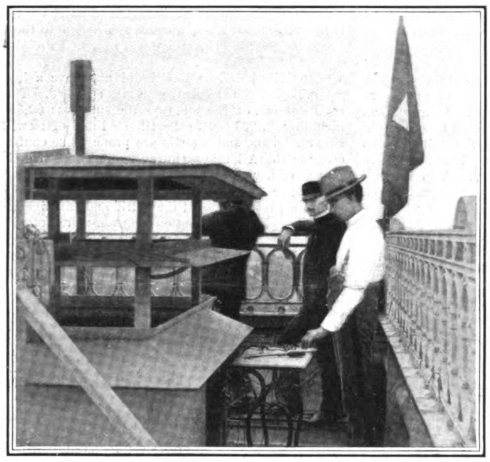
SENDING A MESSAGE FROM THE ROOF OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



TAPE ON WHICH MESSAGE IS RECORDED.



RECEIVING APPARATUS.



THE OSCILLATOR IN POSITION.



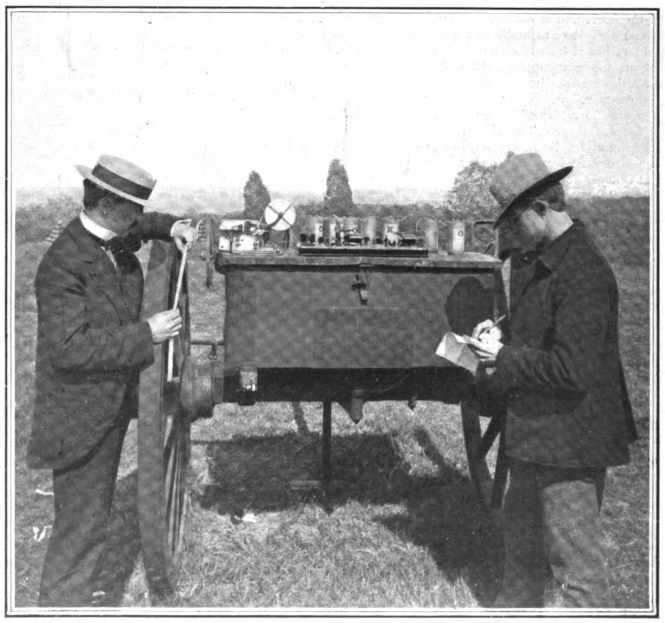
BRIG.-GEN. ADOLPHUS W. GREELY, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.



REGULATING CURRENT AT KEYBOARD.



ADJUSTING THE OSCILLATOR.



MAJOR STEVENS, U. S. A., AND AN OPERATOR RECEIVING A MESSAGE AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.

THE RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY BY UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICIALS AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 508.]

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IN LINE AT THE LAND-OFFICE, MAY 2, 11.30 P.M.



DRIVING THE FIRST STAKE AT 12.0'.05".



MAKING "SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENTS," SO AS TO SELL OUT.



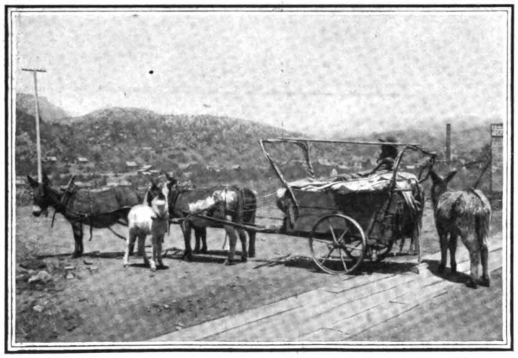
FILING FORMAL CLAIM FOR TWO SECTIONS AS SCHOOL LANDS.



WAITING IN LINE, FOUR MINUTES BEFORE THE START.



PLANTING POTATOES SHORTLY AFTER 12 O'CLOCK.



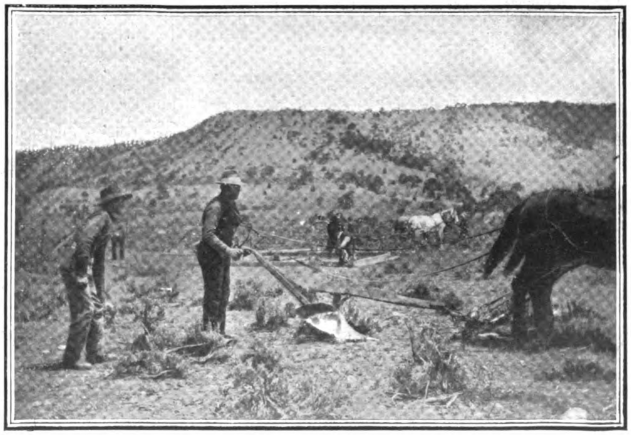
BOOMER FROM SILVER CLIFF, COLORADO—300 MILES IN 30 DAYS.



CHIEF IGNACIO.



GROUP OF INDIANS AT THE POST-TRADER'S.



NO TIME LOST—SETTLER BUILDING AND PLOUGHING AT 12.02.

OPENING THE UTE RESERVATION IN SOUTHERN COLORADO TO SETTLEMENT.—[SEE PAGE 496.]

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Gen. Frederick Funston

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE child of civilized parents is a savage; probably the male of the species is more nearly a wild creature than the female. And because he is a savage a boy is brave just so long as he holds to the traditions of savagery. When he begins to regard his raiment and to fear dirt, when he begins to take account of personal comfort—which, although "scorned of devils," is cherished in polite society—the boy begins to lose his valor and becomes a well-regulated member of society, with an ambition to sit at a desk and to avoid doing anything unusual. Now the key to the character of Frederick Funston, recently appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant conduct, is the fact that in the thirty-three years of his romantic, adventurous, and eventful life he has never passed a period when he thought the second time about the dirt on his clothes. He wandered into the fringe of civilization in the years of his adolescence, and all his life it has been of more importance to him to accomplish his ends than it has been to keep his cuffs clean. Many a heroic deed in this world has been left undone because it would soil a shirt; but with Funston the deed, not the shirt, has been of primary importance, as it is with every boy. Funston is still a boy—a devil-may-care, earnest, honest, patriotic boy, who will not be impressed with his gold braid and his star too deeply. He has lived all his life out-of-doors, in lands of danger and amid alarms. The visions that boys see have come true in Funston's daily life, and he has never awakened from his dream to find his feet chained to a desk, and his mind the slave of a column of capricious figures which will not obey the reasonable requirements of a balance. His mind has grown with experience and with the culture that comes from wide reading. He has the keen intelligence of a scholar and a gentleman, and writes as well as he fights, having contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY and to *Scribner's Magazine* and to *St. Nicholas*. But his body is a boy's body, that does not shiver nor falter at hardships, and his eyes are a boy's eyes. They see expedients which reason and sage logic would hoot at. It was a boy who swam the Bagbag; a boy who charged the Filipinos from a raft. For a man would have thought of fever germs and rheumatism, and would have been a cautious colonel. But the boy in Funston put the star upon his shoulder, and the boy in the heart of all the world rouses to throw up its hat at these splendid achievements.

Now the foregoing remarks, being written by way of introduction, may be thrown out as irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial, and not the best evidence. Yet to comprehend the facts of Funston's career some explanatory words seem necessary.

When the Twentieth Regiment of Kansas Volunteers encamped near San Francisco last summer the regiment was a sorry-looking lot. The young men had left their homes in Kansas for Topeka, where they were mustered into service, wearing not their every-day clothes, but their old worn-out clothes. They supposed that the State of Kansas would equip them with uniforms immediately, and when the State did not do so, but hustled the boys into the overland trains, rag, tag, and bobtail, the reporters for the Pacific coast papers jeered the Kansas boys with jeers. Highly humorous episodes illustrating the ignorance of the Kansans were printed for the delectation of Californians, and Laughter, holding both his sides, walked up and down in front of the Kansas regiment every morning and evening. All of which simply proves that beauty is only skin-deep. For the fact, according to the report of the mustering officer, is that the Twentieth Kansas, instead of being ignorant, did not contain a man who could not read and write; two-thirds of its commissioned officers held degrees from Western colleges and universities. Its lieutenant colonel once represented the United States as Consul-General at Cairo, and his name is honored upon the dedication page of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Rulers of the Mediterranean;* the regimental majors are men of expert military education and exceptional culture; the regimental colonel, Frederick Funston, is a type of Anglo-Saxon fighter, as the fighter is found in the history which glorifies John Smith and Miles Standish, Joe Hooker and Roosevelt.

Funston left the Kansas farm in his teens, where his father's household was established. He went to Mexico. There he picked up Spanish. He entered the Kansas State University in his early twenties, alternating annually the pursuit of knowledge with the pursuit of dollars—first as a Santa Fe train-collector, then as a Kansas City newspaper reporter, and later as a government botanical explorer in the Dakotas and in Montana, and finally in the terrible Death Valley of southern California.

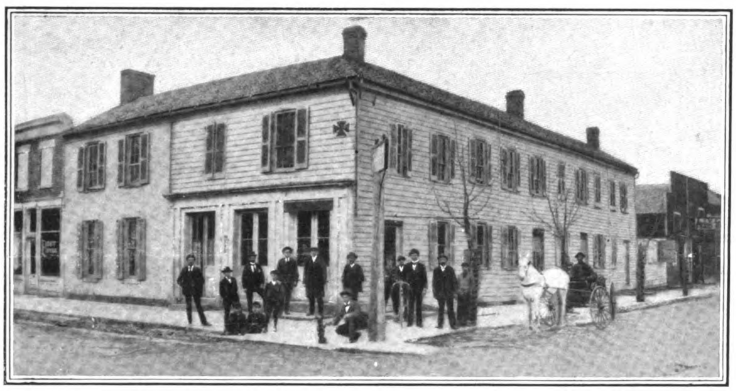
Funston is the only member of the government surveying party which went into Death Valley in 1891 who is now alive and sane.

In 1892 Funston left school, and the government sent him to Alaska to botanize along the coast. In 1893 he made his second and last trip to Alaska. He went down the Yukon and up the Porcupine River, spending most of the winter at Rampart House, under the Arctic Circle. During the winter the Indians brought a rumor that a whaling fleet had been crushed to pieces in the ice of the Arctic Ocean. Boyish curiosity sent Funston with an Indian guide from Rampart House to the place where the wrecked fleet was supposed to be. He and the guide lost their way, and went 900 miles on snow-shoes in the night of an arctic winter. But when he found the North American whaling fleet locked in the ice and in good condition, the boy's interest in the matter was satisfied, and he went back to Rampart House. Alone, in an open canoe, without companion or guide, he went down the Porcupine to the Yukon, and on the Yukon to Bering Sea, a distance of something like 1500 miles. Ostensibly he was surveying the flora of the river-banks, but really he was quenching a boy's thirst for adventure. After Funston's return from Alaska in 1894, fate almost caught and caged him. Six months' trying to establish a coffee-plantation in Central America, and a year as assistant auditor of the Santa Fe, were too tame for him, and he escaped to Cuba on the *Dauntless*. To casual acquaintances he said he was going to Cuba as a correspondent for HARPER'S WEEKLY, but to intimate friends Funston said frankly that he was going to Cuba to fight, because he believed Cuba had a just cause and needed help. When he got in the thick of the fight he forgot to write, and not until he returned to New York, in December, 1897, wounded, and emaciated with fever, did he take his pen in hand. But his account of the battle of Desmayo, printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 5, 1898, is as good a battle piece as has appeared in print for many a year.

In the Cuban army he rose from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel and chief of artillery, under Garcia. Funston fired the first dynamite-gun ever used in actual war, with only the printed directions of the gun-makers to guide him. At that time he did not know as much about artillery as he did about a sulky-plough, but he made what a boy calls a "stab" at it; and when a chunk of Spanish fortification caved in Funston was happy, and went on making ruins with his new toy. After he was appointed Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers by Governor Leedy of Kansas, Funston was called to Tampa to consult with General Miles about the topography of certain parts of Cuba. Funston would not wear his colonel's uniform at Tampa; he went about in the linen clothes of a civilian. When some one asked why he did not put on his uniform, he replied: "Now I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, trotting up and down in a colonel's rig, when all around here are sure-enough soldiers—men who have fought their way up from the line in the regular army, who have been in the civil war and in a score of Indian wars, who have the right to wear only a captain's or at most a major's uniform! Wouldn't I be a daisy, letting men like that salute me in my tin-soldier clothes? Well, I guess not—not without stimulants, anyhow!" So he scampered about in his unadorned clothes, and jeered at what he called the livery-stable brigadiers who did not know fours right from balance all. Funston did not know very much about the fine points of the art of war, but he was candid and acknowledged his ignorance. When the regular-army men at Tampa began to question him about his range with the artillery Funston told them, with a boyish innocence too sweet to poison with military science, that he pulled his guns up within four or five hundred yards of his mark before firing. Whereat the army men laughed quietly, wiuked at one another, and listened dubiously thereafter. Later, when some Spanish officers were taken prisoners at Santiago they told in horror of a "little damn fool American," fighting under Garcia the year before, who poked the nose of his gun so close to the Spanish fortifications that his powder burned their eyebrows. Then the American regular-army men remembered Funston, and laughed again.

When Funston joined his Kansas regiment in San Francisco he put his best bib and tucker on and went to school to his majors. He devoted his time to keeping the camp clean. When the Kansas boys dressed up they immediately took rank with the best regiments in the camp. Their sick list was the smallest in the division; they drilled like machines; came to love their colonel so that when he anointed them with the vials of his fluent wrath they were ecstatic in their happiness. He made speeches to them that were not in the regulations. "I have noticed," he said to the regiment one day in August, "that you boys are getting sloppy in your manners. When you meet a superior officer you kind of brush a fly from your ear and go on. Now hereafter you just stop brushing flies and salute."

When the fighting in the Philippines began Kansas was in the first of the fight; Kansas had to be called back a thousand yards to keep the firing-line from bulging; Kansas was the first in Caloocan; Kansas was the first in Malolos. These things the readers of the WEEKLY know. The Kansas regiment is no better than the volunteers from other Western States, where the school-house has made literacy universal and intelligence high. And the story of the short life of the Kansas colonel probably might be repeated with interesting variations if the stories of other volunteer officers from other States were written. The Anglo-Saxon has a "heart for any fate," and every American boy has a hand for any job. And to-day, if War has smoothed his wrinkled front in the islands, probably the youthful Brigadier from Kansas—a little man, barely five feet four, and of less than one hundred pounds avoirdupois—is sitting in front of his tent droning the "Ballad of Boh da Thone" (his single vice), or he is building a white air-castle with green blinds on a big fruit farm in Kansas, which he hopes to own some day.



HOUSE AT NEW CARLISLE, OHIO, WHERE FREDERICK FUNSTON WAS BORN.
His Birth occurred in the Room marked with a Cross.

Shapes Forever Fair

WOULDST look upon what ruthless years have done
With loveliest things that ever knew the sun,
Delve not where
The mould is on old marbles rare;
Look not there.

For purest beauty that has passed away
Look not in ruined fanes of old decay;
Seek not there
The sovereign shapes forever fair;
Look not there.

Look in the pale sad face no longer young,
Look through the suffering that has found no tongue;
That despair,
Mute, gentle, let it be thy care;
There, seek there.

Look in and in, with tender, tireless art,
Among the beauties of a ruined heart;
Shapes made fair
With glory only love can wear,
Seek them there!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Ute Lands Opened

AT noon on May 4 the Southern Ute Reservation lands in southwestern Colorado were, by proclamation of President McKinley, thrown open to settlement. About 636,000 acres—now a sage-brush wilderness, though watered by the San Juan, Piedra, Beaver, Florida, and La Plata rivers, and capable of supporting a large farming population—were made subject to entry under the desert homestead, timber, and town-site laws, and the laws governing the disposal of mineral and coal lands; while approximately 60,000 acres of bottom-land along the rivers were set apart to tempt the industry of a native tribe which, unfortunately, had thrown down the spear without taking up the scythe and pruning-hook.

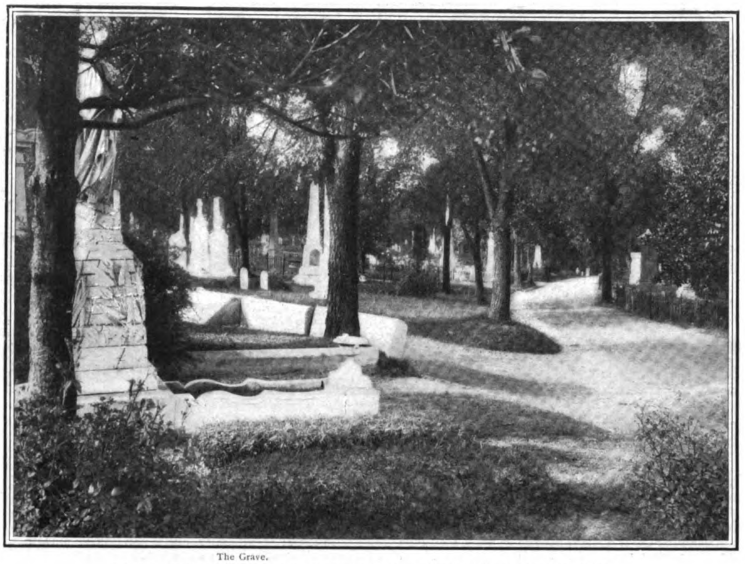
In the neighboring town of Durango the event had been hopefully anticipated for a long time. A thousand land-seekers were on hand, and the line of applicants waiting their turn to file claims on choice portions of the territory was formed two days before the appointed time. Many well-armed and mounted adventurers, however, adherents of the doctrine that possession is nine points of the law, preferred to take their stand and wait for the signal on the boundary-line itself. It should be said that there was a marked absence of the excitement and threats of violence which have characterized the opening of other Indian lands, and that this fact was, in a measure at least, due to a clause in the act of Congress of February 20, 1895, which provides that "no homestead settler shall receive a title to any portion of such [Ute Reservation] lands at less than $1 25 per acre, and shall be required to make a cash payment of 50 cents per acre at the time filing is made upon any of said lands." Moreover, there was comparatively little to choose between hundreds, or even thousands, of sites in the wide expanse of mesa, or upland, while there was unquestionably a feeling in some quarters that the true opening would be secured by those who took their own time in bargaining with the natives for the surrender of their fertile lowlands.

Ignacio, chief of all the Southern Utes, withdrew with his tribe of Weminuches to the neighborhood of Navajo Springs; the other two tribes, the Capotes and Moaches, remained on the choice lands of La Plata and Archuleta counties. To the correspondent of the WEEKLY at Durango, Ignacio complained that the allotments of land to his people were too large; he wished to see the reservation fully taken up by white men, as the proceeds of the sales are to go to his tribes. Even the whole tract should be thrown open, he maintained, so that no one might be deterred by the fear that the best farming lands were not available; and when, on the second day of the opening, he learned that but forty-two claims had been presented at the land-office, he looked hungrier than ever, and grunted, "White man heap talk, no *dinero*" (money). There seems to be no prospect that the Indians will cultivate all of their 374 allotments, or even a very few of them, for they are averse to labor of all kinds. The Utes in this part of the State number 1046, according to the latest reports. These, with about 1400 of their kin, receive $50,000 annually from the United States government in addition to rations—$10,000 being set aside for the maintenance of their schools, and the rest distributed among the members of a diminishing, and, it is feared, a hopelessly dependent race.

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MADISON'S SIMPLE MONUMENT AT MONTPELIER, VIRGINIA.

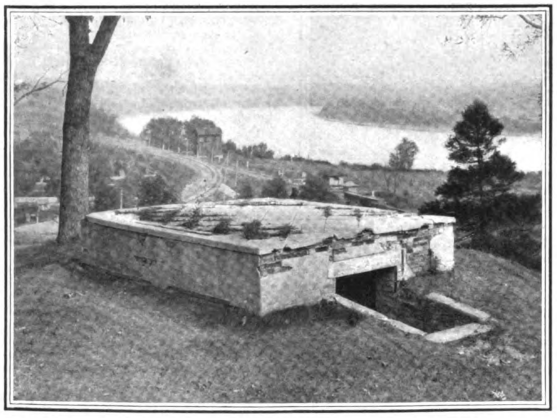


The Grave.

JOHN TYLER'S UNMARKED GRAVE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Neglected Graves of American Presidents

OF all the Presidents of the United States who have lived their allotted time and passed away forever from those scenes which formerly knew them, only three—Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant—may be said to be worthily entombed. The graves of the remainder, scattered here and there, are in most cases only very modestly commemorated; and usually the memorial has been erected by the family or friends of the dead, rarely by the public or the State. In three instances forgetfulness of the departed has assumed something more than the aspect of neglect, and the last resting-places of James Madison, William Henry Harrison, and John Tyler have for long periods either presented all the melancholy signs of utter desolation, or, as in the case of Tyler, have remained altogether unmarked.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S TOMB AT NORTH BEND, OHIO, BEFORE ITS RECENT RESTORATION.

The pilgrim who would visit Madison's grave must first cross a wide open field of that red clayey briery kind characteristic of the Old Dominion. In the midst is a small burial-plot, enclosed by a mouldering, dilapidated brick wall. The spot is solitary and desolate, and lonely with that loneliness peculiar to the family graveyard, where fallen head-stones, sunken mounds and a wilderness of weeds attest but too plainly the ingratitude of the living throng. Within the enclosure are several graves, and in one of these, almost forgotten in the sleep of death, lie the ashes of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, and one of the great men of the nation's earlier history. His grave is marked by a marble shaft some twenty feet in height, on which is carved only the simple inscription:

MADISON

BORN MARCH 16TH, 1751

DIED JUNE 28TH, 1836

Madison died at Montpelier, his homestead, in Orange County, Virginia—where he spent so many happy years among his books and papers after his retirement from public life—and was buried here in the family cemetery. Incredible as it may now seem, for more than twenty years his grave remained unmarked, and when the monument which now stands over his tomb was put in place, the position of the grave was ascertained only with difficulty.

William Henry Harrison died a few weeks after assuming his duties as President—his life brought to an untimely end by the cares and vexations incident to the office. His death occurred on April 4, 1841, and a few days thereafter he was buried in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington; but in July of the same year his remains were removed to North Bend, Ohio — Harrison's former home, fifteen miles west of Cincinnati—and there interred in a vault on the family domain, which had been prepared to receive them.

For many years thereafter his tomb was totally neglected by friends and State and the world at large. Time laid its grim hand upon the place and wrought melancholy havoc there; weeds and briers grew apace and choked the entrance to the tomb; the stucco covering of the walls crumbled and fell away under the action of the wind and weather; vandal hands removed the door, and nothing was lacking to indicate utter forgetfulness and ruinous decay.

In the summer of 1897, however, Benjamin Harrison rebuilt his grandfather's tomb, and, as restored, the monument is worthy of a kinsman's memory, though, of course, it is in no sense a testimonial of a nation's reverence. The tomb, the walls of which rise a few feet above the ground, faces the Ohio. It is a modest and unpretending structure, built of stone, and standing beneath embowering trees. Scarcely could a spot be found anywhere more beautiful, more ideal, than this—a high and breezy knoll above a broad historic river. A magnificent panorama of hill, wood, and water spreads away for many miles — a landscape of that spacious, parklike, brilliant kind so typical of America in the Middle West.

Yet one cannot help wishing, standing beside this soldier-statesman's tomb, that monumental stone or granite mausoleum more befitting a great man's memory might crown this eminence—a mark, a sign to the thousands daily passing up and down the river of a nation's esteem.

Of all the occupants of the Presidential seat, Tyler alone may be said to have been wholly and persistently neglected in his place of sepulture.

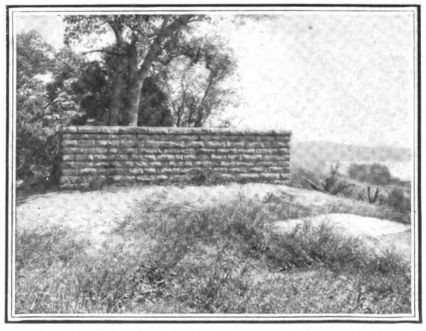
Tyler, whose administration was a stormy one, and marked by stirring events, died in January, 1862, and was buried with great honor in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Virginia, in what is known as the "Presidents' Plot." This is a section of ground containing 804 square feet, which was purchased by Governor Wise of Virginia on behalf of the State, the original intention having been to bury therein all of Virginia's sons who attained to the Presidency. The plan failed of execution, however, and James Monroe and John Tyler only have been buried in the Presidents' Plot. They lie there, side by side, in undisturbed repose. Monroe's grave is marked by a modest monument, but only a spreading magnolia-tree shows where Tyler takes his long last rest; and few of those who pass along the cemetery walks have any idea that beneath that little mound of green lie the ashes of one whose part in American history was neither languid nor unesteemed and small.

Tyler's native State has not been wholly unmindful of her son's just claims to remembrance. Immediately after his death the Virginia Legislature passed a formal resolution suitable to the occasion, and annexed thereto a clause authorizing the Governor to erect a fitting monument from the funds of the State; but the country was at this time in the throes of deadly civil strife, and Virginia's treasury was empty. A few years later, and before the provisions of the resolution had been carried into effect, the acts of this Legislature were set aside as having been passed under the shadow of the Confederacy, and therefore invalid. Private efforts to erect a monument have since been made, but so far without success.

During the Congress which has just ended its labors an effort was made to secure national assistance. A resolution, introduced by Mr. Lamb of Virginia, providing an appropriation of $10,000 for the building of a memorial, was favorably reported by the committee, but, owing to the press of public business in the House, the matter was not reached for action, so that this, like prior efforts, has resulted in nothing. It is scarcely to be doubted, though, that the necessary funds for erecting a worthy memorial might easily be obtained. A capable leader, supported by a group of patriotic people and by the press, which almost surely would with practical unanimity further the project, could in a little while secure money more than enough to build a suitable monument. Could the fulfilment of President McKinley's suggestion, that the Confederate cemeteries be placed under national control, be better prefaced by anything than by the erection over John Tyler's grave of a fit memorial, raised from funds subscribed by the people of the whole country?

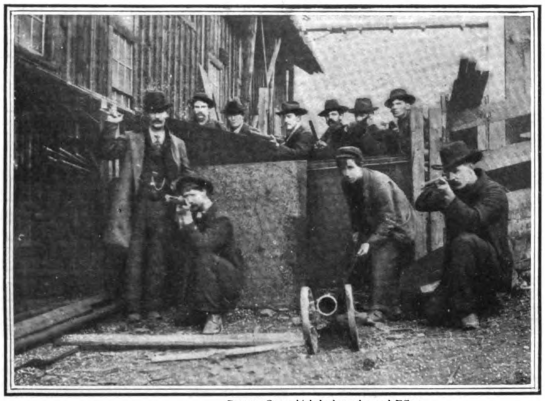
Especially now, when the flag of the nation is floating over distant lands, it is appropriate for the American people to remember that the man who was largely instrumental in securing the annexation of Texas and the vast territory beyond sleeps to-day in an unmarked grave, unhonored, and, so far as the nation is concerned, neglected and unknown.

HENRY EDGAR STAUFFER.



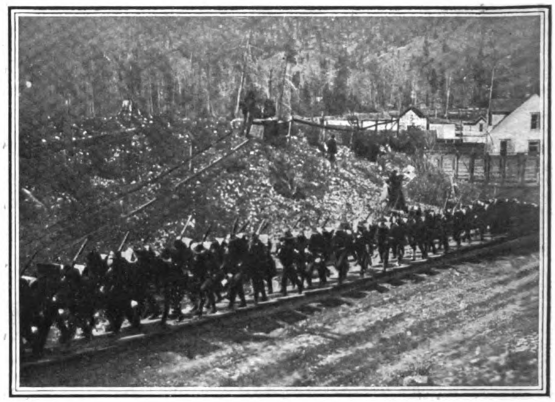
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S TOMB AFTER RESTORATION.

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Dummy Gun, which had good moral Effect.

NON-UNION MINERS AT BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN ON GUARD AGAINST RIOTERS.



NEGRO TROOPS MARCHING INTO TOWN FROM THE STATION.

The Wardner Riot

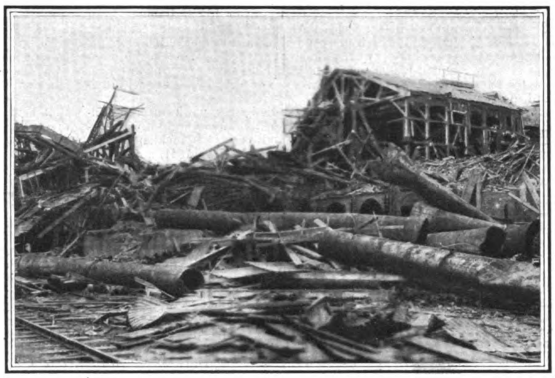
IN addition to the silver which they produce, the rich mines of the Cœur d'Alene district in northern Idaho supply a great part of the lead used in the United States. Under favorable conditions handsome profits have been realized, and a large mining population supported there. Fluctuations in the price of the metals, however, have made the industry decidedly precarious. During the last six or seven years especially, violent conflicts between miners and mine-owners have occurred from time to time. The miners' union, insisting that the rate of wages should be $3 50 a day, carried their point at Burke, while the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company at Wardner, conducted as a non-union property, paid $3 for miners and $2 50 for "muckers," or underground laborers.

On April 13 the union leaders posted a circular calling upon all miners employed in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan to join their organization at once. Out of three hundred and sixty men on the pay-roll about one hundred complied. Then the union addressed itself to the company, with the demand that wages should be raised to $3 50 for both classes of laborers. The management responded by discharging all the union members, while making a *pro rata* increase in the wages of its remaining employees.

A few days later the strikers met the working miners and drove them from the property. Arming themselves, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan men returned to work, and, under guard of pickets from their own number, continued the operation of the mine.

With the double purpose of taking revenge upon the mine-owners and making it necessary to shut down the works, the union decided to destroy the mill which supplied the mine with power and concentrated the ore. Their plan was secretly matured. On Saturday, April 29, nearly one thousand miners from Canyon Creek, masked, and armed with rifles and revolvers, stole a Northern Pacific mail-train at Burke. They placed on board three thousand pounds of dynamite, and, thus provided, descended on Wardner. There they were met by the local union men, similarly armed and masked. The employees of the mine and the mill had been warned of the attack, and fled in time to escape the mob; the rioters advanced without meeting opposition, but fired a useless volley before taking possession of the mill. Then men who all their lives had handled giant-powder attended to the distribution of the dynamite, so that it might produce its full effect upon the machinery. The fuses were lighted; the surrounding buildings set on fire; the mob retreated. There were six tremendous explosions, which could be heard nearly twenty miles away. The wreck of the mill and all it contained was complete. Three hours after reaching Wardner the rioters returned to Burke on their stolen train. One of their own number had been killed accidentally, and a non-union man standing among the spectators had been beaten and shot.

As nearly all of the Idaho militia is in the Philippines, Governor Steunenberg called for Federal aid. General Merriam was ordered to proceed to the scene of the disturbance, and betook himself to Wardner with a force of about 650 regulars, drawn from the garrisons at Spokane, Cheyenne, Boise, Walla Walla, Vancouver, and Helena. Martial law and a military censorship were established, and extended over practically the entire county. All persons were forbidden to leave without a pass; all exits were guarded. General Merriam devoted himself to supervising the prosecution of the many offenders; and although it is probable that nearly all of the ringleaders in the strike escaped before the troops took the matter in hand, one hundred and thirty arrests were made at Wardner in a single day. Every person suspected of complicity in the riot was seized and confined in a huge barn, which had been converted into a prison. No bail was accepted.



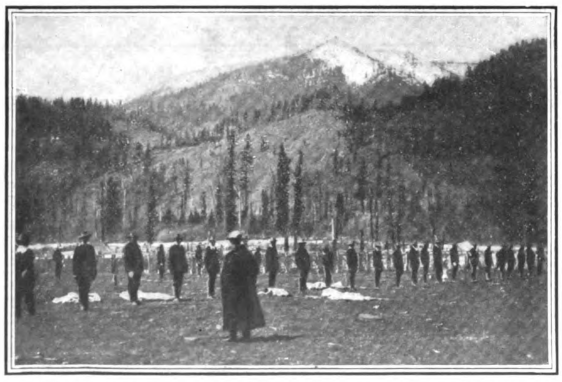
GENERAL VIEW OF WRECK FROM RAILWAY TRACK.

At Burke, the headquarters of the dynamite conspirators, every man in the town was captured. Two companies of soldiers, despatched on a special train to that point, did the work with uncommon thoroughness. The town stretches out for about a mile, at the bottom of a steep canyon. Guards were stationed on the walls of the gorge to prevent the escape of fugitives, and then the soldiers made a house-to-house search. At the shafts other soldiers were detailed to seize the miners as they came off shift. In the business portion of the single long street merchants and clerks were taken from their shops. Cooks and waiters were captured in the kitchens, and guests as they sat at table. The postmaster, the superintendent of the public schools, doctors and lawyers, were all alike "rounded up"—a grand total of two hundred and forty-three persons. Of this number thirty succeeded in proving their innocence forthwith, and were released. The others were herded into a train of box-cars, and so conveyed to Wardner to await a hearing.

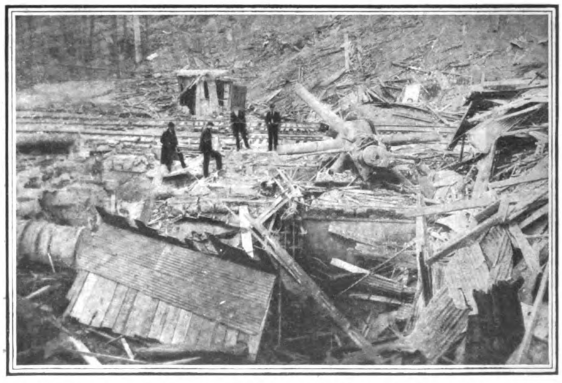
By Governor Steunenberg's directions, Sheriff Young was arrested, and other county officials were practically compelled to resign. The sheriff, who owed his election to the miners' union party, rode down to Wardner on the stolen train which carried the rioters and their dynamite.

It is interesting to note that the miners' union is controlled by Swedes and Italians, with a sprinkling of Finns and Cornishmen. Out of one hundred and thirty-two prisoners, only twenty-six claimed to be natives of the United States. The rest were all evidently and confessedly foreigners. That a long period of lawlessness, during which both life and property have been insecure, has finally convinced the people of the Cœur d'Alenes of their inability to control this reckless element, appears in the statement of our correspondent. "The residents of Wardner," he writes, "are anxious to have martial law maintained, and a permanent military post established here. General Merriam is opposed to such measures, on constitutional grounds." The men who secured the leadership in the union during the strikes of 1892 have held sway ever since, and dynamiters have terrorized the district, even committing murder with impunity. "It has been a weekly occurrence for them to 'run men down the canyon' at the point of guns. By electing county officers from their own ranks, they provided for their own safety, and so completely have grand juries been intimidated that no juror would think of calling the murderers to account without accepting the risk of assassination for himself.

"When a man who notoriously had been killed by the dynamiters was found in the road with an axe in the back of his head, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide!"



COMPANY M, 24TH U. S. INFANTRY, MAKING CAMP AT WARDNER.



WRECK OF THE COMPRESSOR AT BUNKER HILL MILL—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

Detailing, among other things, a few reasons why stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

NOW it is one thing to fire a pistol, and another thing to hit what you fire at. It is still another matter to fire at nothing and hit it; but when you fire at nothing and hit anything, the subject becomes too complex for serious discussion.

I fired, not because I saw my late companion over the Colt's sights; I merely took a justifiable snap-shot, just to break the ice. I broke the car window, incidentally; then stepping to the door of the dark coupé, I began to empty my weapon into the interior, expecting, of course, that my late companion would strike up a duet with me.

I was dimly conscious that a great many people around me were screaming and backing away from my neighborhood. I peered through the smoke into the coupé, and saw nobody there. A second later, noticing that the opposite door swung wide open, it came to me that my larcenous companion had perhaps left the coupé at the same moment I had, but by the door opening out on the parallel railway tracks. I sprang to the step of the car, determined he should not escape; the next moment somebody seized me.

I do not now blame the gendarme who, stealing up behind me, threw both arms around me and bawled for help, and breathed unpleasantly down my neck. I no longer harbor ill will towards the other gendarmes and the populace of Luxembourg, who shouted and sweated and hemmed me in amid a crushing throng of excited citizens, who had all apparently been nourished exclusively with onions.

Almost suffocated and crushed, I was introduced into the ladies' waiting-room, from which the ladies, resenting the introduction, promptly fled. Here people shouted at me, and I was conducted to a sidewalk black with citizens, who made observations and pointed and held up little children to see me.

I angrily demanded to be heard; the police laughed. Inside the cab two gendarmes sat facing me; another took a seat at my side, and still another climbed to the box beside the coachman.

There was, truly enough, a certain pomp and circumstance attending my first entry into the city of Luxembourg, although I was not presented with the freedom of the city, or any other kind of freedom. But the military escort was certainly impressive, if not flattering.

"You'll get into trouble if you arrest me," I said. "I am an American citizen—military attaché to the United States Legation."

"So I supposed," replied one of the gendarmes. "Are you also the Grand Llama of Tibet?"

"Do you take me for a madman?" I asked, astonished.

"Either that or a German spy."

"But what would you do if I showed you a German passport?" I inquired, sarcastically.

"Confiscate it," he said.

"Remember," observed one of the fat gendarmes opposite, "that whatever statement you make now will be used against you later."

"What have I said?" I demanded, much amused.

"You have admitted you are travelling under false pretences, and you look it!" said the other gendarme, fiercely.

"Idiots!" I thought to myself; but I said no more, until the cab stopped before a stone gateway, where a trim-looking soldier paraded, rifle balanced on his right shoulder.

"Now," thought I, "for the famous interrogation of the *procès verbal*!" and I descended jauntily from the cab, knowing that a word with any intelligent official would place things in a very different aspect.

Almost at once I found myself entering a great square panelled pen, in a distant corner of which a little shrunken man in tarnished uniform was apparently attempting to conceal himself behind a desk. He popped his head up, then ducked, then peeped at me around corners, until I became a trifle depressed. He seemed so far away, so small, so wizened, and his uniform was so very dusty.

Uncertain and confused, I heard somebody charging some frightful criminal with murderous assault, treason, espionage, lunacy, and the inciting of riots. And presently I found out that the criminal mentioned was I.



"'TAKE IT,' SHE WHISPERED; 'DON'T FORGET ME.'"

Furious, I tried to interpose; the wizened official instantly ducked under his desk, and I waited to see him come up again, which he did like a bell-diver, winking and shaking his head.

"What is your name?" he asked, apparently on the point of diving again.

"Will you kindly listen to my statement?" I said.

"No," he replied; "listen to me and tell me your name."

I could only see his eyes, and his two hands clutching the edge of the blotter, but I bowed ceremoniously to these fragments of official *ensemble*, and replied,

"My name is Gilbert Hardy—"

"Eh?" he cried.

"Hardy! Gilbert Hardy, attaché of the American Legation."

"You are charged with meditating assassination, assault, and inciting to riot. Did you?"

"What? Riot? Nonsense! I demand to be allowed to communicate with the United States minister."

"You fired pistols, eh?"

"At a robber who robbed me in the train."

"Eh? Where is he?"

"If your imbecile police had given me a chance I might have helped them to catch him," I replied.

The official looked blankly at me, put on a pair of glasses, looked at me again, and finally began to write, asking me question after question, which I refused to answer, and which, so far as I could see, had no bearing at all on my case. He insisted that I was a German spy, and I tried in vain to convince him otherwise. Threats, persuasion, taunts, were useless. I offered to show him letters, papers; he would not listen.

The gendarmes looked knowingly at each other and whispered behind their white-gloved hands.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" queried the official, with covert cunning.

"Yes," I replied, in French; "but so do you, and that doesn't prove you a German, does it? Send to the Legation. I demand it; do you hear?"

He exhibited symptoms of diving again, and I hastily continued, "I am an American, and I could prove it if I had my passport."

"Oh!" said the official; "then you have no passport?"

I remembered von Elbe's warning, and hesitated to declare that I possessed a passport not my own.

"If you are an honest man, as you say, do you wish to prefer a charge against the brigand who you claim has robbed you?" he inquired, suspiciously. "Of course," he added, "you will be fined for shooting your pistol, for having no passport, for resisting arrest, for disturbing the peace and injuring the state railway, and for collecting a crowd. You will also pay costs—"

"What costs?" I asked, trying to control my anger.

"The cost of the cab, monsieur."

I swallowed my wrath and nodded.

The official began to write again, pursing up his lips as though whistling, desisting occasionally to lick them and look over the rim of his spectacles at me.

"You will be escorted to the American Legation," he said, "after you describe the alleged robber. If you are what you say you are, an official apology will follow."

I gave as good a description of my late travelling companion as I could, at first sublimely unconscious that the description also applied to me. It was only in the altered expressions of the gendarmes and the growing astonishment of the official that I became conscious of the pit I was digging for myself.

I tried to avoid describing myself, but I couldn't; for, although we were utterly unlike, the same terms identified us both.

"How tall was he?" demanded the official, now thoroughly roused to the occasion.

"About five feet seven inches," I said, getting red. I saw the gendarmes mentally calculating my height in centimetres. When they had approximated it they also betrayed excitement.

"How old was he?" faltered the official.

"About twenty-five."

"How old are you yourself?" asked the official, controlling his voice with an effort.

"How old am I?" I repeated, conscious at last that my stammering and hesitation were ruining my character. "I am twenty—let me see—I am twenty-five years old."

"What was the robber's name?"

"Stanerl von Elbe," I said, angrily. "I warn you for the last time to let me go."

Then, to my amazement, a remarkable change came over the official and the gendarmes. The former climbed

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hastily down from his desk, skipped across the polished floor to where I stood, and began to bow to me, taking little side-steps, right and left, like the first and second positions in dancing. As for the gendarmes, they stood in a row, hands raised to their shining shakos in salute, grinning and smirking, until I began to believe I had entered Bedlam.

"Pardon, monsieur—a million pardons," said the official, continuing his side-steps and bowing repeatedly; "monsieur was expected in Luxembourg. Doubtless monsieur has a passport identifying monsieur. We know it—we have been informed. Alas, monsieur, we police must obey, and I beg monsieur to believe that the painful necessity of temporarily detaining monsieur is as unwelcome to me as it is to monsieur."

I looked at the little wizened officer, all glittering with dusty tinsel; I noted the grinning row of automatic gendarmes, hands resting against their polished shako vizors. It was like a scene in a Christmas shop window.

"What the devil are you doing?" I asked, sternly.

The officer bowed—looked affable; saw I was angry—looked sad.

"Will Herr Stanerl von Elbe have the goodness to surrender his passport for a moment?" he purred.

"Do you take me for Stanerl von Elbe, you idiot?" I asked.

"Doubtless not, if monsieur so wishes. But the passport—"

"Oh, I have his passport, if you insist," I said, knowing it was useless to think of concealing it; and I drew it from my pocket and handed it to the officer.

Like a ripple on water a second grin ran around the room; the officer bowed low, opened the passport, and began to read it aloud, verifying each item of description by my face:

"Forehead, medium; eyes, brown; nose, very slightly upturned; mouth, medium; chin round; hair, brown; complexion, fair; face, full; mustache, short, light brown." And then he came to the signature: "Stanerl von Elbe."

"I am not Stanerl von Elbe," I said, "and I am becoming tired of your stupidity."

"It is as monsieur wishes," replied the officer, with a bewildering series of bows.

"Oh, is it? Well, then, I'm Gilbert Hardy, American; Lieutenant in the Seventh United States Cavalry, sent here by my government to act as military attaché to my legation. I warn you to let me go at once, or stand the consequences."

"Monsieur, it is impossible."

"Impossible? Very well. I've been robbed of my passport, threatened with a pistol, mauled by your imbecile police, and arrested. It may interest the United States to know this."

"Impossible, monsieur."

"Oh, is it?"

"Absolutely," he said, with a smirk; "but it will interest Germany."

"Do you actually take me for that thug Stanerl von Elbe?" I demanded.

"As monsieur wishes."

"And—if I were not this Stanerl von Elbe—if I were an American officer, or an ordinary American citizen, you would release me?"

"Doubtless, monsieur."

It was then I realized that I had been foolish. In denouncing my Prussian brigand by name I had brought a hornets' nest of police about my ears. He had warned me not to—he had warned me not to show the passport—he had warned me not to make a scene. I had certainly made a scene; that led to my denouncing him by name, and that led to my giving up his passport. What was the final result to be?

"You don't intend to imprison me, I suppose?" I said, incredulously.

"Temporarily, monsieur."

"How long?"

"Monsieur knows."

"No, I don't, or I wouldn't talk to you. How long?"

"Until *they* come."

"Until *they* come?"

"Exactly."

"Who are *they?*"

"Monsieur knows."

"Damnation!" I cried, looking helplessly about. The gendarmes smirked, to a man.

And they did as they threatened; they conducted me to a room, well furnished, but barred everywhere with iron. They were decent enough to secure my luggage for me and bring it to me. In vain I showed them letters directed to me under my proper name; in vain I produced my photograph taken in New York—in vain I exhibited underwear marked G. H. They turned modestly away and grinned behind their gloved fingers. I showed them guarantees of my profession—my uniforms, my helmet, my swords. I talked English to them; I dared them to believe me a German. They looked knowing, and saluted.

"Get me my dinner, then!" I said, calmly, and sat down on a sofa, utterly demoralized. As a diplomat, my future looked dubious.

Dinner was served by police-waiters—an elaborate dinner. This was grateful, and as they uncorked an excellent bottle of Burgundy, I reflected that things might have been worse, after all. They brought me cigarettes and cordials; they turned down the bedquilts, folded my wardrobe, brought hot water, set up my folding-tub, and finally handed me the evening paper—*L'Indépendance Luxembourgeoise*—a sheet chiefly remarkable for the quality of its ink, which came off the paper when handled.

When the police-valet had retired, on tiptoe backward, I lighted a cigarette, looked at my watch, and then started on a cautious tour of the room. On the north side were two windows ornamented with bars of steel painted red. I could not see through the windows, because it was too dark outside, but I had an intuition that the windows opened on a shaft.

The west end of the room was solid stone. My bed stood there. The east wall was solid and featureless, save for a wash-stand and bureau. At first, as I travelled the southern side of the room, I thought the wall was merely a blank waste of gray stone, but a moment later I noticed a shaft of brilliant light in the corridor outside, and I investigated the opening with alacrity. The orifice was not a window; it was a slit in the solid stone, about a foot long and eight inches high, like a port-hole one sees in ancient casemates. Into this narrow opening was fitted a wire screen, such as are used in kitchen windows to discourage the intrusion of flies.

I could look through the screen, which was somewhat lower than my chin, into a whitewashed hallway, where an electric light sputtered and glowed, now tinged with violet, now with the faintest rose.

There was not a soul in the corridor; one or two little gray moths darted about the electric globe, casting enormous shadows on wall and tiled floor.

I went back to the centre of the room and stood there, thinking, until my legs grew tired; so I sat down on the edge of the bed. There I unlaced both shoes and threw them at the wall.

When I had bathed and donned slippers and pajamas, I reached up and turned off the two incandescent lamps suspended from the ceiling. A moment later, wishing to look at my watch again, I turned the lamps up once more—or I tried to. The keys turned, but no light came. Somebody had shut off the current.

Now, as I stood there in the dark room, I could look quite plainly through the wire-gauze screen where the corridor gleamed white in the electric glare outside. And I saw, on the whitewashed wall, a man's shadow, motionless. I walked noiselessly to the screen and tried to distinguish who it might be. I could only see the shadow.

"It's somebody watching me through some crevice in the wall," I thought. Then I remembered that, although from my dark room I was perfectly able to see the lighted corridor, nobody in the corridor could see me through the screen or through any crack or peep-hole.

As I stood there, nose pressed to the wire screen, the shadow on the wall was joined by another shadow—a somewhat confused one, yet resembling the figure of a woman in a hood and long cloak. Then I heard voices—whispered voices—but every word was perfectly distinct.

"He is asleep; he has turned out the lights."

"Then you must wake him, Monsieur Giroux."

"I dare not."

"You dare not refuse."

Presently the girlish voice repeated: "You dare not refuse. Wake him, Captain Giroux."

Steps sounded near my door; I cleared the distance between me and my bed in a second and feigned sleep.

Somebody knocked.

I was silent.

The knocking came louder.

I bade my visitor enter, in a sleepy voice, and sat up in bed, striving to distinguish his features. His voice identified him as the official who had incarcerated me, and I asked him what the mischief he wanted.

"Monsieur," he whispered, "I am not, at present, the relentless, stony-hearted Captain Giroux of official life. Parbleu! I am human; I was young too—I, Giroux, if you please!"

"Well," I said, astonished, "what is that to me?"

"It is everything, monsieur. You shall see. Although as Préfet of Police in Luxembourg I am a man of iron—a man of stone, monsieur—in private life I am celebrated for my sensitive delicacy."

"It is very gratifying to know that," said I.

"Parbleu! And although I have arrested you, although I must hold you until *they* come, although *he* has ordered it, I am not inhuman. Therefore, being a man of iron, yet celebrated for my sense of delicacy, I have let pity's counsels prevail. *She* is here!"

"Is she indeed?" I replied.

He seemed a trifle nonplussed at my calmness. "She is outside," he said; "I'll give you ten minutes alone together."

"Not here!" I interposed, hastily.

"I should think not," he protested. "Hush! monsieur. If I'm caught at this it ends my official career. Don't move until I close the door; then go softly to the screen. She will be there."

I watched the door close out the faint ray of light, then I jumped up and went straight to the wire screen. A moment later the shadow on the wall stirred; I heard the rustle of a silken cloak, the echo of a light footfall, and then—and then!—close to the screen I saw a dark, lovely head, and a pair of eyes to witch the universe and make saints leave home and wife and progeny. Remember that I was very young.

With a half-fearful gesture she raised one small hand and laid it against the screen, palm towards me.

I touched it with my lips.

After all, I was in Luxembourg to learn what I could learn. And the Secretary of War had said, "Keep your ears and your eyes open and make yourself popular."

So I began to do so.

CHAPTER V.

A SCARLET HOOD.

Setting forth logically a most illogical situation, wherein insult is added to injury, and the result apparently satisfies a lady.

NOW, as the corridor was lighted and my room was dark, and, moreover, as the screen separated us, I was in a position to observe and not be observed.

Cloaked and hooded as she was, I could still see her face—dark, oval, exquisite, framed in the scarlet lining of her hood. She was not very tall; she raised her pretty figure on tiptoe, and tried vainly to distinguish my features through the screen.

As she still rested her hand against the wire-gauze frame, I improved the opportunity and chastely saluted the tip of the middle finger. The finger was loaded with jewels.

"Prison life in Luxembourg," thought I, "has its compensations. I certainly can stand this sort of incarceration." And I kissed her wrist through the screen.

She sighed. There was a rustle of silken stuffs, the click of a high-heeled shoe on the tiles.

"When are they coming?" she asked, in a hushed voice.

"I don't know," I whispered, truthfully, in reply.

She sighed again; her hood slipped back a little, showing a single curl of dark hair.

"How could you be so imprudent?" she said. "You might have known the Emperor was watching you. Could you doubt that our police were informed and on the lookout? I do not ask you if you thought of me—if you considered me in the matter. Men are selfish at best, and when passion urges them they are downright brutal."

I listened attentively, quiet as a mouse. After all, if the police insisted I was Stanerl von Elbe, the least I could do was to make the best of it and find out who he was. And I was doing it, not without satisfaction; for, in the account betwixt Monsieur Stanerl and myself, there was yet a long balance in his favor, and it would require more than a kiss through a screen to even it up.

"Why do you say I am brutal?" I whispered.

"Can you ask?" she replied, with spirit. "Has not our friendship given me some right to suffer if you are disgraced? Why did you come to Luxembourg? You need not answer—it would shame me to hear it. Yet I know why you came, and if an outcry is raised over this unfortunate affair all the world will know. You may not care, but think what it would be to me!"

"What would it be to you?" I asked, naïvely.

She drew back. For a moment I was afraid I had frightened her away. Presently, however, she leaned close to the screen again, and said:

"By coming here I have dared more for you than I ever have for any living soul. If it were known, the world would misunderstand it. But"—and here she clinched both little fists—"but I dare you to misunderstand my visit!"

As I did not understand her visit, naturally I had no chance to misunderstand it. I thought silence was the best policy for the moment.

"I only came," she continued, "because, perhaps, we may never meet again."

"Don't say that," I urged, with unaffected earnestness.

"It is your fault," she said; "it is the natural consequence of your rash attempt to enter Luxembourg. You must have known what you risked. You did not think it worth considering. And now all is ended."

"No, no," I protested.

"You can never again enter Luxembourg," she insisted. "Do you think the Emperor would permit it?"

"Hang the Emperor!" I said.

She seemed so horrified that I said I didn't mean it.

"You are so reckless," she sighed. "You have risked all for this caprice—all!—honor, position, the confidence of a nation—and, least of all, my poor little friendship." She clinched her hands again, and said, fiercely, "I am glad you can never come back—if it is the love of that woman that drags you back!"

I said nothing. What on earth was there to say?

"I defy you to misconstrue my friendship for you," she went on, rapidly. "You have not lost all sense of decency, and I know you dare not think that anything but the purest friendship has urged me to speak. Answer me."

"But," said I, grasping at what I thought must be my cue, "you know that I adore you."

The change that came over her deprived me of speech. She turned white as death, and raised one hand, as though to shield herself.

"Don't look like that, for Heaven's sake!" I whispered. "Is it strange that I should love you? Is it wonderful that any man should love you? Show me a human creature," I cried, excitedly, "who wouldn't fall down and worship you at first sight!"

It was here that I forgot I was a diplomat.

She seemed absolutely bereft of strength. She leaned on the wall, both hands covering her face; and I saw her bosom rise and fall under the silken cloak, and her red lips quivering pitifully. As her head rested on the screen, I kissed her hair. At last she raised her head, and I saw her eyes, bright with tears, fixed on the darkness where I stood.

"What you say is an insult," she said, "yet I thank God I have heard it before I died. Now, in truth, we can never meet again. As for me, I have lived the sweetest and bitterest second a woman may know. I go away humiliated by you, thanking God for the humiliation. For I love you; and this moment ends all."

She touched her eyes with her fingers, unconsciously, like a child. The jewelled rings glimmered.

"Don't go," I stammered, overcome by what I had done, and cursing myself for a meddling ass. My idle vindictiveness, my thoughtless desire to amuse myself at Stanerl von Elbe's expense, my inborn love for reckless diversion, had made an innocent girl miserable, perhaps for life. Nor had I the faintest idea why she should be unhappy, nor did I know how to repair the results of my imbecile thoughtlessness.

"Why should you go?" I said, determined to tell her who I really was. But she moved back from the screen with a gesture of horror, and I hesitated to announce my identity at the top of my voice.

"Come to the screen," I urged, "I beg of you. Listen—I implore you to grant me one moment more. It is your duty."

"Duty?" she said; "my duty is not to you, but to my husband."

"Oh Lord!" I thought, "there's a husband too!"

Suddenly she stepped to the window again; I caught the flash of a tiny dagger; there came a harsh sound of ripping; then, through the slash in the wire gauze, her hand appeared, holding out a ring.

"Take it," she whispered; "don't forget me."

I seized her hand; the ring fell into my palm.

"Don't forget me," she panted; "if I am selfish I cannot help it. I cannot bid you forget me. If you loved another and were happy it would kill me. I only know one kind of love—the love that desires possession; the love that is not ashamed; the love that is jealous! I can endure the years to come—if you love me; I cannot if you forget."

She drew her hand away. "I am a wife; you are free; you have the world to choose from. Yet, hopeless, separate from you forever, I bid you love me! It is not your happiness that I would die for; it is your happiness in me—in me—that I could give my life for. If that is a selfish love—at least it is love. And love is the rarest thing in the world!"

She bent her head closer to the screen: "And a rare thing in the world is a rebellious heart and a blameless life. That is what my love means also."

She was sobbing now.

"I am too weak to struggle against loving you; I am too selfish to wish you happiness in another's love; I am too pure to sin through my love for you. If then this love of mine is an unworthy thing, it is a woman's love—it is her soul, body, and hope of heaven; her waking

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thought, her dream, her dying memory. I have never had it from my husband; I give it to you; I ask it from you!"

The next moment a heavy scraping sounded on the tiles close at hand; there came the shuffle of feet, a murmur, a voice:

"Where is the Préfet?"

"Here," quavered Giroux, from my doorway, hastening through the hall.

"Madame! madame!" he whispered, "they have come. This is madness!"

"I am going," she said, quietly. She turned and looked full at the screen behind which I stood. I shall never forget her face.

The next instant she had vanished, and a moment later a confused procession of shadows passed across the wall before me, and I heard the murmur of voices at my door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*With the Flying Column*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

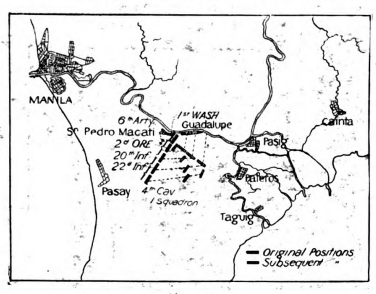
MANILA, *March 20.*

TO every one it was apparent that the more rapidly the blows were delivered, the more demoralizing would be their effect and the quicker the power of the insurgent chiefs would be broken; but after the first days of active fighting, General Otis was brought face to face with the fact that we did not have enough men to carry the war into the interior and still protect Manila and its suburbs.

In spite of boasts that a few days would settle the war, thoughtful people realized almost immediately that this rebellion would drag on for a long time, and that fifty thousand experienced troops were needed for an aggressive campaign. The longer the delay in our advance, the more confidence and experience would the insurgents get. It was, therefore, with impatience that every one awaited the arrival of the fresh troops, realizing at the same time that even these would not suffice to overwhelm the insurgent army. On the arrival of the Twentieth and Twenty-second United States Infantry a new brigade was formed, under Brigadier-General Wheaton. This brigade, which was really a flying column, was to advance along the river to take the towns of Guadalupe, Pasig, and Taguig, and establish a new line, holding the river up to the lake, while the tinclad *Laguna de Bay* and another launch, *Oéste*, fitted up with two Gatlings and a Hotchkiss, should patrol the lake. In this way the insurgent forces of the north and south would be cut off, except for the long journey around the lake.

On the 13th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, I started out in the dark to ride up to the lines. It was a five-mile ride to San Pedro Macati. Straggling squads of men who had become separated from their command moved slowly along under their heavy burden of blankets, ammunition, and rations, with that uncertain movement peculiar to tired troops. Captain Dyer, going to the front with two guns, hailed us. We stopped a moment to admire the big American army mules. They looked like elephants beside our diminutive ponies. Suddenly day came, with that abruptness common to Southern countries.

At San Pedro I found that General Anderson and General Wheaton were on "Hay-stack Knoll." The line of battle extended from San Pedro Macati for about two miles towards Pasay. The left wing rested on the Pasig



FIRST DAY'S OPERATIONS.

River, supported by the "tinclad." Next to the river were the First Washingtons; then came the Oregons, Twentieth Infantry, Twenty-second Infantry, and finally the Fourth Cavalry on the extreme right. Immediately in front of our lines in the centre was an open space, gradually ascending in two ridges to the heights on the right of Guadalupe. To the left, in front of San Pedro Macati, was a thick mass of jungle. The road along the river-bank, at every hundred yards or so, was blocked with barricades and trenches. At 5.55 A.M. Lieutenant Scott fired the signal for a general advance. Instantly the regiments moved forward in battle formation. First came the firing-line, next the support, and finally the reserve. In the clear morning air, to see these lines advance in perfect order was a sight long to be remembered. On our right, in the jungle towards Camp Dewey, was heard the distant crackle of musketry, where General Ovenshine was making an attack all along his front, as a feint to draw the enemy's attention from the more serious move on Guadalupe.

The purpose of the advance was to swing in a line from our right, shutting in the insurgents at Guadalupe church. Soon stray bullets began to whistle, and we knew that the insurgents had opened on our advance line. The country that the cavalry had to traverse was woody and swampy. Before General Wheaton left "Hay-stack Knoll" to join his line rifles cracked in the bush, and we saw the cavalry on the run, passing through an opening in the brush. Afterwards we learned that three troops of cavalry were obliged to dismount to repel the attack on our flank. This delayed their progress for some time.

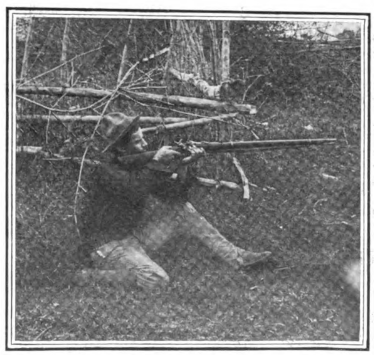
In the mean while the Twentieth Infantry were on top of the first ridge, just disappearing out of sight, and General Wheaton rode forward so that he might be in a position to watch the entire line. Already in spots about the hill where Guadalupe church stood we could see the smoke of such Remingtons as the insurgents had. Except for these patches of smoke and the crack of rifles and the whistle of bullets, no one would have known that there was any enemy in our front. Lieutenant Scott was in particularly good form that day. He was already acquainted with the range, and from his position at the graveyard of San Pedro he could command Guadalupe church and almost all of the insurgent trenches. There were no trial shots to get the range. He dropped his shells with expert accuracy—first in the midst of a puff of smoke, then on a patch of freshly thrown-up earth—and as each shot whistled on its way we stopped to watch, and every one exclaimed, as the shells exploded in a round puff of smoke, "Good work!" It was like watching a good tennis-player, only it was more serious, for it meant death to the little brown people opposite us, and the truer Lieutenant Scott's aim, the fewer of our own men would strew the slopes before Guadalupe. The prize shot of the day was one taken at Guadalupe church. It seems that Lieutenant Scott was ordered to drop a shell into the church, three-quarters of a mile distant. The first shell went through the window of the church.

On reaching the top of the second ridge we heard a new and welcome sound. We could not see the tinclad *Laguna de Bay*, but we knew she was going up river on the insurgent's right flank, and we heard for the first time the short staccato clappering of her Gatlings as she swept the woods about Guadalupe church with bullets.

The firing-line climbed the third ridge. Already we had flanked the insurgent position at Guadalupe, and the line wheeled to the left in order to catch as many insurgents as remained. They were too quick for us, however, and as the Twenty-second Infantry moved towards the town on our left the enemy left their trenches and ran back on the edge of the woods towards Pasig. Then, for the first time, the Twenty-second Infantry opened fire on them, and we found ten of the enemy stretched along the way, as they fell still fighting. Approaching the edge of the wood about Guadalupe, some sharpshooters in a gully still continued to peg at us, and it was some minutes before they could be dislodged. The Twenty-second came in with a shout, which suddenly stopped as they reached the spot where the Filipino dead were stretched. Nearly all of them had been killed instantly—a sudden and painless death. They had died, as they supposed, fighting for their country, and any man might envy them. There was one sight, however, which burned into my memory, and which I cannot forget if I would. A middle-aged grizzly-headed native sat bolt-upright. A bullet or a piece of shell had passed through his neck, and completely shattered his jaw. He was perfectly conscious, but he showed no evidence of suffering. He did not even moan, but sat upright, and looked at us with expressionless face and ghastly staring eyes. There is no time in battle, however, to philosophize or question the right and wrong of things, for in war the sooner it is over the sooner it is mended, and the truly humanitarian way of waging war is rapidly, relentlessly, irresistibly, that the resources of the enemy may be broken as quickly as possible. Indeed, the one danger in the situation here to-day is that public sentiment in the United States will interfere with the prompt and rapid progress of the war. Although I believe that this conflict might have been avoided had our government adopted a definite and firm policy from the beginning, at present the time for compromise has gone by.



TROOPS WAITING TO BE CALLED TO THE FRONT.
Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



PRIVATE ROBERT GRASON, 1ST NEB. VOLS.
The Soldier who from this Spot fired the first Shot in the Philippine Revolt.
Photograph by Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe, Bureau of Military Information, Eighth Army Corps, Manila.

We can never take the present Filipino government into our confidence. A new set of natives must be put at the head of any native government established here, and in order to do this the force of Aguinaldo and his party must be broken. Nearly all the conservative Filipinos left him when a breach with the United States was imminent. At present he is surrounded by the very worst elements among the Filipinos. Any negotiations with the insurrectionists to-day, therefore, will encourage these men to make exorbitant demands, and ultimately may mean the death of thousands of misled Filipinos, as well as many of our own soldiers. Any compromise will mean the triumph of the lawless party, and in the end an infinity of trouble. We have drifted across the Rubicon. Let us show that firmness and energy which might have prevented this outbreak if used eight months ago. For if we vacillate now, I see nothing but dark days ahead for the Philippines.

A shout came from the direction of Guadalupe church. Major Miller, with three companies of the Twentieth Infantry, had entered the church at about ten o'clock. The right of the line closed in, except the cavalry, which still kept on ahead to drive the enemy from our flank. At length the Twentieth Infantry reached the road along the river, just one mile beyond Guadalupe. At this point Captain Grant on the *Laguna de Bay* found the river blockaded with sunken cascos full of stones. Here the first part of the action ended. The enemy had not been cornered, as was intended, but Guadalupe church had been taken without much difficulty, a dozen prisoners captured, and about twenty insurgents lay dead where

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DRIVING THE ENEMY THROUGH THE JUNGLE.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



AFTER A VOLLEY—THE OLD SPRINGFIELD'S KICK.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



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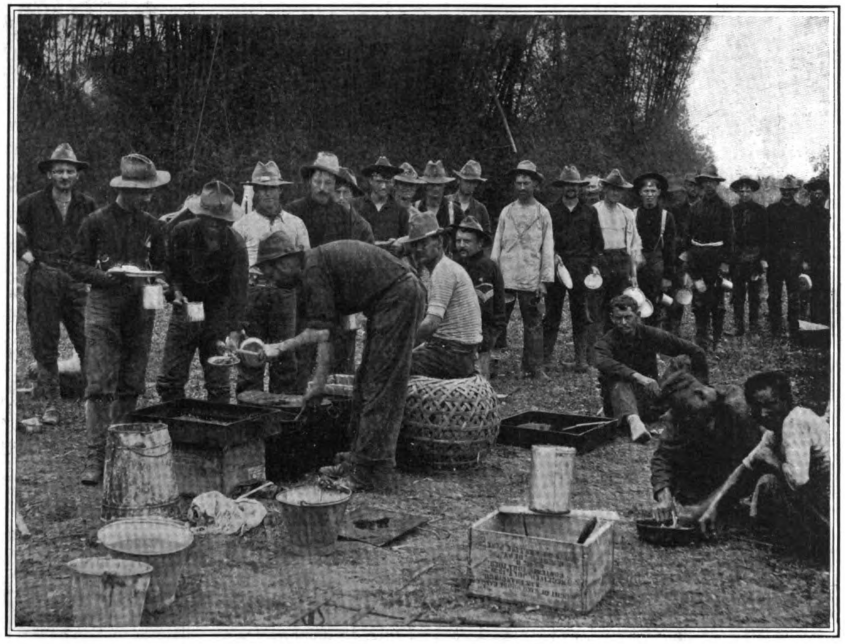
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THE RAINY SEASON IN THE PHILIPPINES—SOLDIERS MESSING.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



INSURGENT PRISONERS AT TAGUIG.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



TAKING TIFFIN IN THE FIELDS.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

THE PHILIPPINES—CAMPAIGN LIFE OF OUR ARMY IN LUZON.—[See Page 501.]

Original from PENN STATE

we could count them. I returned to San Pedro Macati with despatches, and was astonished to find how thoroughly the insurgents had intrenched their position at Guadalupe. The hill in front of the church was covered with earth-works and stone barricades. It seems as if the enemy might have held the position against a whole army, had not the "tinclad" enfiladed them with her Gatlings.

When I returned to the front at about twelve o'clock General Wheaton had again moved forward, and had met the enemy about two miles beyond Guadalupe. I found the firing-line on a ridge overlooking a bend in the river, across which, eighteen hundred yards upstream, the insurgents held the town of Pasig. They also occupied the thickly wooded ravine immediately in our front. The road along the river bank, exposed to the enemy on the left front and right, was practically impassable to artillery or infantry. The country to the right was too rough to think of dragging field-guns over it. For the time being all advance was blocked, and we were held in a very uncomfortable position on this ridge for two hours. The bullets whistled incessantly through the bamboo. Gradually our men crept around to the right. The enemy were using smokeless powder, and it was next to impossible to tell from what spot they were firing. Our troops, however, covered the country about with a hail of bullets, while Lieutenant Scott managed to get one gun up on the ridge, and to throw shrapnel into Pasig and the woods ahead.

Unexpectedly the shrill whistle of the "tinclad" sounded. She had cleared the obstruction in the river, and came puffing up stream to the cheers of our men. On she went. Her Gatlings pecked away at the woods, and her 3-inch guns pounded Pasig. At the town she stopped. The insurgents were intrenched along the river bank of the town, evidently under the impression that they had effectively barred the river to the gunboat. Imagine, therefore, the Gatlings from the turret of the *Laguna de Bay* playing down into these trenches lined with men. The insurgent soldiers fled across the open plain towards the lake, and with them the inhabitants of Pasig. Captain Grant ordered his men to stop firing, for he would not shoot into the enemy's troops, mixed, as they were, with women, children, old men, horses, and caracoas. It was a thoroughly panic-stricken crowd. They ran until they could run no further, and then stood staring at the "tinclad," so exhausted that they were indifferent to death.

Upriver, a mile ahead of the *Laguna de Bay*, were three insurgent launches towing cascos. One of these launches was fitted up as a gunboat. Captain Grant gave chase. It was an uneven race. The old *Laguna*, staggering and pitching under her heavy load of armor, kept losing ground. To cap the climax, the Spanish pilot ran her aground at the entrance to the lake—not, however, before one of her shells had damaged the insurgent gunboat *Octalera*.

General Wheaton's brigade, in the mean time, advanced to the high table-land opposite Pasig. From that vantage-ground we saw the flight across the plain and the chase of the insurgent fleet. To our regret the latter escaped. Our loss that day was seventeen wounded and two killed. That of the enemy is unknown.

The remaining movements of the flying column under command of General Wheaton were directed against the insurgents who still held positions about the different channels coming out of the lake Laguna de Bay, and finally emptying at the town of Pasig into the Pasig River. The movements lasted from March 13 to 20. On March 14 Pasig, which is on an island, was not yet taken. Although the "tinclad" had riddled the place, the land forces had not followed up the advantage, so that on March 14 the insurgents had returned to Pasig. The cavalry on March 14 had a skirmish on our right front. They started on a reconnoissance and ran into a seemingly strong force of insurgents, who fired at them on three sides from the thicket. The cavalry dismounted and attacked the insurgent position on foot. After a rather heavy skirmish, in which they lost one man killed and five wounded, they succeeded in driving the enemy off. In this, as in nearly every other engagement of the week's campaign, the insurgents stood just long enough to inflict a slight loss on us, and then ran. The troops could not follow them up successfully, because they did not know the country, and the insurgents, small barefooted men, lightly loaded and dressed, can slip through the brush by by-paths before our men can think of catching them. Of course in every fight we get a few of them and a few rifles.

On March 15 the Twentieth Infantry were sent across river to take Pateros and Pasig. They closed in on these towns in a semicircle. In the streets of the town of Pasig the insurgents made a stand, and there was fighting from house to house. At the same time the Washington volunteers were sent to take Taguig, which is also situated on an island, a little above and to the south of Pasig. In this town there was little resistance, indeed three hundred and fifty natives surrendered as prisoners of war. On the whole, the day was most successful, our loss being only one killed and five wounded.

On the 16th a battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, not expecting any serious opposition, marched northeast of Pasig towards the town of Cainta, which lies in the open plain of the Mariquina River, free from the jungle that grows about the banks of the Pasig River. When, next day, I went on shore with a landing party from our little fresh-water fleet, consisting of two armed launches and a casco full of soldiers, I discovered a letter in the house of the insurgent governor which requested him to send troops to re-enforce those at Pasig. These troops, I believe, did not reach Pasig in time, but with those who escaped from Pasig met the one battalion of the Twentieth at Cainta. The story, as told me by one of the officers of the expedition, is as follows:

The battalion, without meeting any opposition, marched from Pasig to the edge of the woods which line the Mariquina Valley towards Pasig. Before them, in the open plain, was a church just on the outskirts of the village of Cainta. Without misgiving, they started across this open space. Suddenly, from a long trench in front of the church, a large body of insurgents arose and advanced towards them, firing as they came on. A few volleys of this battalion of the Twentieth drove the insurgents back into their trenches. The number of insurgents in and about the church was estimated by the United States forces at from five hundred to a thousand. There was no hesitation on the part of the battalion. They went forward over the open ground for the trenches under a heavy fire from the enemy. They carried the trenches and the town, driving the insurgents into the hills, but they left on that open field two dead and sixteen wounded. This is the largest loss, for the number of men engaged, that we have so far sustained in the war with the insurgents.

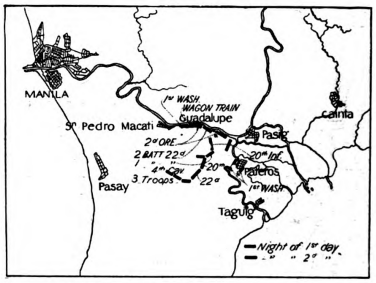
It was supposed that this engagement ended the campaign of the flying column; but on the 18th, just as we were adjusting our new lines and preparing to withdraw our forces, an incident occurred which shows what is most to be feared in the future of this campaign when we begin to advance into the wild country of the interior. A company of the Washingtonians while quietly encamped at Taguig, were surprised to see, at about one in the afternoon, a large force of the insurgents marching down the road towards them in column of fours. Apparently the surprise was mutual, for after our men had opened fire on the enemy, the latter withdrew. Three companies of the Twenty-second Infantry were sent out to follow up these new enemies and to locate their position. Between five and six o'clock these three companies ran into a hornets' nest. To right and left of them, and from an unseen earth-work in their front, insurgents rose up to fire as if out of the ground. For a time in this ambush these companies held their own, but soon Captain Jones, who was in command, found that his men were running out of ammunition. It was necessary to retreat, but to retreat with the enemy on three sides and at close quarters is no easy matter. The order to fix bayonets was given, and the three companies charged the enemy, dislodged them from their trenches, and in this way they were able to withdraw without enormous loss. Still, they lost five men killed and twenty wounded and three missing. There is no way of disguising it, our men ran into an ambush. The enemy knew the country better, and made it very uncomfortable for them. Captain Jones was lightly wounded in this fight. Such occurrences are likely to repeat themselves as soon as we get into the interior.

On the 19th General Wheaton made up his mind to send out another expedition, the idea being to teach the insurgents, and the people of the country generally, that whenever they attacked our lines or lured us into a trap we would hit back again very hard. Early in the morning the Twenty-second Infantry, the Washington and the Oregon regiments, started out, sweeping the country along the lake on the south and a short distance into the interior. At eight o'clock they met the enemy, but the latter offered such a slight resistance that our troops were able to follow the line of the lake for a distance of about eight miles, and return in the same way. We lost one man killed and eight wounded. In this region the road along the lake is lined continuously with houses, where stores of rice were found. For four or five miles along this road we burned the houses and stores of rice. It was a very desolate picture as I rode between the charred ruins of former homes. Nearly all the people had fled. Occasionally a woman with her children or an old man sat disconsolately near a heap of smouldering ashes; as I rode through mile after mile of this desolation the conclusion forced itself upon me that our government, with its weak, vacillatory policy and want of tact, and Aguinaldo and his followers, with their nagging trickiness and their misrepresentation of our every act, would be called to account for all this destruction when history, in cold blood, shall write the truth. There is, however, no remedy now. Either we must show that we are stronger than this people or we must get out of the islands; otherwise, how can we hope to establish any government here?



OREGON MEN IN A BAD CORNER ON A RIDGE BELOW PASIG.

Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



SECOND DAY'S OPERATIONS.

I believe that we have exaggerated the strength of the enemy opposed to us at any one point, and the number of insurgents killed. If left to my own judgment, I should estimate the number of the enemy killed by the flying column at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, whereas the official estimate is between two thousand and three thousand. The week that we kill three thousand insurgents we will have the insurrection well in hand.

Since February 4 up to the present time the number of insurgents that we have buried is about nine hundred; whenever there has been a battle we have advanced, and considering the poor facilities the insurgents have for carrying off their dead and wounded, I believe that by adding twenty-five per cent. to that figure for the dead carried off by the natives, or not found by our own men, we will get a fair estimate of the number of insurgents killed since the beginning of the war—that is, 1100 killed. The reason I insist on this point is that I believe that, with the exaggerated accounts now being sent home, our people will think that it will be necessary to kill all the natives of the islands before subduing the insurrection.

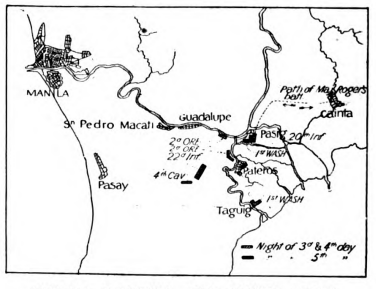
There still remains a month and a half before the rainy season begins. At present we hold only the province of Manila and the town of Cavite. If the insurrection is not quelled before the rainy season begins, military operations cannot be continued until next fall.

Every day I am reminded that the common people of the Philippines have never been reached by us. It would be impossible to conceive the number of outrageous stories that find credence among them. Before we entered Manila, a native woman of some position came to an Englishman, and said to him: "When the Americans come into the town I am going to be hitched up to a cart the way they do in Singapore, and I shall have to drag Americans about. I come to you to ask you to hitch me into your cart, and drive me humanely, because I am an old woman and could not go far."

In vain the Englishman argued. The native woman insisted that she was right. This is not a single case, but rather a general condition of ignorance among all the people of the islands. Our attitude here has not tended to restore confidence. The authorities have kept their own counsel, and have considered this phase of the question as unworthy of serious consideration. We have dealt with the people on broad principles, or, in other words, we have treated them like men instead of like children, as they should be treated.

Perhaps the chief difficulty is that of language. We have not had a sufficient number of men conversant with the Spanish language to put our side of the many questions which arise fairly before the native. Our ways are new to them, and they put wrong construction on any interference with their established customs here. Some weeks ago General MacArthur said to me:

"The general military situation is excellent. In the vicinity of Manila we have obtained decided strategical and tactical advantages, the remote consequences of which, however, depend quite as much upon statesmanship as



THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH DAYS' OPERATIONS.

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upon generalship. Misapprehension of terms, growing out of difference of language and previous political evolution of the islands, makes the diplomacy of the situation of the very first importance. Heretofore our policy has been considerably embarrassed by the long delay in reaching results under the treaty; now that we are approaching the conclusion of that business, the future conduct of affairs will be much easier, and, it is believed, the war concluded with great honor and credit to the United States and permanent benefit to the people of the islands."

This statement I believe to be the true statement of the present situation in the Philippines. I believe the first step of our government here should be to require every man who holds office to learn Spanish and Tagalog. If the office-holder at the end of a certain time cannot pass a satisfactory examination in these languages he should be dismissed from the service.

LONDON

April 29, 1899.

I HAVE reason to believe that immediately prior to the dissolution of Parliament ministers will bring in a measure for a reduction in the number of Irish representatives in Parliament. Members from Ireland are too numerous by twenty, if equal electoral justice were dealt out all round. The little Irish boroughs of Kerry, Kilkenny, and Galway return each a member of Parliament, while the total electors in the three constituencies only reach 5719, or 19,192 less than the county division of Romford, Essex, which numbers 24,911 electors, and only returns one member. The undue plurality of Irish members is of course a relic of the Union. Mr. Gladstone, in his last Home-rule bill, recognized the anomaly, and cut down the number of representatives from the sister island from 103 to 80. It is hoped that the government will content themselves with reducing Irish representation without giving the additional seats to England. The House of Commons is already the largest deliberative body in the world, and the increase of its members, on the occasion of the last Reform bill, from 658 to 670 was a step in the wrong direction. The measure referred to, when brought in, will be the portent of dissolution, and as a measure of such importance would be mentioned in the Queen's speech, it is evident that no dissolution is contemplated during the present year, notwithstanding persistent rumors to the contrary.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has not strengthened his financial reputation by the devices to which he has had recourse in order to make good the deficit. An additional tax on wines hits the wine-growing colonies, South Australia and the Cape Colony. A strong colonial protest has been organized to remonstrate with the finance minister against the imposition of the new duties. There is unreason in this action of the colonial agents-general. The great self-governing colonies would vigorously resent any attempt on the part of the mother-country to influence them as to the manner in which their revenues should be raised, and it is difficult to understand why the daughter nations of English-speaking people should dictate to their mother as to the manner in which she provides money to pay for the naval defence of the empire; to which, by-the-way, Canada contributes nothing, Cape Colony only $150,000 a year, and the Australian colonies $630,000. There is, moreover, a further curious point in connection with the colonial protest against the new wine duties. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, acting on behalf of British India, is excluding bounty-fed imports of sugar. Australian governments subsidize the young wine industry by a gift of $100,000 a year. This subvention is a bounty on wine exports, and as such is indistinguishable in kind from the bounty contributed by Continental governments to the beet-sugar interest. Free trade is intelligible, and protection easily understood, but when free-traders tamper with protection, or protectionists with free trade, the result is apt to combine the vices of both systems and the virtues of neither. At no time in our annals since the free-trade doctrine was accepted as an integral part of state policy, irrespective of political party, has the wisdom of its authors, notwithstanding mistaken prophecies and erroneous assumptions, been more triumphantly vindicated. The protectionist party in England make a great deal of noise, but the need of the great cities for cheap food governs the situation.

IN Bismarck's latter days Russia raised her money in Berlin. Later on, after the Cronstadt wine-cups stimulated Slav-Gallic friendship, Russia obtained funds from Paris. The silent working of free trade, which has made London the money centre of the world, is not unlikely to compel the Russian government to seek in England the facilities and accommodation no longer obtainable from either Germany or France. As finance is one of the greatest weapons of war, there is now some hope that Russia will be compelled by internal necessities to renounce aggression when she finds that hostility towards Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Saxon institutions automatically cuts off the supplies absolutely necessary if her enormous possessions are to be developed. It is a sign of the times that M. Witte, the finance minister, has succeeded in persuading his colleagues to assent to the reformation of the calendar. By the Julian rule next year should be a leap-year, but under the bull of Pope Gregory in 1582 it will be an ordinary year, since 1900 is not divisible by 400. If Russia adheres to the Julian calendar, the discrepancy of another day will be added to her mediæval calendar. She will then be thirteen days behind the times. If the Russian year is brought into accordance with that of other countries, twelve days will have to be struck out of the calendar, and the year 1900 is the most fitting occasion for the change. It seems absurd that the calendar should now have to be altered in order to make the date of the equinox correspond with the date it occupied in the fourth century. The rest of Europe, however, has done this, and has adopted an arrangement which keeps it there. If Russia consents to bring her cumbrous calendar up to date and to fall into line with other nations, other changes will follow to dispel the clouds that hang over that unhappy country.

AN English deputation has waited on M. de Staël, the Russian ambassador in London, to present a memorial to the Tsar, signed by delegates to a recent conference held in support of his Majesty's rescript. The deputation consisted entirely of Radicals, and was absolutely without weight in the country. Any one at all behind the scenes in Anglo-Russian affairs will understand why M. de Staël met the deputation with his tongue in his cheek. He addressed these honest Radicals in French—he would have been equally intelligible to most of them in Chaldee. English feeling in favor of peace is deep and intense, and if the acts of Russia did not belie her language it would not have been left to men of the stamp of Mr. Stead, Mr. Philip Stanhope, or Mr. Samuel Smith to represent unofficial England. Mr. Stead is the earnest and unselfish champion of Russia, but the civilities shown him by astute officials seem to disable him from impartially estimating the acts and character of his own country. Mr. Philip Stanhope is married to a charming Russian lady, and is himself, although a political Radical, notoriously cosmopolitan and sybaritic. His name in Paris is chiefly associated with a special method of cooking fish, as Americans who have eaten filet de sole à la Stanhope at the Tour d'Argent on the Quai de la Tourelle may perhaps remember. On gastronomy Mr. Stanhope is an acknowledged authority. On peace—and especially the peace made according to the Russian receipt—Mr. Stanhope does not carry exceptional weight. Mr. Samuel Smith is a member of Parliament of the Puritan type. Generous, wealthy, unselfish, and devoted to good works, Mr. Smith supports with his voice and purse every cause likely to leave the world better than he found it. But he has no special knowledge of Russia, and is entangled in too many subjects to carry weight in any. The deputation to M. de Staël is mischievous, partly because it is not representative, and partly because it will be misrepresented.

THE Royal Academy this year does not show any English work of marked distinction, unless an exception is made in the case of Frederick Goodall's portrait of Mr. Gladstone as he was in 1894. The pent-up tragedy of conscious failure in the last work of his great life gleams from those onyx eyes. Mr. Gladstone is portrayed as he passed from his great place in Parliament silently, without a word of farewell, without a sign that betrayed his purpose to an anxious House. The story is told in the restrained passion and dignity of the marvellous face. Mr. Sargent is represented by four portraits and a design for part of a mural decoration. His portrait of Lady Faudel Phillips, once Lady Mayoress, recalls in its terrible frankness the pitiless sincerity and mastery of technique which distinguished his *tour de force* of last year, Mr. Wertheimer's portrait. For the rest, there are many sweet and many silly pictures. Splashes of crimson on the walls reveal the influence of the Jubilee day on art, though the calves of flunkies and the lawn sleeves of bishops do not blend, even when painted "by desire." Repeated visits to the Royal Academy in the quiet that prevails before the public are admitted only emphasize the conviction that an age of great comfort, little faith, and some superstition is not conducive to high art. Manual dexterity abounds, but the paintings with soul in them are few. Mr. Alma Tadema paints marble and the white feet of laughing girls with undiminished skill, but the girl and the marble of this year differ no whit from the marble and the girl of last year and the year before. Mr. John MacWhirter limns the lochs and scenery of Scotland as well as ever. But they too show no change. The general sense left upon the mind is that before art in England can rise we must suffer and feel as a nation. Smug prosperity, the dominion of the picture-dealer, and pure convention are the dominant notes in the Royal Academy of 1899.

ARNOLD WHITE.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

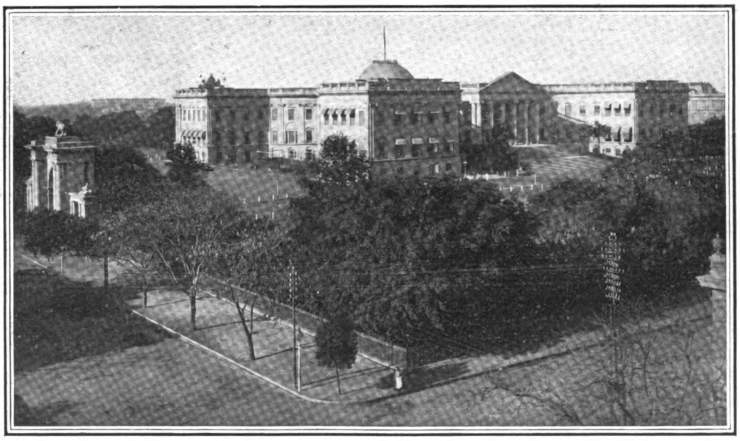
THE first view Lady Curzon had of the pomp of English official life in India was at the house of the Governor of Bombay. Unless some one assured her that her own state as Vicereine was to be far different and far greater, she must have been disappointed. There is more display and more genuine regalness about the smallest of the water-pavilions which the Prince of Mewar looks upon from the windows of his water-side palace at Oodeypore than in all the buildings which make up Government House at Bombay. The power is there, but the shell which holds it is thin and rough. Every Briton and every native knows that Lord Sandhurst is second in rank among the rulers of India. You can feel the throbbing of the pulse of a mighty government when you visit him. Even at a dance, when the diamond-crusted rajahs, the gold-plated generals, the judges and bishops, and all the haughty women in Parisian dress jostle one another to get early recognition from the tall thoughtful Englishman who wears the great Star of India on his breast—even then you know that the shadow of the Empress's might is over the scene. But the palace is a poor one, and the men who have inhabited it of late have surrendered all their energy to the fearful pressure of routine and desk-work. They have forgotten the old first principle of Oriental government, which holds that a gold carpet, a gilt throne, a few elephants, and a rich robe of state will secure better results in the East than the most intelligent and conscientious desk-work ever can.



ONE OF THE VICE-ROY'S BODY-GUARD.

Lord Sandhurst's house and his state pavilion are the finest bungalows I saw in India. The trouble is that they are bungalows. Let us meet Lady Curzon at the head of the main stairway as she takes the hand of her hostess, and follow her, and see what she did at the pavilion. It is a long building, one story high, very wide, and all of wood. It is as wide open as a band-stand, or as an extended umbrella with a floor under it. All around it runs a very spacious veranda, facing a luxurious park of palms and banyans and grass on two sides, and on a third side overlooking a bay like that of Naples, with Bombay rising yellow and green on the opposite shore. Some chairs and tables with albums and books de luxe, with here and there handsome tropic shrubs in large pots, break up and decorate the long reaches of this sheltered promenade. On the walls of the house are framed pictures, showing the uniforms of all the troops in India.

Turn in-doors from the veranda and you find yourself in a large and splendid drawing-room. Its walls are broken by so many tall, doorlike windows that the coolness and fresh green of the park seem part of the decora-



THE VICEREGAL PALACE AT CALCUTTA.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. HON. THE LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON,
Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in his Robes of State.

tion; the ceaseless dancing reflections of the sun upon the bay flash in the air and upon the ceiling. The ends of the room are set with the largest and finest carved wooden screens I have ever seen, except one—that marvellous one which Elizabeth gave to the benchers of the Middle Temple in London. These screens are made of Indian blackwood, and there are hardly more flowers and leaves in an ordinary small garden than are carved in these beautiful bits of wooden lace-work. There is little else of note in the room. It has a grand thick carpet, the usual chairs and tables, settees and chandeliers—and not much more.

One feature of the decoration of this state drawing-room is both splendid and peculiar. I refer to the costly and beautiful silver boxes in which public addresses are almost always enclosed in India. On the first table Lady Curzon saw four of these; on another, two; on a third, five or six; on a fourth, two or three. And as she came to each table, it seemed as though one at least of these princely envelopes of precious metal was more beautiful than any she had seen before. It is straining no license to speak of her delighted exclamations as she saw these trophies of official life in the Orient. Nor need I hesitate to speak of her gratification on learning that in all probability her husband, the Viceroy, would receive more and costlier caskets of the sort during his first few weeks in Calcutta than come to a Governor of Bombay during his entire term of five years.

So it really happened, as we shall see.

When there is a ball or a reception, such as was given to Lord and Lady Curzon at Government House, Bombay, this room which I have described is the ball-room in one case, the central place of rendezvous in the other. At the door of the first room stands the Governor and his lady, with the military aide-de-camp to announce each arriving guest.

So stood the Viceroy and Vicereine with their hosts on the night of her first public appearance in India, when our American sovereign took Bombay captive to her grace and tact and beauty, and when her Parisian gowns first became the talk of all India. The guests pass on, either through the first archway, from which one of the huge carved screens has been removed, or else by way of the veranda, to the second or main drawing-room. Beyond the further screen is the military band, which has been requisitioned for the occasion. Beyond that again is the refreshment-room, apportioned off the veranda. An evening reception or dance at Bombay Government House, when kindly night conceals the house, and false lights, sparkling jewels, silks, women's eyes, and the quaintly beautiful lanterns of India throw witchery over the scene, is one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen. Its brilliance is indeed the glow of the glory of England. I shall describe it in what I write, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, of my travels in India.

The Governor lives, like a wealthy Anglo-Indian, in a smaller bungalow, thirty or forty yards away, beside the sea, where great disks of steel on his lawn hide the disappearing guns which wait impatiently for orders to belch their loads at Frenchman or Russian—either or both. In other very modest bungalows live his aides-de-camp, and in tents on the bay shore sleep the members of the band. It is a temporary-looking conglomeration, a shabby seat for a representative of the Empress. A quarter or a half a million dollars should be spent there at once upon a house eloquent of English dignity.

A very different house was that which Lady Curzon saw when she came to her own residence at Calcutta. The Viceroy's palace at the capital—there also called "Government House"—is, indeed, a dwelling for royalty. Of all the Queen's palaces in England none, except Windsor, is more imposing. It is of so conventional a form that it may be described to Americans as like the beautiful City Hall of New York, much more than doubled in size, and having four wings instead of two. It is like two larger City Halls put back to back, and with a low dome over the top of the central building. It stands in a beautifully maintained park or garden of six acres, which is extended by the large and attractive pleasure-ground and parade of the well-to-do Calcuttans, known as Eden Gardens. The noble proportions of the palace, the size of the grand entrance, the splendid dimensions of the ceremonial or state saloons—all these are very imposing. To this effect are added the proud and costly fittings of a royal palace. The outer gates or garden portals prepare the eye and mind for these suggestions of royalty, for they are enormous arches surmounted by mammoth figures of the British lion.

Lord Wellesley built this palace in 1799, copying it from the mansion which has descended to Lord Curzon from his ancestors, and in which he spent his boyhood. That house is Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, one of the noted mansions of Great Britain. Wellesley had visited its owner, and was so impressed by its stately grandeur that when the opportunity came for him to put up the first English governmental palace in India he could think of nothing better than to copy this noble pile. He improved upon the original. He made the four great wings each three stories high to match the central building. They are a story lower in the Curzon mansion in Derbyshire.

It is a strange trick of fortune which now brings Lord Curzon to rule India, Burmah, and the other allied dominions under his control from what seems the very hall in which he spent his boyhood in the mother-land. More curious yet is the tale now whispered by those who are near to him, to the effect that when he saw the palace on his first visit to India a strange but powerful superstition seized his mind, and he said to himself, "I shall one day be the master of that house also."

Another bit of viceregal gossip, a trifle more sentimental and moving, is that which couples Rudyard Kipling with this grand advance from the English country-seat to the Oriental palace. It runs thus—that when the gifted Englishman wrote his name in Lady Curzon's album, some years ago, he said to her, "The next time I write my name in your house it will be in Government House, Calcutta."

To stand in the semi-tropical gardens facing the palace is to look upon an enormous house of solid masonry painted a light yellowish-brown, and so well cared for that your eye will not tell you whether it is a century old or was but finished yesterday. The space between the majestic wings is almost entirely taken up by the grand staircase leading to the main entrance. These stairs are of stone, in two terraces, and a regiment in company front could march up them—perhaps two regiments could march up side by side.

The massive carved railings at the sides are all but hid beneath densely growing vines that have been trained to form two slanting walls of foliage there. Two towering palms, one on either side of the grand staircase, hold up their round cloudlike tops of feathery fronds as if they were a pair of huge brushes—the symbols of power among most Eastern peoples. A breadth of carpet, royal purple in hue, has been flung down the middle of the stairway, and on the top landing, before the splendid columns which support the Grecian front of the palace, stand men of the Viceroy's brilliant red body-guard, turbaned like the Grand Mogul of old, and carrying lances, each with a tiny flag at top.

This body-guard is composed of 120 men, picked for their size and bearing. They wear long red coats, which reach to their boot-tops above their knees. Their variegated turbans, mainly red, are of great size. Their many minor trappings aid in rendering them a notable feature of any scene in which they are placed.

Except upon occasions of state, the carriage entrance to the palace is under the grand staircase and on the ground-floor. As you step from your carriage you see other gorgeous men of the body-guard and knots of servants of the household lounging in the enormous hall. I wish I had inquired the number of servants in the Viceroy's employ, because they are so numerous that when one dines at the palace they seem to move in clouds around the table. I visited a native prince one day in the temporary quarters where he was halting, and he had sixty-five men to look after his comforts. Of the Viceroy's staff I can only say that when you visit him you do not need to take your valet with you to wait on you at table, as is the general rule in India.



His Excellency the Rt. Hon. Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay. H. H. the Mir of Khairpur.

GROUP OF INDIAN OFFICIALS.

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

VI.—COFFEE-PLANTING

EVERY other Hawaiian views the coffee industry as second in importance only to sugar, although in point of fact rice has held for years that place on the export list. Yet it is perfectly true that while rice-growing is standing still, if indeed not decreasing, the production of coffee is rapidly increasing. For example, in 1892 the exportation of rice amounted to eleven and one-half million pounds; in 1894 it had fallen to less than eight million pounds; in 1896, five million; and in 1897 it rose to five and one-half million, all of which was shipped to San Francisco. During that same time coffee, which was eighth on the list, with 13,568 pounds exported in 1892, was fourth in 1894, with 189,150 pounds; in 1896 the export amounted to 255,655 pounds, and in 1897 coffee stood third on the list, with 337,158 pounds—99.62 per cent. of which, by-the-way, came to America.

Coffee is the newest of Hawaiian industries, and has not yet outgrown the tentative period, with noisy enthusiasts busily expounding its surety of financial success. And really the industry needs no touting, for its cultivation affords one of the few business opportunities for the migrating settler of smaller means. More than that, it seems about the only field likely, for six months at least, to attract immigration, which will lead to the cutting up and settling of those great tracts of jungle on the island of Hawaii.



UNTRIMMED COFFEE-TREES, ABOUT THREE YEARS OLD.

Ten years, I believe, is about the present age of Hawaiian coffee-growing under systematic cultivation (though coffee was grown forty years ago casually by individuals, and in 1853 there was a total of 3000 acres under cultivation), and Kona district on the leeward side of Hawaii, and later Puna district on the same island, were the only ones until very recent years where the industry received intelligent attention. Indeed, until within five years, or thereabouts, Hawaii was the only island believed congenial to the plant; though that seems passing strange, considering it had never been tried on any of the other islands, and that trees were growing wild on Molokai. The conclusion, however, was characteristic of the native.

Because it came originally from that district, Hawaiian coffee was first known in the market as Kona coffee, and as such achieved an enviable reputation, and a price somewhat above that commanded by the best products of Central and South America. Indeed, up to this writing, no coffee has been yet produced in other districts of the Hawaiian Islands that experts consider equal in flavor to that coming from the earliest district. And undoubtedly Kona's location, peculiarly favoring coffee cultivation, has much to do with the flavor of its berry. Kona is on the leeward side of Hawaii, and therefore completely sheltered from the trade-winds—a most important matter, since wind is the blight of the coffee-shrub. The country is rough, the soil of volcanic origin—decomposed and very rich—and the climate, with its wet and dry seasons, more favoring, apparently, on this side of the island than on the other, or windward, where the separation of the seasons is not so distinct. Those learned in coffee-culture claim that a climate characterized by wet and dry seasons is quite essential to the very best results. But this is more or less speculation, so far as Hawaii is concerned, since the plantations on the windward side have not attained the age to make comparison with Kona, on the other side, fair; while, at their present stage of development, the greater abundance of rain appears to have had no appreciably harmful effect.

Speculation, in truth, rules in most of the discussions anent the coffee industry in these more or less experimental days; for, though the export has been increasing year by year, and the industry spreading largely, none the less there is no settled dictum, such as obtains in the sugar or the rice industries. For instance, there is division of opinion as to whether the coffee-trees should be kept cut down to a certain height, or permitted to grow rank; whether the plantation should be entirely cleared of its forest, or enough left to shade the coffee-bushes; whether the shrubs do better at a comparatively low elevation—twelve hundred feet or under—or whether they should range at elevations between twelve hundred and two thousand feet. And there are many other mooted questions the coffee-planters of Hawaii are worrying over, which only time will answer.

Elsewhere experience differs—in India some of the most successful plantations are at a comparatively high elevation, while in the Malay Peninsula the best-looking ones I saw were at a comparatively low elevation. In Kona itself are splendid-looking pieces of coffee between two thousand and twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and a number of coffee clearings at that elevation were being made in the country through which I rode going from Hilo towards the Kilauea volcano. The bean of coffee grown at the higher elevation is usually larger, but, on the other hand, the crop of trees planted lower matures several months earlier.

Yet another question on which there is much division of opinion is the proper distance at which the coffee-shrubs should be planted one from the other. In India the trees are topped at about four feet, and six feet allowed between every two; in Central America and on the majority of South-American plantations trees are set out nine feet apart and allowed to grow their natural height; on the Malay Peninsula the trees are topped, as a rule, and set out about six feet apart.

And so, until the Hawaiian planters have had at least another five years' experience, speculation will continue a local feature of the industry, and each planter must work out his own salvation by the light of his knowledge of the industry and his ability to modify conditions to meet the requirements of a new country. For coffee is a healthful though a fickle shrub, exceedingly susceptible to altering conditions, and requiring skilful, delicate handling. No other part of it so much as the topping and pruning of the young trees. Pruning coffee-trees, indeed, is an art, which obtains to increase the productiveness of the tree, and not for its ornamentation—as we trim hedges and mar firtrees. With those who believe in topping, the proper age at which the tree should be cut down to the desired height (which may vary from three and a half to five feet) is from eighteen months to two years.

The idea ignorantly but frequently held regards this trimming as done so the crop may be the easier picked; but the real reason in topping and pruning is because it increases materially the bearing of the trees through the growing of additional primary and secondary branches. This operation, so important to the success of the plantation must be performed with great care and persistency, and the inability to secure skilled labor, and the difficulty of training the inexperienced, are just now among the severest trials of Hawaiian coffee-planters—themselves none too well versed in the scientific requirements of the industry.

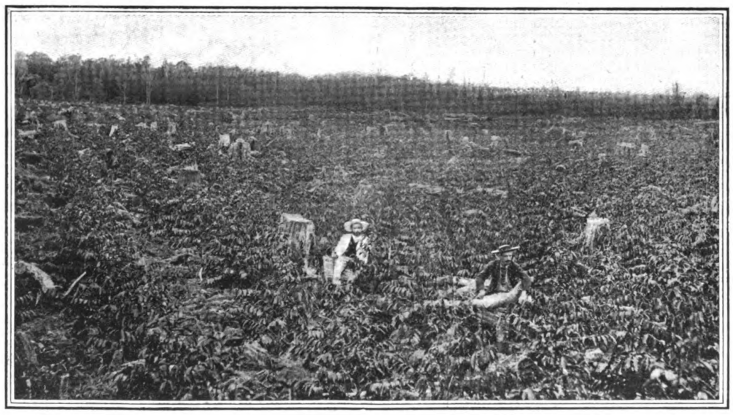


A COFFEE NURSERY.

The nursery stage is even more exacting. And here also we find a division of opinion and varying methods in Hawaii. Formerly, in more amateurish days, the young plants which sprout up under old coffee-trees were used almost entirely for new plantings, and in many cases where the selection was careful and somewhat learned the results were excellent. But in many more cases not over sixty per cent., to make a generous estimate, resulted happily. Those who study coffee-culture deeply are agreed that long-lived or vigorous trees cannot be produced from the average plant of this description, and that the only dependable, practical way of procuring healthful plants is by raising them in a nursery from seed carefully chosen. But the coffee nursery is the most sensitive of nurseries, requiring constant intelligent care, and such patience as only a long-suffering character of biblical history is said to have possessed. The nursery may be costly, too, though not so usually, that being a matter regulated by conditions of land and environment; but the three essentials are: first—adequate water-supply; second—a soil at least eighteen inches deep and entirely free of roots, etc.; third—artificial shade for the seedlings, which must not interfere with the work of care-takers, and that may be removed altogether when the need of it has passed—for at a proper age the plants are gradually subnitted to the sun, and for a few months before transplanting are quite unshaded.

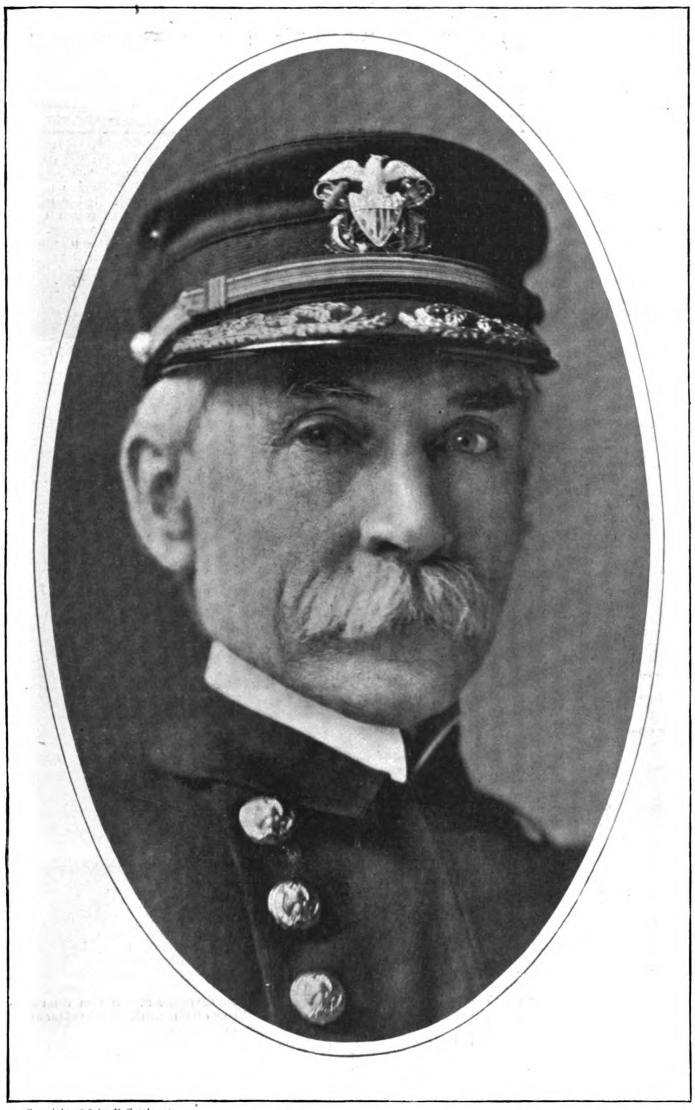
It is a plant of many and various moods, and requires a lot of knowing in the cultivator.

The amount of coffee the first crop will yield is another



COFFEE-PLANTATION WITH TREES TOPPED.

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REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN CRITTENDEN WATSON, U. S. N.,
Who has been ordered to the Asiatic Station to succeed Admiral Dewey.

one of those questions too puzzling for uncertain Hawaiian experience. Mr. Charles D. Miller, who is preparing a work on coffee-culture, and to whom I am indebted for many figures given herewith, says that, judged by his experience, a return of one pound per tree may be looked for the third year. At maturity—*i.e.*, in the seventh year—the plantation will yield from one and one-half to two pounds to the tree. These figures are really approximate, for the industry is too young to permit of unquestionable statistics. I saw some trees—a great many, in fact—that bore three and four pounds each. It is simple enough to estimate the bearing of a tree if one has time and patience to count the clusters, and the berries in one cluster, and knows that, according to elevation, it takes from nine to twelve hundred berries to make one pound of clean coffee.

The very wisest thing the Hawaiian planters have done has been to secure the proper machinery for curing the crop and placing the coffee on the market at its best. Perhaps nothing is more essential to the success of coffee than proper curing and grading—by way of accentuating which a practical illustration may be given: A few years ago, before the Hawaiian planters had attained the wisdom born of experience, their coffee went on to the market badly mixed, and eighteen cents per pound was the highest price received for the very best; so soon as the proper machinery was put in and the coffee cleaned and graded, the very same that had fetched only eighteen cents commanded twenty-five. The coffee of the Malay Peninsula has suffered a great disadvantage in being put on the London market improperly graded, and the industry on the peninsula has languished because of it.

No coffee leaves the island of Hawaii without having undergone the proper and modern processes. The island planters had their lesson, and profited by it. The needed machinery is not very expensive, and consequently, besides quasi-public curing-plants, many planters have their own, and frequently several planters own one in partnership. The process consists of pulping the berry and washing and curing and grading the bean; dry hulling the bean is not so favorably regarded as the washing process.

There is no doubt that the Hawaiian Islands are destined in a very few years to export several hundred per cent. as much coffee as the returns of last year show; it is not impossible that in time coffee may become a good second to sugar in the annual exports. Certain it is that coffee is the industry which is going to settle up the islands, especially Hawaii, and be the means of securing more reasonable transportation rates than now obtain. Coffee will be the means, too, of attracting that desirable class of immigrant, the man of comparatively small means—seeking a home where he invests his money.



COFFEE-BRANCH.

There is some coffee-land on all the islands, but Hawaii is the only one of the group that has land for public settlement. This is true of other industries than coffee. The principal coffee districts in the island of Hawaii are—Kona, 48,000 acres; Puna, 67,000 acres; and Hilo, 195,000 acres; but a comparatively small percentage of this acreage is planted with coffee or suitable to its cultivation. In all three of these districts, and especially in Hilo, the government is surveying and opening land for settlement as rapidly as possible. And as fast as the land is put on the market it is being taken up; for the government sells it for from five to ten dollars per acre, while the boom at the town of Hilo—Hawaii—enables speculators to get fifty, sixty, and even one hundred dollars per acre for the same land, while about thirty to forty dollars per acre must be reckoned on additionally for clearing off the dense jungle and forest.

Careful figuring reckons the cost of caring for a coffee-plantation at from $150 to $200 per acre for five years. There is a comparatively small quantity of land for outright sale—nearly all the desirable land on all the islands is owned or held under long leases, some of them so long as thirty years, which is the limit of life of the coffee-tree under cultivation. On Maui, Kauai, and some little on Oahu, coffee has been planted, and prospects reported "flattering," but only on Hawaii have there as yet been results tangible enough for some estimate of profits. Fortunately, on none of the islands has any species of blight made its appearance. Taking a fair average of success at this stage of the industry, a conservative estimate on the commencement of the fifth year places the profit at fifteen to twenty per cent. on the original investment. The Waianai plant (Oahu) paid for itself in six years, and last year produced sixteen tons of coffee besides.

Furthermore, coffee-planters purpose setting out bananas on their coffee-fields, thus making the soil do double service without injury to either crop, and yield double profit to the grower: half a ton of coffee and three hundred branches of bananas per acre, as confidently expected from good average soil, are not a bad return by any means. The coffee boom is on in the island of Hawaii, and so fast as the government opens new roads into the coffee-belts, and plots public land for settlement, just so fast is it being taken up. I trust the Hawaiians will have sense enough not to dip too deeply into the boom business. Of course values have been greatly enhanced and prospects brightened through the assurance of stable government given by annexation, but undue inflation will do more harm than good to the country.

Investors will bear in mind that land devoid of tree growth should be viewed with suspicion; while where guavas or lantana or the tree-ferns are found it is pretty safe to judge the soil suitable to coffee. And if it lies in the zone of a wet and a dry season, so much the better, for so may the planter harvest his crop within a limited period, thus diminishing the cost of picking, and giving him the opportunity to cure his crop by sun, which is not so costly and does not demand the skill or machinery required by the artificial methods necessary to the very wet countries—like Hilo way.

Above all else, there must be shelter from wind.

Wireless Telegraphy

THE Signal Corps of the United States army has recently been conducting a series of experiments with the newly discovered method of sending telegraphic messages without the aid of wires, and has so far succeeded as to establish uninterrupted communication between the War Department at Washington and Fort Myer, Virginia, a distance of about seven miles.

The photographs given on page 494 are the only ones ever taken of the apparatus employed, and were made by special permission of General Greely for Harper's Weekly.

They illustrate very fully the apparatus and method of operation. The Washington station was on the roof of the War Department Building, and one of the pictures shows an operator sending a message from there.

The two wires running from the rods to the top of the picture connect the sending apparatus with the oscillator, which is fastened upon an upright post and turned in the direction the message is to be sent, as shown in the photograph immediately below the one last spoken of.

When the operator presses the key a spark is emitted from the oscillator, which causes an electric disturbance comparable with that caused upon the surface of a pool of water by casting a stone into it. These Hertzian waves, as they are called, come in contact with a wire at the receiving end, stretched from the ground to a height equal to that of the oscillator at the sending end, and the message is received through an instrument known as a coherer, and recorded upon a roll of paper tape affixed to the receiver in the manner that a stock-ticker is operated.

The speed that can be attained depends only upon the skill of the operator; the distance messages can be sent depends upon the height of the oscillator. With the oscillator a distance of twenty feet from the ground messages can be sent two miles; forty feet, eight miles; and so on in the same ratio.

As is shown in one of the illustrations, the operator regulates the current at the keyboard, and another shows him engaged in adjusting the oscillator preparatory to placing it in its position upon the post.

A photograph illustrating the facility of operation of the system is that showing Major Stevens and an assistant receiving a message from Washington at Fort Myer.

The success obtained in conducting these experiments reflects great credit upon the Signal Corps, and General Greely can congratulate himself upon the progressiveness of his department displayed in time of peace as well as in time of war.

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Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, May 3.—Important topics of this day were: 1. The action of the Postmaster-General at Washington, who had directed the postmaster at San Francisco to take out of the mails for Manila copies of three pamphlets issued by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, vice-president of the Anti-Imperialistic League. 2. The request of the Filipino envoys at Manila, who now proposed a *three months' armistice in the entire archipelago.* General Otis refused to grant an armistice, and the impression was strengthened that the envoys were merely playing for time while the Filipino forces were being reorganized.

Thursday, May 4.—The situation north of Manila was as follows: Lawton was holding Baliuag, which he had taken, as noted in last week's instalment of our Diary; he was supplied with a wagon-train, pack-animals, and rations, and had scattered the strongly intrenched enemy to the north and northwest. Large stores of food had fallen into his hands. The success of his movement, in view of the difficult character of the country, the rain, and the great heat, was especially commented upon by General Otis in a despatch of this date. General Otis added: "Lawton now covers our railway communication, and will be supplied from Malolos." The advance on San Fernando was continued by MacArthur's column, which set out from Apalit at half past six in the morning.

As for the situation to the south and east of Manila, the same despatch stated that the enemy, nine thousand strong, "was opposed by a sufficient force under Ovenshine and Hall; his demonstrations thus far have been properly met by these officers with slight losses."

At this time many requests for protection against marauding bands of Tagalogs were being received by General Otis from outlying cities.

The military operations on May 4 were described in a despatch sent by the commanding general later in the day. Colonel Summers, of Lawton's command, "with six battalions Oregon, Dakota, Third Infantry, and piece Utah Light Artillery, proceeded north this morning to Maasin, crossed river, and charged the enemy in strong intrenchments, driving him northward and inflicting considerable loss. Summers's casualties, two wounded." The opposition which MacArthur's division encountered proved to be unexpectedly vigorous; in fact, both Wheaton and Hale, of that command, "found the enemy in force, strongly intrenched, and under the leadership of Commander-in-Chief Luna, about four miles south of San Fernando [at Santo Tomás]. Hale, on the right, dislodged the enemy, and Wheaton, on the left, leading in person, made a brilliant charge, scattering the Filipino forces and inflicting great punishment." Before abandoning the position at Santo Tomás the enemy destroyed that town by fire, and in the evening they also attempted to burn San Fernando. Our casualties at Santo Tomás were as follows: Second-Lieutenant W. A. McTaggart, of Company G., Twentieth Kansas, and four enlisted men, killed; three officers and twenty-two enlisted men wounded. Brigadier-General Funston was wounded in the hand. Lieutenant McTaggart, prior to his enlistment a year ago, was the principal of a school in Kansas. He was about twenty-four years old. General Luna was wounded, and the Filipino losses were otherwise very severe.

This interesting message concludes: "MacArthur proceeds to San Fernando in the morning. Delayed by partial destruction of the bridge across the river. It is not believed that the enemy will make another determined stand until he effects retreat to Mount Arayat, a short distance from San Isidro."

MacArthur's troops spent the night at Santo Tomás, waiting for the arrival of a wagon-train which could not immediately cross the ruined bridge. The same night, at two points south and southeast of Manila, near Malate and San Pedro Macati, General Ovenshine's line was attacked. The demonstration at the latter place was apparently intended to divert attention from a serious attempt to rush through the line at Malate—possibly with the design of reaching the capital itself, now that MacArthur's and Lawton's commands had withdrawn so far to the north. The attempt failed, but for several hours a fusillade was directed against the Fourth Infantry.

Friday, May 5.—General Hale, with two battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa and a Hotchkiss gun, advanced on San Fernando, from which the main body of Luna's army had retreated. The garrison left behind to check the American advance opened fire as our troops were crossing a shallow stream, but this attack was, as usual, construed as the signal for a charge. The Iowans rushed a strong position, drove the Filipinos out, and chased them a mile beyond the town. Later in the day General MacArthur came up with the remainder of his division. A number of important public buildings had been burned; the residence portion of the town, however, was little injured. Defensive works of such strength were found that their abandonment could be ascribed only to the demoralizing effect of the defeat at Santo Tomás.

Saturday, May 6.—General Lawton sent back to Manila, *viâ* Malolos, a score of sick and wounded. Then his column continued its forward movement beyond Baliuag. Outside of Maasin a force of two thousand natives was routed without difficulty.

The government of Spain requested the French government to arrange for fresh negotiations at Washington, through M. Cambon, the French ambassador, for the release of Spanish prisoners in the Philippines, according to the terms of the Paris treaty of peace. In Article VI. of that treaty it is stipulated that "the United States will undertake to obtain the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and the Philippines," and will, at its own cost, return them to Spain. This action was taken by the government at Madrid after the receipt of a despatch from General Rios, who cabled from Manila that Aguinaldo declined to surrender Spanish captives, on the ground that he could treat only with the Americans, who had assumed Spain's rights and obligations.

Sunday, May 7.—The receipt of "highly satisfactory cablegrams" from the president of the Philippines Commission, together with the news of MacArthur's and Lawton's successes, again encouraged the administration at Washington to hope for a speedy release from its terrible duty. Newspapers gave prominence to the statement of "a high official of the administration" that "our information justifies the belief that there will be a cessation of hostilities *within forty-eight hours.*" But on closer scrutiny the facts appeared to be that President Schurman had asked for instructions as to the character of the government he should promise, and that the instructions sent to him were, in effect, "Promise liberally; promise autonomy—to follow unconditional surrender." It did not seem reasonable to expect immediate acceptance of such an equivocal offer, nor was it quite natural to assume that generals at the front would cease from carrying out their intensely interesting plans, except in obedience to a direct command.

In the neighborhood of San Fernando at

(*Continued on page 510.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR BABIES

MUST be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.—[*Adv.*]

THE LAST ECHO FROM THE HORSE-SHOW.

THEY say that all the ribbon streamers which were offered to the winners were perfumed with the VIOLETTES DU CZAR of ORIZA-LEGRAND (sold by all perfumers and druggists), this delicate perfume with which Madison Square Garden, the rendezvous of all the pretty women, was completely impregnated.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

USED by everybody who ever tested it as a tonic and strength-renewer; sold by all druggists and grocers, ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS, excels. —[*Adv.*]

NO foreign substance enters into COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.—[*Adv.*]

FOR a tonic and regulator nothing equals DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



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The main difference between good beer and bad beer is in the after effects—not the taste. You discover part of that difference. You notice, for one thing, that pure beer—Schlitz Beer—doesn't make you bilious.

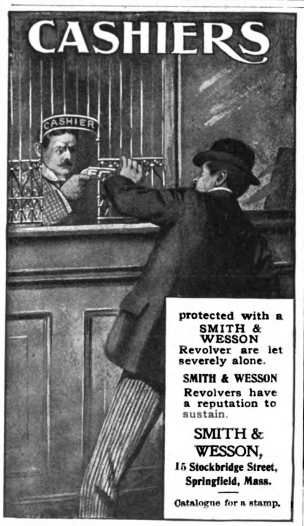
But the main difference goes unnoticed. Pure beer is good for you; bad beer is unhealthful. But both effects are so gradual that you may not know what has caused them.

Yet two things are certain. First, pure beer is the right beer—purity is far more important than you think.

Second, Schlitz beer is pure beer. Its reputation for purity is of 50 years' standing, and it will be forever maintained.

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(*Continued from page 509.*)

this time there was a good deal of activity. A railway train with an engine at each end was run almost to the American outposts, and in plain sight of the town. A gang of natives sprang off, tore up several lengths of track, boarded the train again, and started northward, all so quickly that there was no chance to capture them. At Guagua and Sexmoan, respectively six and eight miles to the southwest, the army gunboats *Laguna de Bay* and *Caradonga*, which had started up the San Fernando River to establish a base of supplies, were engaged in shelling Filipinos who, after placing obstructions in the stream, had intrenched themselves along the water-fronts of those towns.

Monday, May 8.—Rear-Admiral Watson was ordered to Manila as second in command of the Asiatic naval station.

A part of General Luna's army, under command of General Mascardo, moved towards Bacolor, an important town commanding the road from Guagua to San Fernando, while Luna himself, with the remainder of his force, retired towards Mount Arayat.

Twelve miles north of Baliuag a reconnoitring party from General Lawton's command was attacked by a body of Filipinos near San Miguel de Mayumo. The commander of the party and one private soldier were wounded.

Wednesday, May 10.—By direction of the President, the Secretary of State telegraphed instructions to the Philippines Commission in regard to the character of the government for the archipelago which the United States would agree to establish after the surrender of Aguinaldo's forces and the restoration of peace. Important features to notice at this time were those which related—1, to an advisory council, composed of natives of the Philippines, and privileged to confer with the governor on official matters; and 2, to the local governments, which, it was suggested, would be entirely in the hands of natives, subject to certain supervision by the American authorities.

MARRION WILCOX.

In Insurgent Hands

THE approach to Manila by water was a symphony in color. Behind us, on far-away Corregidor, the green hills shone dimly through the mists that the warm tropic sun was already drawing up from the wide expanse of the bay; in front, the low flat-roofed houses or thatched cottages of the Filipinos diversified the swampy lands to the north and the forests on the southeast, and as we drew nearer, the uniforms of our own boys mingled with the brown skins of the natives in a constantly changing kaleidoscope of color. Such was the scene that rested my eyes, dim with the blood and dust of the great conflict of February last. That struggle was still going on during that glorious Saturday; from afar the boom of the guns, and occasionally the distant yell of our own troops—weird and terrible as in the days when Jackson charged at Chancellorsville, deep and sonorous as when Anglo-Saxon throats uttered it at the "Crater"—told of steady, tireless advance against a hostile foe. The sound spurred me on. Was I indeed to behold with my own eyes one of those events in history that have "echoed through the corridors of time," from the days of far-off Troy to this nineteenth century? It was hard to realize; but, as a surgeon in the Eighth Army Corps, I knew that I was "in for it"; whether for good or bad only the God of Battles could say.

We landed, and, after reporting, I started inland—for what? Sunshine, blue skies flecked with dashes of cloud, and a warm westerly wind around and about; ahead, death and slaughter, red-handed and terrible. Manila seemed almost deserted; its streets, ankle-deep in mud and filth, seemed an ill setting to the natural beauties all around, and I pushed forward to the fighting-line, to aid the wounded, care for the dying, and advance, so far as I could, the humanity of the civilized against the murderous impulses of the uncivilized denizens of that glorious region. The underbrush was thick and heavy; at every step the foot caught in a tangle of creepers and vines; yet, stumbling, falling, recovering myself, only to fall again, I pushed swiftly onward. Then came my first great shock. Never again, I hope, shall I receive such a sensation as when I stumbled over my first dead Filipino. There he lay—the stiffened hand still grasping his loaded Remington, his face upturned to the glowing sun, with the white teeth grinning up to the unanswering whiteness of the clouds, and a gaping bullet-torn gash in the brown breast, clotted with blood, the ants, flies, and other vermin already assembling. Yet he had been—a man. I hastened on, guided, as well as I could judge, by the crack of musketry in front. I pushed my way through a tangle of bush in front of me—and then suddenly, as though one of the dragon's teeth sowed by Cadmus had borne its fruit of warriors, I found myself facing a dozen dark-skinned figures, each with his loaded rifle pointed at me; on either side they sprang up—before, behind—and I realized that I was a prisoner. Those who know not what it means to be a prisoner cannot realize my feelings; and when the captors are savages, the feeling of utter hopelessness becomes almost unbearable. Thank God! I kept cool. Had I run—had I even made a single movement that looked like flight—that instant a hundred leaden messengers of death would have overtaken me. I surrendered. I knew that for ten days past every captured American had been ruthlessly murdered; but young blood always hopes, and I felt that my hour was not yet. The officer in charge called the commanding general—for I had inadvertently run into a whole brigade—and a stalwart (for a Filipino) officer, covered with gold lace, approached. I bowed low, and, with as good Spanish as I could muster on such short notice, I congratulated him on the soldierly appearance of his troops, and my own belief in his worthiness to command such a noble body of men. Finally I remarked that *I had lost my way.* Would he kindly send a guard with me and show me the way back into our lines? and at the same time exhibited my pass as surgeon, signed by Aguinaldo himself. Had I been other than a surgeon, I doubt if I should ever again have seen the sun setting over the Corregidor hills. But so it was. Bullets he knew how to face, flattery he could not, and I had luckily touched on his weak point. Within ten minutes I had a guide, and was walking, or running—*going*, at any rate—towards our line, towards freedom and safety. To the right the battle was raging; within me was raging the battle of exultation, thankfulness, and peace. I was free. Not long after I found the mutilated body of my friend Dr. Young, and this and other as grewsome remains of our men brought to me clearer than anything else what a narrow escape I had. I reached our lines in safety, and commenced my duties at once, but I can never forget those awful moments spent in the hands of a foe to whom pity and mercy are unknown words. I have not seen "my general" since, nor do I want to meet him until the war is over. He was humane and courteous, though a savage, and his weakness is common to all, civilized or uncivilized. May he keep out of the way of American bullets, and prosper in the days of peace yet to come!



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AMATEUR SPORT

CHOICE of Onwentsia as the course, and the first week in July as the date, for the amateur golf championship has been made the occasion for considerable comment (largely newspaper), more or less uncomplimentary to the judgment of the National Association Executive Committee. Most of the comment discloses prejudice, and all of it shows no possession of the real facts that led to the choice.

There are no two opinions on the hapless selection of the week beginning July 3. It is much too early, and every one hopes that at the next annual meeting of the Association the general disapprobation of this year will be remembered. But the joke of the selection this year is on the Association delegates. The Executive Committee had no voice whatever in naming the date, other than to make the best of a bad bargain. A general feeling for a little more power in the disposition of Association affairs led to the delegates' voting unto themselves the privilege of naming the date limits for the championship. And the limit they placed was from the last two weeks in June to the first week in July. Obviously the Executive Committee's choice in this narrow range was a wise one.

For the selection of the course, however, the Executive Committee is alone responsible, and, in my judgment, its action was as wise in this instance as it was in settling upon the last of the three weeks submitted for choice by the delegates. Onwentsia was decided on for two exceedingly good reasons—first, because it seems to offer the best test of golf of any links in the country otherwise suited to a championship tournament; second, because it was practically the only desirable course available.

MOREOVER, there can be no doubt that if the Association is to retain its national character it must hold the amateur championship in the West either this year or next, and it could make little difference, one way or the other, whether the decision fell on 1899 or 1900. Really, if there is any difference, the choice comes better this year, because by next year some of the Eastern courses will have been greatly improved. Perhaps, too, Eastern clubs will hereafter exhibit more desire for the tournament when they realize that there are others fitted to do it justice. Chicago, of course, is the most central Western point at present for the game, and its prompt recognition will do much towards developing interest and form in the great West, as well as in nationalizing the Association. Besides having such a sporty links, Onwentsia is a beautiful place, and the club facilities the best.

Barring a few disgruntled individuals, the selection, on the whole, is satisfactory.



THE FIFTH HOLE.

RULE revision is making by the Executive Committee, which will simplify many of the involved sections at present in force, and add some others very much needed. The work is not yet completed, and therefore not ready for publication, but we shall undoubtedly see sections 9 and 10 shortened and more to the point. The committee will probably give us an unequivocal ruling on the status of players who happen to be employed in one or another of the departments of a firm dealing in sportsmen's goods. We need a fair ruling on this question — one that clears the man who plays the game for the game's sake, and disqualifies the man who plays the game or uses the scene of it to exploit his business. We also want the man disqualified who plays under an assumed name, or who plays for a money prize in match or tournament. I am confident the committee will give us the revision so long needed, and all sportsmen hope club committees will see that they are enforced. There is too much indifference in club committees. I hope to see an awakening to duty ere it becomes needful to make more particular comment.

FOUR times within a fortnight has Douglas, the amateur golf champion, been beaten at match play by an American-bred player. His most notable defeat was that administered by Dwight in the Crescent Club Tournament. And yet in the preliminary medal round Douglas gave an exhibition of skill that has rarely been equalled. He beat the Crescent bogey one stroke, and by a score of 74 he lowered the record of the links five strokes. Is it possible that Douglas is, after all, a stroke rather than a match player—a Hilton rather than a Tait? We recall his brilliant début at Chicago, where he led all the field in the contest for the Chicago Cup, and then lost to Whigham by six up and five to play. And at Morristown last year he compiled his great score of 76, not against the strongest, but against one of the weakest of his opponents.

THE victories of Brooks in the Metropolitan championship at Garden City, of Watson at Lakewood, and of Dwight at Bay Ridge, really seem to suggest that the native player is arriving at last. Glancing backwards—it was Bayard of Princeton who gave Whigham his closest match, at Shinnecock in 1896, and Betts of Yale who first squarely beat Macdonald, in the meeting at Chicago a year later. And now it is Brooks and Watson and Travis and Dwight who have fairly won honors from a champion who learned his game in the old country. While their victories over the Scottish crack are not to be estimated at above their true importance, they are still a sign of promise. Douglas, in the opinion of many good critics, is the best representative of Old World golf that we have with us, and the prestige of a St. Andrews reputation, to say nothing of amateur championship honors, means a disturbing lot to the man who is drawn against him. On the other hand, there are times in an amateur champion's career when the gold medal about his neck hangs a bit too heavy. Anybody could see, in the earlier rounds at Garden City, that Douglas was lamentably soft and behind his game. He has had little or no winter practice, while Brooks has been golfing pretty steadily on Southern courses, having won the Aiken championship only a few weeks back. But Douglas himself would be the last man to excuse his defeat. "Beaten by better golf" is his own verdict, and so indeed it was.



GENERAL VIEW OF GARDEN CITY GOLF COURSE.

BROOKS could putt and Douglas could not. Moreover, Brooks was lucky enough to capture two holes in two strokes each, which in itself was sufficient to turn the match. When Douglas is out of form it is particularly his short game that suffers, and for a really first-class man he will at times do work upon the greens that is positively atrocious. The history of the Watson-Douglas match at Lakewood makes very similar reading. Douglas was still out of form, although showing an improvement upon his Garden City game. But wild tee shots and weak putting cost him the match, just as they did the week before. Watson had a harder task of it than did Brooks, and showed up better in tight places. At one time in the Metropolitan, Brooks had Douglas fairly upon the run, the game standing dormie five in the former's favor. And then, needing only a half to win, Brooks began pressing, and lost three straight holes. Watson won only at the nineteenth hole, and he had to do that in a three to place it to his credit.

THE Metropolitan Association may be congratulated upon the success of its first open tournament. The course was in fine order, the weather good, the entry-list a representative one, and the play unusually close and exciting. In the qualifying round there was a triple tie for first honors between Harriman, Douglas, and Tyng, and there were three nineteen-hole matches in the early match rounds. Brooks won from Douglas by the narrow margin of two up and one to go, and Harriman was just that much better than Brooks in the final round. In the handicap the scratch men were set too much of a task, but the ratings brought the field well together at the finish, and the committee have now the data upon which to revise the list. Altogether a successful meeting; but I should like to ask why it was thought necessary to increase the caddie tariff to fifty cents a round—double the usual price. Golf costs the poor man quite enough as it is, and such a charge for unskilled labor is out of all proportion to the services rendered. The average American caddie does nothing more than to carry the clubs and keep his eye on the ball, and at twenty-five cents a round he is richly overpaid for his work. It would have been just as reasonable to double the tariff on "Scotch and soda," only the golfers would not have stood *that*.

SOME surprise was expressed that Harriman was placed at 2 on the handicap list, with Tyng at 3. True, Harriman defeated the Morris County man at Chicago in 1897; but that was one match only, and Tyng was thought by many to be the more consistent performer. And up to the beginning of this season this was probably true, for Harriman has hitherto relied chiefly upon dash and a good slice of luck to pull him through, while Tyng always plays the game from the bottom up. But this year Harriman has been working hard in practice, and it has told in his game. The committee probably took this into account, and their rating of the two men was amply justified by the outcome of the match between them. Tyng never played harder golf, but Harriman had the better of that all-important short game.

Tyng's game always commands admiration because it is so desperately in earnest, and this is a quality that counts. If Tyng has to take a back seat nowadays, he has the satisfaction of knowing that better golf is beating him, and not better men.

HARRIMAN was picked to beat Brooks out in the finals, and he managed to do so, although the result was in very considerable doubt up to the thirty-fourth hole. If Harriman's brilliant long game could be joined to Brooks's consistently good putting, then indeed we should have a home-bred golfer who might measure himself with credit against the wandering graduates of St. Andrews and Prestwick. It will be remembered that Mr. Whigham, in his *How to Play Golf*, selected Harriman as one of his examples of distinctively American form. He still uses the comparatively short swing, but there is muscle in that right forearm, and the ball, when fairly met, has to go. It was a good match, and the loser certainly put in a plucky bid for the honors.

THE Garden City course deserves a word of notice. Hitherto it has been a semi-public links, and as such could not hope for particular club prominence. It is now, however, to be reorganized into a regular club, and ought to be successful, being just an hour's ride from Thirty-fourth Street, and its eighteen holes as good a test of golf as can be found in the country. The Metropolitan Association chose it as the venue of the meeting on the simple ground of its affording the best golf, especially at this early season, and the general opinion of the players confirmed the wisdom of the decision.

The soil at Garden City is a black sandy loam overlying beds of yellow gravel, the characteristic formation of the great Hempstead Plains. In its unimproved state the gravel is covered with a coarse tussocky growth and with a crinkly sedgelike grass that corresponds closely to Scottish bent. Under cultivation, the fair green affords ideal lies for the play club, and the putting-greens (of the largest size) are beautifully smooth and undulating. Indeed, the latter were in surprisingly good condition for this season of the year—a trifle patchy, perhaps, but still reasonably smooth and true.

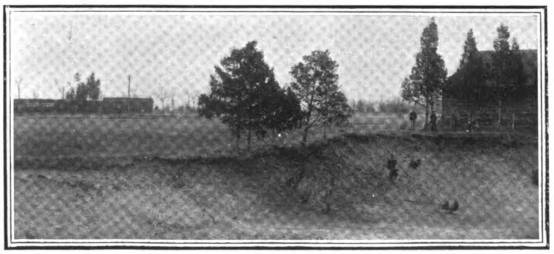
OTHER pleasing features of the Garden City course are the absence of cop bunkers, of fencing, and of trees. The bunkers are simply wide trenches from which the top soil has been removed, and the yellow sand left exposed, or else thrown up in a broad low bank on the far side. This sand never packs, and it is always possible to get out in one, an excellent test of merit for a bunker, and a complete antithesis to the ridiculous earth-works that disfigure more than one of our so-called first-class links. As the course is developed there should be more of these bunkers, particularly in the way of sunken traps. St. Andrews (in Scotland) is said to have one hundred and sixty-four bunkers all told, and Garden City could easily take on a couple of dozen more. As it is, there is not sufficient punishment for the crime of wild driving, and there is no such thing as getting out of bounds.

Perhaps the golfing may seem a trifle monotonous to players accustomed to the steeple-chasing of the ordinary inland course, and with the exception of the two holes across the "Bottomless Pit," it is true that one hole differs from another chiefly in the matter of length. But it is all good golf and a fine test of skill, as the scores go to prove. Although the playing distance is nearly three hundred yards shorter than the Morris County course, the best record made was Harriman's round in 83. Last year at Morristown, Douglas, in his match with Stillman, turned in a 76.

There are many greens committeemen who might spend a profitable day at Garden City.

TRAVIS, Harriman, and Douglas were three out of the four semi-finalists at Garden City, and their names appear again in the Lakewood quartet of honor. This certainly shows consistent form on the part of the two native-bred players, and it may be noted that the fourth man at Lakewood, R. C. Watson, Jr., was not entered at Garden City. The steadiness of the game put up by Travis is shown by the four complete cards he returned during the course of the Lakewood tournament. They read, 85, 86, 82, and 86, or an average of a fraction under 85. Such consistency in scoring indicates that the player is getting his tee and brassey shots away clean, and taking only two putts on the green. The principal difference between a crack player's high and low scores lies in his work with the "light iron"; it is in approaching that we look for the science of the game.

Travis seems to be fairly started upon another victorious season. Last year he won about everything in sight upon the Metropolitan circuit, and, until he met Douglas



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

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in the semi-final round of the Amateur Championship, he more than held his own against all comers. There is not much that is showy about Travis's game, but it is a sound one, and he is invariably a sportsmanly adversary.

Watson, who had the honor of defeating the amateur champion, is credited with a number of prizes won on Southern courses during the winter, but he did not do anything in particular last season in the Metropolitan Association tournaments. He succeeded in qualifying at St. Andrews and at Westbrook (his home club), but was put out in the early match rounds. His victory over Douglas and his good match with Travis now give him an assured standing among the "first-raters." His match with Douglas showed him at his best; in the finals with Travis he evidently felt the effects of his hard work, for the edge was off his game.

WHAT dual track games have done for Yale they are doing also in a smaller way for Columbia. Some of us remember, long ago in the halcyon days of the Mott Haven games, when Columbia's track team was an important factor in the decision of the annual Inter-collegiate championships. Gradually the rare old stock disappeared, and none of a similarly spiritous vintage came to replace it; by-and-by others came—another class it seemed, with a new and unfamiliar spirit. And so track athletics at Columbia languished. Within the last two or three years, yet another and more admirable change has come over Columbia athletics. A return of the old splendid spirit seems pending. Seems pending, I say, but will never eventuate unless Columbia undergraduates and *alumni* give their athletics more support than was granted the recent spring track games, or than the baseball nine receives. The average present-day Columbia undergraduate seems made of different stuff from those of ten years ago; whether it is lack of sympathy with athletics, or lack of *esprit de corps*, the impression of indifference given is the same.

Faithful work by the members of the track team has within three years greatly bettered the showing in this branch, and aroused some interest in the undergraduate body. But the support has been, and is, entirely inadequate. It must be greatly increased, else Columbia will occupy the unique and unenviable position among American universities of having the only undergraduate body showing no fitting appreciation of the efforts of its athletic representatives.

DUAL meetings have done much for Princeton too. Not that spirit was ever lacking, but athletic tendency showed chiefly in football and baseball, and track athletics were left to shift for themselves. They thrived during the undergraduate life of a few exceptional athletes, and when the stars had gone out the general average sunk to mediocrity. But engagement of a competent trainer and dual games have put Princeton's track athletics beyond any point of general attainment hitherto reached. This year the team is one of all-round development, not only formidable in all the runs, but of fair average strength in the field.

If Columbia has good luck on Saturday (20th) at Princeton, she will keep Princeton from winning by more than about 25 points, but, judged by the season's work, it looks as though there should be at least that difference in Princeton's favor at the close of the day.

There will be some exciting racing in the two sprints and the quarter-mile, for Jarvis (Princeton) and Long (Columbia) are entered in all three, and carry the hopes of their respective universities. Jarvis is not entirely physically sound. He has a leg, hurt during his prep.-school days, that is not invariably to be depended on, and yet, truth to tell, I recall no races it has lost him. Long and Jarvis have met before, and the latter has proved the faster man. This year, however, Long appears to be showing better form than at any previous time in his career. He did a quarter against the wind in time returned as 49¼ sec., besides winning the 100 easily in 10½ sec. Columbia expects him to do 48⅘ sec. before the season ends, and I confess to a feeling that he will make a new record for himself. Jarvis certainly seems entitled to the 100 yards. He has shown ability to equal even time, and is a consistent repeater. If Long really reveals the speed suggested by the timing at the Columbia spring games, he should win the quarter and have a shade the better of it in the 220. But he will have to run up to the best promised to beat Jarvis this year.

COLUMBIA has a good second-string man for these events in F. R. Stevens, who has records of 10⅘ sec., 22⅔ sec., and 50⅘ sec.; while Princeton has Woolridge, a shade better in the shorter sprint, and Willis, not quite so good in the 440 yards. There will be abundant racing in all three.

The half and the mile will be very easily Princeton's, with Captain Cregan taking first in each; but there will be good racing for second place in the half among Palmer and Gaskill (Princeton) and Mosenthal and Clark (Columbia). All have done about 2 min. 1 sec., and Palmer can perhaps do better. In the mile Palmer and Mosenthal will have another struggle for second honors, and the chances seem again to favor Princeton.

Honors in the hurdles appear to be evenly divided—Princeton securing first and second in the 120, with Wheeler (16 sec.) and Hutchinson (16⅕ sec.); Columbia a third, with Barker (16⅘ sec.) or Vom Baur (16⅗ sec.); and Columbia taking the 220 hurdles, with Reynolds (25⅖ sec.) and Barker (26⅕ sec.), none of Princeton's string having beaten 26⅔ sec.

In the jumps Princeton has both firsts safe, with Carroll in the high (6 ft. 1 in.) and Boettger in the broad (22 ft.). Columbia seems entitled to sure second in the broad, with Grace (21 ft. 3 in.), and a good chance for second in the high, with the same man, whose present best (5 ft. 9 in.) is the same as that of Princeton's second string (Curtis, 5 ft. 9 in.).

Unless Riley equals undergraduate expectations and very materially betters his record, Columbia will take first and second in the hammer, with Welles (123 ft. 7¾ in.) and Bruce (114 ft. 11 in.); and while Boettger (40 ft. 6¾ in.) appears to make a sure thing of the shot for Princeton, Columbia will be close up with Nash (39 ft. 4½ in.). Pole-vaulters are so uncertain in performance, it is difficult to count on them; their work varies with weather and disposition perhaps more than that of any other class of specialists. However, the majority of points in this event seem likely to go to Princeton, with Moore doing 10 ft. 6 in. and Coleman 10 ft. 3 in.; while Eastmond, Columbia's first, has thus far shown 10 ft. 3 in., and the second man, Smith, 10 ft.

Though the points are overwhelmingly in Princeton's favor, yet the meeting will be entertaining, and the events, with but few exceptions, interestingly contested.

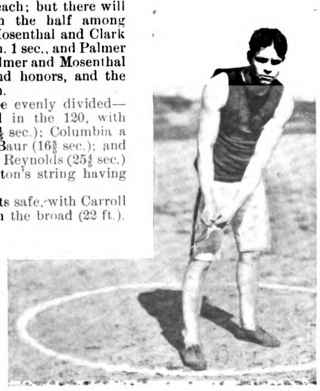
EVIDENTLY it has come to pass in Harvard and Princeton baseball that "muckerish" spirit is considered a legitimate feature of the game. Apparently we may no longer rely with confidence upon the sportsmanship of the players, or upon the assurances of those faculty members and *alumni* advisers immediately concerned in the athletic management. How else may we account for the exhibition at Princeton last Saturday (13th) in the first game of the Harvard-Princeton series? Throughout eight innings Princeton, while in the field, kept up a cross-fire of critical comment on the opposing batter's chances of hitting the ball, of their pitcher's ability to fool him, etc., etc. It was an incessant yap from the time they left the players' bench until they returned to it—a new hoodlums' trick and a most offensive one. Twice Hutchings, whose yapping was perhaps more blatant than that of his fellows, while at bat interfered with Reid's throw to second.

Harvard's unsportsmanly conduct was confined to a single member of her nine—Reid—but his act of deliberately running into Kafer, when the latter was a yard to the right of the home-plate and the ball not near him, must be characterized, in the game's vernacular, as one of the "dirtiest" pieces of ball-playing I have seen on a college diamond. I cannot believe that a man who has played such sportsmanly football as Reid would be guilty, without instruction, of such contemptible baseball. I do not consider that even instruction would exonerate him before sportsmen from personally being held guilty of disgracefully foul play; but the hitherto excellent record of Reid suggests that Harvard's Faculty Athletic Committee would better look into the character of coaching their nine is receiving.

What is the matter with college baseball? 'Tis not, I am sure, that more than football it attracts men of coarser fibre, men of less sympathy with the ideals of sport; it is that the men are taught their hoodlum tricks and told they are "good ball." Some weeks ago the faculty athletic committees of Harvard and Pennsylvania forbade their respective nines playing with professional teams—it would be much more to the point if they forbade the employment of professional coaches. Something must be done to break this mucker spirit, and something can be done if faculty and *alumni* athletic committees will keep faith with the sportsmen who are depending on them for the correction of just such abuses. If Messrs. Reid and Hutchings were put on the bench for a couple of weeks, does any one think their offence of Saturday would be repeated? Though such punishment would not be so entirely a satisfactory method of uprooting the mucker tendency as one at once visiting penalty on the team while yet it was in the game. My suggestion is a second umpire, non-professional, whose duties will be those of the umpire in football, and who will, without waiting for appeal, penalize the nine whose member has fouled an opponent or interfered with his throw, or yapped while on the field. For each offence the opponent to receive one base.

It is deplorable better sportsmanship does not prevail to make such suggestion unnecessary; but as it does not, something must be done by the athletic sponsors of the several universities to save college baseball from disgrace. Nor is this the first year of offence. This muckerism has been noticeable for several years, and it is about time it was throttled.

FOR five innings the Harvard-Princeton game (won by the latter, 10–2) was fairly cleanly played and evenly contested, so much so as to lend unusual interest to a game thus early in the season. Neither side scored until the fourth inning, when each made a single run—Princeton through Hillebrand's three-bagger and Reid's wild throw to second, and Harvard through Hutchings's miss of Reid's grounder and Bedford's bad throw to the plate. But the sixth brought disaster to Harvard, and was the beginning of Princeton's run-getting. Chapman led off with a single, and thereupon Morse presented three men in succession with first base, thus forcing in a run. With only one out and the bases filled, Suter made a beautiful long hit into right field for a home run, and the inning closed with the score 6–1 in Princeton's favor. Morse was obviously tired and discouraged; but he was kept in the box, and in the eighth inning Princeton bunched her hits for four more runs.



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W. C. CARROLL (PRINCETON).
High Jump, 6 ft. 1 in.

WHY Morse was not replaced by Fitz after the sixth inning is more than one outside of the Harvard management may venture even a guess. Certainly there was no doubt of his weakening. Harvard had evidently reckoned too confidently on her showing against Amherst, and went to Princeton in more or less congratulatory humor; so that when misfortune came it found her in no mood for determined up-hill fighting. She did play good ball for the first four innings, and Morse kept the Princeton batters guessing; but when Morse lost his control and his courage, it seemed to take the very heart out of the whole nine. Except behind the bat, where Reid worked hard and well, a letting up in the team's play was distinctly perceptible. Morse deserves credit for his work, despite the disastrous last three innings, which gave Princeton nine of her runs. Until he tired out his control was excellent, as he showed in the fourth inning by holding Hillebrand on third base while he struck out three men in succession; but whether he needs more fitting or is erratic by nature, his work is quite uneven, and must be steadied to make him a dependable factor in Harvard's baseball success. Behind the bat Reid is a tireless, watchful catcher, excellent in every respect save his tendency to wild throwing, which is costly. The general work of the Harvard team, in fact, up to the sixth inning, was even and good. It needs more steam, perhaps more evidence of sustained interest in the game up to the very last.

PRINCETON'S battery is fairly strong—a steady, hard-working combination that will prove valuable before the season ends. There will be few catchers better than Kafer when the final games are over. Hillebrand is a steady though not particularly brilliant pitcher. He is lucky in having a good out-field. He did not strike out a man Saturday, made four men a present of first base, and allowed five hits; Morse struck out five men, gave nine first bases, and allowed seven hits. These records just about show the difference in the two men. Morse has really more occasional brilliancy than Hillebrand, but he lacks the steadiness and control.

On the whole, the Princeton in-field is good—a bit slovenly in its work on occasion—but, with first-class possibilities, Chapman will do better on first when he attains a proper estimate of his present work; Hutchings is quick, very clever on grounders, a bit too eager, but throws beautifully to first. Bedford seems to have great possibilities at second; he plays with his head. Most chances came to Suter, in left field, on Saturday, and he accepted them with unvariable certainty. One catch of a long low fly, which he took at full speed, was a very brilliant play. Adding the two singles, a three-bagger, and a home run he made, and we find the young man's day pretty full. Of errors Harvard made six and Princeton four, a couple of the latter being quite excusable, considering the steady drizzle of rain and the slippery field.

Princeton, in fact, has good reason to feel satisfied with the showing of her team at this season. Harvard's pitcher needs gruelling work, and the entire team determination and steam, else Princeton will repeat her victory when they meet on the 27th at Cambridge.

HARVARD–YALE DUAL TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 13, 1899, AT NEW HAVEN.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Harvard.	Yale.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash.....	3	5	F. A. Blount, '00	10 1-5 s.
220-yard dash.....	2	6	Dixon Boardman, '02	22 4-5 s.
440-yard run.....	5	3	T. E. Burke, '01	49 4-5 s.
880-yard run.....	1	7	C. P. Adams, '00	1 m. 57 4-5 s.
1-mile run.....	1	7	C. B. Spitzer, '99	4 m. 33 1-5 s.
120-yard hurdles....	6	2	F. B. Fox, L. S., '02	16 s.
220-yard hurdles....	8	0	J. H. Converse, Jr., '02	25 3-5 s.
Running high jump.	7¼	¾	C. M. Rotch, '01	5 ft. 11 in.
Running broad jump	8	0	C. D. Daly, '01	22 ft. 3 in.
Pole vault.....	*0	8		
16-lb.-hammer throw	8	0	W. A. Boal, '00	130 ft. 7 in.
16-lb.-shot put.....	5	3	H. J. Brown, '02	39 ft. 9 1-2 in.
Total.....	54¾	41¾		

* Defaulted.

YALE made a gallant fight for the University Track Athletic Cup, but Harvard showed a stronger all-round team, and secured final possession of it in a contest much closer than the scores suggest. It was from first to last a notable meeting; the day a bit chilly, and a cold drizzle that frequently developed into a genuine rain falling all the afternoon, yet the performances were all good, and several of them exceptional. More exciting finishes have rarely been seen, the men being very evenly matched in the majority of events. No surprise was furnished by Blount winning the 100 yards, for he, Quinlan, and Roche were so close as to leave little choice, nor was Boardman's win of the 220, with Quinlan and Gleason following, unexpected; but both events provided magnificent racing.

Burke, however, sprang a real surprise in the quarter, when he beat Boardman in time which on another day would have been .49; not that any one doubted Burke's ability to make such time when in condition, but he has shown no form this spring. He made a grand race for it, and ran Boardman to a standstill, Luce third. Another performance of merit was Adams's win of the half-mile in 1.57⅘, with Brennan only three-fifths behind, and Bush third. Burke did not compete in the half-mile, having made his great effort in the quarter. Clerk did not make the expected race with Spitzer in the mile, who did great work, considering the conditions, and was well seconded by Clyde, with White third. The hurdles went to Harvard, as expected, with the single exception of Fincke's great improvement, giving him a second in the high, instead of third. So too the jumps resulted according to previous work of the performers, and that Waller, half-sick, should tie three opponents all well and with records better than Saturday's work, is somewhat suggestive of the spirit that prevails at New Haven. Yale made no showing at all in the hammer, but Francis got a second in the shot, though none equalled their best. The scores of meetings are—1891, Harvard 85, Yale 27; 1892, Harvard 61, Yale 51; 1893, Harvard 67, Yale 45; 1894, Yale 59, Harvard 53; 1895, Yale 65, Harvard 47; 1897, Yale 80, Harvard 24; 1898, Harvard 56, Yale 48; 1899, Harvard 54½, Yale 41½.

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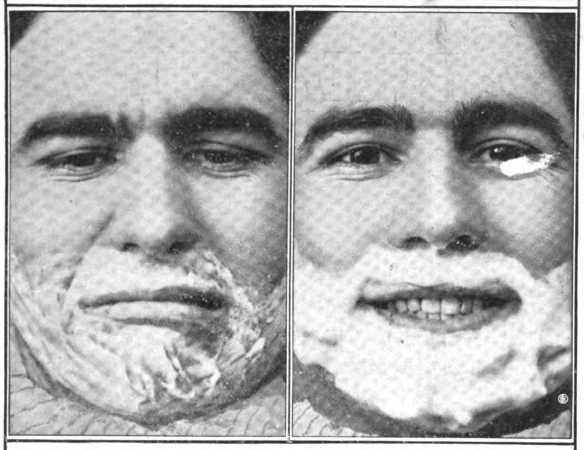
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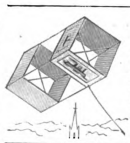
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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General MacArthur.

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(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 27, 1899

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The Peace Sentiment in Europe

THERE is something sympathetic in the public mind and sentiment of Europe with the object for which the peace conference at the Hague has been called. The horrors of war have been impressed upon the thoughts of men of other nations by our own wars against Spain and the Filipinos to a most extraordinary and interesting extent. Greater and bloodier wars have made men and women shudder less than these two little conflicts, costing, on the whole, an inconsiderable loss of life, especially among the victorious armies. But for some reason, which is so occult that its effect is almost a mystery, the public mind of Europe has been greatly moved by the contemplation of the disasters and of the ghastly horrors of our war. That this is the fact is the conclusion of all competent observers who have recently come in contact with the intelligence of Europe. Jingoes there are, of course, but, with the exception perhaps of an occasional absinthe-inspired poet of the symbolists, no voice has been raised in Europe extolling the glory of war and denouncing the ignominy of peace. Even the intelligent military mind refrains from such excesses, for the competent soldier of Europe knows well enough that the civilian mind is not in a mood to listen patiently to the barbarous suggestion that savagery is the ideal state of existence.

As we have already said, the reason why the sentiment and humanity of Europe have been excited by our little wars is hidden, but it is probably true that much of this feeling is due to the surprise excited by our irruption into the field of battle and by our success. The great republic had been so long looked up to as the lover of peace and the promoter of arbitration, that her appearance in arms was a shock to the civilized world. It had been supposed that she had reaped too many substantial benefits from the long practice of the arts of peace to risk the fortunes lightly, or even for serious cause. This was not the opinion only of the half-thinkers and the wholly thoughtless, who believed, or who professed to believe, that we were so given over to the pursuit and to the worship of wealth that we had no honor which we thought worth the cost of defence. It was also the opinion of our wise and admiring friends who recognize the nobility and strength of character and the liberality of mind which American institutions have wrought, and who knew well that honor is priceless to us, and that courage, dutifulness, and self-sacrifice are as well-developed traits of character among Americans as among the people of any country in Europe. These friends of ours were surprised because they thought that the time for war had not come; that we had not yet been driven to the choice of the dread alternative. But Congress differed from them, and the republic entered upon the field of war when all of military Europe, with the exception of England in the Sudan, was at peace. Then, again, our wonderful success surprised Europe. It did not seem very wonderful to us, it is true, but the opinion of Europe was correctly expressed in the words which ANATOLE FRANCE puts in the mouth of General Cartier de Chalmont, in *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*. Said that typical old French officer, in reply to a question as to the probable outcome of the war against Spain: "In declaring war against Spain, the Americans have committed an imprudence which ought to cost them dear. Possessing neither a land force nor a navy, it will be difficult for them to sustain a contest against a trained army and an experienced navy. They have some stokers and mechanics, but stokers and mechanics do not constitute a war fleet." Europe soon found herself mistaken, and there followed from our victories a verification of another, and more truthful, remark of the same worthy officer. Speaking of a possible American success, he said: "It would be paradoxical, and would inflict an insolent refutation upon the whole system in use among the nations which are essentially military. In effect," he continues, "the victory of the United States would be the criticism by deeds and facts of the principles adopted throughout Europe by the most competent military authorities."

Europe finding the peaceful republic the first of nations in the field of war with modern ships and modern arms, and, notwithstanding its lack of preparation, crushing an Old World power and carrying on an energetic contest against savages in a tropical climate, has had its attention and its imagination quickened, and has indulged in a long reflection, which, among the working, honest-minded, tax-paying people, has led to some calculation as to the cost of military establishments, to the boasted invincibility of which the American republic has given an *insolent démenti*, and to a good deal of shuddering over the possible fate to conscripted sons, brothers, husbands, and lovers should war eventually break out between two powers actually possessing great armies and great navies. In France this public sentiment has found expression in the arts, and in the Salon on the Champ de Mars opened on the first of the month there are an unusual number of paintings and some statuary setting forth the horrors of war. "This is *la guerre*," say the painters and sculptors—and of France, whose general staff is on trial for mediæval injustice, crime, and cruelty—and they portray the misery of slaughter and maiming, and the ignorance, the wicked passion, the bigotry, which send the soldiers out to kill and to be killed. One sculptor says, "This is militarism," and makes a hideous mailed figure, or rather an exaggerated suit of armor which is alive, and at whose feet lie the heads of dead philosophers and poets, the brainful heads of men of peace, and the empty skulls of war's victims.

The mailed fist is being questioned in Europe, and the people who sustain the governments are rejoicing over the railroad treaty between England and Russia, as they rejoiced over the settlement between England and France, because every avoidance of war is a step, short or long, towards universal peace. The Czar's project and invitation were not received with a cynical smile outside of the chancelleries. The people of Europe hope that something good will come from it, and expect at least some gain for the principle of international arbitration. This spirit has also penetrated at last into official quarters, and it is not now thought, as it once seemed to be, that the peace conference will be a joke. The Czar at least is in earnest. His ambassador in London, who represents him at the Hague, has for his mission the accomplishment of something that will make war less horrible, less profitable to either side, if it ever profits any power engaging in it, less likely to be the resort of civilized powers. France must stand by the Czar, partly because she is his ally, but mainly because her bourgeois people do not want their men killed or maimed in war. France needs all the brain and muscle she has for her industrial development and her agricultural regeneration, and her politicians know it. England and America are likely to work together for arbitration, and for the advancement of the arts of peace. It might have been better and more propitious if the republic could have gone to the conference without the record of recent wars, but this is not certain. Our wars have called attention to war itself, and we have shown clearly enough that our stand for peace is not due to our incapacity to fight. There is much value in that.

IT is not often given to a people, as it has recently been to Americans, to confound so completely their enemies and detractors. We were told that we were ill-disciplined, insubordinate, ignorant of the art of fighting, and, above all, we have been the subject of philosophical discourses based on the theory that as our population was a conglomeration of races, its loyalty was not to be depended upon, and that in the hour of need the government would find the people lacking. Well, all this has been disproved; and although it was not really necessary to go to war for the purpose of reassuring ourselves of the possession of the virtues inherent in all men, the complete answer to our detractors is at least one agreeable outcome of the war with Spain and the Filipinos. HARPER'S WEEKLY has already celebrated the splendid achievements of the army and the navy in the war with Spain, and we have done our utmost to secure justice for the line of the regular army, for whom, fortunately for the honor of the country, there are now more friends among the politicians than could be found at the beginning of the war. The volunteers, as well as the regulars, have shown in the Philippines the full significance of American training under American institutions. They have shown that, peace-loving as he is, the American man, no matter what his Old World parentage may have been, is a loyal and devoted citizen, ready to sacrifice himself when his country demands the sacrifice. They have shown, too, that this man can be very quickly turned into a first-rate soldier, whose energy and enterprise are of a kind that astonishes the professional soldier of the military powers of Europe; that he brings to the work of war the great intelligence—the educated intelligence—which has made him master of the much nobler arts of peace. It is true that some of the volunteers want to come home, because they did not enlist for the war in which they are now necessarily engaged, but no one hears of their desertion, and no one who knows American citizens doubts that they will do their full duty until they can be relieved—that is, as long as their government needs their services. There is such a thing as the American conscience, and it is something with which it is perfectly safe to reckon. If we could infuse into our politics the intelligence and the conscience which are characteristic of the American citizen when he rises to meet an emergency, whether he is responsible for the emergency or not, or whether he approves of those who are or not, we should be less annoyed by the eccentricities and crudities, not to speak of graver evils, which beset the government. But it was to say once more a word of grateful and proud recognition of American manhood as it has been recently displayed on fields of battle that this paragraph was begun, and our allusion to the American politician is simply because, as a rule, he offers such a fine dark background against which to display the shining virtues of the plain American citizen, be he soldier or civilian.

THERE is a movement in France, which promises to become vigorous, against alcoholism, and it presents some interesting material for reflection to our own fellow-citizens who are engaged in the effort to solve the liquor evil. France is becoming, if it has not already become, the hardest-drinking nation in the world. Why this is so Frenchmen find it difficult to say, but they freely admit the terrible consequences which have followed from the increased consumption of spirituous liquors—consequences which have been a veritable curse. Not to go minutely into details, this absinthe-drinking people are losing physical, mental, and moral virtues which they once possessed, and are bringing into the world not only fewer children, but smaller children, and children deformed and crippled in both mind and body. The extent of the evil is so great that an anti-alcoholic convention has been recently held at Paris, and the most serious newspapers of the city have devoted many columns to the discussion of the problem. What ought to be chiefly interesting to some of our American philanthropists who are seeking to solve the problem—a task at which prohibitory legislation has evidently failed—is the fact that the French possess and practise naturally, by inheritance, many of the remedies which are suggested here as possible cures for drunkenness. They are drinkers of light wines. Indeed, wine is their native beverage, and there is not a peasant in the vine-growing districts of the country who does not cultivate the grape for the wine which it will produce, and which is as essential a household supply as is the winter's store of pork to many American farmers and working-men. It is clear that wine-drinking makes the step to spirit-drinking an easy one to the person whose tendency is towards over-stimulation. Again, the Frenchman never lacks opportunities for amusement. He is not driven to the *cabaret* or the *buvette*, as we say in New York, for example, that the American working-man is driven to the saloon. The Frenchman has better opportunities, and he improves them fully. Besides, a drunkard is more despised in France than he is in countries more accustomed to him; for, though France is drinking hard, she is making up for many years of comparative abstinence. All these things being so, no remedy for the evil which is afflicting the country is thought of except total abstinence. And this is what the drunkard must make up his mind to wherever he exists. The man who loves to drink for the drunkenness that follows must submit to a war between his tastes and his will, and he can only be saved by the victory of his will. Diverting amusement may console him, but he must win his fight alone, suffering much pain in the process. Neither the law nor dominoes can cure him.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, with all steam up, navigates in these days in waters that are both deep and hot. He has called an extra session of the Legislature to improve the Ford bill for taxation of franchises and to pass a new rapid transit measure for New York. The action of the Legislature is at this writing still in prospect, and may not be confidently forecast.

The spirit which actuates the Governor in dealing with such matters as franchise taxation and rapid transit found expression in the speech he made on May 15, at the dinner of the Independent Club of Buffalo. Talking with great fervor about the franchise taxation matter, he said:

"Oh, if I could only impress upon you the two sides of the question—that the rich man who buys a privilege from a Board of Aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the Legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, that man is committing an offence against the community which it is possible may some day have to be condoned in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that on one side, and make you understand on the other—make the mass of our people, make the mass of our voters understand, on the other—that the worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, 'I am against corporations; I am against capital,' and not a man who shall say, 'I stand by the Ten Commandments; I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from, and that no man shall steal from any one else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be blackmailed on the one side, and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporation shall pay its full share of the public burdens, and that when it does so it shall be protected in its rights exactly as any one else is protected.'"

The Buffalo address all through was a cry for honest dealing in all concerns; in politics; in business. It was a good speech, and there was no question that the speaker's heart was in it. However the franchise taxation bill may turn out, and whether or not the extra session was expedient, there is no doubt that the Governor is standing by the Ten Commandments to the very best of his ability, and humping himself to promote fair play.

IN the WEEKLY of last week was given an extract from the letter of a Southern woman, telling how white children go to school in Georgia. In a later letter this same correspondent writes:

What I wrote of the way white children go to school is only one out of many illustrations that could be given of "life behind the scenes" on a Georgia plantation to-day. My own little nephews and nieces go to school by the ringing of the plantation bells. Think of these children, scarce knowing what it all means, yet listening for the sound of the bells to tell them that the big boys are coming to protect them from the dark shadow that hides in the bushes! This thing has not come about in a day. It has not started since the Sam Hose lynching. It is the slow and steady growth of thirty years of negro outrages on white women and girls.

It is said that education at the South is increasing faster among the negroes than among the whites. Is it any wonder? The negro children go to school in perfect freedom and safety all the year round, while the white schools are closed half the time because of a lack of sufficient protection for the children. Is it any wonder that the white men of the rural districts, the landlords and property-owners, who are taxed to educate these negroes, are beginning to fight free schools? and that the Georgia Legislature at its last session cut down the appropriation for education?

. . . . . .

The injustice that is done the South is that the outrages committed by negroes cannot be described in print nor discussed in public, while the lynching of negroes for crime is given in all its horrible details.

The letter from which these extracts are made is, of course, the letter of a partisan, speaking for her own side, yet speaking truthfully as far as she goes. Her words are quoted not to excite animosity towards negroes, nor to excuse lynching, nor to justify oppression, nor to disparage the education of negroes, but to show that there are two sides to the race question in the South, and that the negroes are not the only people who live in apprehension and insecurity. Of course the very bad negroes who are dangerous to women and children are a small minority of their race, but it is averred that when these men commit outrageous crimes the other and better negroes hide them from justice.

There the misery of lynching comes in. Of course negroes hide black criminals from mobs and lynching parties.

About the strongest thing in the world is human nature. It is stronger than law, stronger than argument, stronger than self-interest. In the relations of blacks and whites in the South it shows at every turn. The problem in the South is how to make two races, almost equal in numbers, but unequal in capacity and force, live together in peace on equal terms without merging. If negroes and whites could intermarry, the problem might settle itself faster. The Southern white man says that a black man shall not marry a white woman. That prohibition is, no doubt, at the bottom of most of the cases of negro violence to white women. It is the prohibited thing that unruly passions demand. If the black woman was prohibited to the white man with the same determination that the white woman is prohibited in the South to the black man, no doubt we should oftener hear of white men in Georgia taking to the woods with blood-hounds on their trail.

But of course nothing in these reflections must be interpreted to favor a mixture of blacks and whites as a solution of race troubles. It is a true instinct of self-preservation that leads the Southern white to keep his race separate. It is obviously demoralizing for Southern whites to live with negroes as they do, but if the two races began to merge, what would the end be?

It is all a very big and intricate problem—too big to be settled by mass-meetings in Boston, too big to be settled by emigration or colonization. It will have to be settled in the South, where it is best understood. The best people in the South are the people most competent to deal with it.

IN one particular at least the present position of the Southern negroes is more advantageous than that of the negroes before the war. They can leave the South if they wish to. There is no need of an underground railroad. All that is necessary is for each negro to learn of some place where he will be better off, and provide himself with the money to take him there. If the seven million negroes of the South could be distributed throughout the United States, lynchings would probably cease, for the negro element would not be strong enough anywhere to cause race jealousy or disturb politics. Of course such a distribution is impracticable, but it can be attempted, at least on a small scale. The newspapers tell of the plan of Mr. Perry, a colored lawyer of New York, to start a colored colony on the Peconic River on Long Island. His plan is to buy 3000 acres of land, bring up a picked lot of negroes, and establish a negro community, governed by special rules, and run by negroes for negroes. If such a scheme should be carried out it would be very interesting to watch its progress, but no one who knows anything about the history of attempts to establish exclusive communities of working-people can be very sanguine of its success.

IN the contest in London between the British Sabbath and the American Sunday newspaper, the Sabbath, at last accounts, was a little ahead. The *Daily Mail* and the *Telegraph* lately started Sunday editions, on the American plan, but the *Mail* has since been brought to see the error of its ways and has suspended its Sunday edition, issuing as a sort of substitute an illustrated edition on Saturday. There have long been Sunday newspapers in London, but the *Mail* and *Telegraph* were the first daily papers to start Sunday issues. There is usually a difference between a paper that is issued on Sundays only and the Sunday edition of a daily paper. The latter gives the news, and though it may give much besides, its news is what makes it seem indispensable. The former also gives some news, but not as the daily paper gives it. When the chief daily papers have no Sunday editions, as in London, Monday's paper is bound to record everything of moment that has happened since Saturday; but where all the chief morning papers do have Sunday editions, as in New York, to miss the Sunday papers is to miss one day's record. Consequently persons who object to Sunday newspapers can get along without them very well so long as the great dailies eschew them, but when the great dailies affect them they become much more nearly indispensable. The fight in London, therefore, which opposes the Sunday *Mail* and the Sunday *Telegraph*, but neglects the Sunday *Sun* and other papers issued on Sunday only, is more reasonable than on the surface it appears to be.

IT is never quite convenient to spare a man who really knows his business. Francisque Sarcey was such a person. He knew a great deal about many things, but in particular he knew the business of being a dramatic critic, and practised it to so much purpose that, now that his work is over, he will be seriously missed. He died in Paris on May 15, in his seventy-first year.

Inasmuch as he had the knowledge and felicity to hold and express decided views on a great variety of important subjects, it may be presumed that his life was a happy one. Early in life he began to show exceptional intelligence, and he kept at it very persistently. At school he took many prizes; at Grenoble, where he became a teacher of rhetoric and philosophy, he insisted on practising what he taught, and wrote political articles which caused the government to take away his job.

Then he found employment with Paris *Figaro*, for which he wrote essays, and from that fell into settled literary habits. From 1859 to 1867 he was dramatic critic for *L'Opinion Nationale*, and after that for *Temps*. In the latter paper's service he made the reputation by which he is best known.

He wrote, however, on many subjects besides the stage, and contributed to many papers besides *Temps*. And he was a lecturer, too, and talked as freely as he wrote. His influence as a dramatic critic was very great, and on the whole well founded, for though his likes and dislikes were keen and his prejudices frequent, his capacity was great, and his knowledge exact and ample.

He published a number of books, among them *Étienne Moret*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*, and *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*.

ADMIRAL DEWEY being on his way home, the public mind begins to exercise itself on the question of his reward. Congress has given him high rank and a comfortable salary for life, and will hardly feel authorized to do more. If a fortune is to be provided for him it must be raised, as in former cases, by subscription. At present it is proposed to buy him a house in Washington, and subscription-books have been opened in Washington for that purpose. The national chairman of the fund is Assistant-Secretary Vanderlip of the Treasury Department, United-States-Treasurer Roberts is the treasurer, and the circular inviting subscriptions is signed by them and by General Corbin, Assistant-Secretary Allen of the Navy Department, and Assistant-Postmaster-General Heath.

New York, taking it for granted that the Admiral will come first to her, is considering how he may be adequately received, and the Aldermen have under advisement a resolution to appropriate $150,000 to spend on a hot time in his honor. A good deal of sport can be provided with that much money, though it seems doubtful whether an occasion which so obviously contains within itself the elements of spontaneous festivity really requires so much financial stimulation. An open barouche drawn by four horses, in which the Admiral would consent to be hauled from the Battery to Central Park, is all that is indispensably necessary to one of the biggest shows on record. The people would do the rest. The expenses need not exceed $100, and the remaining $149,900 might be put in a bank subject to the Admiral's order. Thrift of that sort, however, is hardly likely to commend itself to the municipal authorities, who will doubtless be slow to realize that the people will be so interested in seeing George Dewey that they won't care very much whether there is more to the show or not.

At present the *Olympia* is expected home the latter part of July, but she will not hurry, and it will be safer not to predict the date of her arrival until she leaves Gibraltar.

MR. JOHN BONNER, who died on May 5 in San Francisco, was for several years, just after the civil war, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He was born in Quebec in 1828, was graduated from Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, and spent the six following years in Paris, where he studied law and medicine. Coming to New York about 1851, he joined the editorial staff of the *Herald*, and continued in that employment until the close of the war, when he came to the WEEKLY. The list of his books written at that time and published by the Harpers includes *The Child's History of France*, and similar histories of Greece, Rome, Spain, and the United States. Among other of his published works are *A Treatise on the Registry Laws of Canada*, and *The Old Régime of the Revolution*.

The last thirty years of his life he passed in San Francisco, where he became very well known as a newspaper leader writer, being connected first and last with nearly all the prominent newspapers in San Francisco.

THE discussion as to the expediency of ordaining Dr. Briggs as a priest of the Episcopal Church terminated on May 14 in his ordination by Bishop Potter in the procathedral in Stanton Street, New York. Dr. Briggs finding his faith equal to the requirements of the Episcopal Church as set forth in the prayer-book, and being able to offer the proper credentials, the bishop found no reason to deny him ordination. Moreover, he did not receive him passively, or as one constrained by duty, but welcomed him with satisfaction, which he expressed at length in a letter addressed to a layman who had protested against the ordination.

As there was much doubt what the bishop would do, his action has greatly interested the public. To the majority of observers it has given great satisfaction as strengthening the hands of those Christians who believe that their religion has nothing to fear from sound scholarship.

THE undergraduate this spring seems to feel the need of a war or something to give his spirits a vent. The young Presbyterians of Princeton attacked a circus the other day and had a very lively scrimmage, and the untrammelled Baptists of Brown have been scrapping with the firemen and police of the city of Providence. Worse still, there are reports of evil doings and ugliness in college baseball. In a recent match between Princeton and Harvard the fielders of one team kept up a fire of irritating comment in the field on the batsmen of the other team, with the result that a base-runner finally knocked down a catcher. The experts say that intercollegiate baseball manners are not as suave as they should be this year. Too bad! The great, masterful fighting virtues that the undergraduate soldiers developed last year don't seem to be contagious.

A ST. LOUIS magistrate, Judge Peabody, was the hero of a newspaper story which went up and down in the land, to the effect that he favored wife-beating, provided it is done moderately and on suitable grounds. The judge discharged a man who was accused in his court of slapping his wife's face, but he has declared that the newspapers have misquoted him. He denies absolutely that he ever expressed the slightest approval or toleration of corporeal correction of wives by their husbands. He should comfort himself with the thought that though he may have been misrepresented, and so have suffered injustice, the opinions attributed to him have been the means of demonstrating how widespread and deep is the American belief in the right of the gentler sex to gentle treatment. No American newspaper seems ready to admit that any husband is ever excusable in striking his wife.

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW, at last reports, was at St. Malo, France, trying to get over the effects of the war with Spain. It will be recalled that in the early stages of the conflict he wrote from Tampa one or two letters wherein candor and a knowledge of military affairs were more conspicuous than optimism or approval. Returning from there he went to Manila, came back invalided, and for six months has been busy in the effort, not yet wholly successful, to get the memory of the Philippines out of his system. "How trifling," he writes, "is a Mauser bullet compared with a well of bad water or a swampy bed!"

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DRAMA

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN'S production of "Romeo and Juliet" is remarkable, first of all because it is by Mr. Charles Frohman. The theatrical trust, or so-called syndicate, of which he is the greatest part, has long been credited with anything rather than with an interest in the drama as an art. It is charged that in arranging its multifarious commercial enterprises it tyrannously dictates what its actor-servants shall and shall not do, which, aside from its personal unpleasantness, usually forces our best actors to undergo the soul-destroying ordeal of long runs, such as, for example, Mr. John Drew is undergoing in "The Liars," and Miss Maude Adams and Mr. James Hackett have lately undergone in "The Little Minister" and "Rupert of Hentzau." Needless to say, it has up to now quietly given Shaksperean rôles the go-by.

Shakspere and the Syndicate.

The hostile criticism of the syndicate is aptly summarized in an anecdote, emanating, I take it, from the world of player-folk itself, which has been broadly circulated in the metropolis. The anecdote is undoubtedly an invention, but it is vastly more suggestive of the popular esteem of the syndicate than any array of facts. "Since we are going to do 'Juliet,'" Mr. Frohman is said to have said, "I suppose I'll have to read the play. Jones-Robinson, make me a scenario of it." According to the story, Jones-Robinson did, and Mr. Frohman gave it his best attention. "Confound it!" he said, when he had done, clapping his knee, "that's the corkingest play I've found in a dog's age. Why don't some of you fellows that call yourselves playwrights make me something like that?" The anecdote makes it obvious, among other things, that Mr. Frohman knows a good play when he reads the scenario, and that when he knows it, like Squeers of ancient note, he goes and does it. To be sure, it is also said that Mr. Frohman is obliged to play Miss Adams in Shakspere by the terms of his agreement with her, as a recompense for the two years of her young life as an artist which have been just about thrown away on a popular comedy; but that does not alter the fact that the syndicate is in an interesting fix. The ambition and vitality which have made it and its people the leading power in the commercial world, like any other normal and vigorous ambition, have made it sigh for new worlds to conquer. Miss Adams has ceased to be *Lady Babbie* to become *Juliet;* Mr. Faversham has been rescued from "Lord and Lady Algy" to play *Romeo;* and Mr. Hackett has stopped being the double star in "Rupert of Hentzau" to play *Mercutio.* All this makes a great event. The McLean-Tyler-Henford combination, after facing the ordeal of metropolitan halfculture, has apparently abandoned Shakspere; and Madame Modjeska, the greatest Shaksperean actress in America, comes to the metropolis no oftener than once in two years. Even Mr. Augustin Daly, upon whom we had staked our supreme hopes, declined first into musical comedy, and then into Drury Lane melodrama; and he has finally, it seems, abandoned the classics altogether. We can only hope that Jones-Robinson will make Mr. Frohman scenarios of other Shaksperean plays. We feel ourselves justified in predicting that Mr. Frohman will find many of them no less corking than "Romeo."

Shakspere as a Corker.



Campbell Gollan as *Tybalt.* William Faversham as *Romeo.* James K. Hackett as *Mercutio.*

ROMEO INTERRUPTING THE FIGHT BETWEEN *TYBALT* AND *MERCUTIO.*
As acted in Mr. Charles Frohman's Production of the Shaksperean Tragedy.

The arrangement of the play for the stage is ample evidence of the intelligence of the syndicate. The great manager-actor Garrick gave Shakspere the benefit of his knowledge and experience by rewriting the last act so that *Juliet* awakes before *Romeo* dies; and Goethe made a complete revision of the play that long held the German stage; but Mr. Frohman's people, perhaps more wisely, have given Shakspere his say in all essential particulars. Some excision is, of course, necessary. The play was written for a stage that was almost without stage settings; and as the lines were rapidly declaimed, instead of being spoken with an effort at the verisimilitude of life, the whole thing could be got over, as Shakspere tells us in the prologue to *Romeo,* in "two hours' traffic." The fact that Mr. Frohman adheres to Shakspere's ordering of the scenes—I noted but one disarrangement—necessitates fourteen complete changes; but the sets, though adequately rich, are simple, on the whole, and were dexterously shifted. Until our audiences are scholarly enough to see the propriety of staging the play as Shakspere intended (which, I fear, will be never) the production is perhaps the most satisfactory one can look for. The anecdote of the scenario notwithstanding, Mr. Frohman has given his audiences more of the real play of Shakspere than we have been accustomed to see on the boards of the managers who most pride themselves on their scholarship.

Shakspere as he was wrote.



MAUDE ADAMS AS *JULIET.*

The virtues of the acting were what any one familiar with syndicate methods and results could have predicted. Out of his large corps of practised actors Mr. Frohman was able to cast the subordinate parts with extraordinary success; the handling of the crowds, and all the details of stage management, were skilfully executed. A stock company of long standing could scarcely have done better. It was in the principal characters that the production broke down. Mr. Hackett showed intelligence in reading, even in the famous *Queen Mab* speech, perhaps the most difficult bit of sheer elocution in the language; yet the effect was as weak as the intention was firm. Never once did his manner heighten and kindle to the exuberant lines he was uttering, and the jest on which he died showed him a grave man even before he was dead. Mr. Faversham's *Romeo* was less fine and more effective. The defects of his imagination and scholarship are indicated by the fact that in the great scene where he kisses *Juliet* at the masque—a conventional greeting between men and women in Shakspere's time—he first glances covertly about, like a farm boy kissing a dairymaid, to see that no one is looking. It need scarcely be added that of the dreamy, impetuous, passionate *Romeo* of Shakspere one got only the faintest glimmer. Yet, if he imagined less than Mr. Hackett, he achieved more. In the main his *Romeo* was commanding and vigorous. The part stands out from the rest for its simplicity and consistency.

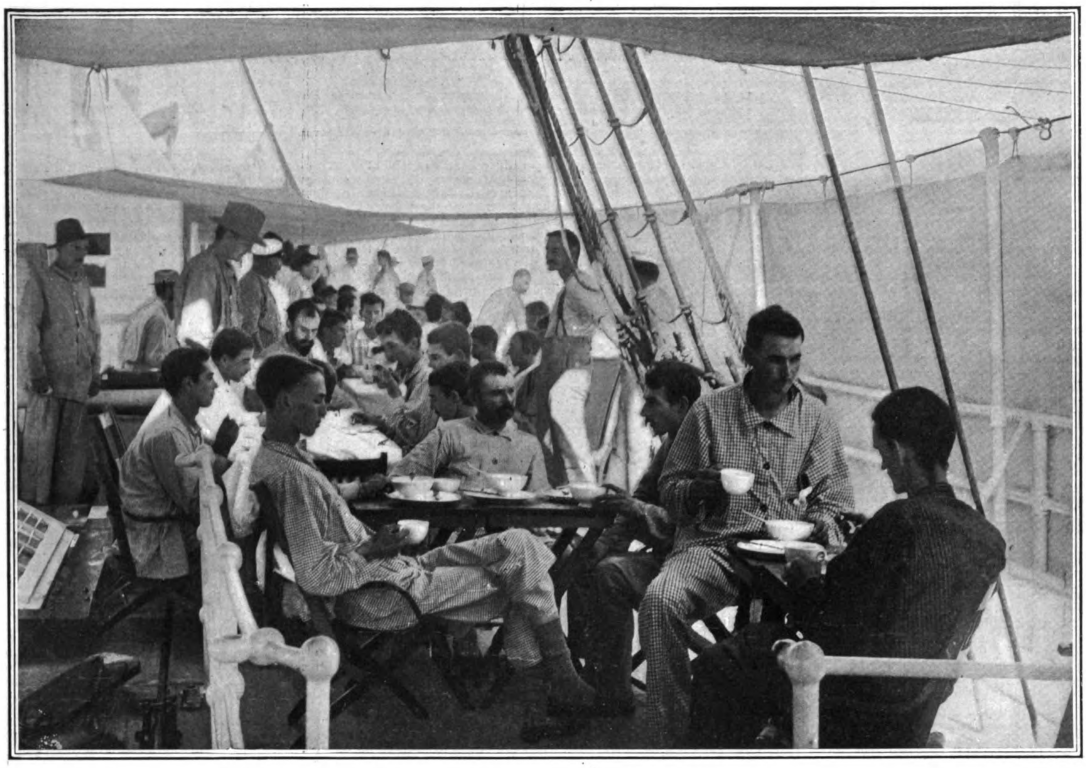
Romeo of Broadway.

Miss Adams's *Juliet* has raised a battle royal among the critics. One party would have us take it with reverence and bated breath as a new and original reading; if it is not passionate and rhetorical, they say, it is girlish, arch, and naturalistic. Let us grant that it is right enough to read Shakspere in the light of the ruling stage convention, which just now is for naturalism; but are we justified in treating the lines as anything else than lines? When Shakspere meant his words to be spoken merely, he wrote them as prose, and no dramatist has ever known how to write prose better. At her worst Miss Adams gives us a mere mumble, and even when the words can be distinguished their suppleness and fluency are lost, to say nothing of their poetic fervor. And if Miss Adams is intentionally rendering the part more than usually girlish, why does she make *Juliet* sixteen years old, when Shakspere was at pains to describe her as fourteen? Her rendering, far from being an intellectual creation, has every appearance of being determined by her histrionic limitations. Her masque is as unsuited to a great poetic part as it is suited to *Lady Babbie.* Lacking the elements of plastic beauty and grace, it is so mobile that, apparently without her willing it, it runs through all shadings of archness, ingenuousness, and tenderness. When *Juliet* breathes out those supreme lines of passion from an Italian balcony, she has little cause to be arch; when she appeals to *Friar Laurence* in his cell, one scarcely looks for ingenuousness; and it is hardly a tender *Juliet* that drinks the potion. The womanhood of Shakspere's *Juliet* is of a different kind. From the moment the great passion is awakened it moves with the breadth and sweep of a cosmic force; its utterance steeps our senses in the soft Italian moonlight, and tunes them to the singing of the nightingale, and it is pure with the purity of elemental fire. And over all—the first sweet awakening and the last solace of death—an inexorable fate is brooding. Real as *Juliet* is in characterization, her life has more of the movement of a dream than that of any other of Shakspere's heroines; and until an actress masters the great movement of this dream poem the resources of naturalism are out of the question. It is sad to remember that the *Juliet* of Miss Marlowe—who is now throwing herself away on "Colinette"—was strong and true where Miss Adams is inadequate, and that the *Romeo* of Mr. Robert Tabor, whose talent, unappreciated here, has been welcomed in England, was rich and virile where Mr. Faversham's is dull.

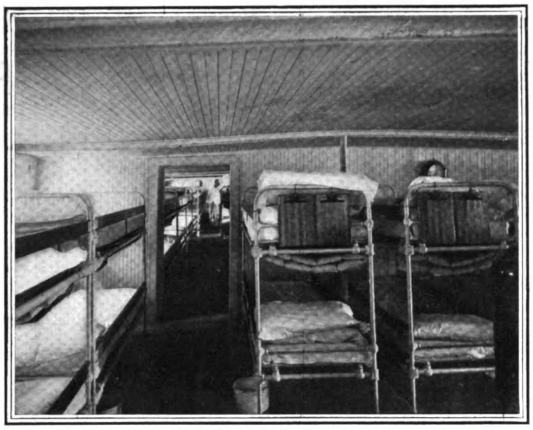
Juliet as Miss Adams.

The critics of the second faction find that Miss Adams is the victim of an overweening ambition, and exhaust their vocabularies of personal abuse on her. A plague o' both their houses! Lacking as the performance is in authority, it rises here and there to unexpected heights. The quick birth of *Juliet's* passion has seldom been rendered better—the suspense, the fear, the joy, and the final abandonment are plainly denoted, and mingle in a turmoil of rioting emotion; and though this first moment is Miss Adams's best, the performance throughout is regulated by unerring purity of taste and feeling. If *Juliet* is lacking, it is much that we have Miss Adams! The burst upon burst of applause that greeted the first performance was plainly an expression of personal affection and loyalty. Among English-speaking people, whose appreciation of the actor's art is always meagre, it is inevitable that the personal charm of the performer should be considered before his skill; but the fact remains that we have Miss Adams, and that her public has accepted her in a Shaksperean rôle. More than this, the gentlemen who hold the present fortunes of our theatre in their hands are convinced that "Shakspere" does not necessarily spell ruin, even with a metropolitan audience. Until we have a subscription theatre such as Mr. William Archer has described, there could be no more hopeful sign than Miss Adams's success, such as it is, in her great ambition. JOHN CORBIN.

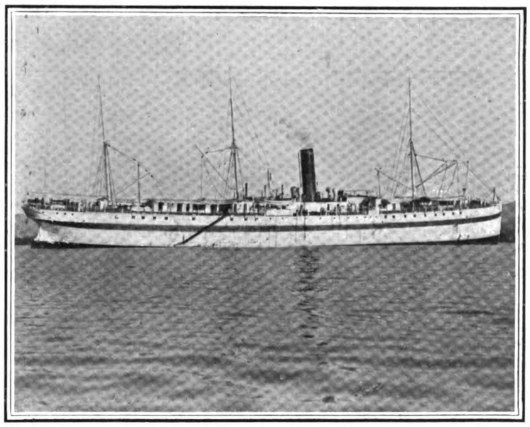
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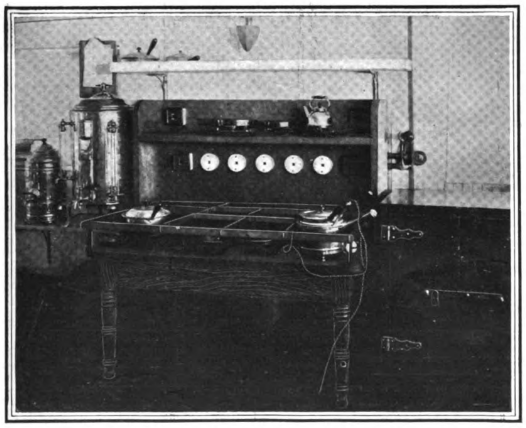
CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS LUNCHING ON DECK.



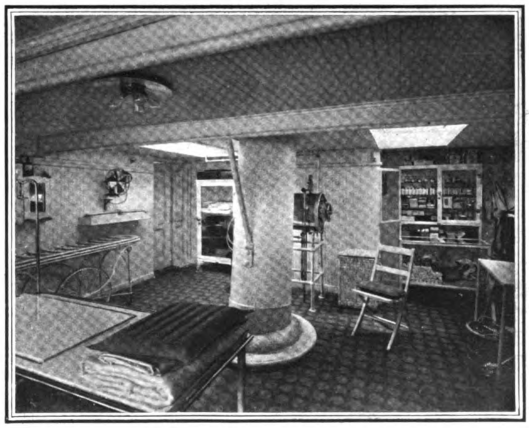
THE CONTAGIOUS WARD.



THE "MISSOURI" AT SANTIAGO.



ONE OF THE ELECTRIC KITCHENS PRESENTED BY MISS HELEN GOULD.



A CORNER IN THE OPERATING-ROOM.

THE UNITED STATES SHIP "MISSOURI"—THE FIRST AND ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUR HOSPITAL VESSELS.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

IX.

HAVANA GRAVE AND GAY—GENERAL GARCIA'S FUNERAL, AND THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE CARNIVAL

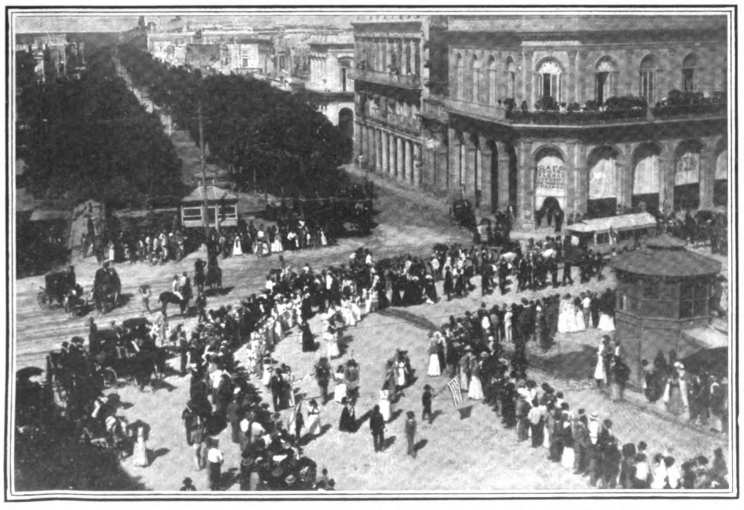
TWO important events occurred practically within twenty-four hours in Havana in the early part of February that were so wide in their contrasts and yet so typical of the temperament of the people that their story should be told together in order to reveal their full significance. One was the funeral of General Calixto Garcia, and other events immediately associated with it, some of which have become known only in part in the United States, and the other was the first Sunday of the carnival under American rule. The funeral occurred on Saturday, February 11, and the carnival was held the next day. The funeral was characterized by evidences of profound public mourning. A scene occurred also which I believe to have been of far-reaching importance, and it developed at once into an excitement such as I have never seen in any part of the United States. The carnival was characterized by such boisterousness and hilarity, and such a waste of flour at a time when thousands within the city and within easy reach of the city had no food except what was given out at public relief stations, that the American sentinels who paraded in solemn tread up and down the promenade of the Prado, and the hundreds of Americans who came out to see the show, looked on in open-eyed amazement. And in the eyes of the Cubans it was not much of a carnival, either. Both events were picturesque and typical.

The moment that the booming of the guns in salute announced the arrival of the remains of General Garcia, on an American man-of-war, thousands upon thousands of Cuban and American flags appeared at half-mast on flagstaffs and roofs and in arches and windows. In a twinkling it seemed as if the old pro-Spanish city of Havana had become a Cuban stronghold. It had been supposed that there was little sympathy there with the Cuban cause, and that although Spanish rule had ended, the people were still hostile to the idea of Cuban independence. The elaborate display of bunting intertwined with black, from the palatial residences of the rich and the hovels of the poor, seemed to indicate either a complete conversion of the people in patriotic sentiment or a profound testimonial to the personal worth of General Garcia, or perhaps both. In an alleyway scarcely one hundred feet long, and lined with mere shanties, I counted no less than thirteen Cuban and American flags at half-mast—flags that must have varied in cost from twenty-five cents to five dollars.

The city was stirred tremendously by the arrival of the remains. The city authorities had made arrangements for a public funeral, and for the body to lie in state two days in the Governor-General's palace. Far into the night the crowds swarmed about the palace in the effort to view the body. It was placed in the room where the city council meets. The walls were lined with black with gilt spangles, and hundred of artificial flower pieces, with purple and white and red ribbons and rosettes attached, filled the adjacent rooms. Some of the best known residents and officials of the city and some of the recognized women leaders of the highest society sat in a room adjacent to the remains, while the people, in single file, streamed through, hour after hour. Out in the street the people fought madly for places in the line. Women of refinement were pushed about in the crowds, and their clothing trampled upon. The hoarse shouts of the American soldiers as they beat back the crowds were mingled with the cries of alarm from women and children. All wagon and carriage traffic was stopped within three blocks of the palace. Hundreds of the ladies of Havana, those who are seldom seen outside of their homes except at night, and then only in carriages on their way to some social or other function of importance, drove as near as they could, and then walked the rest of the way to the palace, where they had to fight for places in the line that was filing past the body, which was guarded by a detail of armed Cuban soldiers. It was a time of deep public mourning, and it was the disposition of the United States authorities to leave the manifestation of public grief and public sentiment in the complete control of the people of the city, so far as possible.

The arrangements for the funeral had been completed, practically, when General Brooke, as Military Governor of the island, received orders from Washington to give the remains burial honors fitting the rank of General Garcia. There was nothing left for General Brooke to do but to offer a soldier's hearse—an army caisson—and to attend with his staff, and with the other generals of the United States army near by and their staffs, and a proper escort, as representatives of the great American nation in military control of the island. It is worthy of special note that all our generals near Havana did attend personally, instead of sending representatives. The committee in charge of the event had arranged places for the hundreds of societies that wished to have places in the line, and, to all appearances, every detail had been looked after carefully. The procession was to move soon after one o'clock in the afternoon, on its way to the great Colon Cemetery, where the heroes of the *Maine* lie buried, three miles out of town—a beautiful cemetery on a hill, from whose gates a splendid view of the Atlantic Ocean in the distance may be obtained. All business in the city was suspended. The societies, the military, the city officials and church dignitaries, went to their assigned places in the narrow streets, and thousands flocked to the plaza in the centre of town, known as Central Park. There was a noticeable delay in starting the procession, but soon after two o'clock the dirges of the bands were heard and the horsemen clearing the streets came into view. Half a dozen companies of the Tenth regular infantry were drawn up on one side of the plaza, and their regimental band mingled its strains of mourning music with those that were in the procession.

The people stood silent in crowds. Every window and balcony was filled. There were long lines of civilians carrying banners and artificial flowers, with streamers, on which some sentiment of mourning and of honor to Garcia had been printed in gilt letters. What was the chief surprise to Americans was to see thousands of women and girls in the parade. They had numerous societies of their own. They were smart in their gowns. Some wore hats, some wore mantillas, some carried sunshades or fans, but the majority were bareheaded. They carried their banners high in the air, and held their artificial floral tributes up to full view. That part of the procession reminded one of the annual Sunday-school parade in Brooklyn. The procession moved at a very slow pace. There were scores of men in tall hats and evening dress; priests stepped along sedately with heads uncovered, and their white or black gowns trailing in the street; American cavalry and artillery clattered and rumbled along, with that marked spirit of strict attention to duty that characterizes the regular soldier everywhere; American generals and their staffs rode or drove by; city officials and university professors were on foot; showy hearses with lackeys in gorgeous uniforms, and escorts burning torches, rolled by, filled with floral tributes; the coffin on the army caisson, and draped with the Cuban flag, made a severe and simple show, such as befitted the occasion; and then there were the volunteer firemen in their showy uniforms, followed by a long line of empty carriages at the rear of the procession. It was an imposing spectacle of public grief and respect to a dead chieftain on the part of a demonstrative and sentimental people.



CUBAN SOCIETIES PARADING AT GENERAL GARCIA'S FUNERAL.
View down the Prado. Morro Castle in the distance.

To those of the spectators near the Central Park it became evident that there was something wrong. The procession had come to a halt, and soon files of Cuban soldiers with arms reversed were seen to be walking rapidly on either side of the carriages containing the American generals and their staffs, as if to overtake the caisson with the body, and to march beside it or near it. Then a young Cuban officer ran by, and in a few minutes the Cuban soldiers were seen coming back to the square, after which they disappeared. No more Cuban soldiers were seen in the parade at any time that afternoon. The withdrawal was a mystery to all the spectators, but the people were so taken up with the procession that almost no attention was paid to it at the time. It was a fine show to see the civilians—men, women, and children—parading the streets. Intense interest marked the appearance of the cavalry escort—the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment—dusty and dirty from a long ride into town from Vedado, every man sitting his thick-coated and sweaty horse with the ease and unconcern of a cowboy, and yet maintaining strict and careful military alignment. The rumbling guns of two batteries of American light artillery fascinated the people who a few months before had been face to face with the horrors of war. The seven hearses, one of which was said to have cost $9000, loaded with flowers, and decorated with golden angels and crosses and other religious emblems, and accompanied by flunkies in scarlet and gold, some of the men burning torches, made a show that interested the people, who were used to seeing only one gorgeous hearse even at a grand funeral. The simplicity of the funeral car, the lack of ostentation on the part of the American military authorities, the appearance of General Fitzhugh Lee with his staff on horseback, all made a striking contrast with the showy volunteer firemen, who appeared next in line by the hundreds. Most of these firemen had been members of the volunteer soldiery, the bitterest enemies to the Cuban cause—enemies whom even the "Butcher" Weyler seemed to fear and to be unable to control. They marched behind Garcia's body, however, and with their heavy helmets, rubber boots, red shirts, and axes of every description and of forbidding shapes, accomplished the end which seems to be dearest to the heart of the Havana volunteer fireman, namely, securing unusual public attention. They strode with far-reaching steps, and refused to be hurried, although a gap between them and that part of the procession preceding them of nearly a quarter of a mile had been opened. Then came the empty carriages to bring back to town some of those who had walked. There had been so much to look at that it was not strange that the absence of the Cuban soldiers and certain civilians, known as members of the Cuban Military Assembly, had not been noticed generally. At the cemetery the man who was to have delivered the oration was absent, and, to add to the surprise, a squad of American soldiers fired the last salute and an American bugler blew taps. Then most of those present knew that something really was wrong.

Before those who had been in the funeral procession had reached town again it became known that there had been a scene at the funeral. Excitable Cuban officers were gesticulating in cafés about town, and loud denunciations of Governor-General Brooke were heard on all sides. What had General Brooke done? asked many Americans. The Cubans said that he had insulted the Cuban Assembly; that he had permitted his cavalry to drive them from their place in line; that he had been brusque to their committee; that he had caused all Cubans who had any self-respect, and who remembered the treatment of Garcia at Santiago, to leave the procession and to withdraw from any participation in the funeral. They declared that he was a monster, an ingrate, and that if President McKinley did not call him home—well, the President had better watch out. After much ado the Americans got the story out of the Cuban delegates who had withdrawn. They said that they had been assigned to follow directly behind the body of Garcia. There were less than forty of them, but they represented what government the Cuban revolutionary party had been able to form. Havana was always hostile to them, but to have been made the chief mourners in the parade would have given them a political distinction which in the eyes of the impressionable people would have had a tremendous effect. They learned, they said, that General Brooke was to participate in the parade, and the committee had asked them if they would not yield their place in the line to General Brooke as the official representative of the great American people. They said they would, but to General Brooke only, and as a favor. When the procession was formed they fell in behind General Brooke's carriage. They interpreted the order to fall in behind General Brooke literally—behind his physical presence. They were ordered out of there, they said, so as to give way to Brooke's staff, after a committee had gone to the general and asked him if he wished his staff to crowd them out of their places, and he had most rudely said that his staff belonged with him, and with him it should go. According to their story they had swallowed this insult for the sake of Garcia, at whose death-bed in Washington some of them had stood. Then there came a troop of American cavalry, and they drove right up behind the staffs of American generals in the carriages and ordered the Cuban Assembly out of the way. The procession started, and the members of the Assembly filed along on either side of the cavalry, and attempted to drop in between the horsemen and the generals. The cavalrymen drove their horses on the sidewalk, they said, and cut off this flank movement, and so they not only withdrew, but ordered every Cuban soldier out of the procession, and the Cuban soldiers, who numbered fewer than four hundred, had obeyed them. The fact that the Cuban soldiers had obeyed them to a man, they said, was at least some satisfaction, and they were proud of it.

That was the story they told, and that night about nine

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o'clock it seemed to have confirmation. An evening newspaper got out an extra, printed only on one side of the paper, purporting to give a full story of the row. It denounced General Brooke fiercely. The newsboys dashed into the cafés, flung their papers right and left, and then collected their money afterwards. In a flash there were hundreds of groups on the sidewalks, in the centre of each of which was a man reading in a loud voice what the extra contained. In less than half an hour the town was in an uproar, and seemed to rock with excitement. The one refrain was that General Brooke must go. The Assembly itself met and ordered an investigation of General Brooke's conduct, with much presumption, and with the intention of ultimately sending a committee to Washington to tell the President that General Brooke's insults could not be tolerated. I have never seen a more excited populace. It seemed as if violence must break out on all sides. It made the Americans angry to hear the President and their representatives in Cuba denounced. After inquiry they soon found that there was gross exaggeration in the stories. Then their wrath arose in sundry places. One American whose ardent loyalty challenged my admiration took a couple of the members of the Cuban Assembly to task in these words:

"How dare you insult the American people who made you free? Do you really want Brooke to go? Then send your committee to Washington and see what you'll get. Do you know what you did to-day? You abandoned on the street the body of your chief—you who were present, some of you at least, at his death-bed—and left it to the American army to give it decent burial. Shame on you! Suppose even that it was true that General Brooke did insult you! Why didn't you endure it for the sake of poor Garcia, and then make a row afterward? You have committed political suicide to-day. Do you suppose that the American people will consent that the government of this island shall be turned over to you, who show such a lack of self-restraint, who act like children? Mark my word! The days of the Cuban Assembly are numbered."

And it was true. I had been favorably impressed with several of the delegates to the Assembly up to that time. Their high-sounding assertions of praise for Americans and profound convictions of their own ability for self-government had made a distinct impression upon me. I still think that many of them were honest, pure-minded, and patriotic. But one could not escape the conviction after that Garcia episode that they were not capable of self-restraint, to say nothing of self-government; and then, when other Cubans, men who had been ardent revolutionists, and whose sincerity could not be doubted, declared, as hundreds of them did, that the Cuban Assembly was chiefly a band of political adventurers out for the spoils and the honors of office, the conviction became irresistible that if self-government was to come for Cuba it must be through some other agency than that of the Cuban Assembly. The soundness of that conviction has since been verified.

The charges against General Brooke were all untrue. At first I thought that perhaps he might have lacked tact—he has a soldier's bluntness—and that with a word he could have straightened out any difficulty. "If he had only been polite to us," said one of the Cuban leaders, "we should have forgiven all else. The Cuban asks politeness, whether there is sincerity in it or not." To give the facts in the matter, let me tell what General Brooke said to me about it, and although it was said in a conversation not intended for publication, I am sure that the general will not object if I use his words in writing on this subject.

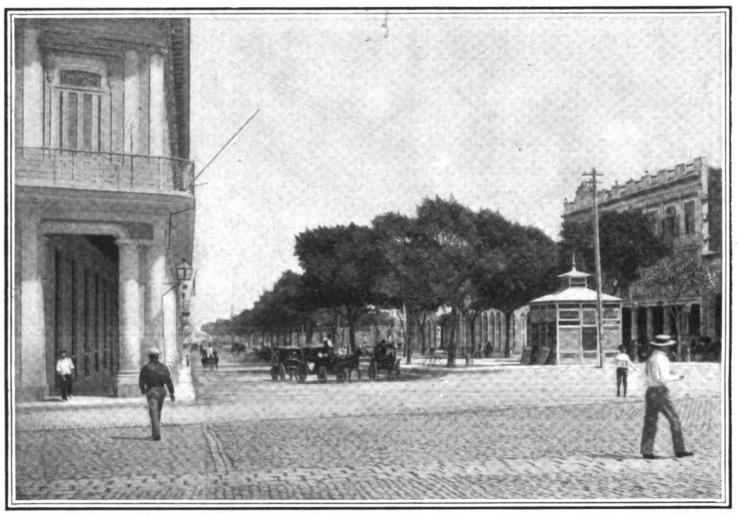
"All arrangements," he said, "had been made for the funeral when I received orders to see that Garcia's remains should have funeral honors befitting his rank. There was nothing for me to do, unless I should overturn all the arrangements, but to offer a soldier's hearse—a caisson—and to notify the committee that I should attend the funeral with my staff. I made no request for any place in the line, and was quite content to go where I was assigned. Just before the procession started I met young Garcia, and asked him, through my interest in him, where his place and that of his relatives was in the line. He said that it was quite some distance behind that of myself and the other representatives of the American army. I said to him: 'That is not right. Your place to-day is directly behind your father's body. That is your place by every right on such an occasion. Send word to the committee that I am unwilling to have you go elsewhere. It is my wish that you, not I, should be next to your father's body.' That was the only positive direction I gave in reference to the funeral. It was obeyed. I was sitting in my carriage, shielded from the sun as much as possible, because I was not feeling well, and General Chaffee was with me. A man who looked as if he might be a committee-man came to the carriage, and asked me if I wanted my escort to go directly behind me. 'I have no escort,' I said. He asked me if it was my wish that my staff should go with me, and I said it was, because that was the proper place, and the man went away. He did not tell me who he was or why he asked. He gave me no hint at all of any difficulty, and I knew nothing of any dissatisfaction until it was all over. I saw the Cuban soldiers leaving the procession, but inasmuch as I was not in charge in any sense, and was only a guest, I made no effort to find out the cause. It did not occur to me to investigate the reason for any move made in the procession, and why should it?"

The cavalrymen behind General Brooke were an escort, it was said, to General Lee, who, with his staff, rode last in the assignment of the American officers, and did not seem to bother himself about questions of precedence. His appearance even at a funeral was the occasion of a demonstration such as stirred one's blood. He was not far behind the coffin, and he made an effort not to notice the cries and shouts of "Lee!" "Lee!" "Lee!" but the dignified and constrained short bows that he made finally simply endeared him the more to the populace. It was a revelation to the newly arrived Americans of the wonderful hold General Lee has on the affections of the masses in Havana. The people could not restrain their shouts even at Garcia's funeral. No one else was cheered.

Of course the feeling against General Brooke ended in smoke. In less than four days the same Cuban Assembly passed a vote of thanks to him for his part in the Garcia funeral, and for the honors paid to Garcia. He also received letters that if printed would have caused surprise at the fickleness of that body which presumed to demand that it be allowed to govern the island of Cuba in the name of the people.

Thus ended an exciting and important incident in the unfolding of new events for Cuba. Writing at this day, as I recall the funeral, three living figures stand out in memory. One was a girl about seventeen years old, marching alone in the procession. Her gown was of broad blue and white stripes. Her bodice was of red with a large white star on her chest. On her head was a Liberty cap made of the Cuban colors. She typified Cuban hopes and national aspirations. Another figure was that of a little boy, not more than eight years old. He was in the uniform of a Cuban officer, and he swung a deadly machete with a fierceness of mien that showed that the war fever was in the blood of the children, indicative of the condition of affairs to be expected in the future. The other figure was Fitzhugh Lee, the popular idol of the people, to whom, as a living embodiment of American sentiment, the gratitude of a freed people went out.

Then came the carnival. The flags that had been at half-mast for Garcia were raised to tops of poles, and the emblems of mourning were removed bright and early. Havana, still greatly excited, did not seem to know whether there would be any carnival. The condition of the people was hysterical rather than joyous. The sky was overcast, and in the afternoon a few raindrops fell. By three o'clock the only sign of a carnival was a long row of chairs for rent placed along the promenade of the Prado. About four o'clock a child of four, looking as if she might be Mrs. Tom Thumb over again, escorted by her proud father and dressed in a gown that had a long sweeping train, walked down the Prado promenade, flirting her fan vigorously and talking vivaciously as she bent her little head with its powdered hair from right to left. That was a sign that there was going to be some kind of a carnival. Then came a United States army wagon loaded with the witnesses to a murder committed the night before. An American officer driving a tandem next appeared on the street. Soon a dog-cart containing two masked women drove down the Prado, and disappeared, as if ashamed at the lonely show it made. Then there came a wagon drawn by two mules in tandem. The wagon was full of laughing children. The chairs along the street were now filled, and the promenade was almost crowded. The American sentries looked on with curious interest as they kept up their slow deliberate step of patrol. Soon private carriages began to appear. The bridles of the horses were decorated with red, white, and blue rosettes, the first significant hint of the new order of things in Havana. Smart Cuban horsemen on beautiful ponies appeared here and there, and then dashed away on side streets. It was evident that Havana wanted to have a carnival, and had sent out advance-scouts to see if any one was coming out.



THE PRADO, HAVANA'S GREAT SHOW STREET—THE SCENE OF THE CARNIVAL.

The decision was favorable, and after half past four o'clock the carriages were seen to be coming toward the famous street of Havana in throngs. All the balconies were crowded, and in front of the Sport Club and the United States Club and a saloon down at the foot of the street, where the drivers and riders turned, there were groups of men and boys, whose expressions told that there was mischief afoot. A girl in white drove a beautiful high-stepper all alone. A spirited team of bays, driven by a woman who was proud of her skill, but whose husband sat on a back seat ready to seize the reins, made a fine figure dashing up and down. Here and there little streamers of paper trailed out behind in tangled confusion as the carriages sped along. The dignified people of the town were out in vehicles that had been stored away since the war began, and entire families in this way made the circuit of the Prado several times. All the women and girls had their hair powdered and wore their prettiest summer gowns. The men sat with them as if they were out simply to protect the gentler sex. There was no disorder, and it looked as if the affair was to be simply a driving and riding show. The smart horseback riding of the young Cuban men was a pretty spectacle of itself. Occasionally a bonbon would be thrown from a balcony, and there were recognitions and bows on all sides. It was a very sedate affair. The war had sobered Havana.

But at five o'clock the street had become almost furious with the whirl of carriages and horsemen. The horses were steaming and flecked with foam. Some of the men who were riding in victorias began to bend over to look after certain mysterious packages in their vehicles. One of them gave a peculiar look as he rounded the end of the Prado, and forthwith twenty young men arose from their chairs in front of a saloon and brown-paper missiles were hurled at the man in the carriage. They went straight to the mark, broke over him, and a great white cloud filled the air, and shouts of laughter were heard hundreds of yards away. The bombardment had begun. It was mimic war. The clouds of flying flour were the smoke of battle. A commotion arose in front of the Sport Club. Hundreds ran toward it. Half a dozen young horsemen were seen to be approaching. They halted; then they spurred their horses on at racing speed, bent low in their saddles, and were pelted with flour as they rushed by like the wind. Another bombardment broke out at the United States Club. Havana was itself again. The floating particles of flour filled the air and whitened the clothes of the spectators. The dignified families drove off the street to avoid trouble. The bombardments increased, and soon the entire street was filled with a shrieking, laughing populace enjoying the sight of horsemen and carriages tearing madly up and down, and men on horseback and in carriages covered from head to foot with splashes of flour. The flying ribbons swirled in confusion behind the carriages, and daring children dashed out to catch them, only to be rescued by soldiers or pedestrians from danger and death, as the excited horses rushed by, practically beyond control. Volley after volley, single shot after single shot, went whirling through the air, and now and then the hurlers of the ammunition had to wait for the atmosphere to clear so as to see the flying targets. Men in the carriages began to stand up and pelt one another as they raced side by side. It was no carnival of flowers, such as Nice presents, nor of floats, such as New Orleans exhibits with pride. It was a carnival of the most boisterous kind of hilarity, with confetti and bonbons soon exhausted, and with packages of flour as the only missiles in a city where there were thousands of persons who would have starved except for the care and generosity of the American government. And the strangest part of it all was to see the American army sentinels marching sedately up and down with their rifles on their shoulders, for the first time part of a unique show in a foreign land.

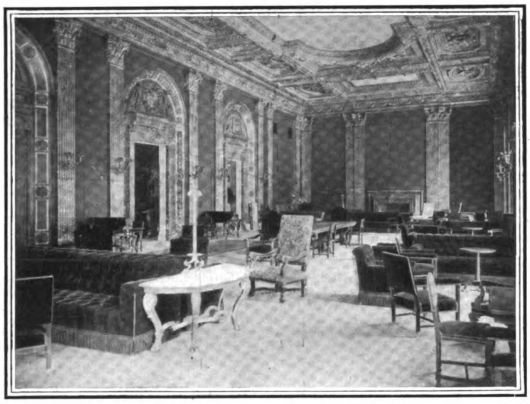
At 5.15 o'clock the fun ran riot. The horses were becoming tired. They and their drivers and riders had become transformed into white apparitions. Even the leaves of the trees became powdered, and then the people, their sides aching with laughter, began to go home. Raindrops pattered down upon the throng, electric lights began to splutter, the long beams of the Morro Castle light shot up the Prado and out to sea, and then, as the noise and confusion lessened, the strains of a band were heard. The music came from a stately building at the foot of the Prado, and the players, dressed in white uniforms, were in the corridor behind stout iron bars, but close to the street, and in full view of the pedestrians. It was the convict band in the state prison that was playing, and its members were in high feather as they realized that they too were part of the show. No music was ever gayer than that which they played, and as its strains floated out upon the street, and as little Mrs. Tom Thumb swished her way along, and all the other pedestrians turned to go home, and the drivers and riders began to thin out, with the flickering lights dancing upon the heads and faces of pinched and starving people and ghostlike participants in the activities of the hilarious carnival of half an hour, the Americans who had been out to see the show shook their heads in amazement, while the imperturbable sentries resumed their duty of keeping the peace in a foreign land. Garcia had been buried only twenty-four hours before, the fever of riot had been in the blood of the masses, but the carnival had come, and Havana had forgotten all about bloodshed and mutiny, and in the evening came out to see the children play ring-around-a-rosy in the public square, to the music of a local band, and beneath the shadow of the statue of Queen Isabella, since removed.

Havana grave and gay! Havana mutinous and hilarious! Havana always hysterical!

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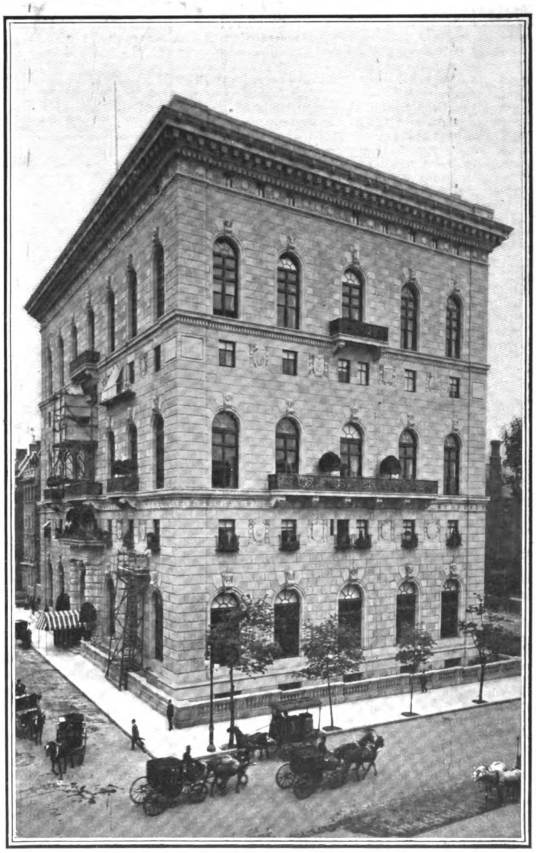
THE BANQUET-HALL, OR GENERAL DINING-ROOM.



THE GENERAL LOUNGING-ROOM.



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THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

THE NEW HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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The University Club

THE history of the University Club was outlined in the WEEKLY dated May 8, 1897; its national importance, also, as a centre for college men from all parts of the country, and a place of meeting for men of all colleges, has been already emphasized. In connection with the installation of the club in its new building, it seems opportune to note fresh indications of vitality in the policy to which we referred two years ago. Mr. James W. Alexander, president of the club, recently expressed his ambition for the development of the work of the club, saying that it should more than ever before seek to maintain close relations with the universities of the country and exert an influence in educational matters; that it should elect to honorary membership leading *savants* of the world —perhaps one each year—and that it should entertain in its new home distinguished guests of the nation.

Our present purpose is to convey a just idea, with the aid of the illustrations on the opposite page, of the chief features of the interior arrangement and decoration.

The interior as well as the exterior has been planned to express the three leading uses of the club. On the first floor are "living" rooms — the lounging-room, the central hall, and the café—and of course the office, reception and cloak rooms. The second floor is entirely devoted to the library and such ancillary apartments as the magazine-room, writing-room, and (remote as possible from the latter) a room in which conversation is permitted. On the third floor is the banquet-hall or main dining-room, strangers' dining-room, and the council-room, which will also be used for state dinners.

Each of these three great stories is twenty-five feet in height, while the banquet-hall, by encroaching upon the floor above, secures an altitude of thirty-four feet. Between the large divisions are mezzanine stories, about ten feet high, devoted to bedrooms, and each of the twenty-five-foot stories is again subdivided at the back of the building to provide for smaller and less important rooms, such as card and smoking rooms, superintendent's apartments, servants' quarters, etc. Immediately under the roof, in a story lighted by little windows which look out upon the world from the shadow of the great overhanging cornice, are private dining-rooms, of which three are so arranged that they can be thrown together, to provide for the comfortable entertainment of a hundred persons or more, on the occasion of college feasts. Above all is an *azotea* of such admirable proportions and commanding such a superb view that it is in imminent danger of being called the "Roof Garden." But not even that name can prevent one from seeing, on the north, Central Park's green acres, and the white domes of Columbia and Grant's Tomb beyond, and, still beyond, the Palisades; nor can that name make a poor commonplace of the little houses and dwarfed churches of a narrow Fifth Avenue, as one turns southward to overlook shrunken miles of the city's buildings, tapering to a point, which New York Harbor defines with a mere band of color.

A pavilion in the centre of this *azotea* is for the benefit of guests who need a partial shelter, while the larger portion of the flat roof is entirely open. During the summer months one will have his choice of dining in the fresh air or in the rooms which have been mentioned, and the kitchen occupies a central position between the places where the various meals will be served —a half-flight above the large dining-room and one full flight below the roof. Flowers and shrubs will be used to decorate the *azotea*, and vines will be trained on the lattice-work which surrounds the pavilion.

Passing rapidly from one extreme to the other, with a sense of incongruity which we make no effort to conceal from the reader, we give our attention to several characteristic features in the basement. Arrangements are found here by which perfect ventilation may be secured even independently of the windows, large and small; for here are placed three great blowers, which force in fresh air and distribute it through all the more or less honorable parts of the building, while electric fans on the roof are not less serviceable in exhausting the foul air. In the basement are also bowling-alleys and shuffleboards, and a completely equipped Roman bath, with its hot-air room and steam-room, and a plunge twenty feet wide by fifty feet long, and from five to seven feet deep.

Now that we have indicated the uses of the rooms, it is decidedly worth while to retrace our steps in order to note details of the decoration—the work of sincere artists, in which, as in a well-written book, every line has meaning.

From the glare of the street one comes almost immediately into the colonnade of Irish marble, which we have referred to as the central hall. The monoliths of this beautiful Connemara stone, in which shades of green are varied and vivid as in spring foliage, weigh about six tons each. The bases of the columns are of white Norwegian marble; the capitals of bronze. The floor of this hall is of white Italian marble, with inlaid colored panels. The walls are of crushed marble—this material being made into a paste and applied like plaster or cement—decorated with panels of three colors, and polished *ad unguem*. Over the doors leading to the office and the lounging-room Roman eagles of antique design may seem to blend suggestions of modern patriotism and of that part of the learning of the ancient world which contains the story of a famous experiment in imperialism; it is more in point, however, to say that this design accords with the Roman-Doric style of the hall. The entablature is distinctly Roman. The great lounging-room extends along the full length of the Fifth Avenue front—one hundred feet—and is forty feet wide and twenty-five feet high. Here the doorways and the fireplaces at each end are of Numidian marble; the wood-work of Italian walnut; the walls hung with old-red velvet. In style this room belongs to the Italian Renaissance, the gorgeous ceiling being a typical product. An effective contrast is offered by the café, a pretty example of the style of Louis XVI.

On the library floor the central hall is Pompeiian, and one finds himself confronted by statues of Cæsar Augustus and Demosthenes under an Ionic colonnade. The library proper is divided into alcoves, stairways in the piers which form these alcoves leading to a gallery, and thus giving access to books on the higher shelves, perhaps. At any rate, provision has been made, and wisely, for twice as many volumes as the club now owns; and if the hopes of the literary contingent are realized, this collection of books, already large, will become truly admirable. In each alcove are a table and an electric lamp, while two smaller rooms at the ends of the library will be used as studies. Including the studies, this room extends along the full width of the building on the Fifty-fourth Street side, and is one hundred and forty feet by thirty-four. Its expression must of course depend upon features which are not yet installed—even upon the arrangement of the books and the complete decoration of the walls; but the effect at present is uncommonly agreeable, and the student's natural preference in regard to a library — that each section of it should have individuality and distinction — will, we assume, be consulted. The division of the room into alcoves or bays is the first step; and the idea is accentuated in the ceiling, for over each bay is a groined arch, and in the centre a dome. Communicating with the library is the magazine-room, in which periodicals will be kept. Here, as in all of the public rooms, one is aware of the architects' studious regard for the propriety, as well as the beauty and originality, of the design. The ceiling in this case is what is technically known as a barrel-vault with penetrations. Not a small element in the sense of variety, the surprise and interest, which enhance one's enjoyment, may be ascribed to the treatment of the ceilings. The walls of the magazine-room, and, indeed, those of the central halls on the two lower floors, are painted by Elmer E. Garnsey, well known for his work on the Congressional Library and the World's Fair buildings. In the conversation-room, the only one in this part of the building not to quiet vowed, the walls are hung in damask and the wood-work is of English oak.

On the library mezzanine is the pipe-room, a square chamber containing a fireplace faced with Dutch tiles. Pipe-smoking was not allowed in the former club-house; this snug corner was secured as a concession to younger members when the plans for removal were under discussion, and if it be regarded as an entering-wedge, it is apparently driven into an obdurate sort of wood, for the pipe-room is lined with oak. The card-room is on the same floor.

The central hall on the dining-story is finished in dark oak; the floor is of Verona marble, with a border of Istrian stone. From this hall we pass into a room which is directly above the library and of the same size, except that it is thirty-four feet high. Its style is English classic, of the period of Sir Christopher Wren. The floor is of Istrian stone; from floor to ceiling the walls are of English oak, panelled and carved, and the carving is beautifully modelled. The ceiling is gilt, and its flat panels will eventually be filled with mural decoration. A musicians' gallery is in the upper part of the room, above the entrance; below this gallery are four brackets, which are noteworthy as being several hundred years old and coming from an Italian palace. It has been suggested that the admirable height of the room, its floor paved with stone, its walls covered with rich carving, make a baronial dining-hall of it; but there is no baronial hall from the windows of which one looks down upon the roofs of Fifth Avenue mansions! A strangers' dining-room is connected with this and with the central hall; its wood-work is of mahogany, and its walls are covered with green buckram. Next beyond this, on the same side of the building, is the council-room, where wood-work of Italian walnut extends upward to one of the most interesting ceilings.

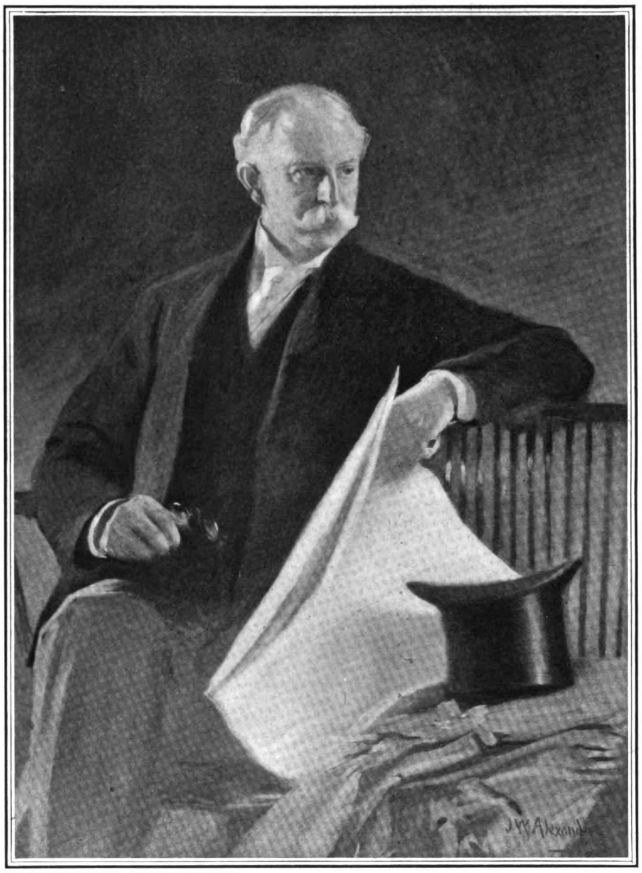
The stairs in this building are treated as a matter of comparatively small importance, and given an inconspicuous location. There are two high-speed passenger-elevators, and one for the servants' use.

We have spoken of the significance of the exterior decoration. Before bringing our description to an end we should make this reference a little plainer.

The key-stones of the large windows of the first story—the "living" floor—represent mythological figures and characters, such as Pan and the nymphs. On the library-floor key-stones the heads of poets and philosophers appear—Homer, Dante, Goethe, Pindar, and Shakspere being on the Fifth Avenue front. At the top of the dining-floor tier of windows are selected heads of animals—the lion, tiger, bear, bull, goat, boar; and the elephant above the central window of each façade, his trunk embracing the key-stone. On the mezzanine stories, where the bedrooms are located, seals of the colleges, carved in stone, alternate with windows. There are eighteen of these seals, representing the following institutions: Williams, the Navy, the Army, Brown, Princeton, Harvard and Yale (these two on opposite sides of the entrance), Columbia, Cornell, Hamilton, Dartmouth, Trinity, Pennsylvania, University of New York, College of the City of New York, Union, Amherst, and Rutgers. The seals were modelled by Daniel C. French, the heads over the windows by Niehaus. It may be remembered that the Navy's seal was invented for this use.

The material of which the façades of the building are constructed is Milford granite, which is laid in courses and rusticated. Little balconies outside the first tier of bedroom windows are to be constantly filled with flowers and shrubs. Conspicuous on the larger balconies are heavy railings of real bronze. One of the architectural features is the stone cornice, which projects six feet over the line of the wall, and is entirely self-supporting. It may be conceded that most buildings of stone and iron rely upon the iron as their mainstay, hanging weights of stone from iron brackets, etc. This building is said to have the distinction of being so substantially constructed that if the structural portion that is made of iron were withdrawn, its stability would not be impaired.

The problems presented to the club's officers, and to the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, were so novel in character that the successful completion of the work is a subject for hearty congratulation, and fresh proof of the wisdom of intrusting matters of this kind to men who have shown marked ability in the management of great private enterprises. Especially to the members of the Building Committee and the late president of the club, Mr. James W. Alexander—whose recent advancement to the presidency of the Equitable Life Assurance Society is a notable illustration of the practical application of civil service principles to business affairs—this recognition will be extended.



JAMES W. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB 1891–1899.
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy creates a commotion at the station, and is arrested. Though protesting his identity, he is mistaken for von Elbe, and while treated with the greatest consideration, is placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

Containing a revelation, concerning two people, which I had no business to hear.

SNUGLY tucked away in bed, I drew the sheets up above my chin, until nothing of me remained visible except my eyes. I heard knocking at the door, but paid no heed. Whoever was outside, knocking at my door, had come, no doubt, to pump me concerning Stanerl von Elbe—that I felt certain of—and I had already made up my mind to remain silent. "For," thought I, "I have done enough damage to my friend the enemy, and incidentally to the young lady in the scarlet hood, and I'm sorry I found it impossible to mind my own business."

About this time the door opened. Looking over the edge of the sheets, I saw Captain Giroux enter the room, carrying a lighted lamp, followed closely by two strangers.

Giroux tiptoed towards my toilet table, set the lamp there, looked at the bed where I lay, caught my eye, and sidled forward with a deprecating gesture.

"They have come, monsieur," he said, apparently ill at ease; "they have arrived this moment from the frontier."

"It's very thoughtful of them," I replied, "and you can send them back again at your convenience. Am I going to get any sleep, or not?"

"Monsieur," protested Giroux, casting appealing glances at the two strangers, who, hats in hand, stood at the door, "I cannot refuse to receive these gentlemen."

"I can," I said. "I'm going to sleep."

"But," stammered Giroux, hopping from one foot to the other in his anxiety, "this is Herr Wiepert, and this is Herr Vossburg."

"Don't know 'em," I said, shortly.

Wiepert, the tall, red-eyed fellow, fixed a pair of sepulchral eyes on me and warped his head.

"By the Emperor's orders," he said, entering the room.

The other, Vossburg, a living caricature of an untidy Santa Claus, began to titter in a high cracked voice, repeating, "Yes, yes, by the Emperor's orders—te-he! te-he-he!"

Wiepert, holding his black-banded hat like an undertaker who assists at the last sad rites, glided solemnly towards Giroux, who immediately backed away. Wiepert, however, cornered him, and I heard them muttering, and fumbling with a batch of papers, most of which bore red, black, and gold ribbons and seals. And all the while old Father Christmas, or Vossburg, kept his pale, red-rimmed, watery eyes on me.

At first glance his white hair and silvery beard, his ruddy round cheeks and symmetrical features, had impressed me as hale, kindly old age always impresses the young. The next second I was conscious of something sinister in the old man's face, something uncanny, almost repulsive. His frowzy hair and beard were not clean white; they were unpleasantly fluffy, like chemically treated wool on toy sheep. His eyes were slitted and sly; he peered with them furtively. His ruddy cheeks, too, were all streaked and distended with purple veins, and his stocky body seemed too puffy for his thin short legs.

Looking up at him, I said, without emotion, "I don't like you, Father Christmas—no, I don't, and I wouldn't trust you with a button; so you had much better go away."

He tittered in his thin, cracked voice, but said nothing; and presently Wiepert stole noiselessly to my bedside, bearing a bundle of documents as though he carried a floral offering to a tomb.

"By the Emperor's orders," he said again, dropping his black eyes to the bundle of papers, then stealing a reproachful glance at me.

"By whose orders?" I asked.

"By the Emperor's orders," he repeated. "Your Highness is under arrest."

I lay perfectly still.

"Your Highness is doubtless aware," continued Wiepert, "that his Majesty knows all. His Majesty the Emperor therefore summons your Highness to Berlin without delay."

After a moment I said, "For whom do you take me?"

"For Herr Stanerl von Elbe, if your Highness insists," said Wiepert, cringing low, and preparing to further abase himself.

"I don't insist," I said; "tell me who else I am."

Vossburg leered at me and chuckled. Wiepert, at first confused, recovered his composure, and unrolling Stanerl's passport, read the description of the bearer, without comment.

"Well," I said, patiently, "whom does that passport describe?"

"It appears to describe your Highness," quavered old Vossburg, his purple-veined cheeks swelling with suppressed chuckles.

"Tell me for whom you take me," I said, sharply, "and hurry about it, or I shall turn over and go to sleep!"

Wiepert, much disconcerted, looked at Giroux; then, bending close to my pillow, muttered,

"We all know you to be his Highness Prince Edric of Prussia."

For ten minutes I lay there in speechless astonishment, covered to the eyes with the bedclothes, trying to comprehend clearly what was best to do. That I had placed Stanerl von Elbe, or rather Prince Edric of Prussia, in a most embarrassing position was clear enough. Who, then, could the young lady in the scarlet hood have been? Surely not the beautiful Luxembourg peasant girl, for whom, people said, Prince Edric had honorable intentions, notwithstanding the grief that such intentions caused the German Emperor. So, after all, my highwayman was an honorable man, probably driven to desperation by the telegram I saw him reading, warning him he was to be arrested on reaching Luxembourg.

If he had only told me why he needed my passport I would have given it to him gladly. More than that, I would have openly courted arrest to give him a chance to get out of the city.

Now I had succeeded in poking my nose into matters that did not concern me; I had impersonated Prince Edric, and kissed a young lady in a scarlet hood and told her I adored her—a pleasant prospect for Prince Edric.

Out of the corner of one eye I watched Wiepert and old Vossburg. They were nosing about the room, peeping at my trunk and satchel, while Captain Giroux paced to and fro before the door, arms folded, head bent.

"Captain!" I called.

He started, then came to the bedside like a guilty hound.

"So you arrested me and held me for the Emperor's bailiffs?"

"Highness!" he protested.

"Don't be frightened; wait until I give you reason for fright. Who was that lady who came here an hour ago?"

Giroux's eyes opened appealingly.

"Tell me," I repeated.

"Your Highness knows as well as I."

"Never mind! Tell me."

But Giroux, casting a horrified glance at me, fled to the corridor, where he alternately stood on either foot and peeped through the door at intervals.

"I can't stand this," I muttered, and I sat up in bed and turned my face full on Wiepert and Vossburg.

"Am I Prince Edric of Prussia?" I demanded.

The effect on old Vossburg was most unpleasant; he squeaked like a startled rat. As for Wiepert, he gaped at me, opening and shutting his lantern-jaws, until I hurled a pillow at him.

"Who are you?" stammered Wiepert, too amazed to avoid the pillow.

"None of your business," I said. "Take that evil old man and go, or I'll throw you out."

I should not have taken such a tone. I understood it a moment later, for old Vossburg began to chatter and mouth and point at me, and Wiepert scowled until his dull eyes were almost buried under his swarthy brows.

"Where is the Prince?" he said, harshly.

"Go to the devil!" I retorted. The next second he seized me, and I struggled out of bed, and dealt him a sharp, clean blow that made him howl. Then, to my amazement, old Vossburg caught me in a grip of steel. In vain I writhed and wriggled, not wishing to do violence to an old man. But his age was a deception; his thin, unsteady legs grew rigid as iron, and his trembling, puffy hands held me like vises.

"One movement and I'll throttle you," he snarled. His sheep's-wool hair and beard, his purple face, his moist, sly eyes—his whole loathsome mask of aged benignity suddenly became horrible to me. I twisted and tugged, striving to escape from his repulsive grip; I could not budge an inch.

Giroux, who had run into the room, danced about us, wringing his hands. Wiepert, instantaneously decorated with a promising black eye, moaned and ground his teeth.

"Let go!" I panted, shrinking from the old creature; "let go, or I'll forget your age, I tell you!"

His answer was to hurl me bodily against the wall—a most unpleasant sensation, but welcome because it freed me from his revolting proximity.

"As for you," quavered Vossburg, mouthing and grimacing at Giroux, who stood petrified by the bed—"as for you, you thick-headed Luxembourg ass, you'll hear from the Emperor, and from your own sovereign too. You've let the Prince escape and arrested his Yankee valet. You fool!"

"By Heaven!" I said, "if you were not the old bag of wool and bones that you are, I'd take a stick to you as substitute for your Emperor."

"Lèse-majesté!" bawled Wiepert. "Arrest him! hold him—"

I picked up a riding-crop and started for Wiepert, who promptly dodged behind old Vossburg.

The impossibility of raising a hand against Vossburg's discolored white head, the knowledge that those puffy purple hands and palsied legs concealed almost superhuman strength, left me helpless. He was more than a match for me; yet, without affectation, I say now that had it not been for his age I should have sailed into all three of them without reflection.

He leered at me, and laughed his cracked falsetto laugh.

"The Yankee valet—te-he! te-he!—the Emperor shall know that too—yes, yes, the Emperor!"

I said, more calmly, "If you want to avoid trouble, you had better leave this room, otherwise the American minister might make inquiries why a couple of German flunkies should cause an American officer to be arrested by a Luxembourg policeman."

Wiepert, whose eye was already a splendid study in thunder-cloud tints, shook his fist at me, then at Giroux, and left the room. Old Vossburg crinkled his hands up like claws, and fairly pranced with fury.

"Very well," he squealed, "we shall know what to do—the Emperor will know what is to be done. Captain Giroux, you are responsible for the escape of his Highness. You will hear of this later—te-he!—yes, later—all in good time, Captain Giroux."

And suddenly becoming an old man again, he tottered away, laughing his shrill, cracked, treble laugh, until the last echo died away far down the whitewashed corridor.

I looked uncertainly at Giroux. He returned my gaze, at first blankly; then fury seized him, and he drew his sabre and shook it in my face.

"How dared you—how dared you impersonate the Prince?" he shouted, choking with passion and fright.

"You fool!" I said, "didn't I tell you I was not von Elbe?"

"Do you know who the lady was?" he howled, threatening me with his sabre. "I'm ruined! Do you know who she was, you crazy Yankee?"

"No," I said, keeping clear of his sabre; "and if you touch me with your sword I'll settle you, once and for all, you little Belgian manikin!"

After a few moments' passionate dancing, he sheathed his sabre and began to weep; tears trickled over his gold-laced tunic; he wiped his eyes on a gold-banded cuff.

"It's your own fault," said I, sitting down on the edge of the bed; "I'm sorry I interviewed the young lady in the scarlet hood; I'm sorry I kissed her—"

"The Duchess!" he shrieked, bounding up. "You kissed the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!"

"The Duchess!" I gasped.

He tried to scream; terror paralyzed him.

"Idiot!" I said, "I kissed my hand to her. Do you understand your native tongue? If you do, hold it."

Nevertheless the enormity of my offence—for I had kissed the Duchess again when she gave me the ring—made me a trifle light-headed.

"Here," said I to myself, "ends my promising diplomatic career."

Meanwhile Giroux held his head in one hand and beat it with the other at intervals.

I leaned over and shook him by both shoulders, until his spurs jingled.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS AMUSING WORLD!

Being a further history of my interference with other people's business, and other people's interference with mine, and incidentally treating of an absurdly logical paradox.

"CAPTAIN GIROUX," I said, "when you have finished your contortions I'll have a word or two with you."

At first he was too panic-stricken to listen, but I finally quieted him, shoved him into an arm-chair, and placed a cigar in his mouth. He sucked it spasmodically, and rolled his yellow, frightened eyes at me.

I said: "This is a very serious matter. You have arrested and imprisoned an officer of the United States army, which is a much more dreadful thing than you suspect—a great deal more dreadful, for example, than my kissing the Grand-Duchess Eulalie of Luxembourg—had I done so."

He began to moan again, but I found a match, and lighted the cigar in his mouth, which stopped him.

He seemed so helpless, so unreal, so tinselled and irresponsible, that I felt like saying, "You have been a very, very naughty policeman; I've half a mind to put you back in the closet."

"You see," I continued, "I know you are sorry now, and although I am inclined to be angry, it is possible that I might forgive you."

"That isn't the trouble," he said, "but if the Duchess finds out—"

"The Duchess won't find out," I interrupted, sharply, "unless you tell her."

He shook his head and emitted sounds.

"Of course," I said, "you could ruin me by confessing to the Duchess."

"I won't ruin you if you don't ruin me," he muttered; "but I know how men boast about women."

"Imbecile!" I said, frowning, "do honorable men ever discuss women?"

"They do in Germany," he said, sulkily; "there's Count Herbert—"

"There is a difference," said I, "between tweedledee and tweedledum, contemporary opinion to the contrary. You know the proverb—'Prussians are connecting links between Frenchmen and human beings.'"

Apparently my suggestion reassured him; he sucked comfort out of his cigar, and eyed me more hopefully.

"Now," said I, "sleep, for me, is out of the question. It is morning, anyway. I am going to dress; you are going to have my luggage sent to the United States Legation. After that, if you and your absurd toy-shop of a country behave yourselves, nobody will be the wiser for this night's misunderstanding. But," I continued, "if you or your nicely varnished brother toys interfere with me again, I'll stir up my government, and then you'll all certainly go to smash."

He seemed considerably affected; I saw he was preparing to use his gilt-slashed cuff.

"Don't you dare weep again!" I added, hastily; "there is going to be no trouble if you mind your own affairs with half the enthusiasm that you have minded mine."

"What shall I say when the Duchess questions me?" he asked, in a shaky voice.

"About what?"

"About my prisoner."

"You'll lie," I said. "Lying is disgusting," I continued, "except among diplomats. This is certainly a diplomatic incident. However, you may do the lying."

"I don't mind," he said, innocently; "only I can't invent any way for you to escape."

"Can't you? Well, I'll manage that. There's no liar like a truthful man, believe me. See! it's daylight already. Go and get me a cab, and send my luggage to the Legation while I am dressing. When you come back I'll show you how to lie truthfully, my friend."

He went away, trusting implicitly in my capacity for untruthfulness, and I started to shave, turning out the electric lights, for daylight already flooded the room, and I could see perfectly in the mirror. While I was

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AMONGST THIEVES. *By William E. Norris*

CHAPTER I.

GLANCING at the obituary notices in the *Times*, the other day, I saw that the Italian deputy Soldato had died rather suddenly. The writer of his brief biography stated that he had been for upwards of ten years a distinguished member of the assembly which delights in worrying the life out of poor King Humbert, and added that his public career had been one of strict honor and integrity. I wonder whether, if he were still alive, he would remember the trifling sum which he has been owing me for considerably more than ten years. Very likely not; for he was always a light-hearted creature, and I doubt whether the exigencies and enjoyments of the present have ever left him much leisure for indulging in reminiscences of the past.

As for me, who am neither a politician nor anything else worth mentioning, and whose leisure is abundant, the sight of that respectable Italian gentleman's name brought back to me certain memories upon which it was not altogether disagreeable to dwell during a lazy half-hour. One has had so few genuine adventures in the course of a placid, prosperous life, and the one which I am about to recount was really so interesting and exciting while it lasted! And the funny thing is that Signor Soldato should have played the conspicuous part that he did in it—Soldato, the Conservative deputy, who never, so far as I am aware, earned his name, since he was not a soldier, nor (to treat him participially) was he paid off in accordance with his deserts.

Well, I knew nothing about him or the treatment which might be his due that winter, some fifteen years back, when I hired the steam-yacht *Chiquita* for a Mediterranean cruise. I detest steam-yachts, and do not see what business those long narrow craft, which cannot sail, wallow hideously in a seaway, and are, at best, mere machines for the promotion of luxurious travel, have to be called yachts at all; but that is neither here nor there. At the time in question I was the temporary owner of the aforesaid vessel, and, what was more, I was the sole passenger on board of her as she lay off Palermo, the friends who had hitherto accompanied me on my voyage having departed for Egypt and left me in the lurch.

Under those somewhat depressing circumstances I was only too glad to accept the proffered society of Professor Abbattucci, to whom I had been introduced at the house of the local banker, and who was eager to visit certain spots on the south side of Sicily which, in those days of rampant brigandage, were not very easily approachable by land. I hastened to assure him that my old tub was entirely at his orders, and we went puffing off for Marsala, over a calm sea, one fine March evening. The Professor was a pleasant, chatty old fellow, with a long gray beard. I forget now—I am not sure that I even knew at the time—what university had the honor of claiming him as an exponent of ancient history; but he had a great deal to say about the Greeks and the Carthaginians and Dionysius and Dion, with which my rusty recollections of school and college lore did not enable me to keep step. However, he spoke English with fluency, and he enjoyed a good dinner and a bottle of champagne—not to say two bottles when pressed—as much as anybody; so that we got on together quite nicely. Marsala was to be our first port of call, because it would be comparatively safe from thence to make for Segesta, where, according to the Professor, there were ruins of a most interesting character to be inspected; yet, when we arrived at our destination, the hospitable wine merchants of the locality, who were delighted to see us, and offered us samples of their choicest vintages, made grimaces on being informed of our project. It was quite upon the cards, they said, that we might carry it through without mishap; but, on the other hand, there was a distinct possibility of our being seized and held to ransom by the band of one Guercio, who had long terrorized the neighborhood, and of whose exploits they spoke with something akin to admiration. They had various thrilling anecdotes to relate to us respecting this sharp-witted bandit—his latest triumph, I remember, had been the capture of a Palermo banker, which he had effected by disguising himself as an officer of gendarmerie and offering his services, together with those of two of his subordinates, as escort to the unfortunate gentleman—while her Britannic Majesty's vice-consul, upon whom I called, confirmed the accuracy of their statements and associated himself with their advice.

"It is my duty to warn you, Mr. Bates," said he, "that we have precise instructions with regard to any future predicament in which English travellers may be landed through their own foolhardiness. In other words, if you choose to be taken prisoner by brigands, you will have to pay what they may demand, or accept the consequences; the Foreign Office will not be in any way responsible for you."

But Professor Abbattucci laughed these sage counsels to scorn. "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*," he quoted; "it is not out of the carcase of a poor devil of a pedagogue that Signor Guericio will make his fortune, and I am not afraid of him. As for Mr. Bates, who is rich and has a right to be careful of his person, not for the world would I lead him into danger. Let him remain here quietly to-morrow; I venture to promise that I will rejoin him, safe and sound, before nightfall."

Now I am not what any impartial person could call rich, nor, I trust, am I what any impartial person would call a coward. My reply was just what yours (assuming you to represent the average human being) would have been in my place, and on the following morning the train took the Professor and me to the station of Calatafimi, where we found two horses waiting for us, under the charge of a bronzed, bearded *contadino*, who had been instructed to act as our guide. We trotted for a mile or so along a very bad road, and then struck abruptly across country—a bare, hilly, arid country, with white villages perched here and there upon rocky heights, and an occasional orange grove to right or left of us, but little other trace of inhabitants or cultivation. I do not know where Segesta is, never having been privileged to gaze upon its doubtless striking monuments of antiquity; but I had been given to understand that it could be reached in considerably less than two hours from Calatafimi. Consequently I began, after a time, to feel misgivings, and I was in the act of imparting these to my companion, when, on a sudden, a shout rang out through the still, sultry air, and at the same moment I became aware that a gleaming gun-barrel was being pointed straight at my head over the top of an adjacent bowlder.

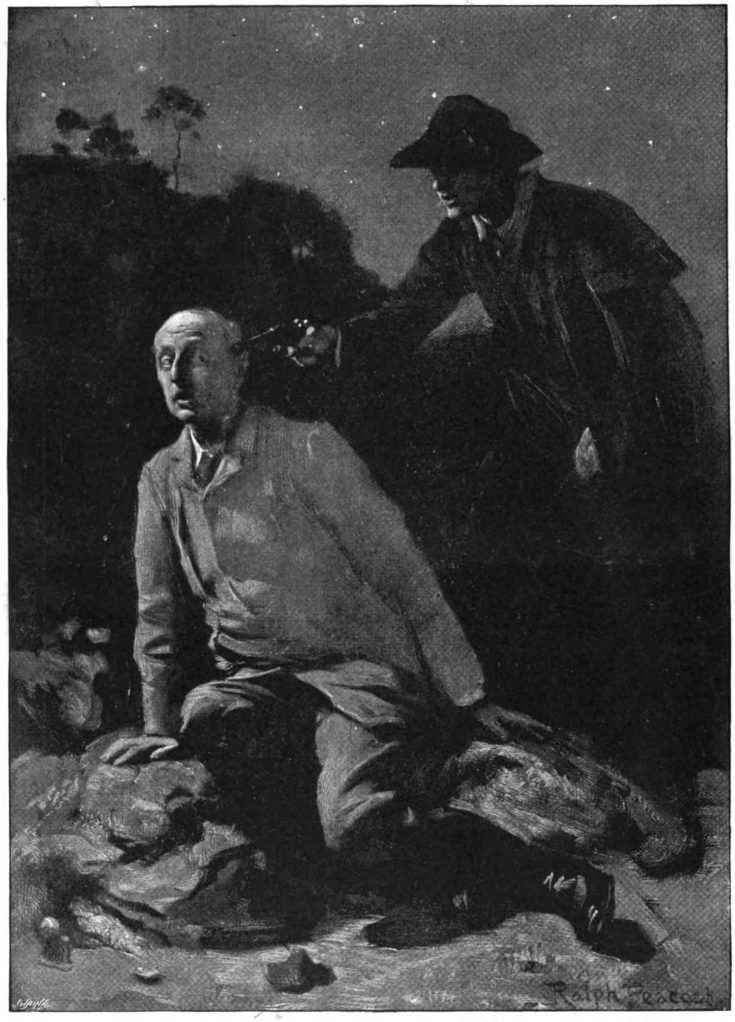
"Told you so!" I exclaimed. "Now we are in a nice mess!"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "Are you armed?" he asked.

"I have a revolver," I answered.

"Then, my dear sir, let me implore you, if you value your life, not to dream of using it."

How could I use, it when there was nothing to fire at? And although I might, and no doubt should, have hit a brace or more of the dozen unkempt ruffians who instantly sprang out of the bowels of the earth to surround us, it was obvious that subsequent escape would have been a sheer impossibility. So the Professor and I were fain to surrender at discretion, to the manifest delight of our so-called guide, who grinned from ear to ear.



"'TAKE THE THING AWAY, YOU IDIOT!' I EXCLAIMED, HASTILY."

His confederates did not grin. They were as sullen and ill-looking a crew as ever I have beheld in my life; and from the needless violence with which they dragged me out of the saddle and bound my arms behind my back, I gathered that they had little in common with the courteous banditti of romance. No such rough usage was accorded to the Professor, who addressed a few rapid sentences to them in the Sicilian dialect, unintelligible to me, and who was neither bound nor forced to dismount. Presently my captors lifted me on to the back of my sorry steed once more—a concession which he explained that he had been able to obtain for me.

"Do not be afraid," he added; "there is nothing worse in store for you than a temporary detention in the mountains. I have told these rascals who you are and who I am; they quite understand that you are too valuable, while I am too valueless, to be maltreated."

"Then, upon my word," said I, not best pleased, "I think you might have been a little less communicative and officious! This means, I suppose, that you will get off scot-free, and that I shall have to pay an extortionate price for my liberty. I congratulate you upon your presence of mind."

The Professor smiled benignly. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*" he rejoined. "Wealth has its advantages, and so, now and then, has indigence. For the rest, camping out will be a pleasure in such beautiful weather, and we shall see a tract of country which is seldom or never visited by strangers."

He took the whole thing with such complacent philosophy—as well he might after having coolly given me away—that I was not disposed to respond to the descriptive comments upon our surroundings with which he favored me during the long upward march that followed. Much I cared whether we were traversing classic ground or not; and a poor sort of solace quotations from Theocritus were to a man whose arms were aching and throbbing under the pressure of a tight cord.

"Look here," I said at last; "it seems to me that, as this costly expedition is being carried out at my expense, I may fairly claim to be dealt with as indulgently as you are. Can't you suggest to your ruffianly friends that I want to blow my nose?"

"To be sure I can, and so I will," he good-humoredly replied; but the representations which he at once addressed to the scoundrel who appeared to be in command of our captors failed to produce the desired effect.

"You see, Mr. Bates," he explained, "you are a powerful man, whereas I am but a feeble old fellow, incapable of showing fight or attempting to escape. They say you must wait a little longer. When we reach the white building which you can see yonder on the hill-side, and which, it seems, is tenanted by a widow, who will perhaps offer us a drink of the country wine—"

"And who is doubtless in the swim," I interrupted.

"*Eh! poverina!*—what would you have? In these parts one must take one side or the other, and it would go hard with a lonely woman who favored the *carabinieri*. Well, as soon as we reach her farm they will take your revolver from you and restore you the use of your hands."

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CHAPTER II.

THEY proved as good as their word. My revolver was taken from me when we came to a halt in front of the low, rambling structure, my arms were set free, and why I was allowed to retain possession of my watch and my spare cash it was not for me to inquire. As for attempting to escape, I might as well have attempted to soar into the air, like an eagle. Instead of essaying the impossible, I sat blinking in the fierce sunlight, like an owl, and hoped that the extremely pretty little woman who tripped out with bottles and glasses just as if she had been expecting us—as a matter of fact, I suppose she *had* been expecting us—would not forget me in her kindly ministrations.

She did not forget the Professor, anyhow. He had three tumblers of wine, no less, and they evidently exhilarated him. Also, he conversed in an animated style with our fair entertainer, even going so far as to address her (my very limited acquaintance with the dialect enabled me to detect that much) as "Cecchina *mia*." I had already heard her called "Signora Cecchina" by the leader of the gang. Well, she was amiable enough to end by offering me refreshment; although at the moment when she did so her eyes were turned away from me towards some distant object. She pointed, indeed, to a small cloud of dust upon the white road far beneath us, and uttered an exclamation which instantly caused every one of us to gaze eagerly in the direction indicated. It was only a country cart, as was at once perceived; but the very brief space of time during which Cecchina contrived to elude observation sufficed for her purpose. She pressed a small round object into my hand, whispering, in clearly intelligible Italian, "South-southwest," and as I hurriedly pocketed the compass, I said to myself, "Thank you, my dear; I'll remember."

The significance and value of this excellent woman's gift became more apparent to me when a thick bandage was placed over my eyes and the march was resumed. How long that march lasted I cannot say; it seemed to me to be absolutely interminable, and my repeated inquiries of the Professor as to whether he also had been blindfolded or not met with no answer. Could the unfeeling wretch have persuaded those villains to let him depart in peace, as a worthless asset? Somehow I felt no confidence in him, and inclined to the belief that if he could save his own skin, he would trouble himself little enough about the integrity of mine.

These apprehensions, however, turned out to be groundless. When at length I was lifted off my horse and my bandage was removed, the first object upon which my dazed eyes fell was the figure of the Professor, who was standing before me with his hands upon his hips.

"Well, Mr. Bates," said he, in slightly mocking accents, "how do you find yourself by this time?"

Vague suspicions had been floating through my brain for several hours past; these crystallized themselves into precise shape as I stared at my interlocutor, planted there in the twilight, with a background of jagged rocks and ragged rascals to emphasize the circumstance that he was his own master. Something prompted me to seize him by his long gray beard—which came off in my hand. He himself obligingly simplified matters by flinging away his wig, and so stood revealed—a handsome young scamp, with laughing black eyes and a fine double row of white teeth.

"You dirty thief!" I ejaculated.

He acknowledged the compliment by a bow and an engaging smile. "A thief I unquestionably am," he replied, "through pressure of necessity and insupportable taxation. As for dirt—*che vuole?* Water is not to be obtained so easily in Sicily as in your rainy island. Permit me, nevertheless, to assure you that nobody can appreciate honesty and cleanliness more highly than I do. Some day—possibly by your involuntary help—I may revert to a more civilized and congenial style of existence. Meanwhile, my dear sir, I can only offer you a rough hospitality. Happily there is every prospect of settled weather, and although the nights are fresh at this season of the year, my *canaille* will soon kindle a good fire for us."

"I presume," said I, "that I have the honor to be the guest of Signor Guercio?"

He made a gesture of assent. "That is the *sobriquet* which the good people hereabouts have been pleased to bestow upon me. They might have given me a more flattering one; for the truth is that I am by nature almost culpably amiable and generous towards those who have won my sympathy. You will admit that when I tell you that I have fixed your ransom at the paltry sum of 150,000 *lire*."

A brief process of mental arithmetic put me in a position to gauge the extent of the fellow's impudence. "Six thousand pounds!" I cried. "Don't you wish you may get it? Even supposing that I were willing to pay that amount—which I am not—I haven't as much, nor anything like as much, available. You had better rifle my pockets and let me go; for I assure you that neither my relations nor the British government will pay a penny for me."

He smiled, and replied suavely that he relied only upon me, not upon hard-hearted outsiders. "A man who cannot readily sell out securities to the value of 150,000 *lire* does not hire so fine a yacht as the *Chiquita* for the winter months," he added. "That is why I expect, when I go down to Marsala to-morrow, to carry with me the requisite instructions, signed by you. I shall then be once more Professor Abbattucci; I shall explain to your vice-consul that the brigands have despatched me to make arrangements on your behalf, and the moment that the cash is placed in my hands I shall hasten back to camp to release you—an affair of a week or ten days, probably."

"And if I finally and absolutely refuse to sign any such outrageous instructions?" I inquired.

"Dear Mr. Bates," he answered, "you compel me to say things which it is most disagreeable to me to say; but the tariff in questions of this kind is well known and inexorable. A first refusal means the loss of one ear, persistent obstinacy deprives the prisoner of its fellow, and then—eh! then other features must follow suit. You will understand, I am sure, that I could not hope to maintain my authority over a set of desperadoes if I attempted to depart from established rules, and you will not, I trust, be so foolish as to mutilate yourself, in addition to losing your money. For the rest, I give you until to-morrow morning to reflect. Presently we will have some supper, and banish unpleasant topics for the night."

I have often had occasion to observe with what amazing facility we mortals accommodate ourselves to unavoidable circumstances. There are many things which we assert that we will not do or cannot bear; yet, when we have to do or bear them, the task turns out to be well within the compass of our capacity. I devoured an excellent supper with an equally excellent appetite; subsequently I toasted my toes at the camp fire and enjoyed the cigar kindly provided for me by my host, as well as his conversation, which was racy, witty, and instinct with knowledge of the outer world. All the same, I said to myself, "If you think you are going to extort £3000 from me, my good friend, you little know Augustus Bates." In point of fact, nobody knows better than I do by what hard work and unremitting attention to business such a sum is laid by, and I was prepared to defend my lawful earnings even at the risk of my ears.

Naturally I had not forgotten Cecchina's compass, nor did I despair of giving my warders the slip; but I need hardly say that that did not promise to be quite the simplest of jobs. As far as I could make out, the brigands' camp was situated in a species of natural stronghold, surrounded by beetling crags, which would have to be scaled either for purposes of ingress or egress, and even if I succeeded in evading the vigilance of the sentinels who were posted round about us when we lay down to rest, it seemed only too likely that my person (which is a somewhat bulky one) would end by standing out conspicuously against the starry sky.

However, the attempt had to be made; and shortly after one o'clock in the morning it was made, in a style which, I flatter myself, would have done no discredit to a red Indian. Not without some feeling of contempt for that lazy, slovenly gang did I wriggle upon my stomach past their snoring outposts, whom they had not even taken the trouble to relieve, and although in the course of my subsequent tedious, arduous scramble I could not help dislodging an occasional pebble or fragment of earth, not a man of them stirred in response to those telltale sounds. What fools they were, I thought, not to keep dogs! But it was not for me to grumble at their stupidity; and when at length I dropped deftly over the hill-crest which dominated their lair my heart was full of good-will towards them and gratitude to the admirable Cecchina. I drew her compass out of my pocket and proceeded to take bearings. From the eminence upon which I was seated a vast extent of broken, hilly country was discernible under the stars; I could even make out the sea, and what I took to be Marsala, indicated by a few twinkling lights in the far distance. But the intervening villages through which we had passed I was unable to discover, nor were my eyes good enough to penetrate the dark hollows and folds of the hills, in one of which was doubtless situated the farm of my friend in need.

"Never mind!" said I, aloud; "I shall follow my nose and the compass, and if I get out of this safely, my good Cecchina, you shall hear of something to your advantage on application to the firm of Bates & Co., Lothbury, E.C. Signor Guercio and Professor Abbattucci, I have the honor to wish you good-night and pleasant dreams!"

"A thousand thanks!" answered an ironical voice close behind me; "but, dear Mr. Bates, if you wish me to sleep comfortably, you really should not compel me to waste an hour of my night's rest in following you. How could you think so poorly of my intelligence as to imagine that I would run any risk of parting with you? Oh, you had better not move! That cold, hard substance which you feel behind your ear is the barrel of your own nice new revolver, and my finger is upon the trigger."

"Take the thing away, you idiot!" I exclaimed, hastily (for I felt by no means sure that he was accustomed to the handling of such delicate weapons). "I surrender, of course. What the deuce else can I do? Only I must say that I think you might have spared me and yourself all this unnecessary fatigue, which has been worse than deer-stalking. Why didn't you?"

"Excusable curiosity," he calmly replied. "I suspected—and what you have just been obliging enough to say confirms my suspicions—that Cecchina did not cause me to look the other way while she was handing you your wine for nothing. Ah, well! I forgive her. The more willingly because she has failed, and because, if she had succeeded, her misplaced generosity would have cost her a little fortune. You have no idea, Mr. Bates, of how much may be accomplished with a capital of £6000 in this poverty-stricken land."

Looking back upon it all dispassionately and at this distance of time, I am bound to admit that Cesare Soldato was an amiable, attractive sort of scamp, exhibiting at every turn that mixture of frank knavery and simplicity which is to be met with nowhere, save in the country of his birth. It may seem rather queer, considering what our actual relations were, that we should have sat down, side by side, upon the rocks, and that he should have selected that opportunity for favoring me with a candid autobiographical narrative; but he said it would perhaps interest me, and I confess that it did.

He was by birth and education a respectable sort of person, it appeared, but, like many other respectable persons, he had always been unable to do justice to himself and his legitimate ambitions through lack of sufficient capital. Foreign travel, infinite ingenuity, and a highly receptive mind had failed, one and all, to furnish him with this indispensable possession, and if he had now taken to brigandage it was not so much for the fun of the thing (though he admitted that he enjoyed that) as by reason of the splendid successes which may be expected to fall, sooner or later, to the brigand who knows how to wait for them. Such a success, he intimated, he now grasped in my humble person. Six thousand pounds, he remarked, might not sound much to a British capitalist; but, for his part, he was not greedy: he could make it do.

"You mean, perhaps," said I, "that that sum is the minimum which the pretty widow of the farm will accept."

He nodded assent, and was so polite as to add that I was a clever fellow.

"I cannot accept the compliment," I answered; "it seems to me that if I had been a clever fellow Professor Abbattucci would have found it less easy to make a fool of me. Nevertheless, I have eyes in my head, which I sometimes utilize for the purpose of observing other people's eyes and the emotions which they express. I saw you gazing at the fair Cecchina; likewise I saw her gazing at you. But I frankly own that I am not quite clever enough to guess why she gave me that compass. Is she, or is she not, your confederate? Of course you need not answer unless you like; I merely ask from the same motive to which you pleaded guilty just now—excusable curiosity."

He laughed, and made me welcome to full information on the subject. Cecchina, he assured me, must have been honestly anxious to do me a good turn. Being an angel, she was not, and could not be, the ally of thieves; still less would she ever consent—he had her word for that—to espouse a leader of thieves. But she might—and he had some reason for hoping and believing that she would—consent to marry a repentant ex-bandit with £6000 in his pocket who adored her and whom she had admitted she did not personally detest. Oh, not, of course, in Sicily; that would be rather too risky a proceeding. But there was a constant and excellent service of steamers from Messina and other ports; once on the mainland, people who asked nothing better than to lead a quiet, reputable life would be in a position to gratify their desire, and the farm—which, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was not worth much anyhow—could be disposed of from afar quite as well as from the neighborhood.

All this and a great deal more he imparted to me with a childlike candor which disarmed incredulity. By the time that he had made an end of speaking I could not doubt that he was genuinely, passionately in love with the charming widow, nor did I disbelieve his statement that, while she refused to have anything to do with an outlaw, she might prove willing to make a fresh start in life in the company of one who had a snug little fortune lying at his banker's. What struck me as being somewhat quaint (but it did not appear to strike him in that light at all) was that I—at once a total stranger and a trusted confidant—should be called upon to provide the little fortune in question under penalty of prompt corporal mutilation. He was quite serious and earnest about that part of the business; he said that, much as he should regret it, he would certainly have to lop off my ears and nose in the event of my recalcitrancy; he pointed out to me that he was in command of a gang of desperadoes, and that it would be as much as his post was worth to shock their prejudices by a display of misplaced leniency. So the long and the short of it was that I gave in. I do not see, nor did I see at the time, what else there was for me to do. The man's good-humor was more convincing than any ferocity, and although certain points in his lucid summing up of the position seemed to need explaining—where, for example, did the desperadoes and their share of the anticipated spoil come in?—I was not such a fool as to put indiscreet queries. He was capable, I felt sure, of doubling his demand, and, had he done so, my poor pocket must needs have come to the rescue of my features.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Memorial Day

MAY 30, 1899

"Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor.

"And while, when those graves were made, we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms, and the time has now come, in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when, in the spirit of fraternity, we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."—*President McKinley at Atlanta.*

ONCE more we gather under skies of May,
When lilac blossoms, and when violet blows,
And on these grassy graves we weave a spray
Of Northern lily and of Southern rose.

Once more we hear the blue-bird's song afloat,
The thrush's piping in the dewy dell;
We thrill to hear the Northern robin's note,
And stand ensnared by Southern mock-bird's spell.

Once more the winds through odorous orchards blow,
The creamy hawthorns through the fences twine;
Lo! all the sunrise splendors are aglow,
Like cataracts of red and golden wine.

We bring a wreath, O martyrs numberless,
Who perished that your country still might live;
Who fought and bled, the unborn babe to bless,
That we should still be brothers, and forgive.

But now we come, not as in bygone years,
When anger poisoned sorrow through and through;
When no one cried, through blended love and tears,
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Thank God, those days have now forever passed,
With all their strife of party, clique, and clan;
The Northerner, the Southerner, at last
Is simply, solely, an American.

On Santiago summits we unite
The grizzled foes of Chickamauga's day;
The hatreds of a Shiloh sink from sight
Beneath the waters of Manila Bay.

Above your graves, exultant anthems swell,
When Peace and Love have healed the battle's blows;
We flush with pride to think those fought so well
With these, so brave to overcome such foes.

Peace be to Lee, whose honor shall not cease;
To Stonewall, of the valor-vibrant name;
Peace be to Grant, who longed so much for Peace,
To Lincoln, of the everlasting fame!

WALTER MALONE.

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AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

III.

INDIA pays all her governors and lesser officials very well. England sees to that. As Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston will receive half a million dollars —that is to say, about £20,000 (or $100,000) a year—during his term of five years. In addition to this, he has a very considerable allowance for expenses; but it is said that he will have to husband this allowance carefully to make as showy a régime as he very wisely intends to have. His gorgeous body-guard of one hundred and twenty men, in the garb of personified rainbows, is cared for out of the Indian treasury, and, I think, this is the case with the retinues of servants who man (and woman) each of his palaces.



THE RIVER PALACE—BARRACKPORE PARK.

There is nothing homelike about the palaces of our American sovereign—or any other palaces, for that matter. From the moment you see the imperial gates of her palace garden in Calcutta—huge, massive, and severe, and capped by terrible lions of a Chinese pattern—you feel that Lady Curzon has parted with privacy and the sense of housemistress-ship for as long as she assists in her husband's reign.

At Barrackpore, the river palace of the viceroys, near Calcutta, she gets nearer the pleasure of domesticity, but it is only used as a rest-house—a place at which to spend the week ends when Calcutta is hot (which it always is, except when it is hotter), or when the official routine proves too tiresome. This smaller palace at Barrackpore is about three hours' sail up the Hooghly River, away from its forests of funnels and masts, and among its palms, its temples, and its water-side villas. It also is like an English country house in pattern; but somehow when you transplant such houses in India they turn themselves into palaces. And yet the architecture of this big brown pile is so severely plain that were it not for a row of large and shapely columns supporting a classic portico in the middle of the façade, no packing-case could be plainer. In the old days before the government was moved into the beautiful refrigerator called Simla, in the Himalayas, to keep it from souring during summer, Barrackpore was the hot-weather capital. The palace stands in a large park, which is noted for its beautiful trees, but it also contains huge reaches of grass dissected by broad sweeping drives. Within the grounds are many smaller houses, or bungalows, for the members of the viceregal staff, the extra servants, and the rest. But whether the Viceroy and his beautiful wife look back upon the noble trees or dine beneath them, or face the prospect of the breeze-furrowed river, they everywhere see shade and rest around them. Their daily routine continues to be formal and royal, yet it is possible for them—between meals—to ramble by themselves in the quiet corners of the park. If the Viceroy drops business, and if the Vicereine invites no guests to accompany her to this river palace, one full day of comparative quiet and rest can be had there at the finish of each week of the Calcutta season. A large steam-launch, as swift as an arrow, is one of the Viceroy's belongings, and is used mainly to make the trips to and from Barrackpore one of the delights of the place.

"No Viceroy—at least since the time of Lord Northbrook—has been received with as much enthusiasm as Lord Curzon was last evening." So says the *Statesman*, the leading newspaper of Calcutta. Six regiments lined the route, which was gay with flags, the stars and stripes being frequently entwined with the union-jack, out of respect to the American Vicereine. Rich carpets and huge tiger-skins reminded the Europeans how far from home they were. Waiting for the viceregal couple at the railway station were the Calcutta Light-Horse, the 4th Bengal Infantry, and the Viceroy's splendid body-guard, while the Naval Volunteers formed as a special guard on the station platform. A swarm of local and imperial dignitaries came to figure in the great event.

When Lord and Lady Curzon appeared, all were surprised by their commanding figures. He is more than six feet tall, broad and muscular in proportion, and as ruddy as a cricketer. She is correspondingly tall for one of her sex, and yet graceful in every line of her body. "Brilliant" is a word often applied to her. Her dress was described as "exquisite" in the papers on the next day, and from that moment, until her health gave way, every gown she brought out excited flattering comment in the press, and was the topic of each succeeding day among the English women of the capital.

The scene of the actual arrival at the palace is reported as if it were like a little Field of the Cloth of Gold. I have read that one hundred thousand persons witnessed it. A red carpet was flung along the grand staircase and out to the greensward, where it ended at the feet of a hundred scarlet-clad men of the 1st Gloucester Regiment beside their band, whose trumpets shot back the sunlight. Another hundred men, of the Calcutta Rifles, stood near, while at the bottom of the stairs were stationed the splendidly costumed Indians of Lord Curzon's body-guard. From an upper veranda there looked down upon the scene the wife of the last Viceroy, Lady Elgin, her daughters, and a rajah's queen, who was decked like an orchid.

The bright uniforms of the military, the gleaming decorations and gorgeous and bejewelled costumes of the scores of native chiefs, the rich dress of the Political Residents of many states, made other strong patches of color in the many-hued spectacle. The great cannons of Fort William, close at hand, bellowed a welcome to the new rulers of the empire as the Vicereine took the arm of Major Sandbach, and the Viceroy followed her up the royal carpet, along the splendid staircase of granite, with its thick balustrade of greenery and its sentrylike palms at its sides.

Inspired by the scene, Ram Sharma, the poet, wandered home as one in a trance, and there the muse of poesy guided his hand through an ambitious ode, in which he called our queenly American Vicereine the "rose of roses" of her husband. One stanza runs thus:

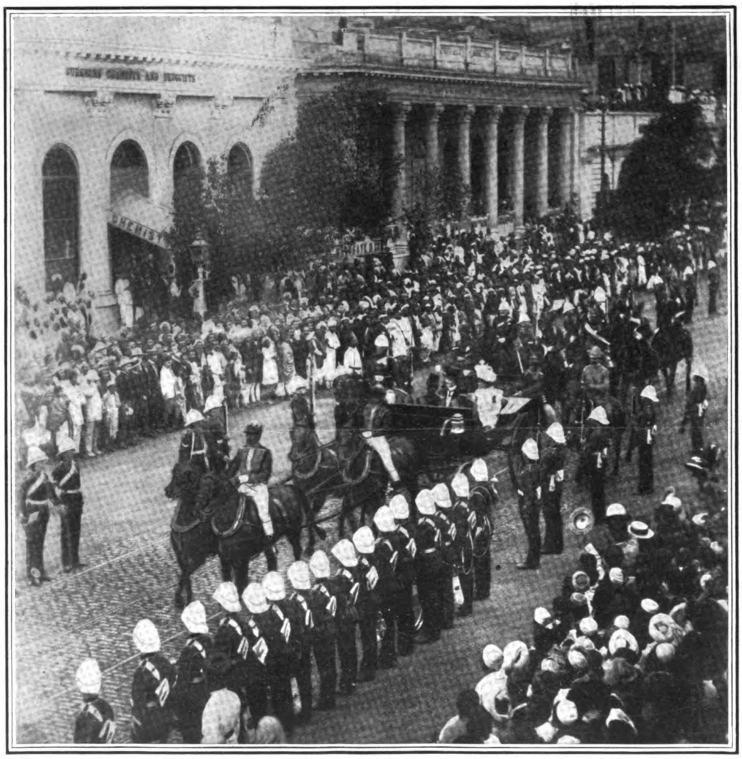
> Intrepid, wise, accomplish'd peer!
> Regent of Her we love—revere!
> Thee India greets from shore to shore!
> She bids thee, Nature's king of men—
> Ennobled both by birth and brain
> And her, thy rose of roses bright—
> A vision of embodied light—
> All hail! thrice hail! and hail once more!

Entering the enormous hall of the palace at Calcutta, with its groups of liveried servants, the visitor is shown into one of several waiting-rooms that are larger than most large drawing-rooms at home, and presently is led through a passage as wide as the main lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and more than twice as long. This is the way up stairs to the main floor, where are to be found the offices of the secretaries, the Council Room from which India is governed, the Throne Room, the private dining-room, and the grand banqueting-hall. The three last-named rooms are, in truth, all one, and are parts of the vast open space which forms that entire story of the centre building, for the whole story is really the Banqueting Hall or the Throne Room, as occasion suits. It is enclosed between columns at the sides, and at the ends by walls so cut by open doorways and arches that neither sight nor movement is obstructed by them.

The space beyond the front inner wall is where the Viceroy and Vicereine breakfast and take lunch. The space at the opposite end or back of the great hall is the Throne Room, and is where they dine when alone. The great central hall is left bare in all its stateliness, and the spaces at the sides are appointed with furniture and ornaments, though I doubt whether they are ever used. The immaculate walls and majestic columns of this hall are of what is call "chunam," a mixture of finely ground shells and cement, which has all the best visible qualities of marble. The floor is of white marble. I have said that the room is bare, but in fact it is richly embellished, not only by its two colonnades, but by several rows of crystal chandeliers. They are very old-fashioned and prim, yet are of great cost, and as brilliant as precious stones. They and the six well-sculptured busts of the Cæsars which stand against the sides of the hall were all intended as presents to the Nizam of Hyderabad from Louis XV. of France, but were captured by the English with the ship which was taking them to India.

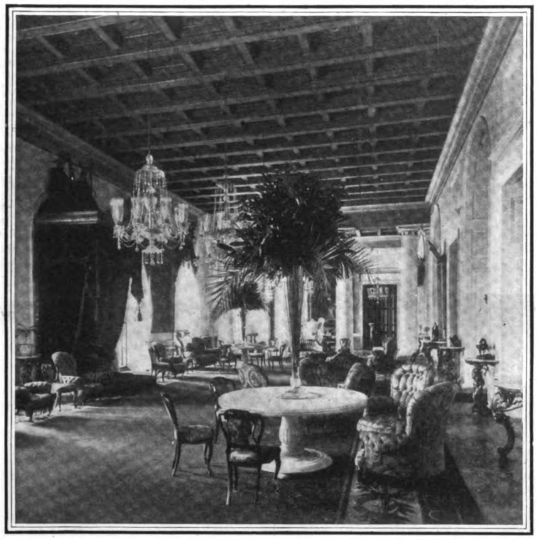
The Throne Room, at the end of the Banqueting Hall, is at once the Viceroy's audience-chamber and his family dining-room. Upon a velvet-covered dais, and beneath a royal canopy bearing the lion and the unicorn in massive embroidery of gold and silver, stands the golden throne of the Emperor Tippoo Saib. For graceful proportioning and beauty of design I have seen no throne to compare with it. It expresses wealth, taste, and moderation rather than might. Its shape suggests an open shell, and it is not as large as many an arm-chair one sees in private dwellings. It is of wood, gilded. The Viceroy never uses it except as a foil to his figure, or as a symbol like the royal arms above it. At a levee or private audience he stands before it on the dais. When he is holding a "durbar," or a meeting of native princes, he sits upon a golden throne of English make—a chair whose arms end in lions' heads. You find the real throne pushed into a corner out of the way on 360 days of the year.

Here Lord Curzon held his first levee, soon after taking

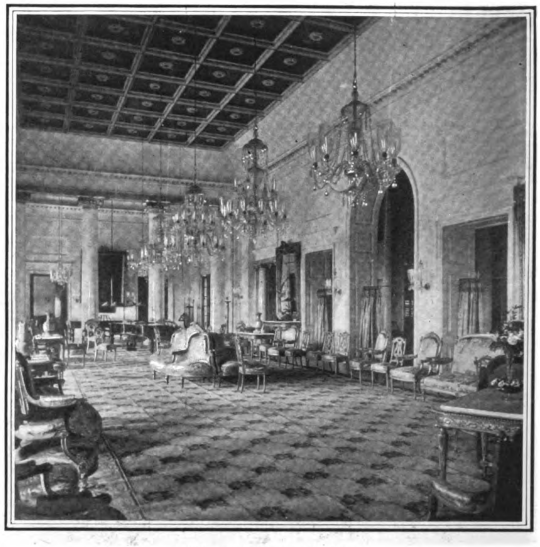


ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY CURZON IN CALCUTTA.

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THE THRONE-ROOM.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

office, and it was, without exception, the largest Calcutta had ever seen. "The spectacle in the Throne Room was brilliant," the newspapers said, "the red and gold of the staff uniforms being relieved by the more sombre hues of civil and naval full dress, while the large number of splendidly attired native princes was a special feature of the occasion."

The Council Room—the most important chamber in India—is no whit different from any other office of the sort at home (from our own cabinet room in the White House, for instance). It is a small room, containing a large centre table, upon which the portraits in oil of ten famous viceroys, governors, and generals look down from the walls.

The floor above, the third and top story of the main part of the palace, is mainly given up to the ball-room. It is the finest one in India, and, in all probability, in the eastern half of the globe. It is proportioned so perfectly and designed with such dignified taste that even unoccupied it charms the eye. The floor is of polished teak, the ceiling is carved into deep panelling, and the stately columns at the sides possess the lustre and pure whiteness of statue marble. More of the captured crystal chandeliers break with graceful effect the space between floor and ceiling. Dancing is confined to the central space, between the columns, the band plays at one side, and beyond the opposite row of columns the dancers rest and promenade.

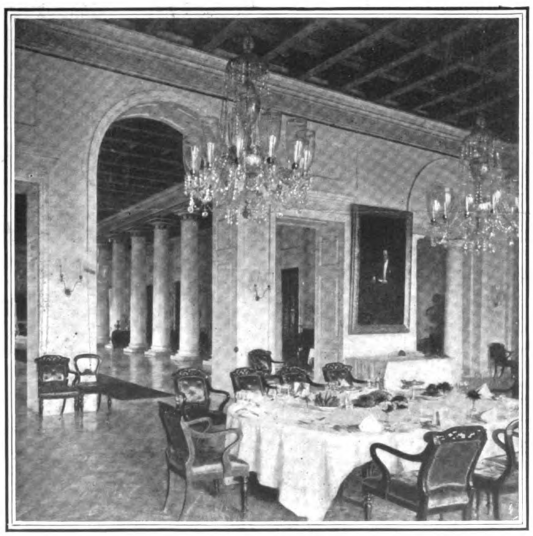
Here the Vicereine held her first Drawing Room, which was the best attended function of the kind which has taken place there in many years. The Vicereine wore



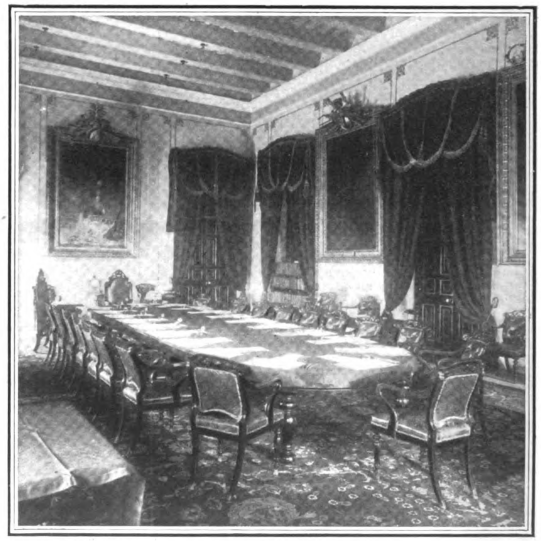
THE BALL-ROOM.

a rich gown of white satin brocade, bearing a design of lilies and leaves, and finished with old-rose Venetian point-lace. Her splendid tiara of large diamonds attracted marked attention. Pearls and diamonds were her minor ornaments. She carried a bouquet of white orchids. Three hundred leaders of the military, naval, consular, and commercial circles of the capital were presented to her and to the Viceroy in the Throne Room, and then ascended to the ball-room, where she mingled with them for more than an hour. Her "brilliant beauty once more enslaved Calcutta," wrote G. W. Steevens to his paper.

The drawing-rooms, boudoirs, the study, and the sleeping-rooms of the palace are peculiar only in being proportioned on the same grand scale, with the same loftiness and the same dignified method in their general design, as the public and official rooms and salons. In their furnishings they are modern, and in their minor decoration they are more or less sumptuous, as each viceroy chooses. Each viceroy finds each one of his official homes a mere carpeted house, with its quota of furniture, but stripped of the private treasures brought or collected there by his predecessor. The new-comer heaps each with bric-à-brac or not, his wife gives each the wizard wifely touch of coziness and homelikeness or not; it blazes with flowers, its corners are heaped with cushions, or not—just as it happens. I have not spoken of the paintings which are fixtures upon the walls of the Calcutta Palace. That building is a complete gallery of the portraits of the heroes and rulers of India, mainly—and well—executed in London.



THE DINING-HALL.



THE COUNCIL-ROOM.

THE VICEREGAL PALACE AT CALCUTTA—THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY CURZON.

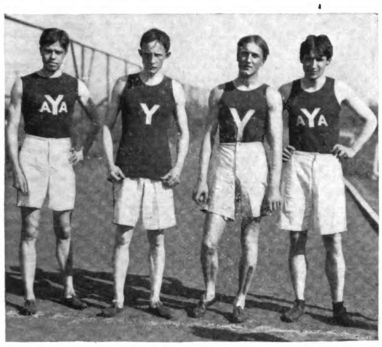
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AMATEUR SPORT

WITHOUT comparative figures to guide you, it is difficult to realize the notable betterment of average performance in college track athletics during the last half-dozen years. Individual development, which makes specialists and leads to new records, has been equally remarkable in the same length of time, but not so surprising, for the evolution of the record-breaker is natural. It is the sequence attendant and expected of many athletes and much competition that discloses and cultivates the man of inherent and abnormal proficiency.

And yet some of the recently established records have truly astonished! Who would have thought, in 1891, when Victor Mapes made his broad-jump record (22 ft. 11¼ in.), that another would surpass it by nearly a foot and a half, or that J. L. Bremer's great performance of 24⅘ sec. for the 220 hurdles in 1895 would be bettered a full second three years later? There have been some extraordinary individual performances within three years, and perhaps we have nearly reached the limit, though that has been said too often to be received with confidence.

But the meritorious feature of the athletic development is the large average of high-class performances; the number of men who to-day attain to figures that were reserved for championships only a few years ago. Men who could sprint in even time were scarce formerly; this year, among the entries to the Inter-collegiate Track championships are four men who have run 100 yards in 10 sec., two that



M. Scudder. W. D. Brennan. J. P. Adams. H. M. Poynter.

YALE'S WINNING TWO-MILE RELAY TEAM.

have run the 220 flat under 22 sec., and four others who have done the same distance in 22 sec.

WHEN Shattuck (Amherst) won the Inter-collegiate 440 in 49½ sec., he not only made an Inter-collegiate record that has never been equalled, but won the only Inter-collegiate quarter in time under 50 sec. A quarter-miler who could do 50 sec. used to be regarded with awe. Next Saturday, at Manhattan Field, four men will start in the quarter who have done 49⅘ sec. and better, and there are four others quite equal to doing 50 sec. Five, if not six, men of those who start in the one mile will equal or better 4 min. 30 sec., and a 4 min. 30 sec. miler not so long ago was placed at the top. From 10 ft. 6 in. to 10 ft. 8 in. were winning figures a few years ago in the pole vault, but this year there are no less than five men who have cleared 11 feet, and some of them bettered it by several inches. And so the same story runs through the entire programme—for every first-class man of six years ago there are now four at least, and whereas the second string once was a lot of very mediocre performers, nowadays there is on the average little to choose between the men who secure points and those who just miss places.

ALTHOUGH there are perhaps more certain first-place winners among this year's entries than in any previous year, yet without doubt the Inter-collegiate championship meeting will furnish the closest and most exciting racing we have ever seen. There are half a dozen running events in which the men are so evenly matched that nothing short of actual racing can decide the best man. And this is particularly true of the quarter-mile.

One may judge of the quality of work the day will disclose by considering the entries in the sprints—Tewkesbury, Blount, Jarvis, Quinlan, Long, Roche, Whittemore, Boardman, Green, Gleason, Mulligan, Fisher.

It seems fairly simple to pick from among these the winner of the 100, for I do not believe that any one of the others will be within a yard of Tewkesbury when he breasts the tape, and should the day be fine and the track in the condition it once was, the time is not unlikely to be better than 10 seconds. The second man in the 100 rests among Blount, Quinlan, Jarvis, Roche, and Whittemore, and is a much more difficult choice. Boardman may compete in this event, but he would better husband his strength for the 220 and quarter. He gets going too slowly for the shorter sprint. Long also is down for the 100, but he too will take the edge off his quarter by competing in both sprints, and I doubt if either of these will start in the 100 yds.

Quinlan and Jarvis have each run 100 yards in 10 sec., and Blount and Whittemore have done 10⅕ sec. when better conditions would perhaps have permitted faster time. Roche has always been expected to equal 10 sec., but has never done so yet. Last year Whittemore beat Blount in a trial heat at the Inter-collegiates, but Blount is running with more speed and has greater strength this year. I think he can now beat Whittemore; but as between him and Jarvis it is so close that choice is merest guess or prejudice. I rather fancy Blount, with Jarvis beating Quinlan for third.

WHILE I believe Tewkesbury will win the 220 flat, Boardman will get nearer to him than any one else has, either this year or last. And it is not at all improbable that with another year's training and experience Boardman may even make the result of their meeting very uncertain. The Yale man does not get off the mark so fast as the Pennsylvanian; he does not get off fast enough, in fact, but he finishes with a burst of great speed and increasing strength. He should secure second place with certainty, although Quinlan, Long, and Jarvis are so good and so near that Boardman must equal his very best or he will be beaten out. If Quinlan had kept his head to the front and run his race from beginning to end, he might have beaten Boardman at New Haven in the dual meet, for the Yale man passed him like a flash, and won by only six inches on the tape. Quinlan beat Boardman off the mark at New Haven, but he probably will not do so by very much at Manhattan Field; a week of practice will accomplish a lot in this respect. Then there are Jarvis and Long to be reckoned with, and each running in form these days that suggests no end of possibilities. Yet Quinlan's experience ought to count for much, and if he will profit by the lesson Boardman administered he should be at the Yale man's shoulder, with Jarvis and Long struggling for the fourth point.

Fisher is not going so fast this season as was expected of him, and will hardly get a place in either sprint.

BURKE has run so many hard quarter-miles, and is a finisher of such strength and determination, that he seems entitled to first honors next Saturday. Had he been fit and strong all season, I should, without hesitation, write him down a winner; as it is, I am inclined to favor Long, who is very fit, and has been showing this year the best form of his career. He ran one quarter a few weeks ago against a stiffish breeze in 49⅘ sec., and has disclosed occasional bursts that suggest him equal to doing a good second better. Some of those most familiar with his work think he will touch 48 sec., but so many good things go wrong it is not wise to count too much on practice trial heats. Besides, 48 sec. is pretty fast going; much easier of accomplishment to timers than to runners.

If Burke is in as good condition as he was at New Haven, he is pretty sure to defeat Boardman for second place, because he can beat the Yale man on the first fifty yards every time, and this gives him the lead, which means the pole, and a considerable saving of energy and worry on the corners. But if he happens to be a trifle off, the Yale man, who is strong and coming, will be sure to head him. Still, we may perhaps safely count on Burke holding second at least. Jarvis and Hastings appear hardly in the run for the first three places, but ought to make a fine struggle for the fourth. Their records are the same (50⅘ sec.), though the former is not quite so strong as the other, and has a leg somewhat unsound, that may on occasion prove troublesome. Perhaps his nerve will carry him through.

THERE will be a hard, close race to the finish of the half-mile, and an upset, I am inclined to think. Burke may or may not enter; it will make no especial difference one way or the other, I fancy. Cregan is fit, and running as well as he ever has, which is tantamount to saying he is good for 1 m. 58 sec. Naturally he is looked upon as the winner, and there is every good reason for the general opinion that supports his claims. But, somewhat against reason, I confess to feeling that Adams will defeat Cregan for first place. The Yale man is inexperienced compared with Cregan, and his practice-work has not shown such speed, yet he seems to me to have in him the stuff of which runners are made. Cregan is certain to be raced harder than he has ever before been, and I suggest he be particularly cautious against drifting into his usually aggressive style—such carelessness with his elbows, and cutting in front of another when he is not leading by two strides. It would be too bad if the referee found it necessary to disqualify him for fouling.

Bush and Brennan will have quite as exciting a struggle for third place, for although Lane and Mechling and Bray are all good men and equal to about 1 min. 59 sec., yet on the work shown thus far the first two appear to have a bit more speed. Of course there are several other very good men in this and in the other preceding events, with records about equal to those I have chosen for discussion. But space is lacking to take them all into account, and therefore only those are considered from whom, in my judgment, the point-winners are most likely to come.

CREGAN will have another hard, close race in the mile, against Grant, than whom there is no runner on the track with more judgment of pace and of the fitting time to make his effort. Cregan also runs with excellent judgment, so we may



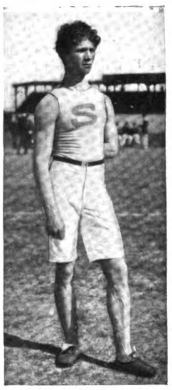
HARVARD–YALE MEET—SPITZER WINNING THE MILE RUN.

be sure of a great race. As the mile run is the first on the programme in which Cregan competes, he will in all probability win it, with something to spare. I should always expect him, when fresh, to beat Grant for a mile. Conversely, I expect Cregan not at his best in the half-mile, which comes after the one and two mile events. Third place in the mile should go to Yale—to Spitzer, whose official record is no better than that of Clark or Mechling or one or two others, but who appears to have the heart of a racer and the steadiness of a veteran.

The two-mile race is a new one on the programme, replacing that useless mile walk, which held its place much too long. Grant and Cregan will meet again, and the former seems to have somewhat the better of it by quite a bit in the matter of practice showing. Not a great deal has been done at this distance by college athletes, and the record for a while will no doubt be quite below the Inter-collegiate standard; but the change from the walk is wise, and will be beneficial. We need distance runners; it is the one department in which American athletics is weak.



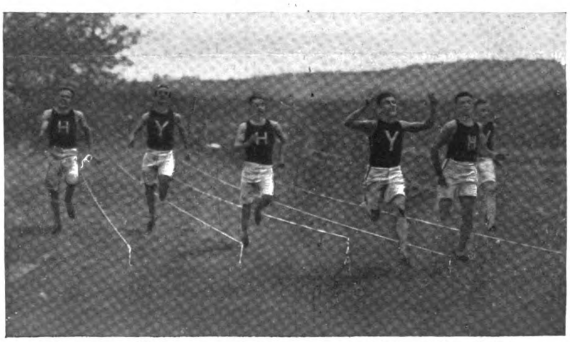
J. T. ROCHE (CAPT., HARVARD). 100 Yards, 10 1-5 sec.



M. PRINSTEIN (SYRACUSE). Broad Jump, 23 ft. 8 7-8 in.

Third place on Saturday will be fought out by several who have done very fair work—Spitzer, Palmer, Clyde, Mills, Foote.

DISCUSSION of winners in the hurdle events must be confined to second, third, and fourth places, for Kraenzlein is absolutely certain of winning first in both. Fox and Fincke will make a lively race for second place in the 120, and Fox ought to get it if he performs with the same determination that characterizes the work of the Yale man, who is improving steadily, and is good enough now to take advantage of the slightest let up by Fox.



Green. Fisher. Roche. Blount. Quinlan. Warren.

HARVARD–YALE MEET—FINAL OF 100-YARD DASH—BLOUNT, FIRST; QUINLAN, SECOND; ROCHE, THIRD.

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Among Wheeler, Ripley, McKibbin, and Lewis there should be an interesting struggle for fourth place.

There appears to be an exceeding paucity of good men in the low hurdles, and Pennsylvania and Harvard will have it all to themselves—Pennsylvania getting the first place, and Harvard the remaining three, unless perchance Remington or Wheeler beat out Warren for fourth.

IF Yale does not secure ten of the eleven possible points in the pole vault, it will be because of Hurlburt's improvement on any form he has recently revealed. Judged by their public performances and practice-work, there is little fear at New Haven that Clapp, Johnson, and Selin will not do at least as well as they have hitherto. And if they do, three of the places in this event must be credited to the blue. Hurlburt, however, is a vaulter of natural ability and great possibilities; no doubt, under careful training, he would seriously challenge the record. Therefore he must be viewed as a formidable obstacle to Yale's chances of getting second place, but one which Johnson may, with good luck, overcome. Last year this Wesleyan athlete sprained his ankle just before the Inter-collegiate championship, and did not appear.

Deming at this hour gives no indication of exceeding his excellent performance (11 ft.) of the other day, though it will not do for Selin to count too confidently on that height as the Cornell man's limit, else there may be a surprise party in at the struggle for fourth place. The best of all the other pole-vaulters has not got beyond 10 ft. 10 in., so we may look for the distribution of points among these five.

PENNSYLVANIA is practically certain of first place in the high jump with Baxter, and unless Rotch, Morse, and Carroll perform up to their best, Kraenzlein is quite apt to add two or three more points to Pennsylvania's accumulation. High jumpers are so uncertain, indeed, that any distribution of points, so long as Baxter had five, would not be surprising. Waller, Yale's Rough Rider athlete, will probably not jump at all; he is in no condition for gentle practice, much less for the severe and exhausting work of competition. And it is very hard lines on this brave chap, too, that the insatiable Cuban malaria should exact double toll of him.

There is no room for speculation on the first and second place broad-jump winners. Nothing short of a broken leg can keep Kraenzlein from winning first; he has recently increased by one inch his world-record performance (24 ft. 3½ in.) at Philadelphia in April, and I have no doubt will better even that by several inches before he has reached his limit.

INDEED, this extraordinary all-round athlete seems to have no limit. He holds world records, and remarkable records, too, in both hurdles and the broad jump; can run a quarter in 50 sec., and 100 yards in 10½ sec., and high jump 6 ft. His style is not graceful—rather awkward, in fact—but he has great strength and speed, and legs so long that in the low hurdles he steps over rather than jumps the obstacles! He is over six feet tall, and weighs from about 165 to 170 pounds.

The rapidity of Kraenzlein's improvement is almost as notable as the performances themselves; he has for four, if not five, years been competing—always a first-class athlete of promise, but superior training and handling have disclosed his real ability within two years. In '98, at the Inter-collegiate championships, his best broad jump was 23 ft. 1¼in.—a year later he is jumping 24 ft. 4½!

Last year, when Prinstein broke the long-standing Inter-collegiate broad-jump record of 22 ft. 11¼ in. made in '91 by Victor Mapes (Columbia), and the American record of 23 ft. 6½ in. made in '91 at Detroit by C. S. Reber, his performance was considered remarkable, as in point of fact it was. It would have been hard to believe then his name could be replaced on the record table by another jumping nearly one foot farther. And yet at the very next Inter-collegiate championship meeting we are writing him down as a second-place winner! So speed American records and the Yankee athlete!

Third and fourth places seem to belong to Harvard and Pennsylvania, who have men doing from 22 ft. 3 in. to 22 ft. 8 in.; and no other college appears to have so good, although Boettger (Princeton) is usually safe for 22 ft.

MCCRACKEN is about as sure of first in the hammer and shot as Kraenzlein is of the same place in the broad jump and the hurdles. No one of the entries can probably come within hailing distance of his world's record throw of 153 ft. 8 in., or within half a dozen feet of his Inter-collegiate record throw (149 ft. 5 in.) which he made last year. It is even suggested that he may considerably better his own figures at this game—placing them close to 160 ft., for instance. Boal will as likely get second place in the hammer. Though his best (138 ft. 6¼ in.) is far below McCracken's, yet it is also considerably above that of any other of the contestants, and the real struggle in this event is destined to be for third and fourth places, with Hare and Clark and Hennen, and, too, possibly, with Welles—who will keep the others up to their work, or replace them. I fancy Hare for third, because he is so much more dependable than Clark, who may be in his best or in his poorest form, and none be the wiser until after the trial.

SECOND place in the shot is quite as much of an open question as it is in any one of the track events. No one will come within three feet of McCracken's Inter-collegiate record put of 43 ft. 8¼ in., but several are credited with doing 40 ft., and perhaps one may be pushed into excelling himself. Boettger, McMahon, and Clark have the best records of the candidates for second honors; but if Harvard had only Clark, I fear her chances would be uncertain, though I am not unmindful of his work two or three years ago, when in the Harvard-Pennsylvania dual meet he in a large measure saved the day for Harvard by making the put of his life. Harvard has another uneven performer in Ellis, who may or may not equal his best. Brown seems to me Harvard's more dependable man in this event, and although his record is not quite so good as the others, his work has been more consistent. With three men doing about 40 ft. each, Harvard surely has the most chances for second. But there are Boettger, who is about as good, and McMahon, Francis, Nash, and Glass—all really about even. It is too close to do more than venture a guess.

PROBABLE distribution of the points to be won at the Inter-collegiate Track Championships (May 27), based on individual public performance. The bicycle events not taken into consideration.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 2 points; 4th place, 1 point.	Pennsylvania.	Yale.	Harvard.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Syracuse.	Wesleyan.
100-yard dash	5	3	1	2			
220-yard dash	5	3	2		1		
440-yard run		2	3	1	5		
880-yard run		6	2	3			
1-mile run	3	3		5			
2-mile run	5	2		4			
120-yard hurdles	5	2	3	1			
220-yard hurdles	5		6				
Pole vault		9					2
High jump	5		4	2			
Broad jump	7		1			3	
16-lb. hammer	7		4				
16-lb. shot	6		3	2			
	53	30	29	20	6	3	2

NOT the smallest doubt exists as to which university will win the championship. Pennsylvania could not possibly lose it—unless Tewkesbury or Kraenzlein or McCracken should break down. Last year she won by an overwhelming score, and it looks this year as if her triumph would be even more emphatic, though the score will not be correspondingly greater, as the added glory will come through first-place winning. Last year Pennsylvania won seven first places—on Saturday she is practically sure of eight, with an excellent chance for a ninth. Her score, in all probability, will be in the neighborhood of 20 points greater than the second university.

If first-place winner in the championships is so manifest, second place is more than doubtful. I do not remember a year when there was so little to choose between two contestants for second honors. The struggle, in my judgment, will be between Harvard and Yale; but a few unexpected points would bring Princeton into the running quickly, and with good luck dispose of Yale's chances for second or even third place.

PRINCETON'S gain will be Yale's loss. I do not quite see how Yale can get above 30 points, and Princeton might pull her down to 25 and either tie or beat her out for third. For instance, Princeton's possibilities are Cregan's win of the half-mile,—which would add 2 to her own score and take 3 from Yale; Cregan's win of the two mile,—to take another point off Yale; and the picking up of one extra point each in the high jump and shot.

On the other hand, Yale is more certain of her points in the sprints than Harvard, and she has better chances in the middle distances. But with Princeton's rise in the half and the two mile, Yale's chance of getting second place will be lost.

At first glance it looks as if Harvard's resources were greater and the Cambridge team's chances better for winning out in the race for second honors. But though the crimson team is the most evenly developed and of greatest all-round strength of all the universities entered, yet Yale seems to be surer of the events upon which she depends for her points.

AND yet so many things may happen to change the order of finishers in several of the important events! It seems to me I never discussed running events that contained such a bewildering variety of possible results. Yale has a hold on second place—a fragile hold, to be sure, but a hold none the less. Her men must do all expected of them, and everything go her way, for Yale to win second.

Harvard is more comfortable. The smallest good luck for her or the slightest ill luck to Yale will throw her into second place. She can hardly get less than 27 points, and there are possibilities of her winning a point here and there by the fullest development of her team, until she has gained eight more than now given her, or made a total score of 37. It will be a great struggle—will that for second place between Harvard and Yale.

THE Inter-collegiate Association has made an unusual effort this year not only to provide superior accommodations, but to infuse a responsive spirit into New-Yorkers. The number of spectators at these games for the past three or four years has been entirely disproportionate to the quality of athletic performance; it has been, indeed, absurdly small. This year Manhattan Field has been chosen because of its accessibility, and the most expert talent employed to put track and field in the best condition.

The sport this year will be of the highest class; and if the games are not better patronized than hitherto, they will another year be held in Philadelphia, where Franklin Field is properly equipped for such a meeting, and the people appreciative of high-class sport.

PENNSYLVANIA not only won all the honors of college baseball last week, but showed quite the highest quality game of any Eastern university nine. And the more credit is due Pennsylvania because she began the season under perhaps greatest discouragement. At first there were much unsteadiness and poor scores, but soon evidences of good ball to come began to appear here and there in games otherwise indifferently played, and by the first week in May the nine had settled. Defeats of Brown (4–3) and Lehigh (8–7) were suggestive, and by the time Cornell had been twice beaten (6–4 and 8–0) Pennsylvania was playing good ball.

There was a little luck in the Georgetown game, but Pennsylvania's play was the better, and she won (14–11) entirely on the merits of her work. As Georgetown has defeated Yale, Harvard, and Princeton twice each, Pennsylvania's victory may be taken as evidence of good ball and not luck. On Saturday Pennsylvania defeated Harvard (3–0) in the very best game that has been played by college teams this season. Each side made four hits. Harvard made only two errors, and Pennsylvania not one. Harvard, too, showed much improvement on her recent work, and if she keeps up the form displayed Saturday and gets more aggression into her batting, she may beat Princeton Saturday (27th) at Cambridge. Although, until Harvard attains greater and more dependable strength in that direction, her chances against Princeton or Yale are not encouraging.

Princeton fell off somewhat last week, being beaten by Brown (3–6) and Cornell (5–7) in games highly creditable to Brown and Cornell. Yale has met no strong nine recently, and we must await her showing against Georgetown (22d); she, however, keeps up her batting, and Cook is improving in the box.

At present Yale and Pennsylvania are the strongest nines among Eastern universities. Pennsylvania's battery has developed into a workmanlike combination; the team bats fairly, but the feature of its work is freedom from error-making. Princeton is too prone to slovenly play. Yale's strength is in batting, the fielding and battery being only fair. Harvard's trouble is lack of steam in base-running and aggression at the bat.

SOME weeks ago, in commenting on the condition of sport at Virginia and North Carolina universities, I incidentally alluded to St. Albans School as one at which Collier (a present member of Virginia's athletic teams, and whose sporting itinerary I was exploiting) had been engaged as a "master," and upon whose football eleven he had played in the course of his tour of Southern institutions. I find now that Collier was not engaged as a "master" at St. Albans (the fact of his being a student monitor having misled me), and that my allusion to the school has been misinterpreted. It was in no sense my thought to intimate that St. Albans engaged masters primarily for their athletic ability, or that the school inordinately sought scholars of athletic proficiency.

St. Albans, in common with many other preparatory schools, has had as masters college men of unusual athletic ability, but there is cause for praise rather than for slurs in such a course. The teacher whose sphere of usefulness spreads from class-room to play-ground is the master upon whom we may safest depend to give our boys manly as well as scholarly attainments.

I take pains to make this explanation because, while I am frank and unsparing where criticism is merited, I value fairness above all else, and language that lends itself to misinterpretation is a measure of unfairness. Hence this second paragraph. CASPAR WHITNEY.

LIKELY POINT-WINNERS IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN FIELD, MAY 27.

Event.	Pennsylvania.	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Miscellaneous.
100 yards	Tewkesbury, .10.	Quinlan, .10 1-5. Roche, .10 1-5.	Blount, .10 1-5.	Jarvis, .10 1-5.	Whittemore, .10 1-5, Syracuse.
220 yards	Tewkesbury, .21 3-5.	Quinlan, .22 1-5. Green.	Boardman, .22. Gleason.	Jarvis, .22 2-5.	Long, .22, Columbia. Mulligan, .22 2-5, Georget'n.
440 yards		Burke, .49.	Boardman, .49 4-5.	Jarvis, .50 4-5.	Long, .49 4-5, Columbia. Hastings, .50 4-5, Cornell.
880 yards	Lane, 1.59. Mechling.	Bush, 1.58. Burke.	Adams, 1.57 4-5. Brennan, 1.58 2-5.	Cregan, 1.58 2-5.	Bray, 1.59 2-5, Williams.
1-mile run	Grant, 4.24. Mechling, 4.30.	Clark, H., 4.29 1-5.	Spitzer, 4.30. Clyde.	Cregan, 4.23 3-5.	
2-mile run	Grant, 10.2.	Clark, H. White. Mack. Foote.	Spitzer. Clyde. Smith.	Cregan. Palmer.	
120-yard hurdles.	Kraenzlein, .15 1-5.* McKibbin.	Fox, .16. Hallowell.	Fincke, .16 1-5.	Wheeler, .16 1-5.	Ripley, .16 2-5, Cornell. Lewis, .16 1-5, Syracuse.
220-yard hurdles.	Kraenzlein, .23 3-5.*	Converse, .25 3-5. Hallowell. Warren.			
Pole vault	Colkett, 10.10. Deakin.		Clapp, 11.10.* Johnson, 11.6. Selin, 11.3.	Moore, 10.6.	Hurlburt, 11.6 1-2, Wesleyan. Deming, 11, Cornell.
High jump	Baxter, 6.2 1-2. Kraenzlein, 6.	Rotch, 6.1 3-4. Morse, 6.1. Rice, 6.1-2. Ellis, 6.		Carroll, 6.1 3-4.	
Broad jump	Kraenzlein, 24.4 1-2.* McClain, 22.8.	Daly, 22.8.			Prinstein, 23.7 3-8,† Syracuse.
Hammer	McCracken, 153 8.* Hare, 129.	Boal, 138. Clark, E., 127. Hennen, 125.			Welles, 123.7 3-4, Columbia.
Shot	McCracken, 43.8 1-2.† McMahon, 40.10.	Brown, 39.9 1-2. Clark, E., 40.4 1-2. Ellis, 40.1.	Francis, 39.6 3-4.	Boettger, 40.6 3-4.	Nash, 39.4 1-2, Columbia. Glass, 39.7 1-2, Syracuse.

* World's record. † Inter-collegiate record.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—By W. J. Henderson.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, $1 00.—Harper & Brothers, Publishers

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Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, May 10.—The manager of the Manila-Dagupan Railway and two of his assistants, who had remained within the Filipino lines to protect the property of the railway company, arrived at San Fernando. They reported that the Filipino soldiers were looting the homes of the natives, from whom they received little support.

Thursday, May 11.—Despatches from General Otis described the situation as follows: "Succeeded in passing army gunboats to Calumpit for use in the Rio Grande; railway connections with that point secured this week; passage of gunboats through Macabebe country hailed with joyful demonstrations by the inhabitants. . . . In country passed over by troops temporary civil administration inaugurated and protection to inhabitants against insurgent abuses given as far as possible. Signs of insurgent disintegration daily manifested. Obstacles which natural features of the country present can be overcome. The volunteer organizations first to return are now in Negros [Island] and forty-five miles from Manila at the front. Expected that transports now arriving will take returning volunteers. Volunteers understand that they will begin to leave for the United States the latter part of the month; know the importance of their presence here at this time, and accept the sacrifice which the interests of the United States make imperative. The *Hancock* is now entering the harbor."

The *Hancock* had on board the Twenty-first Infantry and Light Battery E, First Artillery—39 officers and 1451 men—under command of Colonel Jacob Kline.

In the province of Cavité, south of Manila, native troops were fortifying and intrenching the principal towns.

The natives at Zamboanga, island of Mindanao, demanded the surrender of the Spanish garrison at that place. The Spaniards refused to surrender, whereupon the natives made a brisk attack upon them, using quick-firing guns and arms captured from Spanish gunboats. The Spanish commander, four other officers, and three soldiers were wounded, and one private killed.

Friday, May 12.—An Associated Press despatch, sent *viâ* Hong-kong, stated that the men of the First Nebraska Regiment had prepared a respectful memorial to General MacArthur, asking that their regiment might be withdrawn for a short time from the fighting-line. "The memorial says that the men are willing to fight, but are in no condition to do so, owing to the strain of long marching, continual fighting, and outpost duty in which they have been engaged. . . . Since February 2 the regiment has lost 225 men in killed and wounded, and 59 since the battle of Malolos." Only about 300 members of the organization were fit for duty. They had been worked beyond endurance.

This despatch only emphasized the need of a much larger American force in the Philippines. It had long been apparent to careful students of the situation that, if the war continued and was to be prosecuted vigorously, General Otis would require many additional regiments, not only to make good our losses and to relieve the men on the fighting-line from time to time, but to maintain communication with Manila as the columns advanced further into the interior, and (most vital point of all) to constitute a strong reserve which might be sent to the assistance of Lawton or MacArthur if the Filipinos should succeed in surrounding either of our aggressive divisions. General Otis took advantage of the re-enforcement arriving on the *Hancock* to send two battalions of the Seventeenth Infantry to San Fernando, and two companies of the Ninth Infantry, with one gun, to join Lawton's command.

The Filipino Congress sitting at San Isidro was composed, according to a despatch received *viâ* London, of fifty-six members, of whom twenty favored peace, while an equal number were irreconcilables, and the remaining sixteen were in favor of demanding better terms from the United States.

Saturday, May 13.—Aguinaldo withdrew a portion of his troops from San Isidro northward, for the purpose of avoiding Lawton's column and establishing the Filipino headquarters in "almost inaccessible mountains, inhabited by savages who use poisoned arrows—a region such that it will be absolutely impossible for the Americans to follow him there." He asserted that he had never offered to negotiate for surrender, and did not intend to, his design being to maintain his defensive tactics until the next session of the American Congress. Before abandoning his temporary capital at San Isidro, he ordered all foreigners to leave the Filipino lines within forty-eight hours, alleging as a motive for this action, which affected principally English and German commercial men, the desire to avoid such damaging statements as those of the railway official mentioned under date of May 10. A recent letter from Aguinaldo to the Tagálog General Trias, who was in command of the Filipinos south of the Pasig River, contained the expression, "I fear that the long warfare which will be necessary *to conquer the United States* will drain the country's resources too much."

The Filipino forces north of Manila at this time were divided between three separate commands. One brigade was reported to be "intrenched so close to San Fernando as to make life in that city uncomfortable," and in the same despatch it was admitted that "the United States troops have advanced so far that the question of transportation [of supplies from Manila] has become the great problem." A new though surely not an unforeseen element of difficulty was referred to in these terms: "Among the thousands of pretended friendly natives who have been returning to their homes behind the American lines there are some who make the zone unsafe unless Americans go well armed and in parties. Soldiers going about alone are frequently fired upon. During the last week it has been found necessary to send guards with wagons and ambulances, and several attempts have been made to wreck trains by placing obstructions upon the railway track."

Lieutenant Reyes, representing the Filipino General Gregorio Pilar, requested a conference with the Philippines Commissioners.

Twenty American scouts, supported by two companies of the Minnesota and Oregon regiments from Lawton's command, flanked the enemy at San Ildefonso, just north of Mausim, and captured the town. The Filipinos retreated northward to San Miguel de Mayumo. Captured records showed that twenty per cent. of the opposing Filipino force had been killed or wounded since Lawton's advance began.

Sunday, May 14.—From Ildefonso Lawton proceeded to San Miguel, which he took with slight loss, driving a considerable force of the enemy. General Otis cabled the Adjutant General at Washington that "gunboats and *cascos* [large square-ended lighters] will accompany 1500 men under Major Kobbe up the Rio Grande de la Pampanga from Calumpit. MacArthur remains at San Fernando."

The army gunboats *Laguna de Bay* and *Cavadonga* and a launch were attacked by Filipinos concealed in the jungle on both sides of the Rio Grande three miles above Calumpit. A sergeant belonging to the Utah Battery was killed and one private was wounded. The Americans succeeded in driving the natives from their position after killing a score or more with rapid-fire guns.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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T. E. BURKE (HARVARD).
440 Yards, 49 sec.



C. B. SPITZER (YALE).
1 Mile, 4 min. 30 sec.



J. P. ADAMS (YALE).
880 Yards, 1 min. 57 4-5 sec.



A. GRANT (PENN.).
1 Mile, 4 min. 24 sec.



F. W. JARVIS (PRINCETON).
100 Yards, 10 sec.



A. C. KRAENZLEIN (PENN.).
Broad Jump, 24 ft. 4 1-2 in.
220-Yard Hurdles, 23 3-5 sec.



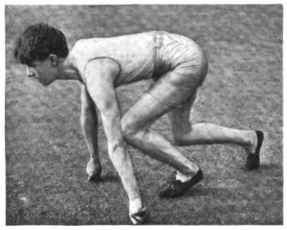
I. K. BAXTER (PENN.).
High Jump, 6 ft. 3 1-2 in.



M. LONG (COLUMBIA).
440 Yards, 49 4-5 sec.



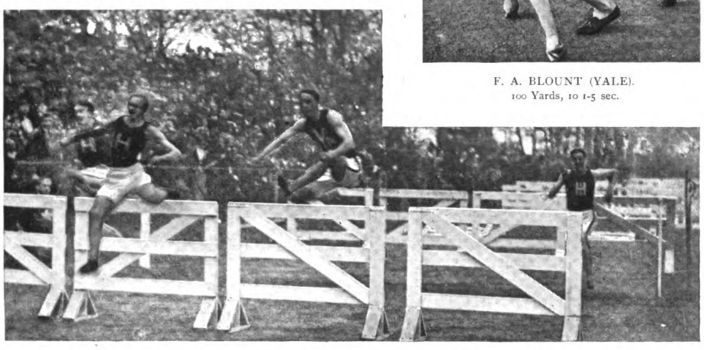
DIXON BOARDMAN (YALE).
440 Yards, 49 4-5 sec.



F. A. BLOUNT (YALE).
100 Yards, 10 1-5 sec.



T. R. FISHER, 2D (CAPTAIN, YALE).
220 Yards, 22 1-5 sec.



FOX (HARVARD) WINNING THE 120-YARD HURDLE EVENT; FINCKE (YALE) SECOND; CONVERSE (HARVARD) THIRD.



J. W. B. TEWKESBURY (PENN.).
100 Yards, 10 sec. 220 Yards, 21 3-5 sec.



J. F. CREGAN (CAPTAIN, PRINCETON).
1 Mile, 4 min. 23 3-5 sec.



BURKE (HARVARD) WINNING 440-YARD RUN; BOARDMAN (YALE) SECOND; LUCE (YALE) THIRD.



J. C. McCRACKEN (PENN.).
16-lb. Hammer, 153 ft. 8 in.

THE ATHLETES WHO WILL WIN POINTS AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP, MAY 27—MANHATTAN FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 531.]

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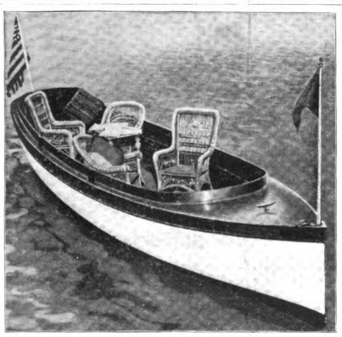
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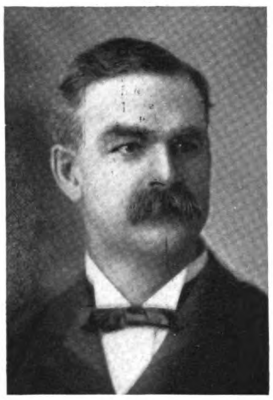
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To Succeed Dingley

THE Second District Republican Convention, meeting at Lewiston, Maine, on May 11, unanimously nominated Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, of Rockland, to represent the district in Congress, as Nelson Dingley's successor.

Mr. Littlefield was born in Lebanon, York County, Maine, on June 21, 1851. His father, the Rev. W. H. Littlefield, was pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lebanon at the time of Charles's birth, but soon afterwards moved to Rockland, and subsequently held charges at Vinalhaven, Weeks Mills, and elsewhere, the son receiving a public-school education at these various places, and working as a carpenter and foreman. Under the direction of his father, Charles pursued higher studies than those which were prescribed at the schools; he also succeeded in saving from his wages enough money to enable him in 1874 to begin the study of the law in the office of Rice & Hall. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, and at once engaged in active practice with General J. P. Cilley. In 1885 he was elected Representative to the Legislature of the State, and served during several terms; he has also held local offices in the city of Rockland. In the practice of his profession, especially in the discharge of his duties as Attorney-General, he won distinction as a man of ability and energy, as well as an eloquent speaker. The Second Maine District being overwhelmingly Republican, the nomination by the convention is regarded as equivalent to an election.



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD.

The Hospital-Ship "Missouri"

THE photographs reproduced on page 519 give an idea of the *Missouri*, which, after saving more lives than any other vessel in the history of commerce, was transformed into the most complete hospital-ship the world has ever known. It seems almost impossible that one freighter could have accomplished so much for mercy and humanity, but the *Missouri* rescued almost a thousand persons from sinking and disabled ships; she carried gratuitously food for 30,000 people in the Russian famine; and she transported between one and two thousand patients and hospital attachés in the war with Spain. It seems to have been her fate to do good, and the story of how she became a hospital-ship is worth telling. Surgeon-General Sternberg, in a conversation with Mr. B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, deplored his difficulty in securing ships of the right kind for transporting the sick and wounded. Mr. Baker, whose patriotism had been shown in other instances, offered to give the use of a ship fully manned free of all expense to the government, and to maintain her as long as she might be needed. He suggested the *Missouri*, being moved thereto by her record in life-saving. The offer meant such an outlay that the Surgeon-General could not at first realize that it was made in good faith, and it was only when it was renewed that he appreciated that Mr. Baker meant all he said. The result was a joyful acceptance. Within less than a month the *Missouri*, coaled and ready for sea, her crew and officers newly uniformed for the service, and all without consideration, was turned over to the government. The British flag, under which she had been sailing, was hauled down. Most of the officers and seamen applied for American citizenship, and the stars and stripes were raised. Then began a ser-

(*Continued on page 536.*)



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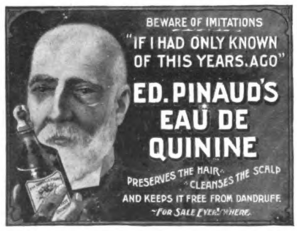
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when suffering from any bad condition of the Stomach or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

(Continued from page 535.)

vice which makes one of the brightest pages in the whole war. There is not a blot upon it.

Much was said about the Medical Department of the army in Cuba, but this is the other side of the picture, showing what competent men could do and did do with the sick and the wounded when they had the right sort of facilities.

The *Missouri's* keel was laid on the 25th of June, 1888, and she sailed January 29, 1889, a stanch steel ship 320 feet long, 41 feet beam, 25 feet depth, 4200 tons burden, and with powerful triple-expansion engines. Her motto was that of the State after which she was named, "Salus populi suprema lex," and the safety of people has always been her supreme law and destiny. After a successful trip to America she started on her second voyage, encountering severe storms. Eight days out from London she saw a signal of distress. The *Danmark*, of Copenhagen, bound for New York, with a crew of 70 and 665 passengers, had broken her shaft, and there was a hole in her bottom. First the *Missouri* tried to tow the *Danmark*, but ice increased the difficulties, and the climax came in the signal, "Am sinking; take off my people." On the *Missouri* were accommodations for twenty extra people only, but Captain Murrell did not hesitate. He threw his cargo overboard, and while that was being done he thought of plans. He had seen a shipwrecked mother and daughter pulled on deck in a heavy sea by slinging a coal-basket with ropes over the side of the ship. Then began the most famous rescue of modern times. The sea was high, the work seemingly impossible. But they did it. First the babies, twenty-two of them; then the little girls, one of whom delayed a boat by running back to get a rag doll; then the women, and finally the men—and the matter-of-fact log reads thus: "At 4.30 P.M. last boat, containing captain and officers of *Danmark*, came off, thus completing the transfer in 5½ hours, making a total of 735 people taken on board without a single accident." And the little mite who came after these were safely stored in the ship was christened Atlanta Missouri Linne. "And Every Soul Was Saved," illustrating the deed, painted by a member of the National Academy, is one of the historical works of the century. Thirty decorations and presentations from kings and people, with gold medals and cash gifts and banquets, followed. Prince Bismarck wrote a letter of cordial praise. The President of the United States eulogized the sacrifice of the cargo. Who was to pay for this cargo? The owners of the ship announced they would stand the loss, and the insurance companies promptly offered to pay, and, to cap the climax, the owners of the cargo refused to accept a cent—an instance of great-souled manhood all around. In 1891 and 1892, when Russia's famine was at its worst, the millers of the Northwest offered a cargo of flour, and it was accepted by the Russian government—altogether 5,000,000 pounds, $100,000 worth, of flour, and two train-loads of corn, from 450 cities, towns, and counties in twenty-five States. The *Missouri* took all this and more absolutely free to Russia, and the food filled 241 cars and fed 30,000 people, and the government presented to the ship handsome acknowledgments. Her fate continued. She rescued the steamship *Delaware*, towing her 700 miles to Halifax, and the *Bertha*, towing her to Barry, England, making a total of lives to her credit of nearly one thousand, not one of whom was lost.

Sentiment as well as patriotism turned such a ship into a messenger of mercy, and prompt appreciation rushed its gifts for her perfection. In making the *Missouri* the largest personal generosity of the war, Mr. Baker encouraged giving, so that results of an interesting kind speedily followed. "The patriotic societies soon heard of the hospital-ship being fitted up, and immediately offered assistance," said Major William H. Arthur, U.S.A., who as surgeon and officer afterwards commanded her. "The National Red Cross Committee gave an ice-making and refrigerating plant, a steam-laundry, carbonating apparatus, a large steam-disinfector, a steam-launch, electric fans, a complete telephone system, and an enormous supply of clothing and delicacies for the sick. Another steam-launch was given by the Daughters of the American Revolution. An X-ray apparatus was given by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America, and the Woman's National Relief Association gave four perfectly equipped electrical diet or ward kitchens." (These kitchens are the gifts attributed and due to Miss Helen Gould, about which so much has been said and written.) Of course the problem of fitting up a complete hospital inside of the steel shell of the ship had to be solved, and how it was done is best told in the sententious words of Major Arthur: "Two decks were available for wards. They were thoroughly cleaned, sheathed, ceiled, floored, and painted, plumbing and heating apparatus put in place, beds of an approved pattern made for the purpose set up in the wards, and store-rooms, kitchens, operating-room, dispensary, and so on, built and equipped."

Inside and outside, alow and aloft, the transformation was complete. The cattle-ship became a thing of beauty, comfort, and elegance. The hull was resplendent in white paint with the broad green band—the colors adopted by the Geneva Peace Congress. The

(Continued on page 537.)

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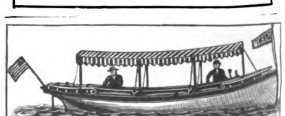
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(*Continued from page 536.*)

old cattle-decks became beautiful apartments, with cozy rooms and sweet white wards. There are 180 electric fans for use when the ship is in the tropics. There is steam heat in every room. There are fresh and sea water baths, hot and cold. There are elevators to carry the patients from the spar-deck to the wards below. And in addition to all the other things that might be particularized there is a library of 10,000 books and magazines, presented by Wall Street capitalists, and there is a dark room for developing negatives. But the true glory was the spotlessness. "The men wept for joy when they saw the clean ward-rooms; they laughed in happiness as they ate the palatable food," wrote one who was present on the first trip from Santiago. Captain Luckhurst, the master of the *Missouri*, in a graphic private account of the ship's work, wrote: "It is almost impossible to describe the look of thankfulness that was, in almost every case, depicted upon the haggard faces of the poor fellows as they were laid in the cots upon spring mattresses and snowy sheets, and laid their fevered brows and aching heads upon feather pillows, or took the nourishment or stimulant. One circumstance attracted attention. No matter how far gone the sick men were, they held on to their campaign hats and toothbrushes."

On the several trips of the *Missouri* the loss of life was the lowest ever recorded in war transportation. Her worst voyage in this respect was the first. She took on board 256 men at Santiago, most of whom were desperately ill. Men who weighed from 130 to 180 pounds before they went to war had become so emaciated that they would hardly turn the scales at 80. On this trip 13 died; but, on the other hand, of the 150 cases carried on the ship on litters all but 40 walked ashore, so strengthening had been the attention and comfort of the ship. Undoubtedly the fact that the *Missouri* is one of the steadiest ships afloat, having bilge-keels, contributed to these results. On her next trip from Puerto Rico, out of 270 patients, only one died, and from that time on her record was so clean that it astonished even the surgeons who had charge. She transported several times from two to three hundred sick soldiers from the tropics to this country with not over a single death on each trip, and with the result that most of the sick men became strong enough to walk ashore and go to their homes. In her record of handling between one and two thousand invalids her death-rate was as low as if not lower than any land hospital.

Nor was this all. She served as a floating-hospital, and saved many lives by taking the sick from the unsanitary surroundings of the city of Havana. She distributed hospital stores by the ton, and transported the *personnel* and equipment of division hospitals. During the winter she made round trips between Savannah and Havana, transporting the hospital forces to Cuba and bringing back sick soldiers. Most excellent results were obtained by keeping some of the sick on board until they completely recovered. The full capacity of the ship is 312 patients. All the trained nurses are men, the ship never having carried women, and they have not only cared for the sick, but have acted as instructors in the art of skilled nursing to the recruits of the Hospital Corps. Thus a double good was done—the trained nurses teaching the would-be nurses how to nurse on the trip to Cuba, and then nursing the sick soldiers on the return trip to Savannah. Now that the *Missouri* has shown what can be accomplished in the mercies of war, all the governments are looking to the improvement of their hospital services. But it is likely the *Missouri* will remain unique to the end. The War Department wants to buy her, but her owner refuses to consider any price. We shall wonder what will be the next interesting or thrilling chapter in her history, for after the government turns her back to the owner she will probably resume her cattle-carrying existence, only to come again to fame when fate directs her to another service of humanity. LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Gen. MacArthur

OF the American leaders at the front who have figured most conspicuously since the outbreak of hostilities on February 4—Wheaton, Lawton, Hale, Summers, Funston, King, H. G. Otis, MacArthur, and all the others who have been engaged in driving back the Filipino forces north and south of Manila—the major-general of volunteers whose name we have mentioned last has been cast for the most difficult rôle. General MacArthur, as the central force in that wonderful movement which began at Caloocan and has extended up the great river of Pampangas Province to Aguinaldo's second capital, has been called upon to exhibit dash and steadiness in equal measure, and to both inspire and restrain the officers of his division. A series of victories unbroken as yet, conquests of natural obstacles in a little-known tropical region, and the defeat of a nation in arms by a mere handful of soldiers—these are some of his achievements, under the direction of the commanding general at Manila.

Arthur MacArthur was born in Massachusetts on June 2, 1845. He went into the civil war as a first lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Infantry in 1862. At the age of eighteen he was decorated with a medal of honor, and was the permanent commander of a fighting regiment at nineteen. When the civil war was ended he received an appointment as second lieutenant in the regular service, and reached the grade of captain five months later. He went to the Philippines as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and was promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers for services at the capture of Manila, August 13, 1898.

1899- 35th -1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,309,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	23,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
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The eighth annual open-air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show will be held on St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 30 to June 3, inclusive.

The announcement of an exhibition under the auspices of this organization, which is composed of leading citizens of Philadelphia, is in itself an assurance of perfection. The prize list is liberal, and representatives of the best society of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other Eastern cities will enter their horses and equipages in the competition for the premiums.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phœnixville, and principal intermediate stations (as well as the Chestnut Hill Branch) to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 29 to June 3, good to return until June 5, 1899, inclusive.

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To those who have business to transact in these cities, or to persons who have never visited the National Capital, this privilege is a valuable one, and should appeal to all through travellers between New York and the West, and Chicago or St. Louis and the East. The stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad are centrally located in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and access to any section of the cities is easy, by either the regular street-car lines or by the Pennsylvania Railroad cabs to be found at the Philadelphia and Washington stations.

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Roswell P. Flower

THE sudden death, on May 12, of ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower was a prodigious shock to the public. Governor Flower had for many years been a conspicuous man in public life, but not even when he was Governor of New York was he so much in the public mind as he had been during the last six months. Since the great boom in stocks began he had been, by general consent, the leader of Wall Street. He and his associates had interested themselves in several very important properties, among them the Rock Island Railroad, Chicago Gas, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and Federal Steel. The Governor seemed to have the golden touch. Everything he took hold of advanced by leaps and bounds in value, and investors who relied on his judgment have been getting rich. People believed in the Flower stocks because they believed in Governor Flower—in his shrewdness, in his integrity, and in his ability to direct wisely and carry out the enterprises in which he was concerned. They believed in his conscience as well as in his head, and they trusted him.

The news of his sudden death was a bolt out of the blue. The Flower stocks all dropped the next morning, and there was a small panic in the Stock Exchange. That was soon stopped, and in a few days the depreciated stocks recovered much of their value.

There was a great deal more to Governor Flower than the millions he got together, and his recent fame as a financier is only an incident in a career that contains a great deal that is noteworthy and gratifying to recall. He was a very good type of American; a man of force, of sound judgment in all dealings with his fellows, of simple tastes, democratic, kindly, and honest. He was born in 1835, the sixth of nine children, in Jefferson County, New York. His father, a wool-carder, died when Roswell was eight years old, leaving a large family with slender means of support. Roswell's education was that of the country school, country store, and high-school. He taught school for a time. At eighteen, after working two months as a salesman in a dry-goods store in Philadelphia, he hired out to a hardware-dealer in Watertown. Soon he became deputy-postmaster, and held that place six years at $600 a year. He saved money, bought a half interest in a jewelry-store, and prospered in that business until 1869. In that year his brother-in-law, Henry Keep, a rich man, summoned him to New York. Mr. Keep died, and left Mr. Flower as his executor in charge of an estate of about $4,000,000. Mr. Flower then formed a partnership with Mr. E. C. Benedict, opened an office in Wall Street, and bought a seat in the Stock Exchange. In the course of five years the firm was succeeded by that of R. P. Flower & Co. Mr. Flower, having capital and business ability, grew rich, became a director in railroads and a power in the world of stocks and bonds. He had political aspirations, bred, no doubt, of his experiences in the post-office at Watertown. In 1881 he ran for Congress in New York against William Waldorf Astor, and beat him. Continuing active in politics, he was elected Governor of New York in 1892. His more notable acts as Governor include the appointment of Judge Maynard as Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, the purchase of the Fire Island Hotel with his own money at the time of the cholera scare, and the ordering of the State militia to Buffalo in 1894, to suppress the railroad riots.

His death was probably due, indirectly, to the strain of the responsibilities of his recent business enterprises. He used to go every Friday to a country club at Eastport, Long Island, to rest and fish. There he died suddenly from heart disease on May 12.

Besides those who have mourned with reason for Mr. Flower as a financier, a great many persons have mourned for him as a friend. He was very widely known and much liked, so that a multitude of people of all sorts and in all parts of the State have sorrowed at his death.

He built the Flower (Homœopathic) Hospital in New York. With his brother Anson he built a church in Watertown, and with his wife built St. Thomas's House in Fifty-ninth Street, in New York, a dependency of St. Thomas's Church.

The Pessimist

HE pines upon a mapie spray,
The sad-eyed, silly fellow;
And mourns of autumn all the day,
Because one leaf is yellow!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

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WIDOW FARRELLY. "Do ye moind the beautiful bookay Mr. Googan presinted me this mawnin'? Ah, the poor mon! his woife died jist tin days ago."
WIDOW MURPHY. "Begorra, they kipt well, didn't they?"

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A PATHETIC appeal comes from Florida in behalf of a band of Seminole Indians, for whom a thousand dollars is wanted to secure them in the possession of their present home. This band is known as the Cow Creek tribe, and contains about twelve families, numbering about seventy-five persons. Their camps at Cow Creek and Indian Town, forty miles southeast of Bassenger, include about 200 acres each. They have lived in these camps for thirty years, and have cultivated part of the land and used the rest as a range for hogs; but they have no legal title to the soil, and their homes and fields are at the mercy of any squatter who covets them, and who succeeds in locating their land on a map and buying the title to it from some land company or railroad.

Land that has been tilled is worth more than wild land, and already some squatters have entered Indian Town, built cabins there, and begun to crowd these poor Indians out of their meagre holdings.

There is a new-formed society in Florida called The Friends of the Florida Seminoles. Bishop Gray (Episcopal) of Orlando is its president; the Rev. D. A. Dodge (Presbyterian), of Kissimmee, is its vice-president; and among its other officers are State Senator Carson of Kissimmee, and Editor Wilson of the *Times-Union*, Jacksonville. The secretary of the society, Mr. Willson, writes that the only way to protect these Indians in the possession of their homes is to locate their camps, buy the land, and hold it in trust for them. A thousand dollars, he says, will serve the purpose amply, but he wants that thousand dollars very much, and he says he can't raise it in Florida. The society therefore "earnestly appeals to humane people in the North to subscribe the amount necessary to protect this remnant of a brave and historic people from robbery."

The Federal government intends to do something for the Seminoles presently, but the prospect is that long before the government's intentions take form this particular lot of Seminoles will have been driven to the wall. "It is a very pressing need," writes a correspondent, "for the white squatters are turning them out as the fancy seizes them, to have their corn and bananas ready-made, and, as Mr. Wilson says, every week counts." Subscriptions in their behalf will be received and acknowledged by J. M. Willson, Jr., Esq., Kissimmee, Florida.

THE imitators of Dooley prevail in unnecessary abundance. Imitators are vanity and vexation in literature as elsewhere.

IN one of the recent Stalky Stories Mr. Kipling told how a well-meaning member of Parliament rubbed the British flag into a lot of English schoolboys so hard that it turned their stomachs, and broke up a drill to which, up to that time, they had been devoted. The story is one proper for the consideration of persons whose duties include the training of the young in patriotism, for it is important that such persons should realize that the sort of patriotic exhortation which is well suited to some tastes and natures goes against the grain with others. The tale may possibly be useful in conveying to the minds of the projectors of the various flag exercises which prevail nowadays in the public schools the idea that there may possibly be such a thing as giving schoolchildren more flag than they can digest, albeit the children of the public schools have youth in their favor, and are not so sophisticated as those whom Kipling writes of.

PERSONS who have sympathy to spare are invited to bestow some of their surplus on the people of Lake City, South Carolina. There are about five hundred persons in Lake City, and they are much inconvenienced because there is no post-office in their village, and they have to send several miles to get their mail and post their letters. They had a post-office, but it got them into trouble. The readers of the WEEKLY may remember about it. The postmaster was a negro named Baker. He was not satisfactory for some reason, and instead of bothering the department with complaints about him, some of the neighbors surrounded his house one evening and set fire to it, and shot and killed him and his wife and baby. Since then the department has not employed any postmaster at that village, but has been trying to find out who was responsible for killing Baker. It got together a good deal of evidence and tried several persons for the murder, but the jury stood seven to five for acquittal. The trial was about a month ago. Since then the Congressman from those parts, Representative Norton, has been to Washington to try to have a new postmaster appointed, but the department feels that Lake City has been too careless about its postmaster, and is too indifferent about bringing his murderers to justice. It seems to feel that a town that has not public spirit enough to catch and convict any one for murdering its postmaster in a conspicuous and public manner cannot really care whether it has a post-office or not. Representative Norton is quoted as holding that the inaction of the department is "infamous," but that will not be the general sentiment about it. The more reasonable feeling is that if the man who carries the mail for Lake City is one of the men who shot Baker, it serves him right to be put to that trouble, and if he is not one of the men who shot Baker, he ought to be thankful to have an errand that takes him out of Lake City and away from the murderers of Baker at least once a day. The simplest way for the Lake City people to escape the annoyance of not having a post-office is to move out and go somewhere else to live. But if they insist on staying on where they are, they ought to use their influence with the mob that killed the Bakers to induce some of them to come forward and be tried and convicted and hanged, for the general convenience of the community. The chances are that if one or two men could be lawfully hanged by the sheriff in memory of Baker, the post-office would be reopened.

IN discussing the army post-exchange and canteen question, it has been observed in the WEEKLY that the best judges of the merits or faults of the canteen system must be the officers of the regular army who have had a chance to see how it works. A law passed at the very end of the last session of Congress was supposed to have purposed the abolition of the canteen, but as interpreted by the Attorney-General it has not had that effect. But the canteen system has since been so much discussed that the War Department has determined to find out whether it is good for the army or not. Accordingly, every department commander in the United States, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines has been ordered to get a report on this subject from the commanding officer of every troop, battery, company, and regiment in his command. Each officer will be asked to tell what chance he has had to see the working of the canteen feature of the post exchanges—how it affects the morality of enlisted men, how it affects discipline, whether it promotes or lessens desertions, whether it makes trials by court martial more frequent, whether it increases drunkenness, whether it restrains men from drinking outside, what would be the effect of the absolute prohibition of the sale of beer in the army, and how the exchange system might be improved.

These questions, circulated according to the War Department's orders, ought to bring out all the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion on the subject. No one is fit to pass on the canteen system who has not seen how it works. No one is so much concerned about the moral and physical condition and the behavior of the American soldier as the officer who commands him. If the officers of the army say that the canteen is a detriment to the service, let it go, but let the army and not the temperance agitators settle its fate.

AT the annual dinner of the North Side Board of Trade, the other night, Mr. James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank, preached an affecting after-dinner sermon on the culpable neglect of well-to-do persons to pay their bills. He raised his voice in behalf of the butcher, the grocer, the dressmaker, the doctor, the dentist, the local tradesman—of all who supply our daily needs and keep the household wheels turning. He said that the prompt payment of obligations to such creditors was a duty that was scandalously neglected, to the derangement of business, to the distress of individuals, and the detriment of the whole community. Persons who hadn't the money to pay their honest debts he sorrowed for, but persons who had the money and didn't pay he denounced. He told of the dressmaker who tried to throw herself under the elevated train because she couldn't pay her bills, and who turned out to have more money due her than she owed; he told of the grocer, in a small way, who failed, having $5000 due him for groceries from one family that lived on Fifth Avenue; he told of the fashionable dame who owed her dressmaker $150, paid $50 on account, and went to Europe, leaving the balance until fall, and leaving the dressmaker to distressful shifts meantime. He told also of the physician whose bill went unpaid so very long that at last he remonstrated; and the lady told him she had had the money for it three times from her husband, but had put it each time to other uses. Every one hears of cases of persons who ought to pay their bills, and could if they chose, and don't. They are very selfish persons. We are all selfish when we keep people who need the money we owe them waiting while we indulge ourselves in expenditures which we ought not to make. It is a great luxury to pay one's bills promptly. Strange to say, it is a luxury to which rich people do not all treat themselves. The people who spend more than they have are not the only ones who are slow pay. A good many persons who could perfectly well pay promptly don't, either because they don't like to part with money or else because they don't care.

Every one who can ought to pay very promptly. Those who can't should pay as promptly as they can. Those who do pay have in the end to pay for those who don't. To have to pay for those who can't is a sad duty, but it may be borne. To have to pay for those who could pay and won't is intolerable.

MARK TWAIN, according to the London *Times*, was to be received by the Emperor of Austria on May 25, and expected to leave Vienna on the following day. The *Times* correspondent also reported that Mr. Clemens had announced that he expected to spend a good part of his remaining days in writing his recollections of the remarkable people whom he has met. These recollections, it seems, are to be for the exclusive benefit of posterity, as their author's intention is to withhold them from publication for a hundred years. He thinks, it seems, that by that time readers will have forgotten him, and will not insist on his maintaining the style of composition which is associated with him by his contemporaries, and which they insist upon having.

A century is a long time to wait for the privilege of being serious, and Mr. Clemens's craving for a fresh audience and a new departure must be exceedingly strong to induce to so protracted a postponement. Let us hope he will write the book, at any rate; then perhaps, just as a precaution, he may have it put into type. Books keep better in print than they do in manuscript, and posterity is surer to get them.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston, has written an important letter, reviewing and lamenting the course of our government in the matter of the Philippines, but reaching, through much tribulation and in weariness of spirit, the conclusion that we have gone too far in our present course to turn back. He thinks that four months ago it was still possible for us to adhere to the traditional American policy, base our action towards the Filipinos on the Monroe doctrine, and treat them as we treated Mexico, keeping our ships at Manila, and leaving Aguinaldo to build up an independent government if he could. Now, he says, "we have destroyed that which was most virile, energetic, and promising in the conditions which we found. Under these circumstances, what remains for us to do?" His conclusion is that, having preferred the British policy to our own, we must go on with it, and try to make it work as well as possible. "The mischief is done; the mistake is irretrievable." It only remains that we should try to limit the interference of the United States to an absolute minimum—should do our best to keep the spoils system out of the Philippines, and uphold the administration in every effort it may make to give the Filipinos good government. "Having accepted the position of copyists," says Mr. Adams, "we must copy as closely as we can. Though we have abandoned the American policy, we should yet seek to infuse as much as we may of the essence of that policy into the conditions imposed upon us. At most it is not likely to be much." Undoubtedly Mr. Adams has expressed the feelings of a great many of his countrymen, who dislike the imperialistic idea as much as he does, and yet, like him, can see no other "way out" than to go on in the Philippines as we have begun.

In some quarters, however, his conclusions are assailed with much bitterness, the Springfield *Republican* going so far as to quote for his enlightenment the assertion of Mr. Fessenden of Connecticut, that "God hates a quitter."

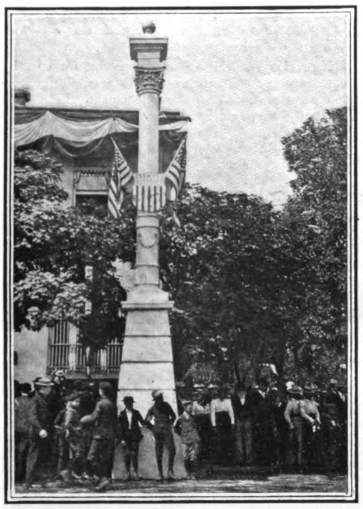
IN holding forth, the other day, in the WEEKLY about General Funston of Kansas, Mr. William Allen White fell into philosophical discourse, and averred that the human boy is an uncivilized creature who is not restrained from adventure by the fear of dirt. The adventurous hero, he explained, is a man in whom the boy spirit has survived, and the key to the character of General Funston is that in the thirty-three years of his eventful life there has never been a time when he thought twice about the dirt on his clothes.

Mr. White's philosophy is all right. There is lots of untamed boy left in the man who loves adventure, as any one may prove who will go up to Albany and get a sample of Colonel Roosevelt for analysis. But in some quarters Mr. White's remarks, taken much too literally, have seemed to mean that General Funston and heroes in general are careless about their dress. That doesn't accord with the facts of history, since it has been recognized, ever since the Spartans curled their hair at Thermopylæ, that fighting-men are apt to be dandies. While, therefore, it is perfectly safe to believe with Mr. White that the fear of getting his clothes dirty or wet has never kept General Funston from doing anything that seemed expedient at any given moment, it will not be safe to infer that General Funston likes dirty clothes on general principles, or is careless in his dress, or less appreciative than other heroes of the great duty of personal adornment.

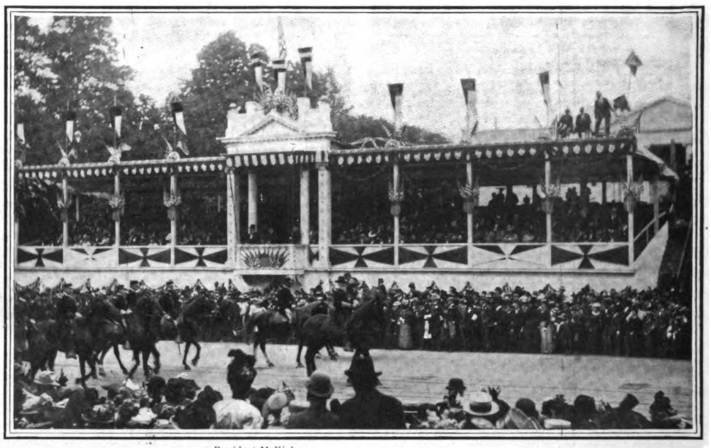
THE scheme which started in Washington to raise a fund to buy a house for Admiral Dewey seems not as yet to have taken full possession of the public mind. There is no question about the enormous popularity of the Admiral, and it cannot be doubted that, if the people of the country are stirred to give pecuniary expression of their sentiments towards him, a great deal of money will be paid in. If the money does not come, it will be because the Admiral's admirers have their doubts whether this form of appreciation will be agreeable to him.

NOTHING more is known at this writing about the accident to the American line steamer *Paris* than that she went aground early in the morning on May 21, near the Manacles, the rocks near the southwestern extremity of England, on which the *Mohegan* was wrecked a short time ago. The sea was smooth; the passengers and mails were taken off without loss or difficulty, and much of the cargo has since been removed, though the attempts to get the vessel herself clear have as yet been unsuccessful. The *Paris* was on her way to New York from Southampton and Cherbourg. The night was rainy and misty, but not unusually so. How the steamer came to be ten miles off her course within a few hours after leaving port is still a complete mystery. In the case of the *Mohegan*, all of the officers were drowned, so that little light was shed by investigation on the loss of that ship. The inquiry into the case of the *Paris* will be made in this country. The natural inference from the two successive wrecks is that there are currents in the English Channel that are very imperfectly understood.

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ONE OF THE COLUMNS REPRESENTING "THE STATES"—THE PHILIPPINES.

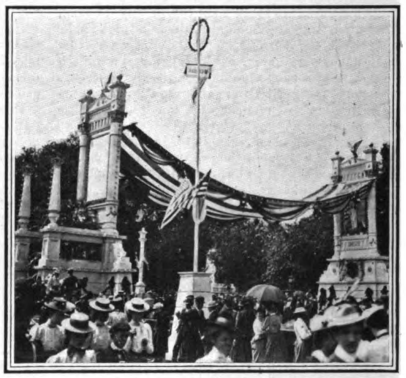


President McKinley.

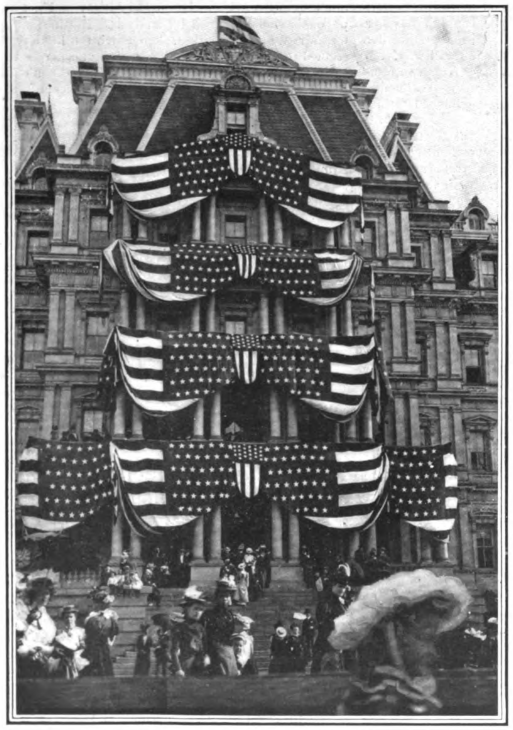
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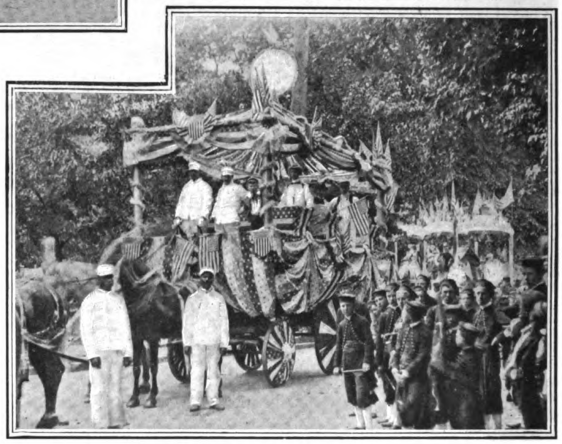
DECORATIVE FLOAT IN THE CIVIC PARADE.



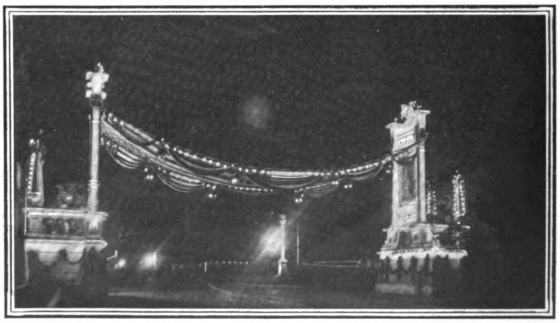
THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



DECORATIONS ON THE TREASURY BUILDING.



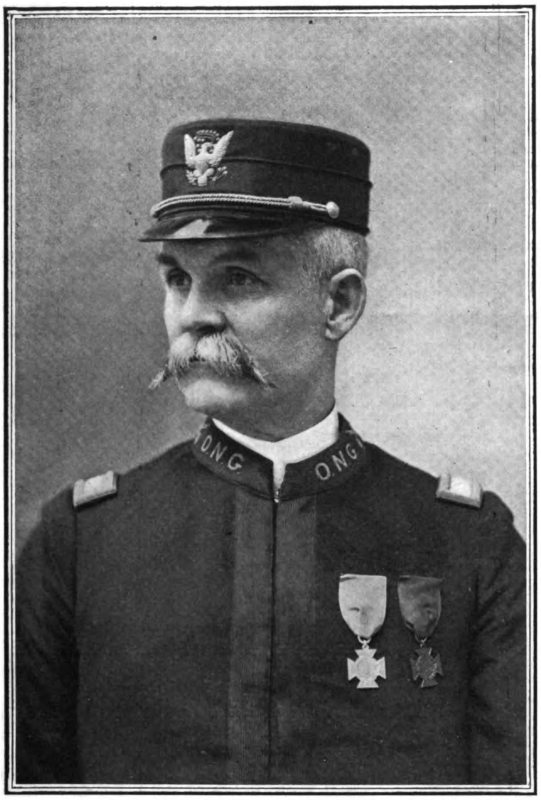
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THE COURT OF HONOR AT NIGHT.

WASHINGTON—THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ON MAY 23, 24, AND 25.—[SEE PAGE 561.]

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COLONEL OWEN SUMMERS, U. S. V., 1ST OREGON VOLS.
Brevetted Brigadier-General for Gallantry.



FIGHTING THROUGH A BAMBOO THICKET.



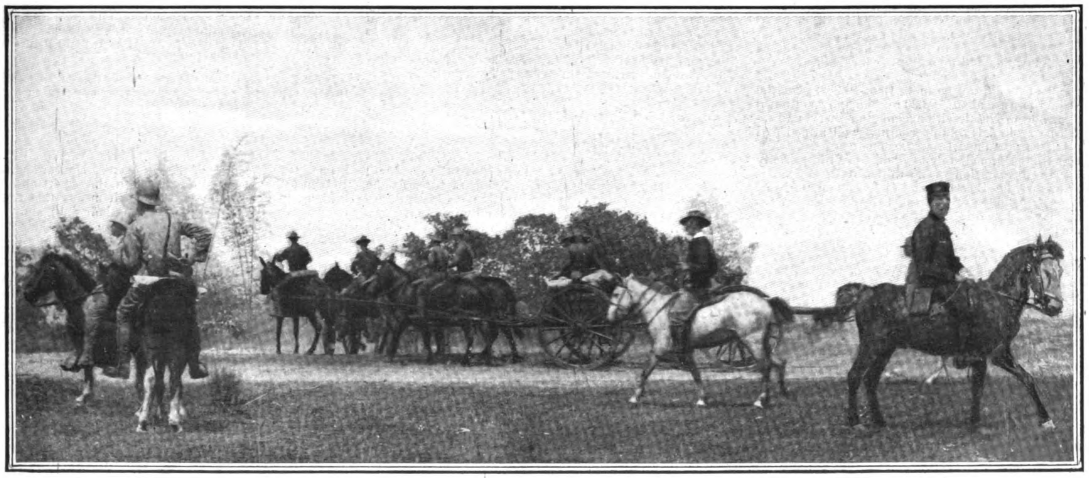
ONE OF THE GUNS OF MAJOR YOUNG'S UTAH ARTILLERY AT WORK AT CALOOCAN.



WRITING LETTERS HOME.



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY ALONG THE RAILROAD.



LIEUTENANT CRITCHLOW'S GUNS MOVING TO THE FRONT.

THE PHILIPPINES—AT THE FRONT DURING THE ADVANCE ON AGUINALDO'S FORCES.

From Photographs by John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

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LONDON

May 13, 1899.

ALTHOUGH Sir William Harcourt, following in the steps of his two predecessors, has retreated into the comparative obscurity of a private member, his speeches continue to betray an animus against Lord Rosebery which contrasts unfavorably with the courtesy and dignity of the latter. Lord Rosebery, like Mr. Gladstone, has also retired into the privacy of private life, from which he does not emerge more than twice a week for the purpose of expressing his opinion upon the political and social topics of the day. At the City Liberal Club this week Lord Rosebery openly expressed his dissatisfaction with the state of the Liberal party, and gave it as his opinion that until the elements that existed in the party previous to the introduction of home-rule were recovered, no change for the better could take place. On the very next night a dinner was given at the Devonshire Club to the Welsh members by Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., their chairman. No reporters were present. At this dinner, at which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt were present, the latter expressed himself in terms which showed the raging fire within. Several versions of this speech have appeared in the public press, but I am informed by those who were present that the passage which excited the greatest astonishment has not yet been accurately given to the public. Sir William Harcourt referred to his late chief as "a noble lord who was out of work and who was not very particular as to where he got a job." While it is not unnatural that Sir William Harcourt should be angry at having missed his chance of the premiership, he is angry with the wrong person. Lord Rosebery's premiership was only made possible by Sir William Harcourt's unpopularity among his own colleagues, and while many are found to sympathize with Sir William Harcourt in his disappointment, the intemperance of language and want of dignity shown by his attacks on Lord Rosebery weaken his position before the public.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S son, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, who is about to be married to a young lady of great wealth, has been for many years his father's friend and secretary. His able defence and filial advocacy of his father's claims at the critical moment of his career roused much interest in political circles. The ability and tact displayed by Mr. Harcourt were recognized by those who differed from him as giving remarkable promise for his own political career. It is not improbable that Mr. Harcourt will now enter the House of Commons, and his great popularity and intimate knowledge of public affairs will re-enforce the anti-expansionist element in Parliament. Sir William Harcourt is now an old man, and there is small probability of his ever reaching the premiership. As a mordant critic of his successors, a career still awaits him.

THE opening of the grand-opera season this week at Covent Garden was attended by a crowded and fashionable audience, headed by the Prince of Wales. The scene was most brilliant. It began with a choral performance of the national anthem under Signor Mancinelli. The leader of Mr. Grau's American band, Herr Kremer, has joined the orchestra, and the prelude to "Lohengrin," with which the season opens, was most exquisitely played. M. Jean de Reszke excelled himself in his incomparable interpretation of the "Knight of the Swan." M. Edouard de Reszke is still in Paris. M. David Bispham delighted the most critical of English audiences with his dramatic force in the ungrateful character of *Telramund*.

THE development of the Transvaal crisis is interesting, and being behind the scenes, I am glad to be able to say that it is most unlikely that the Anglo-Transvaalian dispute will lead to trouble. Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger are to meet. The solution of the difficulty is greatly assisted by the fact that European opinion is unanimous in demanding reforms from President Kruger, and, secondly, that in the event of these reforms being obstinately refused he would not find a friend to support him in case the hands of England were forced. In the most unlikely event of a conflict taking place, an examination of the military position shows that a struggle can only have one end. The following facts are derived from a high military source, and are confirmed in other quarters: At the present time, according to the census of 1897, the Boers of the age to carry arms number 23,000 men. If the invalids, infirm, and other incapables are deducted, the number of efficient men that the Boers could put in the field would not be more than 16,000. On the English side there are about 12,000 regulars now stationed at the Cape and in Natal, with excellent artillery, and re-enforced by a colonial volunteer army well armed and vigorous and accustomed to war. There are 10,000 of these latter troops immediately available. Within twenty days after the declaration of hostilities re-enforcements would pour in from England and India. The Boers of the Orange Free State are compelled to remain quiet because at a day's notice the Basutos could mobilize 35,000 well-armed and well-mounted men, who would be flung at the Orange Free State. The tactics of the campaign would obviously be to occupy Pretoria and Johannesburg, and assuming that the railways were torn up leading to these two points, a simultaneous attack would probably be made on both the east and west sides. The Boers are without military transport, training, or practice in the movements of large bodies of troops. They have no understanding of the science of bodies of men acting in concert. There is no comparison between the defeat of Sir George Colley's small force at Majuba Hill or the surrender of Jameson's adventurers after a forced march and a campaign undertaken by Great Britain with the command of the sea and the tacit acquiescence, if not the full approval, of France and Germany.

THE unanimity of the French and German press is remarkable, and if I had space to quote from such writers as M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu and Yves Guyot it would be seen that they speak in the strongest manner of the necessity of English action. In the *Petit Parisien*, an Anglophobe journal, the opinion is expressed that the English government, acting in accord with the French government, and if possible the German government, should intervene in the Transvaal. The hypothesis of war will, however, I venture to think, never be realized, though my information leads me to suppose that President Kruger will threaten to resign many times before his old burgher supporters will agree to any change. These old people, whenever they have been previously discontented even with their own administration, have always been able to move farther north and live in peace. This has now become impossible to them, and the danger lies in a small body of fanatics absolutely opposed to all reform, and ready to fight even their own people rather than change the existing situation.

IN the whole political horizon there is but one point whence international disturbance is imminent. I am informed on high authority that the death of the present Ameer of Afghanistan will almost certainly be followed by heavy fighting between the supporters of the rival claimants for the vacant throne. Sir Salters Pyne, who for a long time has lived at Cabul as engineering adviser and superintendent to the Ameer, has now left his service. Facts that have come to my knowledge in connection with Sir Salters Pyne's period of office show the extraordinary courage and presence of mind displayed by him during the time of his sojourn among the Afghans. He was never free from the risk of assassination. The present Ameer has sustained his power by ruthless and ferocious tyranny. He has put an end to no less than thirty thousand lives since his accession to the throne, and not only was every serious rival thus effectively removed from the sphere of competition, but any Afghan who raised himself, whether by riches, character, or ability, one hand's-breadth above the level of the crowd was immediately singled out by Abdur Rahman and put to death. The human suffering inflicted by this ferocious monarch is without parallel in our days. One of his favorite modes of torture was to cause accused captives to be buried up to the head, so as to make sport, and then to be used as a mark for tent-pegging. Latterly the Ameer has found this method of execution not sufficiently lingering to satisfy his fastidious taste in torture, and has devised other means of dealing with his political opponents, which are indescribable in a journal intended for home reading.

THE American commissioners to the Peace Congress at The Hague have arrived in London. President Seth Low and Captain Mahan are naturally reticent as to the prospects of the conference. No one can tell how matters will shape, but there is no doubt as to the good-will of all the English-speaking commissioners towards the cause of peace. Directly and indirectly the United States are very strongly represented. Not only is our Ambassador in Washington the chief British commissioner, but Sir Henry Howard, the British minister at The Hague, is married to an American lady and is well known at Washington, where he was for a long time secretary of legation. Sir Henry Howard also has considerable Russian experience. He was chief secretary to the embassy under the late Sir Robert Morier, and there acquired knowledge of Russian politics and personages which will stand him in good stead. The great personal distinction of the representatives of the United States will invest their views with special weight, and with the cordial co-operation of Sir Julian Pauncefote and Sir Henry Howard, it is believed by thinking people that, whether or not success attends the deliberations of the Peace Council, the English-speaking powers will emerge from the discussion with clear convictions as to the necessity and the wisdom of a joint pacific policy. With the British and American fleets on the side of law and order, the corner men and rowdies of international politics will have but little chance of gratifying their propensities.

SOME considerable discussion has been created during the past week by a remark made by the ambassador in the course of a speech on behalf of an American charity. His Excellency coupled the names of Nelson and Dewey and Sampson. To the average insular Briton it was like receiving the contents of a bucket of cold water to hear the victor of Trafalgar and the Nile mentioned in the same breath with any other admiral, alive or dead. But when they came to think of it, the critics of the American ambassador found that he was not far out. Nelson had no torpedoes to deal with, and the exploits of Manila and the Nile have a family likeness which no impartial student of history can fail to perceive. It is difficult to overrate the advantage of an ambassador from the United States who speaks his mind with perfect courtesy and tact, but who allows it to be seen by all that he is conscious of representing the greatest nation on earth. I do not presume to say that American ambassadors in the past have sometimes spoken in a spirit of exaggerated politeness; but it is, I believe, incontestable that the diplomatic representatives of the United States who spoke often and with invariably honeyed words have done less to bring the two nations together than the present ambassador, who never opens his mouth without giving the British public something to think of. If it were possible without indiscretion to make a comparison, I should say that the strength and quiet forcefulness of Mr. Choate's public speeches in this country, few as they are, have already made a greater impression on the public mind than all the smooth speaking of his more voluble predecessors. Mr. Choate follows Colonel John Hay in the practice of speaking seldom, and rarely or never on political questions. His success is all the greater because it is evident that he is far more intent upon representing his fellow-countrymen with dignity than on winning popularity.

ARNOLD WHITE.

J. A. H. Keith, '99 (V.). S. B. Rosenthal, Law (P.). R. T. Parke, Law (V.). R. C. Bolling, '00 (P. and Alternate, Y.).



W. Morse, '00 (P.). H. F. Wolff, '99 (P.). T. S. Alexander, '99 (Alternate, P.).

HARVARD'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE DEBATES WITH YALE AND PRINCETON.
College the Individual helped to Defeat represented by Initial in Parentheses.

Harvard's Debaters

HARVARD has sometimes done better in baseball than she has been doing this spring, but she has seldom done herself more credit in oratory.

On Wednesday, April 5, there was an intellectual setto between Harvard and Princeton at Alexander Hall in Princeton. The question was:

Resolved, That a formal alliance between the United States and Great Britain for the protection and advancement of their common interests is advisable.

Harvard took the negative. The debate is described as able and satisfactory. There was no quibbling over the meaning of the question. Both sides understood it, and argued it to the best of their powers. Harvard was adjudged to have won. Her strength, the expert observers said, lay in her "team-work" (which means that the debaters were skilful in dividing up their job), and in the persistence with which her men drove home their objections. Princeton held that American trade interests were endangered, and needed the alliance. Harvard's attack on that position was so vigorous as to upset it, and she backed up that onset by an imposing and effective array of objections to the alliance.

The Harvard-Yale debate, held in Cambridge on May 12, was considered by some experienced listeners to have been the best inter-collegiate debate ever had. Yale had beaten Harvard in debate three times running, and there was unusual interest in the match. Yale had choice of sides, and took the negative.

The subject was:

Resolved, That the present method of electing United States Senators is preferable to a method of election by popular vote.

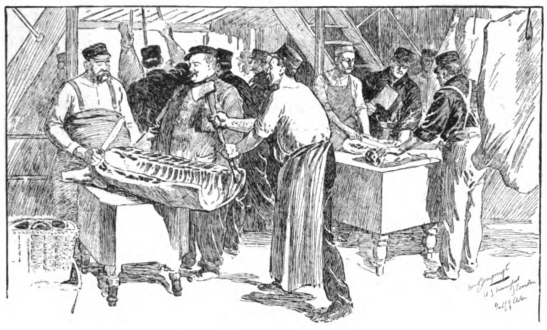
The debate is commended as being of exceptional merit—lively, spontaneous, and particularly effective in its rebuttal speeches. The judges, after being out more than half an hour, gave their decision in favor of Harvard.

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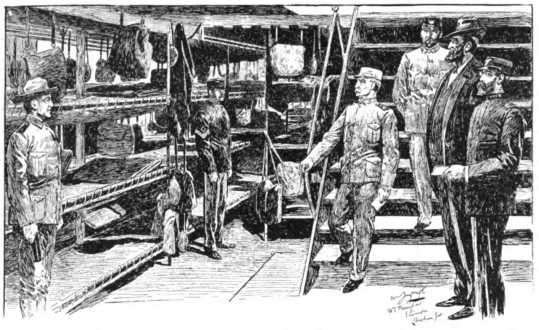


THE MESS-HOUR.

Surgeon Winter. Ship's Capt. Higgins.

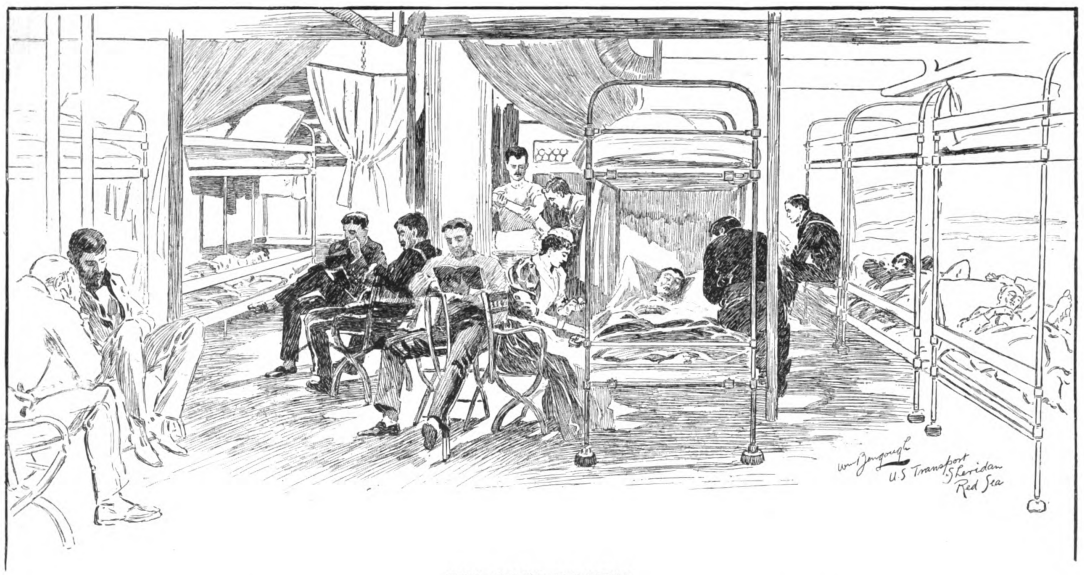


THE BUTCHER SHOP.



Capt. Ayer, 12th Infantry. Lieut.-Col. Smith, 12th Infantry. Capt. Coulling, Q. M.

INSPECTION OF THE BERTH-DECK.



THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

LIFE ON AN ARMY TRANSPORT BOUND FOR MANILA.

SKETCHES BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON BOARD THE "SHERIDAN."—[SEE PAGE 557.]

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

X.

CONDITIONS IN PINAR DEL RIO

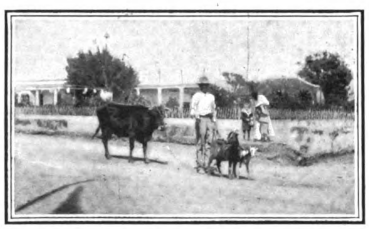
WHEN one wishes to leave Havana by rail to see something of the real Cuba—say, to take a trip to Pinar del Rio or to Cienfuegos—he must get up very early. The through trains leave at six o'clock in the morning. I asked the chief engineer of the railroad to Pinar del Rio why so early a start was made for a town only 109 miles away, and he said it was so as to get back the same day. That sounds ludicrous at first, but when one goes over the road and learns something of the hardships involved to keep the road in running order in the last four years—a struggle against men with torches, who burned down stations; against men with crowbars, who tore up mile after mile of rails and twisted them out of shape or hid them; against armed bands of revolutionists, and on more than one occasion with Maceo's army of several thousand men, the railroad officials shooting from armored cars; against dynamite explosions, and the practical loss of all revenue, with continued confiscations and taxation and reprisals by the Spanish authorities—one wonders how the trains, only a few months after the war closed, managed to start out at all, to say nothing of coming back.

The American traveller is not only likely to grumble when he is compelled to hurry to the station in the thick gloom of the early morning, but when he reaches the station and finds that he must pay about five cents a mile in gold, and from seven to eight cents a mile in Spanish silver, to ride in the back-breaking cars known as first-class carriages, and that for an ordinary trunk he must pay about half fare, he is inclined to scoff at the primitive mode of travel, and to long for the luxury of even stage-coach journeying on a Western mountain road. The amazing amount of computation by the ticket-agent before he sells a ticket, the smoky lamps, the three preliminary tootings by the engine before the train starts, the final ringing of a bell by the baggage-master as a signal that the train really is going, the crowded condition of the aisles, choked with luggage for which the passengers do not care to pay toll, and every man in the train, from the conductor down to the barefooted brakemen, smoking tobacco of varying degrees of excellence—all this is likely to weary the American traveller used to the luxury of Pullman cars. A few hard jolts soon after the train leaves the station bring up to the imagination the prospect of a miserable trip, and one is inclined at the very outset to rail at the crudities of travel by cars in the island of Cuba.

And yet such travel is not really disagreeable. I have ridden on worse road-beds and in cars almost as uncomfortable within 150 miles of New York city, and it may be said with truth that the road-beds of the Cuban railroads only a short time after a devastating war, in which they were continual sufferers, are in much better condition than the average Southern railroad was in our own country ten years ago. I had the pleasure of travelling several hundred miles in Cuba with Mr. W. F. Allen, the editor of the *Travellers' Official Railroad Guide*, an authority in the matter, and here is what he wrote on the subject of Cuban railroads after his return:

> The railways are not far behind the times, when the conditions by which they have been surrounded and the traffic they have to provide for are carefully considered. The right of way is fenced—if that is the proper term to use for cactus hedges or stone walls. The cactus hedge is admirable for the purpose, being almost impenetrable, and unpleasant to surmount. The roads are laid with steel rails, from fifty to sixty-two pounds to the yard, joined with fish-plates, with rock ballast, and generally well tied and surfaced. Some of the switches are of the stub variety, but split switches are also in use. The couplings are of the old-fashioned link and pin style, but automatic couplers are being introduced. The passenger-trains are equipped with air-brakes. Freight-cars are of smaller dimensions than cars recently built in the United States, and more like those of thirty years ago. Permanent tops are used, not the tarpaulin covers employed on English goods-wagons.
>
> The ticket-agent does not have an enviable time in making change. He now has three currencies to deal with, viz., American money, Spanish gold, and Spanish silver. The Spanish peso, or dollar, is nominally the same as our dollar, but actually is quite different. An American dollar is worth about $1 07 in Spanish gold and about $1 66 in Spanish silver at the published rates. These rates are regulated in part by the government terms of exchange at the Post Office and Custom House. The actual weight of the gold and the current value of silver, which varies from day to day, affects the rate of exchange, which is announced in the daily papers.

I have rarely had a more enjoyable railroad trip than the one I took one morning in February to Pinar del Rio. The cactus hedges; the absence of dust; the first glimpses of a rolling landscape with the splendid royal palms, now marking a watercourse or road and now grouped by the hundreds in some old grove; the red, black, and gray soils; the return of the people to agricultural pursuits near the towns; the waste places overgrown with weeds; the cattle roaming about, at last in peace; the crude viaducts bringing water to tobacco tracts; the enlarged graveyards; the ruins of stations; the block-houses at almost every mile of the journey; the ragged and half-starved people; the beggars at every stopping-place; the Cuban soldiers doing police duty at all stations; the passengers, from the German planter, lugging out great bags of silver to pay his plantation hands, and the officers of the American army going out to new duties, to the pinched-faced widows going back to what was once home; the thatch-roofed villages, where thousands of reconcentrados starved; a beautiful range of mountains running along the coast from east to west, protecting the famous Vuelta Abajo tobacco district from harsh winds, and resembling in their contours the Catskills, but only about



TOWN MILKMAN IN PINAR DEL RIO.

one-half as high—all these made every rod of the journey interesting and picturesque. The first-class car on the train had seats with cane bottoms and backs—necessary because of climatic conditions—and one soon forgot to look at the sickening greenish-yellow decorations of the car and to notice the small windows with sliding blinds to keep out the glare of the sun and the heat. When one had a guide to point out places of interest along the route, the irregularities of the road-bed and the half-cleaned condition of the cars were forgotten entirely.

On the train that morning I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Alfred P. Livesey, the resident engineer of this railroad, which is known officially as the Western Railway of Habana (limited), and during the war its real superintendent. He is a young Englishman. The road is owned by English capitalists, but, with a protracted strike and the war with which to contend on the one hand and Spanish extortion on the other, it is not surprising that no dividends have been paid for seven years. The story that Mr. Livesey told of the tribulations of the road is practically a duplicate of the experiences on other railroads in Cuba before and during the war, and explains why excessive rates for freight and transportation are charged, and why the systems are in a crude condition. Mr. Livesey said that the import duties on a locomotive during Spanish rule were almost $5000, and that coal cost nearly $6 a ton; taxation rates were enormous, and Spanish extortion was such that it was almost a wonder that a railroad could do any business at all.

In the western part of the island during the war Antonio Maceo and his men operated. They burned towns and destroyed plantations and roamed apparently at will even to within a few miles of Havana. Their stronghold in the mountains was never attacked. They tore up the tracks of the railroad week after week; and yet the company, under the constant supervision of Mr. Livesey, managed to operate about sixty miles of the road all the time, in a hit-or-miss fashion. Three locomotives and sixty cars of the small equipment necessary to such a short line were destroyed, nine out of fewer than thirty stations were burned, mile after mile of rails was carried off, and yet the road would not give up. No track-work could be done, and all paying traffic ceased. Mr. Livesey built what he called "armored wagons," thirteen of them, at a cost in placing the crude iron plates and strips about them of about $500 each. The iron protection, consisting of any kind of scraps, weighed about 3000 pounds to the car. In all, 180 armed men were employed on these trains, and usually there were forty men to a train. They were sent out daily to repair bridges and culverts, to find stolen rails and replace them.

On one occasion one of these trains was out two weeks. The rails had been taken up behind it, and the crew nearly starved. Day and night the men shot at revolutionists from their cars. One day, just beyond the town of Artemesia, forty-four miles from Havana, they met Maceo and 5000 men. The advance-guard of the insurgents attacked the train. No one was killed on the train, but the railroad men killed eight of the insurgents and captured nine of their horses. On another occasion a train trying to get back to Havana found a gap of 200 feet in the road-bed without rails. All the rails from the sidings and from branch roads running to sugar-plantations had been taken up and used in the effort to get home, and no more could be found. It became necessary to take up the rails from behind the train to piece out the gap.

Mr. Livesey told me that on his various trips he had seen the bodies of fully one hundred men "hanged like dogs on little shrubs" in the cruel warfare practised in that region. These fatalities represented raids at night on plantations or into small villages. The stories he told of the people starving in the larger towns were too horrible for comfortable reading. He said to me that in the town of San Cristóbal, one of the largest on the way to Pinar del Rio, a little over sixty miles from Havana, more than 6000 persons had died during the war. The normal population of the place is about 5000. It was at Candelaria, one station before San Cristóbal is reached, that General Weyler went out to find Maceo and to capture and destroy him. This, in popular language, was one of the few military grand-stand plays that Weyler made. He was to come back to Havana a conquering hero; and Antonio Maceo, dead or alive, was to come back with him. He came back, but Maceo remained in the mountains. The Spanish troops experienced a frightful mortality, and one day Mr. Livesey superintended the removal of 2500 sick soldiers to Havana. It required six special trains. Near by, and almost visible from the railroad station, was the mountain stronghold of Maceo, Cacarajicara, that was never taken by the Spaniards, and the Cuban general almost enjoyed seeing with his own eyes the flight of Weyler back to his guarded palace in the Cuban metropolis.

This was a novel kind of railroading for a mild-mannered gentleman who had been sent from England to help make a railroad pay; and at the time of my visit he said he had not yet got over the surprise of receiving letters occasionally from planters saying some of the rails of the Western Railroad were down their wells, and asking him to please send a force to pull them out, for the sake of improving the water, if nothing else. Labor was scarce in the island at that time, and although repairs were being made to the road-bed and to trestles and bridges, and although new stations were being erected in the places of those that were burned, it was slow work putting the line in good order. No one rejoiced more than the railroad men at the termination of the war. The excessive Spanish duties on rolling-stock and on rails, and the killing taxes imposed by the Spanish, were at an end. Mr. Livesey said his road would practically have to be rebuilt. He contemplated building modern cars in Havana. New rails, he said, would be laid, and, under the peace that American occupation had brought, he hoped soon to see the day when the railroad would not only be in first-class condition with a modern plant, but when a dividend would be earned and freight and passenger rates reduced to a reasonable figure. Reduced freight rates will mean much to the enormous tobacco business carried on in the western end of the island.

For a little distance after leaving Havana on this railroad one catches glimpses of the one good road in the



COUNTRY NEAR PINAR DEL RIO—AMERICAN MILITARY CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.



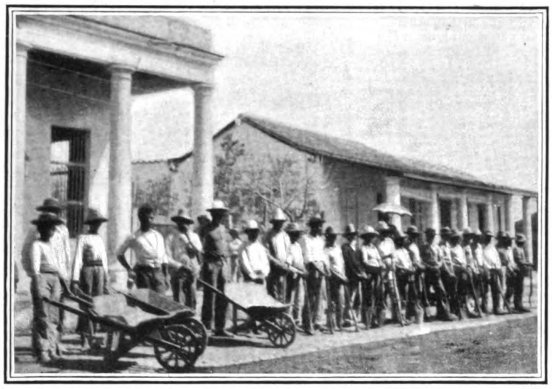
A FIELD OF THE FINEST TOBACCO IN THE WORLD, NEAR PINAR DEL RIO.

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island—a yellow thread that winds about in the rough green carpet covering the flat country. There are knolls here and there, and, except for the palms and strange people and houses, one might fancy himself in central Ohio, so far as the country is concerned. Track laborers could be seen occasionally, and when one of the passengers saw a solitary ploughman out in the deserted country there was a crowding to windows to catch a look at such a curiosity. The first block-house along the road attracted general attention, and there was a sense of satisfaction in seeing that it was being dismantled. Altogether there were no less than seventy-five of these block-houses along the road to protect its bridges and trestles and rails, but Mr. Livesey told me that they were "utterly useless." The region a few miles out of Havana was so deserted that when a buzzard began a race with the train there was a general exclamation of pleasure that there was at least something alive in the region. We passed over several substantial bridges and culverts, and the eye roamed across the country in vain to find the people at work, in as fertile a region as probably can be found anywhere, but there were only shrubs and weeds and grass to be seen. Morning-glories along the track seemed curious in a region that had been devastated.

When the first village was reached, one saw that truly Havana and the other large cities of the island were not representative dwelling-places of the Cubans. In a village of perhaps one thousand inhabitants probably not more than half a dozen buildings would be of stone. The rest were mere huts of palm leaves or boards with thatched roofs, and all arranged in rows for streets. Naked children swarmed out of the huts, and women in black came to the openings called doors, and they gave the Cuban salute which corresponds to our waving of the hand. They raised a hand with the palm toward the train, and opened and shut their fingers in a rapid movement. The red tiles on some of the huts in place of the thatched roofs added picturesqueness to the village. We stopped long enough to be overwhelmed by begging children, and then the ting-a-ling of the baggage-master's bell was heard, and off we went, to a general salute from the town.

A dozen miles out of Havana one may see, off toward the north, the curious geological formation of the only hill



CIVIL PRISONERS MADE TO WORK ON THE STREETS.

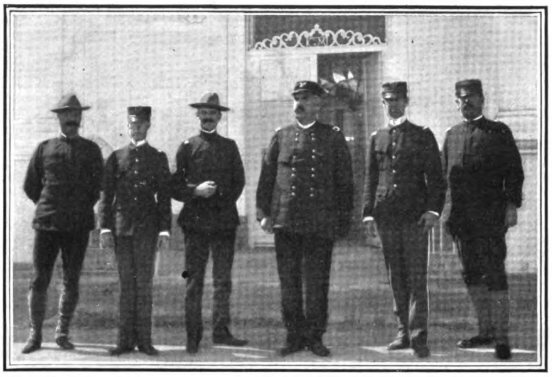
or mountain thereabouts. It is the Hill of the Jesuits, on which the famous Catalan Club was situated. It looks to the traveller like Snake Hill, on the New Jersey meadows back of Hoboken, only it seems three times as long and half again as high. It is a beautiful place, and a landmark for a score of miles around. It was near this hill that Antonio Maceo lost his life, shortly after having been entertained one day by Perfecto Lacoste, the present Mayor of Havana, at Mr. Lacoste's magnificent country place, said to be the finest of the kind on the island. Not until one reaches Candelaria, fifty-seven miles from Havana, does he see the chief topographical glory of the province of Pinar del Rio. It is the beautiful mountain range that runs parallel with the northern coast to the western end of the island. The rugged slopes and thick growth of timber on the peaks, with here and there a cliff hundreds of feet high, and almost no natural passes, make the range almost impregnable. It seems as if a hundred thousand men might hide in its recesses with comfort and safety. Deer are said to be plenty there, and so long as Maceo remained in these mountains he was in no more danger from roving Spaniards than he was from the shadows that chased up and down the beautiful flanks of the peaks.

At every station there was something novel to be seen. At San Cristóbal we saw where the water-works of the town had been blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb placed in the roof. Some of the machinery had been forced four feet into the ground by the explosion. As we left the station we ran close by the small-pox hospital of the place. It was close to the town and very dirty. A man stood in the doorway, and it was to be presumed that he was immune to the germs that must have been thick about the place. At Palacios, eighty miles from Havana, we found the railroad company putting in a fine new trestle about three hundred feet long, to take the place of one not destroyed, as we thought at first, by the insurgents, but by a disastrous flood in 1896. There had been no opportunity up to this time to make the repairs. After we left Palacios we found the country open and flat, with the frowning mountain range running parallel to our course, but from five to ten miles away. The smoke of the charcoal-burners arose in black shafts, and made one think of the burnings of towns and villages in the war-time. Palacios itself was burned twice during the war, and there was scarcely a roof left in the place. The town was new so far as the buildings were concerned, and doubtless this fact added to its healthfulness. Little patches of tobacco under cultivation were now numerous, and the palms took on a new shape. They were of the kind known popularly as "belly-palms." Half or two-thirds up the slender trunk they swelled out and resembled the condition of the bodies of the starving children during the reconcentrado period. Many of them had been felled, and as they lay they looked like the swollen bodies of some animal partly hidden in the weeds.

Twenty miles from Pinar del Rio we emerged into a beautiful open country—the best part of the Vuelta Abajo district. Tobacco-plantations under a high state of cultivation came into view. The leaves of the plants were so strong and large and so rich in the beautiful deep green color that one felt that Cuba was becoming itself again. Here was the beginning of the return of prosperity, and the land was smiling. Finally, through a landscape dotted with palms irregularly and huts scattered about promiscuously, as if on some Western prairie beginning to fill up rapidly, we saw the outskirts of Pinar del Rio, and then its cathedral and its fine military hospital standing out above the other buildings conspicuously. We stopped at a comfortable and large railroad station, and soon were whirling through the rough streets and up a hill, past substantial buildings, to the centre of the town.

Here we were at last in real Cuban life, far from Havana and the coast. The buildings were one-storied affairs with barred windows. The atmosphere of the place was one of indolence, and the nervous activity of Havana was absent. Block-houses encircled the town of perhaps seven thousand inhabitants, but they were occupied by families of reconcentrados. Sentinels of the American regular army marched up and down the streets, doing police duty in the absence of any regular police force of the town. The shops were empty, and tracts of tobacco were seen almost in the centre of the town. The place had a rural aspect, and the acres upon acres of tobacco showed that in a few weeks at least prosperity of a limited kind was to return to the place. It did one's eyes good to see the city, probably the only place in Cuba at that time where there was evidence of a swift and sure return to the conditions that were almost normal.

There are few cities in Cuba more beautifully situated than Pinar del Rio. It is on the side of a gently sloping hill, with a range of mountains three miles away that give a rugged and picturesque background to it. The scenes in the town were distinctively Cuban. Men were busy playing the gambling game of the island—dominoes—in the cafés. At night there was an open-air bowling game going on in an open space near the post-office; long trains of mules, tied nose to tail, brought in bananas and wood and vegetables from almost inaccessible plantations among and beyond the mountain range; the town milkmen drove their cows and goats from door to door, and gave their patrons their choice of the kind of milk supplied fresh at one's door; the boys were playing baseball in the streets and on vacant lots, and using American words in the game; double-teamed army wagons were rumbling through the town to the camp of the regulars out on the plain a mile and a half away; and the widows



BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS, U. S. V., AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF IN FRONT OF HIS HEADQUARTERS.

that came out at sunset told a story of the meaning of war in that region.

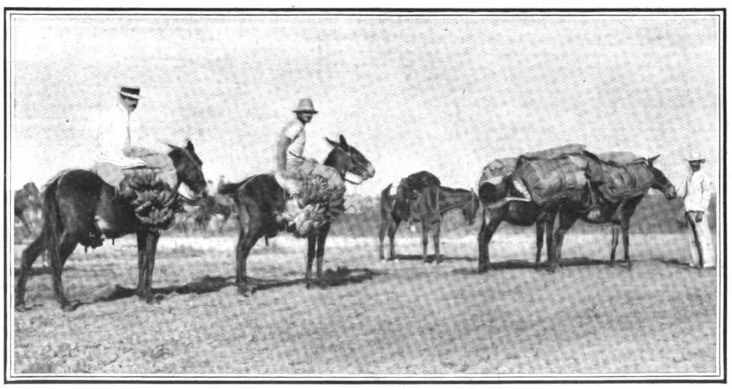
Our military governor of Pinar del Rio at that time was Brigadier-General George W. Davis, who has since been assigned to the command of Puerto Rico. A few minutes' conversation showed that General Davis was no ordinary man. He is blunt and direct, kindly but firm, and entirely devoid of any suggestion of vanity or pomp. Out West they would say he has plenty of "horse-sense." With perhaps one or two exceptions he had done the best work in Cuba, and it had attracted little attention. He had made a tour through the larger part of his province, knew the military and political situation thoroughly, had gathered information of great use to this government, had used great tact and patience with the Cubans, had encouraged them to peaceful pursuits, and had impressed upon them, by his clever executive ability, that the Americans were really honest and true friends of the Cuban people. He had not upset the normal functions of government, and he told me that he had had the fullest co-operation of the citizens in his work. He was deservedly popular, and the day that he left, having been summoned to Washington, the railroad station was thronged, and there was a suspicious moistening in many eyes at the thought that he might not come back. It is a pleasure to write that he is a specimen of the very best type of our army officers, and his work and his popularity right there in Pinar del Rio proved it.

I was surprised to find that not only was General Davis a good military man (that was to be expected) and a good civil administrator, but that he was something of a student, not only of governmental questions, but of natural history. I remember that, coming down to Havana with him on the day he left Pinar del Rio, he pointed out various botanical specimens. He seemed to know all about the trees and shrubs and grasses and flowers. He talked also about the animal life of Cuba, not as one who had heard certain interesting things, but as one who had studied them. He discussed governmental problems and theories—not for publication, of course, but I am sure he will not object if I use his words on one topic. He pointed out a peasant's hut with its thatched roof and palm-leaf sides, its ragged and naked children, its two pigs tied by their legs close to the one door of the hovel, its dog, and its owner sitting on a bench smoking a pipe at his resting-time in the middle of the day. The peasant was little more than a mere animal. He knew nothing, of course, and cared for little except to be let alone in peace. Since the American soldiers had come he had learned that there were other countries in the world besides Spain and Cuba, but that was all. Pointing to him, General Davis said:

"If annexation is to be the outcome of all this trouble, there is the man whom we must make an American citizen. Can we do it?"

General Davis did not answer the question himself, and the way he put it indicated that it needed no answer in his mind. I do not know his real sentiments on the matter, but I was repeating his remark to another general of high rank, also a military governor, and, with some spirit, that general said to me,

"What does General Davis know of the limitations of



MULE TRAIN COMING INTO THE CITY FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

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American citizenship, and who shall circumscribe its bounds?"

There you are, and rather than begin a controversy upon a delicate question, I hasten back to General Davis. Still talking about the man who lives in a hut in Cuba, and who cares for nothing in his ignorance but to live from day to day, he said:

"The richness of this region almost surpasses belief. I know of no other place in the world where a man can prosper with so little effort as he can here. Take that man out there. Give him a hoe and a machete, and enough beans and potatoes to last for three months, and by cultivating from an acre to two acres of tobacco he can clear, say, $250 in ninety days, having started with nothing but his two tools, his seed, and a few dollars' worth of food. He and his wife may have not more than two garments apiece; his children may have no clothes at all. With his machete he will build himself a hut, and with his hoe he will raise tobacco, and in ninety days he will be well off. He can raise two such crops a year. In two years he can afford to hire others to work for him, and in three years, if he so chooses, he can be rich for a man in his station. Where else in the world can this be done? I say that it is marvellous."

Speaking still of the problems involved in American occupation, General Davis told me that he had asked a leading member of the bar in Pinar del Rio if he knew what the right of habeas corpus, as it is known in England and the United States, was. The lawyer said he did, and when General Davis asked him to define it, the lawyer became confused and went to pieces. He had no conception of it at all, though a very bright man. General Davis cited this to me to show that only the vaguest ideas were held by the most intelligent of the masses in Cuba as to what free government, as we understand it, really means. He paid a tribute to the thorough and efficient work done by Spanish officials in drawing up papers for official preservation. They were always complete, he said; faultlessly written out, and a misspelled word was a curiosity. As I have said, I do not know General Davis's innermost ideas about the future of Cuba, but I think I am warranted in saying that those of the administration who have that problem to solve would do well to summon the general to a protracted conference, for he has opinions on the subject of great value, and he knows how to tell them.

In his investigations into the affairs of his province General Davis found that two censuses had been taken in recent years. One was in 1877, and the other in 1887. The later census showed that there were about 220,000 persons in the province, of whom about 60,000 were blacks.

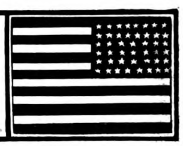
He estimated that by 1896 there must have been, in the normal increase of the population, from 280,000 to 300,000 persons in the province. Of these, judging from the examinations of various places in the province, and from the records kept, he thought that fully 150,000 persons had died during the war. In a town which had 9000 inhabitants before the war, there were in January last about 4000. One place of 1600 people before the war, had only 250 early this year. Towns of 5000 were reduced to from 1600 to 2000. All this reduction in population meant death by disease and famine from the effects of the war. In the city of Pinar del Rio, General Davis said he had records of the deaths of 5800 persons, giving the name, age, and sex of each. He thought that perhaps 2000 others had died there, reconcentrados who had been driven in from the country.

Such was Pinar del Rio during the war and immediately after. As early as February its entire tobacco crop had been sold, and there was money in circulation in the town. Its recovery from the effects of the war will doubtless continue to be rapid and sure. In another article I shall discuss the tobacco situation, which centres largely in Pinar del Rio.



HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*



VII.—IN FEUDAL DAYS*



THE study of ancient Hawaii yields little that is impressive. Few peoples have left less to indicate early prowess, and none has left so few monuments to suggest a period of splendid, if savage, accomplishments. There are no temples of grand proportions and complex architecture, no idols of a fashioning to cause wonder, no relics of an ancient admirable art. They appear always to have been an acquiescent people, with no originality or especial force of character, and only the industry born of necessity.

Ancient Hawaiians, in truth, created little. Of all the peoples in the great South Pacific Ocean their handiwork reveals less originality, less art, least diligence. They did no stone-carving equal to that of the Tahitians, nor basket-braiding so good as the Samoans, nor wood-carving to be compared with the remarkable work of the Maoris, or with that of the Fijians. The yellow feather cloaks the Hawaiians made (in comparatively modern times) for royalty certainly represent careful toil, but were notable chiefly for the time consumed in their manufacture, and do not reveal the originality in design or artistic grotesqueness of the bird-work done by the untamed races of New Guinea. Although they were so largely a voyaging people, their canoes were marked with less finish than that of almost any of the Polynesians, and were never decorated. Indeed, Hawaiian workmanship does not show either the thought in design or skill in execution or decoration of even the Alaskans.

The only arts that really ever flourished in Hawaii were those that made for the manufacture of *Kapa*, the royal bird-feather cloaks, and, to a small extent, baskets.

Kapa was made from the *wauke* and *mamake* inner tree bark, which was first soaked to a pulpy consistency and then beaten out into strong fibrous sheets. Sometimes these sheets were bleached to nearly a white; sometimes they were decorated in differing colored straight or curved lines by mineral dyes, laid on with bamboo stamps, and invariably they were glazed with a resinous preparation. The *Kapa* might be beaten into fine sheets, in which case it became the woman's skirt (*pau*), or thicker, it was the man's loin-cloth (*malo*), or the covering during sleep.

The feather cloak was perhaps the most expensive cape that ever hung from royal shoulders; it was made by sewing together many of the small single tufts of yellow in the wing of the Oo, a bird of otherwise black plumage. As the cloaks always hung well below the waist, and not infrequently reached the ground, it may be appreciated how many birds were needful to one cloak, and what patience and time were required to attach these tufts together so closely and so firmly by their respective quills as to give to the completed work the appearance of absolute unity. A helmet worn by the chiefs was made of red feathers from the Mamo, which also furnished a coarser yellow feather used for the royal cloaks when the Oo had later become very scarce; but the shapes of both cloak and helmet were suggested by the Spaniards.

Even the calabash, perhaps the best relic of Hawaiian art, did not originate on the Hawaiian Islands. In the old days there were many different shapes and sizes of calabashes, decorated often, and, when large or of the platter shape, made invariably of *Koa*—a wood fine of grain and susceptible of beautiful polish. The small calabash, then as now, was frequently made of cocoanut-shell or from a gourd. In common with most islands in the southern Pacific there is no metal on Hawaii, and tools for cutting were therefore either the teeth of sharks or were made from stone; taking these crude implements into consideration, the results attained were praiseworthy.

The settlement of the Hawaiian Islands is by no means authentically established, but is usually placed at 500 A.D. Of the date of their discovery there appears also to be some uncertainty, increased greatly by the honor being usually given to Captain James Cook, an English navigator. The most careful historians credit the actual discovery of the islands to a Spanish navigator, Juan Gaetano, in 1555, though apart from bestowing some more or less apt, if fanciful, names upon the islands, the Spaniard made no effort to establish proprietary rights, or to reap trade or other benefits from the discovery. Except for another Spanish navigator, who was wrecked off one of the islands, and with his sister washed ashore—both finally to marry natives of chieftain blood—there is no record of white visitation to Hawaii until Captain Cook's first arrival in January, 1778. Therefore, though the Englishman's was really a rediscovery, he gave them the name Sandwich—in honor of his patron, the first Lord of the English Admiralty and the fourth earl of that house—by which they became known to the world and were first brought into contact with the white race, that was to fill so important a place in their development.

But this English rediscovery was in the days of comparatively modern Hawaii.

Hawaiians have legends of creation, like many other aborigines, suggestive of perverted tales of early missionaries, and they have also some rather fantastic stories of the creation of the islands, but their mythology contains little of instruction or interest. It was largely concerned with the baser passions. Their religion was gloomy, and filled with oppressive rites. Idols were abundant, grotesque, and hideous. All to be feared and all propitiated. Both men and women were abnormally superstitious, and in supplication sought the gods for every purpose. There were wind gods, poison gods, fire gods; and Pele, the goddess who reigned in the volcano, they deified. Strange enough, they had no worship of sun or moon, common to most aborigines; and, strange again, they practised the rite of circumcision until modern times.

Though they were not cannibals—and the story of their eating the flesh of Captain Cook is a fairy tale—yet there was abundant sacrifice of human life. Indeed, life was held very cheaply; infanticide prevailed to a very great extent. On the completion of a new house, or temple of refuge (where one's enemies might not pursue), or the launching of a canoe, or death of a chief, human sacrifice was offered to the insatiable gods. The flesh was carefully removed from the bones of the deceased and buried, and the bones secretly hidden in some cave or burned, in obedience to their superstitious dread of some enemy securing the bones, and thereby weaving a spell to their undoing. Later, when they overcame this fear and the dead were buried (always on high places—usually a hill-top), the bodies of priest and chiefs were laid out straight, while those of the common people were buried sitting, in shallow graves. There were no funeral rites, but a burial gave license for all manner of dissipations, usually of a low and bestial order.

They were a fairly courageous people in the mob warfare their hand-to-hand conflicts may be styled, and their weapons were usually spears, but also javelins and clubs, all of hard wood, as well as slings made of cocoa fibre or human hair, with which they hurled stones with considerable accuracy. They did not tattoo the bodies like the Samoans, Maoris, Malays, or Siamese, but they slit the ears of men detected of cowardice.

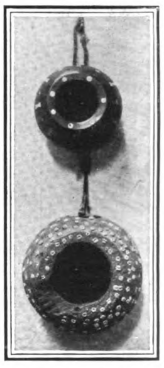




ANCIENT GODS, AND OLD-TIME BOWL.

Ancient Hawaii was really divided into three periods: (1) The age of the *Menehunes*, as it has been called, or skilled workers. (2) Rise of Feudalism. (3) Beginning of the Monarchy.

The earliest period of Hawaiian history appears, by all accounts, to have been a time of peace and plenty; a veritable golden age, marked by industrial enterprise and prosperity. The population seems to have been much less than is later reported, and arable land and water existed sufficient for all. There were no selfish chiefs of power to extend their land boundaries beyond fair limit, or place the ban of *tabu* on such fields of taro as caught their greedy eye. The humblest might be sure of remaining in undisturbed possession of the works of his industry, and therefore the people prospered. Deep-water fish-ponds, to insure an invariable and somewhat easier catch, were made by building great sea walls which enclosed small bays near the settlements; irrigating systems were established, and the manufacture of *Kapa* and basket-braiding flourished.



WOODEN BASINS INLAID WITH HUMAN BONES AND TEETH.

There was no land tenure in this period, although irrigation was slowly developing the principle of it. Possession and use decided the right to holdings, and as water was plentiful enough for all to use it freely, no occasion arose for ruling more intricate. As the population increased, however, and the richer land grew scarce, irrigation became necessary in order to reclaim the less fertile soil. And with irrigation, and the consequent toil it involved in ditch-building, grading, etc., came increased value of land and accompanying need of a clearer sense of ownership, based upon the investment of labor which the soil demanded. Although it is natural to suppose disputes over land boundaries arose and no doubt, occasional feuds, yet the period appears to have been notably free from scenes of violence generally, or even in individual cases. Tribal government and land tenure, based on possession and cultivation of the soil, evidently ruled for many generations; and land passed from father to son on this very fair principle of ownership. Increasing population, however, with the consequent lessening of more desirable lands and the expanding value of those under cultivation, created in the community a disturbing element which spread with rapidity, and developed malignity as it spread.

And so in the middle of the thirteenth century the feudal days began, and a period of turbulence set in that interrupted peaceful industry and destroyed much of the works that had been builded with such care and patience. Internecine warfare was declared, and the soil neglected; each island was distracted by the conflicts of its several more powerful chiefs, each with his retinue, each striving for greater power and aggrandizement. It was impossible for any one to remain aloof, all the people were at war from the very necessity of attaching themselves to a given standard for the protection of life it afforded.

As the chiefs won or lost to rivals their power grew or diminished; so in the course of time, and through a survival of the fittest procedure, it came about that one high

* We are indebted to Professor W. T. Brigham, Curator of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, for the photographs from which the illustrations for this article were made.

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ANCIENT BASKET-WORK—NOW A LOST ART.

chief practically ruled on each island, with a number of under chiefs, who in turn had their subs and separate retinues of followers, and all of these, on various and frequent occasions, were united in a common cause or divided into various factions, as interest and number prompted.

Thus it happened that at this time, in the century of Captain Cook's coming, the people of Hawaii were divided into three classes—the *Alii*, or nobles, which included the high chiefs and their sub-chiefs; the *Kahunas*, or priests, the learned class, who were greatly respected by the people, whom they often aided against the oppression of the *Alii;* and the *Makaainana*, or common people, who at this period, and until the rise of white influence, were serfs, who held nothing secure from their immediate chief, not even their own lives. Might ruled in the social as it did in the political system. There was no law of marriage; the number of women in a household was limited only by the temperament and power of the master; and women members of the *Alii* had the privilege, not enjoyed by their humbler sisters, of similar indulgence in the matter of husbands. Hawaiians, however, are a pleasing exception among aborigines in not making of their womankind a family beast of burden; in fact, the woman of Hawaii may be called the aboriginal new woman. She enjoyed the chief's confidence and shared his counsel, chose her own husband or husbands, and gave rank and lineage to the child. There is no family name in Hawaii, and the christian name of the child may have no relation to that of its father.

A most elaborate system of *tabu* existed, and was operated by the *Alii* for their full and material benefit. If a chief wanted a field of *taro* that particularly pleased his eye, he had but to set up a pole in its midst with a flag of white *Kapa* attached, and the field was his and *tabu* to the humble toiling cultivator; if the chief desired unusually large quantities of fuel for any purpose, he had but to declare fire *tabu*, and the common people ate their food raw, that the chief might be gratified; sometimes silence was enjoined by a more than usually despotic chief, and then not only were the people forbidden to speak, but dogs were muzzled, and chickens confined in calabashes to prevent their crowing.

The penalty for breaking *tabu* was death.

But the *tabu* operated more widely against a woman—perhaps to equalize the other unusual privileges she enjoyed. There were dozens of things she might not do, the doing of which would perhaps have given her a little comfort. With that chivalrous consideration for his womankind by which uncivilized man is distinguished all over the world, the most toothsome products of the islands were forbidden to her; nor was she permitted to eat the few varieties of her menu at the same time or in the same room with the men. Several kinds of fish (and some of the most desirable), cocoanuts, bananas, pork, and turtle, were all *tabu* to a woman.

And all the land had passed into the absolute control of the ruling chiefs; it was a feudalism backed by a despotism that brooked no mediation. The chiefs owned all the land, the products of the soil, the fish in the sea, and the people. They gave and they took away, as suited the royal pleasure. The ruling chiefs kept such of the land as they desired for their immediate individual use, and divided the rest among their sub-chiefs, who again divided it among smaller chiefs, who portioned it out to the individual toilers of the various sections. In return the ruling chief received supplies, and, in time of war, support from the head chiefs, their sub-chiefs, and dependents. The only privilege the common people had consisted of transferring their allegiance from one great chief to another; and as from the common people was recruited the fighting force, it acted as a restraining influence upon the otherwise wanton habits of the *Alii*.

Upon the accession of a new ruling chief there was of course a complete redistribution of lands and of favors, carried to severe extremes if the change of régime came as a result of war; and if not, then the distribution was less radical, and took the form of favors to friends of the cause. Quite a complete spoils system in fact.

This was the political and social condition of these Hawaiian Islands when Cook paid his first visit in 1778.

Almost within a year of his landing, the relations that began on a basis so friendly had, through the thievish tendencies of the native men, the lewd searchings of the foreign sailors, and the eager response of the native women, led to a mêlée, which resulted in Captain Cook's death at the hands of a native man, the bombardment of the nearby native village (Napoopoo, island of Hawaii), and the departure (February, 1779) of Cook's vessels. The story of the quarrels and of Cook's death lost nothing in the telling by the returning crews, and the Sandwich-Islanders thus early achieved a reputation for savagery which they never merited, and which subsequent events proved they did not possess. It may be supposed that the experience with the Cook expedition did not leave a favorable impression of the white race with the natives.

Seven years passed before another foreign ship touched at Hawaii, and then two English ships, *King George* and *Queen Charlotte*, commanded by Captains Portlock and Dixon, anchored in Kealakeakua Bay—where Cook had been killed, and where to-day stands a stone monument to his memory erected by the natives—but were not made welcome, and sailed to others of the islands, where they succeeded in some trading. The same year (1786) a French ship put in at the islands for trade, and in the succeeding two or three years ships engaged in the fur trade began to make the islands a place of call on their way to the north, and not infrequently spent the winter in one of the island ports.

There was no disturbance with the natives, until an American fur-trader, named Metcalf (in 1779), perpetrated a cowardly act of outrageous cruelty upon the natives, in revenge for some small dispute over a stolen boat, which resulted in the death of half a dozen canoeloads of natives, and the capture by natives, in retaliation, of one of the two American ships, and the killing of all save two of her officers and crew. These two were



KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.
The Napoleon of Hawaii.

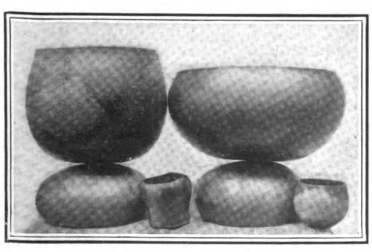
Isaac Davis and John Young, both of whom were kindly treated, raised to the rank of *Alii*, given native wives, and eventually were largely instrumental and closely concerned in the civilization of the Hawaiians—Young finally becoming Prime Minister.

We come now to the most impressive figure in Hawaiian history, Kamehameha I.—or the Great, as he is called—the only impressive native figure, indeed, that Hawaii has produced. Kamehameha was born in 1737, on the island of Hawaii, whence came the first ruling families, and wherefor the present and official name of the group. At the time of Cook's first visit Kamehameha was already a distinguished and unusually skilled commander, who had with great success entered the civil strife between chiefs, in those years convulsing the islands.

The capture of the American ship with its guns, and the possession of small-arms and ammunition received from China in trade for sandal-wood, led Kamehameha to enter upon the conquest of all the islands—a resolution formed some years before, and to which end he had waged more or less constant warfare. So, in 1790, we find him crossing over to the island of Maui with a large force of warriors, a number of whom bore fire-arms, which Young and Davis had taught them to use.

Successful in Maui, Kamehameha returned to his own island of Hawaii; where, after several months of severe fighting—for on this big island were other chiefs of valor and skill—and the loss of many men, Kamehameha's persistence, the brave showing of his men and muskets, carried the day, and Hawaii was added to Maui, under the one great chief.

Encouraged by this success, Kamehameha set out upon the longer journey and the supposedly more hazardous work of subduing Oahu, where there were wealthy chiefs and numerous warriors. His fleet, including several small sail-boats and hundreds of canoes, set out on its journey of 150 miles, and, eventually landing where is now Honolulu, found and engaged the enemy in the beautiful Nuanuu Valley, defeating and finally driving them, utterly routed, up through the valley and over the precipice, or *pali*, which to-day is one of the famed sights of the islands.



HAWAIIAN DISHES.



APPARATUS USED IN MANUFACTURING KAPA.

It is worth noting here that in the previous year the chiefs of Oahu had met on board the British ship *Discovery*, had formally placed the islands under the protectorate of Great Britain, and raised the British flag, but the cession was not ratified by Great Britain.

With this signal victory in 1795 the entire group may be said to have come practically under the control of Kamehameha, and the monarchy to have been virtually inaugurated. For although it was about fifteen years before Kauai finally surrendered, nevertheless, from the fall of the Oahu high chief, Kamehameha controlled island affairs, and visiting white traders really found but the one government. In 1810 official allegiance came also from Kauai.

With Kamehameha's accession to the high rulership of the islands, the fullest and severest application of the feudal land system was enforced. The first act of the conqueror, of course, was to divest the erstwhile enemies of their power—and land meant power—so there was a thorough redistribution of all the lands, and Kamehameha became at last, by virtue of his conquest and the feudal land system, the practical fountain-head of land tenures for all Hawaii.

It is not possible to view this only great (native) figure of Hawaiian history without yielding him respect and admiration. He had been a warrior from earliest youth; he had lived by war and war had made him; yet, having consolidated the islands under one governmental head, he strove by attention to agriculture to raise the people from the miserable poverty to which fighting had reduced them. Some time afterwards, when a great plague came that carried off his people in vast numbers and brought distress and famine to the land, Kamehameha not only set his soldiers at work in the fields, but turned to the soil himself, toiling all day with the more lowly.

He was progressive, brave, and generous. Beginning with clubs as weapons, and canoes as transports, he ended with guns and ships. On his return to Hawaii in 1808, to suppress a rebellion, his fleet of ships numbered about forty, ranging from twenty to forty tons burden each; and it was not long before he had secured a two-hundred-ton vessel, which he used in the sandal trade then flourishing. He built a coral fort at Honolulu, on advice of John Young, Prime Minister, mounted it with cannon, and demanded, and with success, the withdrawal of the Russians, who, in 1809, had landed with the idea of establishing a colony, and had erected a fort at Waimea, from which the Russian flag was flown. Finally, when Kaumualii, the ruling chief of Kauai, surrendered, in 1811, Kamehameha treated him with generosity unexampled in uncivilized warfare.

During the fifty years in which Kamehameha the Great stood as the central figure of the Sandwich Islands he advanced from very near the lowest state of savagery to the very verge of civilization. In the latter days of his life, it is evident, his faith in idolatry was lessening, and before he died he forbade the human sacrifice, which from time immemorial had been the popular Hawaiian feature of all important occasions. During his wise and vigorous reign industrial activity began, and affairs generally settled to a degree the country had long been unaccustomed to enjoying. Undisturbed and so long possession of their land by the chiefs, and consequently by the proletariat dependent upon them, developed a sentiment favorable to the establishment of permanent individual rights in land. There is no doubt such a sentiment had become well defined in the mind of Kamehameha, for during the last few years of his life it was a subject of frequent discussion with his immediate advisers.

And so, on Hawaii, the island of his birth, he died (1819), at the age of eighty-two, showing at the last what civilization had accomplished by forbidding the sacrifice of human life—an offering to the gods, which his father had taught him would have prolonged his life.

Primitive Hawaii really ceased to exist at about the middle of Kamehameha's reign, but officially the era closed with his death.



THE ROYAL CLOAK OF FEATHERS.

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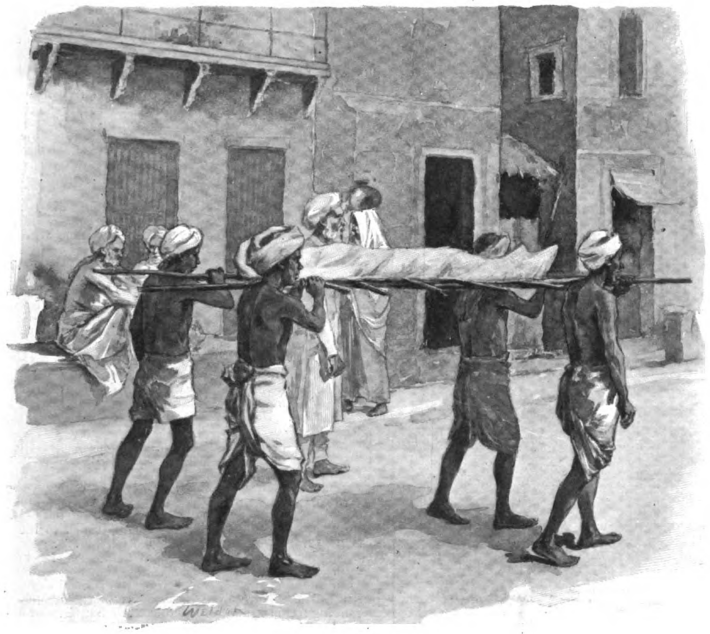
A Menace to Christendom. *By Julian Ralph*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON

THE INDIAN PLAGUE, AND ITS TRAVELS IN THREE YEARS

THE Black Death, or bubonic plague, which broke out in China, at Hong-kong, in 1894, reached Bombay, India, in 1896. To-day it is rife in Madagascar, East Africa, and Manchuria, and has appeared in Mecca and Turkestan.

In Hong-kong the most violent and sweeping measures, such as the destruction of the slums in which it raged, have succeeded in putting the epidemic under control, though it has not ceased to prey upon the natives, and, indeed, is said never to have been completely non-existent in that neighborhood during the past two hundred years. In Bombay it increases in virulence and the number of its victims each year, so that to-day it is slaughtering three hundred victims *per diem*, and its type is more generally fatal than ever before. During the first three years its vigor relaxed at the approach of hot weather. This year it has increased in severity with the breaking up of the winter. This is also the case in Calcutta.



CARRYING VICTIMS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.

I mentioned three hundred as the number of deaths daily in Bombay. Six is the reported daily average of plague deaths in Calcutta. But these numbers have no value. From white citizens, doctors, and officials, and from natives as well, I learned that the truth is not being made known by the officials in the various infected localities. To spread the truth would be to generate alarm in India and abroad. No good could come of doing so. Therefore the reported figures are made up, in one city, from the deaths by bubonic plague, and the ravages of the infection in its pneumonic form are credited to diseases with other names. In another city the plan is said to be to record only those deaths which occur under the observation of the plague doctors, and to ignore the vastly greater number of deaths which take place where the natives call in no European aid or counsel.

In a word, bad as the plague epidemic in India appears to be, it is, in fact, much more serious. It overflowed China; it has overflowed India; it is more than likely at any near date to make its horrible presence felt once again in Europe. There is no reason why it may not reach America, perhaps even before it passes the lynx-eyed barriers which the frightened officials of the Mediterranean ports have established against it.

While I was in India, in February and March, I could not help but pay a great deal of attention to this horrible ravager, whose victims were carried or even burned before my eyes in so many places. At the same time an imperial commission was taking testimony concerning the infection, and I collected and digested this. I did not learn what the plague is, or how it comes, or how to treat it. Neither did the commission learn these things. We were both like the very high official who had visited the bedsides of thousands of plague victims, and yet said to me, "I know as much about the plague as any man alive, *and that is absolutely nothing.*"

I believe that in this article is embodied all that is of importance of what is known and understood concerning this scourge.

FOUR KINDS AT ONCE

Dr. Koch says that the epidemics in China and India were traceable to a perpetual seat of the disease in Yunnan, China, on the Tibetan border. There are other places where the plague is never quiescent. One is in Asir, south of Mecca. A third constant plague spot is Kisiba, in the northwest corner of German East Africa. He believes that the epidemics which have visited Europe in the past have sprung from places in Persia and Mesopotamia.

A digest of the more important evidence adduced by the commission will not add much to the previous sum of human knowledge on the subject. To begin with, the disease at present assumes four forms: first, the bubonic, in which the victim takes the infection through the lymphatic system; second, the septicæmic form, wherein the disease is received directly through the blood stream; third, the pneumonic type, taken through the lungs, and producing a distinct form of lobular pneumonia; fourth, the form induced by direct absorption of the poison through the gastro-intestinal canal. It sometimes occurs in such a mild form as to allow the patient to continue at his work.

To illustrate: When the plague came to a place called Jawalpare, it garnered 116 victims; of these cases 81 were bubonic, 19 were pneumonic, 15 were of a septicæmic type, and one was a case of internal buboes. The reader now sees how the officials may avoid the alarming of the public by recording only cases of bubonic plague, and ascribing to pneumonia, fever, or other diseases all deaths by plague in its other forms.

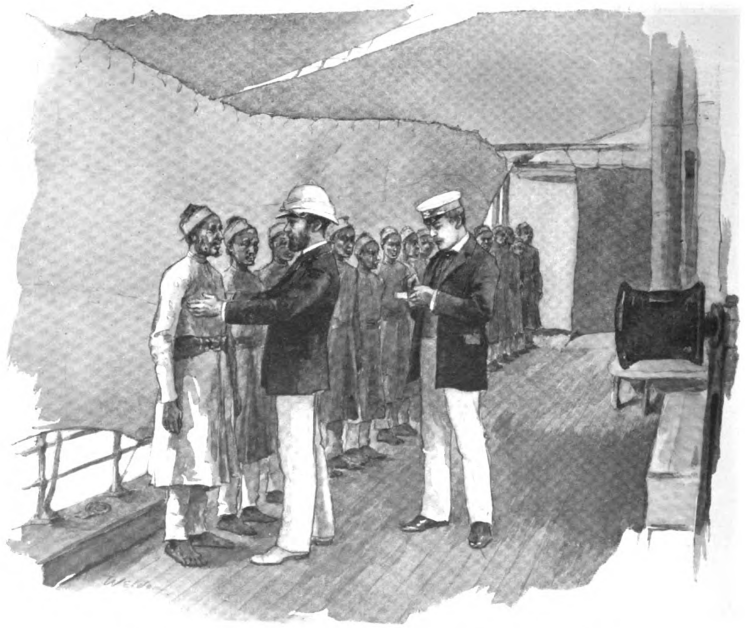
Infants in arms seem immune; the disease is milder in children than in adults; women, and especially such as are pregnant, are especially liable to contract it, and to die of it. Stout persons succumb to it sooner than thin men, though those of poor physique die of it quickly—even in twenty-four hours. The period of incubation varies from three to fourteen days—the period differing with different forms of the disease. These different forms are by some experts said to be quite distinct, and not to merge with one another. When a patient recovers from the pulmonary form, he speaks like a baby, and suffers a complete loss of memory of words. In this state he continues a long time, even a year, and sometimes eighteen months. Fever accompanies the plague in all its forms, and in the bubonic type the buboes appear early, though they have been known to be delayed until eight days after the fever.

White persons consider themselves immune in India, and, I believe, only sixteen deaths have taken place among them from plague in three years. It must be understood, at this point, that even among the native Indians the plague mainly selects as its victims the poor, the underfed, the over-crowded, the dirty, and the weak. What we would call the slums are its feeding-grounds. There are no such white people and no such white quarters in the Indian cities. There is no pretence that the disease would not ravage the whites were the case different. No one doubts that it would sweep like a fire through the slums of the European cities once it got a foothold. The anxiety of the French, Italians, Spanish, and Greeks to keep it out of their ports proves how well they understand this. History is even more eloquent of its power to thin Caucasian swarms.

Monkeys, which are numerous and are never harmed in India, contract the plague readily and frequently. Their deaths in the neighborhood of plague-infected spots have been noticed in many parts of India. The subject came up frequently, and always corroboratively, before the Plague Commission. Professor Haffkine declares that seven monkeys were observed to drop dead out of trees in Gadag, and examination of their organs showed that plague had killed them. In 1897 two dozen monkeys were found dead in the streets of one municipality, and examination of six of them revealed the plague bacilli. Squirrels also take the infection. This has been scientifically proved beyond any doubt. Rats, from the beginning of the outbreak, have been known to be carriers of the disease. Professor Haffkine says, "Apart from hydrophobia, glanders, anthrax, and a few skin and hair diseases which do not exist in men in epidemic form, plague is the only disease with regard to which it is now certainly known that it affects epidemically both human communities and animals."

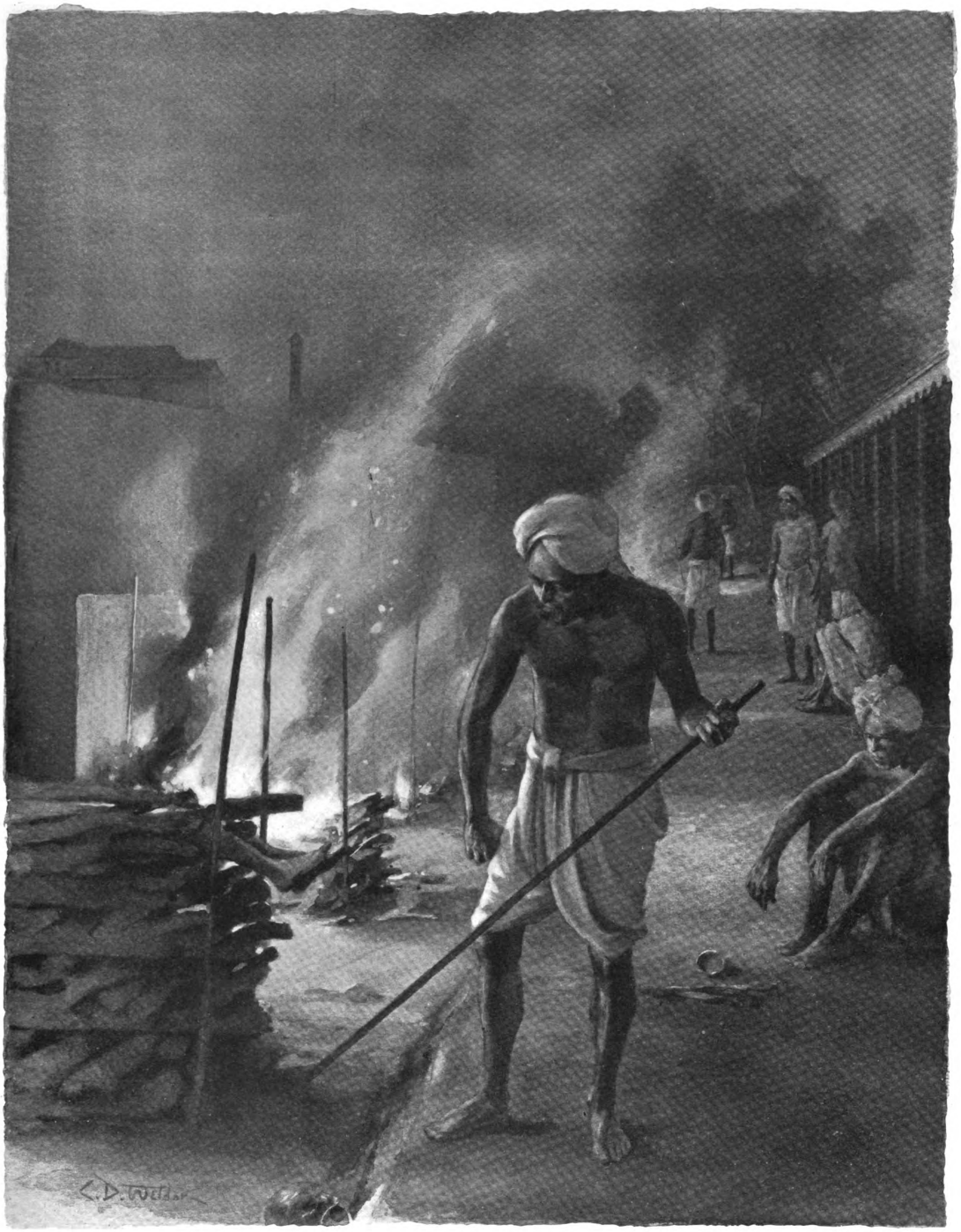
HOW PLAGUE TRAVELS

Animals spread the disease by their evacuations, by poisoning with the germs such water as is used by them and human beings, and—in all likelihood—by means of the insects which are common to them and men, or to them and the houses of men. Surgeon-Major Dimmick of Bombay, an expert, declared the methods of infection to be by the secretions of patients or infected animals, by rats, and perhaps by insects. In the neighborhood of a plague patient, dark, over-crowded, unventilated rooms were the main site of the retention of the poison, and also underground drains. The over-crowding of people in such places, he said, was the main means of plague distribution.



CALCUTTA—LOCAL DOCTORS EXAMINING CREW ON STEAMER.

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INCINERATING THE BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

Colonel Adams, a medical officer, declared it proved that the infection is carried a long way in clothing, and to a limited extent by rats. Another medical officer swore that where he had studied the plague the natives called it "the rats' disease." Dr. Underwood of Bombay said that the plague is spread by over-crowding, rebreathed air, and aerial stagnation. He declared that rats were found in larger numbers during the plague than before. "They were migrating from one place to another, appeared to be in a state of intoxication, and would not notice human beings when they came across them." A singular bit of testimony, by Captain Wilkinson of the Indian Medical Service, was of a single case of plague in a village where no native communicated with the patient. The only other victims of the disease were rats. A sanitary inspector in the Punjab knew of a case where plague-stricken rats dropped into a well and infected its water.

There was testimony that the dirtiness of streets, and the foul habits of the natives in throwing filth into them, even from infected houses, assisted the spread of the disease. All over India a popular idea is that plague is taken by the natives through their feet. *Colonel Sellers's* idea of selling eye-water to them, because so many have weak eyes, is not so easy, so sure, or so big a way to make money as by selling shoes to them, for all but the rich go barefoot. This encourages the notion that they wound their feet, and then take in the germs in the dirt of the streets.

A Dr. Shikare of Bombay acknowledged faith in this theory. He said that in bubonic plague the poison enters the system through small wounds and abrasions. The habit of walking barefooted on the part of the natives explained the predominance of buboes in the groins of patients. He had seen an occipital bubo where a man's head had been recently shaved, and had probably been wounded by a razor. He said that other means of spreading the plague were by infected persons, infected rats, and infected air. By such air pneumonic plague was spread.

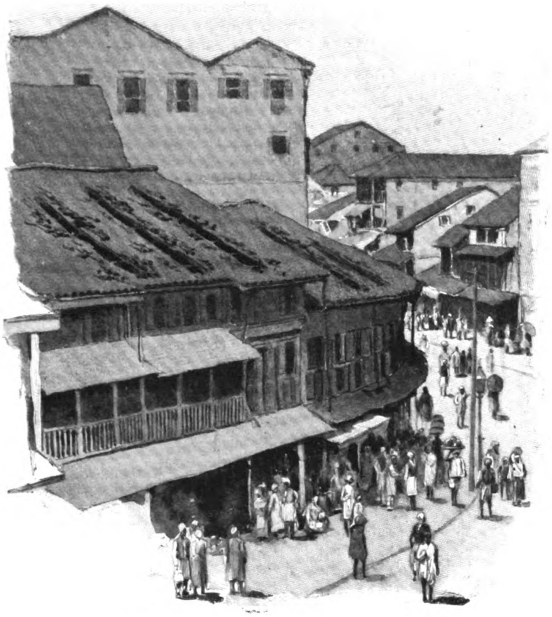
In general it has been easy to see how the plague has travelled from place to place between Hong-kong in 1894 and the settlements of Indian laborers in East Africa in 1898. Whether it was carried in grain or clothing, or by rats or vermin, or in the systems of infected persons, the main fact of free and frequent communication between old plague spot and new plague spot was clear and significant. But the plague made a startling leap when, like a bolt of lightning, it struck the village of Augzap, in Turkestan.

NO CLIMATE RESISTS IT

Augzap is fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, on the mountains, where the continual climate is cold and dry, as diametrically the opposite of the steaming climates of Hong-kong, Calcutta, and Bombay as it is possible for meteorological conditions to be upon this earth.

The place is in Russian Turkestan, 200 miles from Samarkand. The only means of reaching it, except by birds

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PLAGUE-INFECTED HOUSES IN BOMBAY.
The Holes broken in the Roofs are for Ventilation.

or goats, are described as paths over ledges on the mountain-sides, so dangerous as to deter the ordinary traveller. The place contained 600 souls last autumn, but suddenly the plague broke out, and before intelligent help came 378 of the villagers had died of it. Three others who fell ill of the disease recovered their health.

No one knows how the germs came or were brought there, but as the outbreak and the visit of a fakir, or holy man, were simultaneous, the importation is generally credited to him. He was originally of the village, but pursued the wandering life of those mendicant sages who abound in the East. It is known that he had been in Afghanistan, but whether he had gone on to India no one can say. He brought to the village some cloths, which he said were the coverings of the tombs of saints, and he gave these to a widow to cut up and distribute for charms for the faithful. She died of the plague. Seven of her friends and relatives followed her. Then her body was dug up and reburied, and the plague seized upon those who helped in the operation. From this moment it raged until, at the near approach of winter, the Duke of Oldenburg in St. Petersburg sent skilled assistance. The survivors were inoculated. Then they were made to bathe in hot water, and afterwards in a sublimate solution. Every one's clothing was destroyed, and new clothes were supplied. Even the wool which the shepherds were collecting, and by which they lived, was burned up. All the houses were disinfected, and the floors were dug up and mixed with lime. The visitation was thus dismissed as rapidly as it came. Four days after the doctors arrived it took its last victim.

One wishes for a few details that it seems not possible to obtain. Was the widow or any one in her house the first victim? No one has reported upon this. Was the inoculation with Haffkine's solution of importance in destroying the epidemic, or were the measures of disinfection of the first importance? The world would be richer if these questions were answered. But that outbreak in the mountains will be of incalculable value if its moral is evident to all of us. It showed that the plague can rage anywhere, and does not need heat and humid atmosphere to forward it. Marseilles is afraid of it, and Malta and Naples. But the lesson of this warning is that all people need to fear it—even those who live on the sides of Mount Blanc or in Denver, Colorado.

More recently still the plague broke out among the laborers at work on the new Russian railway through Manchuria, which is to connect the Trans-Siberian railway with Port Arthur and the Pacific. Still later it has appeared at Mecca. It is not disputed that the outbreak in Madagascar followed the arrival of a shipment of rice from Bombay, and it is a curious fact that many students of the outbreak in Bombay date it from the arrival of a cargo of rice from Hong-kong.

The Calcutta *Statesman* declares that a "plague official" at Hyderabad has discovered that bales of raw cotton prove an especially favorable nidus for plague germs. He noticed a peculiar coincidence between the distribution of cotton bales and plague in certain parts of Hyderabad. He reported this to the Plague Commission, who obtained samples of cotton from bales in infected villages, and discovered that cultures made from them contained a bacillus identical with plague germs, and capable of giving the disease to rabbits by inoculation. The editor of the *Statesman* admits that there is room for error here, yet reminds his readers that raw cotton as a medium for receiving organic matter from the air has long been recognized. There is no way to disinfect cotton except by burning it up.

Another able Indian journal, the *Pioneer*, declares that the Plague Commission is certain to conclude that infection is, to a very large extent, spread by clothing. Just as the distribution of clothes by a fakir established the plague in a mountain fastness in Turkestan, so in Multan, India, a box of clothing sent from a plague spot gave the disease to the person who received the box. Dozens of less positive cases have been noted in India, where the natives do not understand that the simple cleansing of their garments in cold water does not rid them of the germs of infectious diseases. The annual increase of the virulence of the plague on the return of cold weather is doubtless due to the bringing out of the thick clothes which the people had put away during the hot season. This has long been understood in the seaports of Arabia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean. There a traveller may only land from a Bombay or Calcutta ship by agreeing to submit his person to an antiseptic bath, and his clothing and belongings generally to disinfection by heat or by the steam process.

EUROPE POORLY PROTECTED

The Venice Conference of 1897, designing to protect Europe, established measures toward that end, first by rigorous precautions at the Indian ports of departure, next by the raising of a second line of defence in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and, finally, by jealous care in the European ports of arrival. The famous French sanitarian, Dr. Proust, has recently declared that two points of weakness have developed since these regulations were established. The first is that pilgrims are now allowed to go to Mecca from India—a most dangerous practice—and the second is that the Indian authorities are remiss in enforcing the required precautionary measures at their ports of shipment of cargoes and passengers.

He is right as to the Indian loop-hole at least. The precautions taken against the spread of the plague from Indian ports are more absurd than none at all would be. In the delicate situation in which the English are placed in India there is a feverish desire neither to anger the natives nor to alarm the world outside. It is impossible to conceive a situation requiring daintier handling than the one which confronts Great Britain in her empire colony; and of one thing we Americans and all others may be sure—we should not be able to manage the case any better. Still, that consideration does not alter the facts, which are full of peril to all Christendom.

Dr. Proust says that in two years five English vessels have carried cases of plague away from India. While I was in India I was able to observe what was done in the regular course of the arrival, rest, and departure of one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's passenger-ships. It was one of the many steamers which ply regularly and frequently between Calcutta and London, and its experience was peculiar only in this respect—that it afforded the authorities much more than the usual time for the execution of whatever precautions would best conserve the most important interests of the world at large.

To begin with, these ships carry—because of the low wages at which they can be hired—large forces of native Indians who serve as seamen, stewards, stokers, servants, and workmen in other capacities. Dirtier mortals can scarcely be pictured even by imagination. When it is considered that the plague picks its victims from among just such low-class natives, and misses the white men of even less orderly habits, the price which the world at large may yet be called upon to pay to make up for this economy on the part of the steamship-owners will be apparent to the reader.

In the case of the ship in question, it lay in the Hoogly River at Calcutta one month after its arrival, and the seventy and more natives of the crew went freely ashore to such sections of the plague-stricken city as men of that mean sort would naturally frequent. There was no bar upon, or supervision of, where they went or what they did. During the time they were thus endangered the deaths increased to such an extent that Calcutta was newly declared an infected port and quarantine against it was declared along the whole line of seaports from India to England.

At last the day of departure came, and the officers, crew, and passengers—among which latter body at least one Indian was numbered—were examined by the plague inspectors. A medical examination, even if most strictly performed, is of avail only in detecting pronounced cases of infection, or cases well under way. The ship's officers were well aware that they might find themselves with a dozen cases on their hands before they reached Port Said, even had the examination been thorough.

I witnessed the examination of the passengers. It consisted in their being obliged to pass aboard a tender by going in front of a medical man, who stopped each one with a gentle touch upon the left upper arm and said to each, "Are you a passenger?"

I am assured that this which was done in that case differed no whit in either carelessness or severity from the customary procedure with all departing vessels from Indian ports. The luggage and other belongings of the passengers escaped attention. Yet I know that one man carried aboard that ship a considerable store of second-hand Indian garments bought of peddlers in India—enough if it was infected, and went for the decoration of drawing-room cushions and chair and mantel coverings, to give the infection a sturdy start in London.

It was all a farce; but then it was bound to be a farce, and all precautions of the sort must continue to be nonsensical until the work of guarding the fountain-head of the epidemic is undertaken by an international commission or by officers appointed by the chief powers of Europe and America. The position of the English in India must be understood and considered before blame is meted out to them. They live with the plague. They have become very, very familiar with it. They have long since ceased to fear it, because, though it would decimate the populations of European and American slums, it does not often attack white men where Indian fuel is so much more plentiful and so much readier for it.

WE MUST GUARD OUR OWN DOORS.

To tell the truth about their precautions is only to say that they are human, and that we must look to the guarding of our own doors the more strictly.

There is a phase of the situation which the imaginative or nervous mind will readily assume to be the worst of all—at least in the threat it carries of danger to the world at large. I refer to the exporting of plague germs to every corner of Christendom by the doctors and the medical students who have gone to India, first from Japan, and since from every part of Europe and America, to study the epidemic.

For three years this scattering of these germs has gone on, and as I left India the Bombay *Gazette* declared that it still continues. "We believe we are right," the editor writes, "in stating that perhaps none of the special medical officers who has left Bombay omitted to carry away with him a tube of microbes 'to enable him to study the plague.' There is a by-law which forbids the carrying of matches or explosives on board steamers, and yet the carrying of tons of gunpowder or dynamite is not so dangerous as the tiny tube of cultures carried by an irresponsible medico. . . . The possibilities of a little phial of microbes are incalculable. They might decimate the population of a great city." The plea of the editor is that the carrying of plague cultures be made a criminal offence. One would imagine that though the Indian officials may show no concern at the loss of that of which they already have too much, other governments, at whose people the danger is aimed, may realize the enormity of the crime. As it is, the apex of the ridiculous is reached in those ports which trade with India and now compel a traveller to take a sulphur bath and have his clothing disinfected, and yet allow him to walk ashore with a bottle of germs which may easily destroy more lives than would be lost in a war of the first magnitude. In justification of nervous apprehension on this score, it must be admitted that the small animals on which doctors and students experiment with these plague germs in America and Europe are declared by many Indian officials to be the means of the plague's spreading (and of its introduction) in India.



QUARANTINE TENTS IN PUBLIC PARKS.

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The first thing that foreign inspectors or an international commission would do would be to protest against the employment of native Indians as crews sailing from the plague centres to Europe. I am sure that of the five cases of plague on English ships to which Dr. Proust refers, four at least must have occurred among such crews; all five were natives, one may well believe, since in the whole course of the plague in India only sixteen white men have taken it. Whoever is in earnest in attempting to protect Christendom will protest, as I do here, against this most dangerous, vicious, wholly indefensible practice now resorted to by many other steamship lines besides the P. & O. Company. There is more to be feared from these black sailors than from all the plague germs they leave behind them. Not only do they transport the germs in their bodies, but they carry others in their kits. A crew of these Indians stopping in Plymouth and London, and distributing their clothing and other property there, is only to be likened to the sparks from a smith's forge flying over an open keg of powder.

The Russians are the first to take a step beyond the establishment of seaport quarantine regulations against this black shadow which is slowly lengthening across the globe and menacing the whole of it. A Caucasian prince, George Orbeliani, formerly in the army of the Czar and a member of the Afghan Delimitation Commission, hopes to succeed in establishing an international sanitary league which can supply to places where the infection has taken root a staff of bacteriologists, doctors, chemists, and nurses, all possessed of three years' experience in dealing with the plague either in Hong-kong or India. Not only where the plague is, but wherever it may appear, these specialists are to be sent. Prince George Orbeliani is now in Bombay upon this mission, and will go from there to Madagascar, East Africa, and Manchuria, studying the plague on his own account in all those places.



MAJOR WILLIAM A. KOBBÉ, U. S. A., 3d Artillery.

Major W. A. Kobbé

THE column which Major William A. Kobbé is leading up the Rio Grande is really a brigadier-general's command. That Major Kobbé should have been chosen to lead it is proof of the value which General MacArthur places upon the services of this officer. The column is composed of troops drawn from several infantry regiments, and includes artillery. It is about as large as that which Lawton led in his recent raid in southern Luzon, and Lawton is a major-general.

Major Kobbé comes from the old volunteer service of the civil war. At the outbreak of that war he was a private in Company K, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and enlisted as a private of the 178th New York. He became a Captain and a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers; and afterwards, securing a Second Lieutenant's commission in the regular army, received regular-army brevets as Captain and Major for gallantry in action in the battle of Nashville and in the capture of Fort Blakely, Alabama.

He was Regimental Adjutant in every regiment to which he was attached. When he became a Captain of Artillery he was detailed, as an instructor in Military History and Science of War, to the Artillery School at Fort Monroe for seven years. This detail usually lasts three years. On the breaking out of the Spanish war he was placed in command of the defences at the mouth of the Columbia River, but was subsequently given command of the battalion of the Third Artillery, which was sent to the Philippines. His battalion led the advance of General MacArthur's division, and his services have been commended both by correspondents and in official reports.

AMONGST THIEVES. *By William E. Norris*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Mr. Bates, an Englishman, is on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. His guests leaving for Egypt, he takes aboard Professor Abbattucci, a casual acquaintance. They visit Sicily. Going inland from Marsala, they are seized by outlaws, presumably the band of one Guercio, a notorious robber. At a hut where they stop, a woman secretly gives the Englishman a compass, with the injunction, "South-southwest." He discovers that the *pseudo* Professor Abbattucci is Guercio himself, and that he has been led into a trap. Guercio demands £6000, under penalty of personal mutilation. Bates tries to escape, but is stopped by the bandit chief, who tells him what he intends to do with the Englishman's ransom.

CHAPTER III.

SOON after daybreak, therefore, Signor Soldato, *alias* Guercio, *alias* Professor Abbattucci, set forth for Marsala, armed with sundry written instructions which bore the honored (alas! it was only too sure to be honored) signature of Augustus Bates. He did not, he smilingly informed me at parting, anticipate any difficulty in collecting the cash, and indeed I was aware that there would be little or none. It would be a question of two or three days; perhaps, at the outside, of a week; in any case, he did not intend to return and set me free without it. This he explained in a harangue addressed to his followers, parts of which were intelligible to my attentive ears. He wound up by enjoining upon them (for my benefit) in clear and emphatic Italian that I was to be treated with the utmost care and consideration during his absence.

Well, consideration is, of course, a relative term. I dare say those rapscallions did the best they could for me in the way of diet and sleeping accommodation during the long seven days which succeeded their chief's departure; but their best was very far removed from being good. We shifted our camp several times, in obedience, I presume, to instructions, which entailed a great deal of apparently aimless fatigue; we did not get much to eat, and what we did get was so revoltingly redolent of garlic that only the sauce of extreme hunger could have rendered it tolerable to a Northern palate. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that my guardians took the most conscientious care of me. If there had been in my mind any lurking project of a second dash for freedom, I should speedily have recognized its futility. The fact, however, is that I no longer contemplated anything of that sort. Liberty may be sweet, but revenge is sweeter, and I began to think that I could see my way to rewarding the astute Guercio after a fashion which would be well worth some unavoidable pecuniary loss.

I have mentioned that his farewell oration was less incomprehensible to me than he had doubtless meant it to be; I might have added that that portion of it which dealt with figures made me practically certain that he had twice over proclaimed the amount of my ransom as 25,000 *lire*. I took note of the above suspicious inaccuracy; also, as time went on, I took note of other circumstances which promised to turn out of advantage to me. I do not mean to say that I understood the half or the quarter of what my criminal associates muttered to one another beside the camp fire in the evenings; but I did manage to get at the meaning of occasional significant words and sentences; and, indeed, there is nothing like a combination of wrath and fear for stimulating the alert intelligence. So, little by little, I gathered (and uncommonly glad I was to gather it) that the great Guercio was in command of a force whose loyalty might readily be converted into insubordination. His first lieutenant, a tall, sulky-looking miscreant, who went by the name of Nasaccio—probably in graceful allusion to the most prominent of his features—was obviously disaffected and jealous of him; I soon perceived that in this fellow I had, ready to my hand, a possible and powerful ally. The good Nasaccio, it was plain enough, not only distrusted his able leader, but was trying hard to sow the seeds of distrust amongst the rank and file, and he seemed to be meeting with some measure of success. So, as soon as my acquaintance with the dialect—it is extraordinary how quickly one can familiarize one's self with barbarous dialects when one has only one's wits to depend upon, and when so much depends upon them—enabled me to request a private interview with him upon matters of moment to us both, I made the necessary overtures, and was accorded the solicited privilege. I should say that frequent messages had been transmitted to us from Marsala in the course of our wanderings, and that we were now expecting from one day to another to hail our returning chief with his money-bags—or rather with mine.

"Do you," I blandly inquired, "really believe that, having got the money, he will come up here to divide it with you?"

Nasaccio scowled, and replied that he had better.

I shook my head. "*Caro amico mio*," I rejoined, "you are too simple and too confiding. For my part, I am very sure that Signor Guercio will never see your faces again, except under compulsion. Do you not know—if you do not, I can answer for the fact—that his one desire is to win Signora Cecchina, with whom he is ridiculously in love? He is now in possession of a large sum of money—no less than 25,000 *lire*, I believe—"

Nasaccio made a surly sign of assent.

"A very large sum of money!" I sighed. "It was mine; it is his; can you imagine that any part of it will ever be yours? No, indeed! You may rely upon it that unless you take prompt measures to secure his person, he and his future wife will lose no time in setting sail from Marsala, and that they will take my fortune—or, if you prefer to call it so, your fortune—with them. To-morrow, if I did not mistake what I heard you say last night, you are to meet him between this and Cecchina's farm. Be advised by me and meet him before he reaches the farm. In point of fact, I think it would be prudent if the whole lot of us were to meet him, for it is tolerably certain that he will be armed."

Nasaccio was, I suppose, a peasant; he had the hard-headed shrewdness and suspicion which characterize his class all the world over. "What have you to gain by befriending us?" he pertinently inquired.

"Surely," I replied, "you must see that my most ardent wish is to turn my back upon you and your comrades forever. Now, I feel no certainty at all that you would allow me to depart in peace without having made a single *soldo* out of me. Suppose Guercio decamps—as I am persuaded that he will, unless you intercept him—with the whole booty in his pocket? What would you do to me then?"

"You will see what we shall do to you," answered the ruffian, with an ugly grin.

"*Mille grazie!*" said I. "I am not anxious to make the discovery, and for that reason I am exceedingly anxious that your leader should fail to defraud you. For the rest, he is a traitor, and I have no sympathy with traitors. I may be mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that there is somebody else who would be glad enough to prove him a traitor. Especially if at the same time there was money to be made out of an act of justice."

Nasaccio evidently feared his chief as much as he hated him. It was not without considerable further parley that I induced the fellow to decide upon a bold stroke, which might not impossibly cost him his life. In the long-run, however, jealousy and cupidity, supplemented by my eloquence, got the better of him, and an inflammatory speech was delivered to his subordinates, which at once insured their co-operation in our design. The absent are always in the wrong, and Guercio, clever and successful though he had been, had fallen into the mistake of constantly absenting himself during his brilliant tenure of office.

The consequence was that, on the following day, I, Augustus Bates, a peaceful citizen of London, accomplished the truly remarkable feat of waylaying a brigand and holding him to ransom. As may be imagined, I was terribly nervous about the business; for it was quite upon the cards that the man might have been imprudent enough to bring the money with him—not to speak of the chance of his shooting me dead before his arms could be tied behind his back—but the event justified my most sanguine anticipations. We caught him close to the very spot where I myself had been caught by him; he wore the same disguise that he had worn on that occasion; he was too much taken aback to offer any resistance; and his pockets, when emptied, were found to contain the comparatively trifling sum of fifty *lire* and a few odd coppers. He had, of course, a good deal to say for himself; but his volubility was, at my suggestion, checked by a gag being thrust into his mouth, and I then proceeded to address him in my own language.

"Signor Soldato," said I, "I am sorry to be compelled to recognize in you an unmitigated scamp. Whatever excuse there may have been, according to your code, for robbing and deceiving me, you must admit that honor should be observed amongst thieves. How could you be so base as to offer these poor beggars a mere sixth of the sum which you had extorted from me? How could you find it in your conscience to deprive them even of that paltry dole, and to leave them to wreak their vengeance upon your benefactor? But it is a waste of time to ask questions, to which you could make no satisfactory reply if your tongue were free, and rolling your eyes at me will not help you. You will now be taken back to camp, where you will remain in strict imprisonment until 25,000 *lire* have been duly distributed amongst your amiable comrades. I may add that you will have to write instructions in English for the balance of £5000, which I have no doubt stands in your name at the bank, to be returned to its lawful owner. You and I will then be simultaneously liberated; but the gag will not be removed from your mouth, if I know it, until we are safely at the Calatafimi railway station. Of course I lose £1000 by the transaction; but that appears to be unavoidable, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that, at all events, you will derive no profit from my loss. If you agree to these terms, be so good as to wink your right eye. In the event of your failing to do so, I shall be under the painful necessity of giving orders for you to be docked of your right ear."

As his eyelid remained immovable, I beckoned to Nasaccio, who evidently had not overcome his fear of his former master, and who, much to my amusement, had been staring at me ever since the capture with a sort of awe-struck admiration.

"This fellow," said I, in my best Sicilian, "is inclined to be contumacious; he must be brought to his senses. Have you a sharp knife about you?"

Nasaccio grinned, and drew from his waistband a formidable weapon, at the sight of which our prisoner winked vigorously.

"That will do," I loftily announced, waving the would-be instrument of justice aside; "he accepts our conditions, and he can be hoisted into the saddle as soon as you please."

CHAPTER IV.

I MUST say that I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of being a temporary leader of banditti, and Nasaccio seemed to be quite willing to take orders from me. I suppose he knew that I could not possibly bolt, while he may have thought that I was better qualified than he to deal with the redoubtable and wily Guercio. So it was I who gave the signal for our upward march, and it was I who, when we arrived at Cecchina's farm, called a halt. I was naturally anxious to ascertain how much the little woman knew, and to see how she would be affected by the surprise which we had in store for her.

I afterwards learned that she knew nothing beyond the fact that Cesare Soldato had decided, for love of her, to abandon his lawless career, and that he was coming up from Marsala to make certain proposals to her, to which he hoped that she would not be so cruel as to turn a deaf ear. As for the effect produced upon her by a spectacle which ought to have been eminently satisfactory to any right-minded person, I am sorry to say that it was by no means what I had anticipated. That is the worst of women! You never know where to have them or in what direction their consistent inconsistency will break out. Cecchina, taking in the situation at a glance, flew at me like a tigress and overwhelmed me with torrents of abuse. This, then, she shrieked, was my gratitude! This was my method of rewarding her for having provided me with the means of making my escape and having betrayed the

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"'THIS FELLOW,' SAID I....'MUST BE BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES. HAVE YOU A SHARP KNIFE ABOUT YOU?'"

man whom she adored!—yes, adored! Why, she scornfully asked, had I not handed him over to the *carabinieri* while I was about it? Evidently because I was a coward, because I was afraid to run away, and because treachery was more to my liking than the risk of being hit by a chance bullet. But I need not flatter myself that Guercio was to be defeated by a thick-headed Englishman! Rather than that anything so disgraceful as that should happen, she herself would undertake to have the whole band safely lodged in jail before a week was out!

She whisked round upon Nasaccio and his mates, flinging furious sentences at them, the upshot of which—as far as I could follow her rapid utterance—was that they were a set of imbeciles to imagine that they could dispense with their chief, and that if they valued their lives and their liberty, the best thing they could do was to set him free at once. I sat on my horse, waving my hands at her deprecatingly, and ejaculating "Hush! hush!" without the smallest effect. At length—for the scowling, dubious, sheepish countenances of those highwaymen were really beginning to alarm me—I was fain to appeal to our captive.

"Look here," said I; "we must come to an understanding, or the fat will be in the fire presently. If I have the gag taken out of your mouth, will you give me your word of honor not to speak a syllable of anything but English for the next ten minutes? Favor me once more by winking that gleeful eye of yours in token of assent, and the deed shall be done."

He winked with alacrity, and the gag was removed.

"Now," I said, "for goodness' sake tell that woman to shut up!"

"But she does not understand English," he objected.

I gave him leave to address her in Italian, which he promptly and passionately did. First of all he told her that he loved her more than words could express, and that he had been lifted up to heaven by the avowal which she had just made. Then he begged her to remain silent for a few minutes, because, notwithstanding appearances, I was really his very good friend, and we were going to arrange matters together quite comfortably. At this point I had to check him, fearing lest his enthusiasm should lead him to disclose the awkward circumstance that £6000 of my money lay more or less at his mercy. However, the lady, looking a little ashamed of herself, was so kind as to hold her tongue, and I drew him aside to enter upon less stormy negotiations.

"I was an ass to bring you here," I began.

"Perhaps not," he answered; "perhaps it was the wisest thing that you could have done."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Mr. Bates, you must despatch somebody to Marsala to fetch the 40,000 *lire* you were speaking of. I am afraid you would not trust me; and I can answer for it that Nasaccio would not trust you; and there is not a man in the band who would dare to undertake such a hazardous mission. But Cecchina, who has nothing to fear from the authorities, will, I have no doubt, be willing to oblige."

"You think so? Yet I understood from you that she refused to have anything to do with robbers."

"She does not make herself the accomplice of robbers by procuring your ransom and mine for us. Moreover, you have forfeited all claim upon her indulgence by your unworthy treatment of me. I do not think that she would now object to inflict a small fine upon you; so if you will fetch pen and paper I will at once write instructions for 75,000 *lire* to be paid to her."

"The sum required is 25,000 *lire*," I said, sharply—"no more, no less."

"Oh, she will bring neither more nor less than that sum back with her; but you must perceive, dear Mr. Bates, that self-respect would forbid me to go to the altar empty-handed. Come! I am letting you off cheap, when all is said. You will save the half of what you agreed to pay."

"I like your impudence!" I exclaimed. "Is it for you to dictate terms, pray, or for me? You forget that our positions are now reversed, and that I am at present running this show, on behalf of Signor Nasaccio and Company. You are deposed, my good man, and unless I am very much mistaken, I could, without difficulty, have you executed into the bargain."

He grinned, and observed that he fully appreciated the advantages which my strategy had won for me. "Still," he added, "you should bear in mind that all you can hope to effect is a compromise. You put a gag in my mouth—well and good! But you cannot help also placing writing materials at my disposition; and Nasaccio, ignorant pig though he is, can decipher figures. What is to prevent me from letting him know that I hold 150,000 *lire* of your money, and that I shall be prepared to deal liberally with him and the others—especially with him—on being reinstated as their chief?"

"Nothing, except that if you attempt to do any such thing I shall blow your brains out before you have accomplished it," I replied.

"My dear sir, you would never have the nerve to do that. You are, I do not doubt, as courageous as the average British *bourgeois* can be expected to be; but murderers are otherwise constructed and educated. Besides which, I am too well acquainted with Nasaccio to believe that he would trust you with fire-arms. Let us be reasonable and look facts in the face. To some extent I acknowledge that you have the whip-hand of me; for of course I must either reveal everything or nothing, and I should deplore enriching these mutinous fools almost as much as you would. *Per contra*, your choice lies between the loss of £6000 and £3000. You do not, indeed, risk even the actual loss of the latter sum, since I should regard two-thirds of it as a loan, to be repaid by annual instalments if fortune smiles upon me. Upon that modest capital, added to my own insignificant savings, and to the pecuniary help which my dear Cecchina will be able to afford me, I propose to turn over a new leaf and embark upon a fresh career. Political life has always attracted me; and although some people pretend that brigandage is a more healthy and honest profession, it is, perhaps, not quite so well suited to married men. Now, Mr. Bates, what do you say?"

I wonder what I ought to have said. As a matter of fact, my revolver had not been restored to me, nor was I likely to recover possession of it. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and if my victory was not complete, it nevertheless remained a victory. Upon the whole, I believe I acted wisely in grasping the expensive olive-branch which I was offered. At all events, I did grasp it. Our little comedy was resumed, and Guercio—to all appearance sulky and chapfallen—was once more taken into custody, after having signed and delivered to Cecchina a document, which she hastened to thrust into her pocket.

Twenty-four hours later Nasaccio (who, by-the-way, fell into the hands of the authorities before the year was out, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment) had the double satisfaction of receiving a bundle of greasy bank-notes and dismissing his former leader. Upon me he bestowed a parting embrace, which was not very pleasant, but to which it seemed prudent to submit, and I marched out, so to speak, with the honors of war. At Calatafima I took leave of Signor Soldato and his betrothed, obvious considerations rendering it imperative upon them to make for Messina forthwith. Although one of them was so kind as to say he bore me no ill will (the idea of harboring ill will against a man who had just given you £1000, and lent you a further £2000 without shadow of security!), the other—so unaccountable are the ways of the female sex—was quite rude and snappish in her valedictory remarks.

"I consider," she had the audacity to declare, "that we owe you nothing. From pure love of honesty, I gave you a chance to escape and retain your money. Instead of profiting by it, you chose to turn brigand yourself; so that you are no better than Cesare was in his worst days, which are now at an end, thanks be to Heaven! It is no thanks to you that he is still at large; for your blundering stupidity might easily have brought the *carabinieri* down upon you. *Dio mio!* is it permitted to play such tricks?"

It is not, I suppose, permitted to play them without paying for them, and I need scarcely add that the trifling loan with which I had accommodated the future member for I forget what Italian urban constituency was never repaid. Public life in Italy, as well as in other countries which might be named, is apt to prove very demoralizing.

When the vice-consul and the Marsala wine merchants and the skipper of the *Chiquita* inquired what had become of good Professor Abbattucci, I replied that he had sailed for Naples. They would have been sure to laugh at me if I had told them the whole truth, and I was not, at the moment, in a mood to enjoy being chaffed. The famous Guercio—so I learned subsequently by a newspaper telegram—was slain in the heroic encounter which brought about the dispersion of his band and the capture of his lieutenant Nasaccio. I dare say Signor Soldato, when he heard the news, congratulated the government of the day upon this triumph for the cause of law and order in a disturbed quarter of the kingdom.

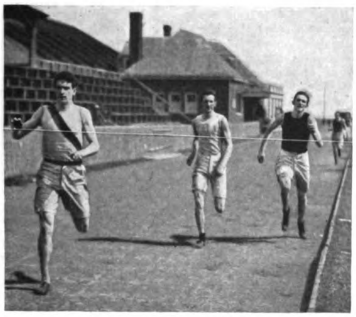
THE END.

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AMATEUR SPORT

NOTHING so certainly develops sportsmanly qualities as association with sportsmen. Therefore the challenge from Oxford-Cambridge to Harvard-Yale for a dual track meet should be viewed with gratification on both sides the Atlantic not only for the athletic exhibition it promises, but for the opportunity it offers of stirring to the echo the tone which dominates the sport of gentlemen.

Twice there have been international competitions to fill the loyal heart with pride—when Yale in '94 and Cambridge, '95, showed the world how American and English young gentlemen could behave under defeat.



PRINCETON-COLUMBIA DUAL MEET.
Cregan (Princeton) winning 880-yard Run.

'Tis good for the world to witness these exhibitions; they serve to deaden the impress of its sordid selfishness.

Definite reply has not yet been made by Harvard or Yale, but little doubt exists that it will be favorable. Once before a similar challenge came from Oxford-Cambridge to Harvard-Yale, and found Harvard's committee in one of those whimsical moods that used to befall it whenever its co-operation was sought. Yale was willing, but Harvard declined, for the specious reason that she could not accept the implied exaltation to position among American universities relative to that held in England by Oxford or Cambridge, and suggested instead a team picked from the Inter-collegiate Association. A reply both unfair and offensive. Unfair, considering the Inter-collegiate Association to include practically all the United States, and offensive because the sprinter of that year was Wefers, who is not acceptable to sportsmen, despite the fact that the Inter-collegiate Association and the Amateur Athletic Union permitted him to compete as an amateur.

HARVARD'S real reason for declining was quite different, but the one advanced served its purpose in collegiate politics, and, too, it served to mislead some of the public as to the real significance of the athletic meeting, which was not for an international university championship, but for sportsmanly competition between the two oldest English universities and the two oldest in America. There is no field more calculated to create ties between England and America than the athletic field, with its dual meets that bring together the university men of both countries.

If the challenge is accepted, as it probably will be, the meeting will be held on the grounds of Queen's Club, London, the latter part of July. In '94 (July), when Yale met Oxford on the same grounds, the English university team won 5½ firsts and 5 second places, to the Americans' 3½ firsts and 4 seconds. The point I wish to emphasize, however, in recalling the score, is not the mere result, but the fact that while the Oxford men equalled their best previous work—all the Yale track men—without an exception, fell considerably short of their records. The day was bad and the track somewhat heavy, and though it had its effect on the Americans, it failed to stop the Englishmen in a single instance.

THIS means, and it was so stated in this Department at the time, that the Englishmen were not trained so fine as to be without reserve strength, as were the Americans, when the occasion came for unusual and gruelling endeavor. Before the Harvard-Yale combination team sails for England, the question of training should be thoroughly discussed and settled by men who have had actual experience on the other side, and not by committees, or undergraduate managers, or *alumni* advisers who have no personal knowledge of the subject or of the differing training conditions. Men cannot be trained so fine in England as in America; and at all times our disposition is to overdo it even at home. If we make the same mistake this time as we did in '94, the Englishmen will win by even a larger score than they did against Yale, for they have a stronger team, and one whose individuals have not yet shown their best. Indeed, even with our men at their top form, the margin for confidence in American victory is quite small.

YALE and Harvard are so evenly matched in track events that the combination team will be one of unusual strength, certain of taking second place where it fails of securing first. The usual Oxford-Cambridge list of events omits the 220-yard flat and hurdle races and the pole vault, and introduces a three-mile run—making ten events all told. Barring the three-mile run, these were the events in which Oxford and Yale met in '94, when the former won the sprint, all the runs, and the hurdle, while Yale captured the weights and broad jump, and tied the high jump; thus completely reversing the supposed order of things, Yale having been thought the stronger on track, and Oxford in the field.

The Oxford-Cambridge Harvard-Yale programme will very likely differ somewhat from the usual English, or that followed by Oxford and Yale. The 16-lb.-shot event will probably be left out, owing to the Englishmen's unfamiliarity with the rules we compete under, and a three-mile run added. The suggestion has been offered that the long run be two instead of three miles; but as there is also a one-mile run, one of two miles would scarcely seem to supply the required variety.

Therefore the programme very probably will include 100-yard dash, quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile, and three-mile runs, 120-yard hurdle, running high jump, running broad jump, and throwing 16-lb. hammer.

TAKING the Oxford-Cambridge dual track meet in March (won by Cambridge) as a trustworthy criterion, the best English university sprinter is Thomas (Oxford), who won the 100 yards in 10⅘ sec. With Blount (Yale) and Quinlan (Harvard) both doing 10⅕ sec., and the former quite likely to run in even time before autumn, it would seem as though America should be fairly sure of the sprint.

In the quarter, Oxford has Hollins, whose present best performance is 51⅘ sec.; and again America, with Boardman (Yale) good always for 49⅘ sec., and perhaps for much better, appears to have more than a fair chance. There are several men at both Harvard and Yale who can do a quarter any day in 50 sec.

There is less of comfort in the half-mile prospective, but this will probably be the great run of the day.



LONG (COLUMBIA) WINNING 440-YARD RUN.

Cambridge has in Graham a runner who under favorable conditions is apt to make time somewhere near 1 min. 56 sec. He won over Oxford in 1 min. 59⅘ sec., and gave evidence of have more remaining for another day when harder pressed. Burke (Harvard) will probably run in this more uncertain event rather than in the quarter, which Boardman seems to hold safe, and besides Burke there will be Adams (Yale), whom I believe a faster man, though at this writing the two have not met. Adams has done 1 min. 57⅘ sec., and Burke, who beyond all doubt is a great middle-distance runner, has practically equalled that time, besides having a record of 48⅘ sec. for the quarter.



JARVIS (PRINCETON) WINNING 100-YARD DASH; LONG (COLUMBIA), SECOND.

Then there are also, to add to our half-mile strength, Bush (Harvard), who has done the distance in 1 min. 58 sec., and Brennan (Yale), with a record of 1 min. 58⅘ sec. It really seems as though with four men running well inside 1 min. 59 sec., we should add the half-mile to our list of winnings.

BUT Americans should not forget, in figuring on the results of this proposed meeting, that the English university games are all held in February and March, when the days are more apt than not to be raw, and the conditions against the best time. So it is safe to credit all the Englishmen with ability to very much better in July the performances they made at the Oxford-Cambridge games in March.

On paper we appear to have somewhat the better of it in the mile—Hunter of Cambridge being credited with 4 min. 35 sec. as his best, while Spitzer (Yale) and Clark (Harvard) have each several times covered the distance in 4 min. 30 sec.—and Spitzer, in my judgment, is good for at least a couple of seconds better.

The three-mile run will be somewhat of an unknown quantity, with chances of victory greatly favoring the Englishmen, who in Workman (Cambridge) have one that has done 15 min. 32⅘ sec. We have always, in college and out of it, been notably weak in distance running, except for the occasional development of brilliant individuals like G. W. Orton, Thomas Conneff, McDermott, or the late Willie Day. Orton is the only college man of the four, and he is a Canadian. We have always developed good milers, but beyond that distance first-class men have been few and far between, and those few given small opportunity of racing—since a three-mile, not to say five-mile event, is not often found on programmes.

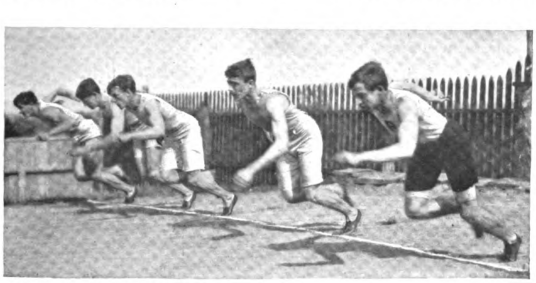
It would be something gained in the direction of distance running if the Inter-collegiate Association were to make a three-mile of the present two-mile event on the championship programme.

THE hurdle-race will be about as close as the half-mile, for Paget-Tomlinson, who won for Cambridge last March, and Fox (Harvard) have records each of 16 sec. The Englishman's performance, however, was on turf—the firmest, springiest turf on earth, but turf, none the less, and neither so hard nor so fast as cinders. The last American college man who essayed English turf and hurdles was run off his feet, so that he bungled his last hurdle, and lost in time three-fifths slower than what he had done repeatedly at home on cinders. On the other hand, Americans have run over hurdles on turf and won—(Hatch from Pilkington, 16 sec.—Yale *vs.* Cambridge—New York, October, '95), but not from opponents of equal speed.

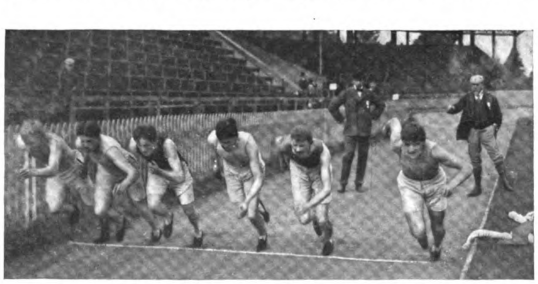
Fincke (Yale) will be a thoroughly dependable second string, and if he continues increasing his speed and form as he has so far this season, may even supplant Fox.

Oxford appears to be unusually successful in developing broad jumpers, and this year, in G. C. Vassall, has a worthy successor to her former all-round athlete and present holder of the English amateur long-jump record (23 ft. 6¼ in.), C. B. Fry. Vassall won in March by a performance of 23 ft. 3 in., and he will have no difficulty defeating any competitor Harvard or Yale enters, for Daly (Harvard) is a long way the best, and his record is a foot behind the Englishman's.

DALY, like every other American broad-jumper who competes under English rules, will achieve figures quite beyond anything he has ever reached, and be sur-



START OF THE 440-YARD RUN.



START OF THE 220-YARD DASH.

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prised, no doubt, at his first games on returning home, to find himself back again to the old mark. The explanation is that in England they measure the broad jump from the first break of the soil, and not, as we do, from the last firm impress of the heel in the landing. Therefore a discrepancy of from four or six inches to even a foot may easily exist between the American and English methods of measuring a jump, varying according to the depth and looseness of the soil into which the athlete jumps. It is unnecessary to add that the American method of measuring is fairer. The English jumping records must be discounted inches. I saw Fry's great jump at Oxford; and every one of his trials and the final leap would, by American measurement, have been from four to six inches less than reported on the English record tables.

Perhaps, after all, Daly may win a place.

HARVARD will take both places in the hammer with Boal (138 ft.) and Clark (127 ft.), or with whoever else is entered, for each combination will be allowed, I believe, but two men in an event. And the Americans ought also to capture first and second in the high jump. The best of the English hammer-throwers is Greenshields (Oxford) with a performance of 110 ft. 1 in., and Adair (Oxford) defeated Cambridge in the high jump by clearing 5 ft. 8½ in.

It looks now like a very evenly matched meeting, with chances slightly in America's favor — but so slightly as to be influenced by condition of track and weather on the day of contest.

It is interesting to note, by-the-way, that though the Oxford-Cambridge combination will represent the flower of English university track athletics, there are, in the United States, college athletes with records surpassing in every event, save one, those of the members of the proposed Harvard-Yale team.

PRINCETON and Yale will meet on Saturday (June 3) at New Haven for the first game of their baseball series, and if the nines play as they are capable of doing, it should be a close game, and a good game, with both sides scoring. But the exhibition is as apt to be full of errors as it is to be faultless, for the teams are very much alike in respect to occasional streaks of ragged work.

It is safe to say that Yale will play the best game of her season, and that means sharp, accurate fielding and considerable strength at the bat. How profitable that strength will be must depend considerably on the effectiveness of Princeton's pitcher—Hillebrand; but as Yale has managed to make a very fair batting record against every pitcher she has faced, it is fair to presume that Hillebrand's cleverest work will not entirely keep Yale from hitting the ball.

In fielding the nines are evenly matched; perhaps Yale's in-field is a bit more dependable; in batting Yale's average is higher. Princeton's battery, however, is the stronger, although Cook is a more puzzling pitcher than he is generally credited with being. Behind the bat the comparison as much favors Princeton, perhaps more so; there is no doubt that Kafer and Hillebrand make a strong, experienced pair of great service, especially to a team prone to erratic play.

There is really little choice between the two for Saturday's game, but it seems to me that little favors Yale, because of her higher batting average, which amends the disparity in pitchers, and because of Princeton's infield tendency to unsteadiness under stress of circumstance.

Yet there are great possibilities in the Princeton team; but for that unsteadiness it might win the Yale or any other series. And it has been, thus far, rather an expensive weakness. It helped Brown to win the second game (6–8 at Princeton), and it certainly in large part cost the Cornell game (5–7 at Ithaca). This is not to belittle Cornell's work, however.

YALE had only a couple of hard games in May, that with Lafayette (7–6), which seems to have a pretty strong nine this season, and the one with Georgetown (7–12) last week. Brown is quite equal to giving Yale a hard game, but, when they met at Providence for the second time, so many costly errors were made that overwhelming defeat was inevitable.

The Georgetown game not only very nearly wrecked the reputation for steadiness of the Yale in-field, but that of the pitcher (Cook) as well. Saving De Saulles, each made at least one error, first base making three, and Cook was so erratic that one wondered how he ever had given the impression of promise. His fourth-inning work was perhaps the worst exhibition a college pitcher has made this year, and Georgetown made six runs, and practically won the game, therefore. It is possible the rainy day had something to do with Yale's poor showing, though it may be remarked, in passing, that Georgetown was not similarly affected; but, at all events, it was mediocre baseball. A repetition, or even a suggestion, of that kind of play would give Princeton a comfortably victorious score indeed on Saturday next.

PENNSYLVANIA continues showing consistent play, her latest exhibition of that quality being the defeat (9–8) of Lafayette's good team, by which, in the last days of April, she had been defeated (2–8). There was, however, a tendency to error-making—unusual in recent Pennsylvania games—which would have resulted more seriously had the opponents themselves not been so busily engaged in similar graceless work. It is to be regretted that Pennsylvania has no Yale or Princeton games on her schedule; if some of the desire rampant in football for "big games" could be distributed over the baseball-field, the season of the former would not suffer, and that of baseball be made much more interesting. Baseball's "big games" take practically no more out of the players than the "small" ones on the schedule, hence it is the one field in which there need be no limit to inter-collegiate play.

Harvard's immediate prospects do not appear roseate, with Houghton and Morse temporarily laid up—the one with a sprained ankle, the other with a damaged elbow. The Georgetown game, nevertheless, was an encouraging one, because it disclosed an effort making to put more steam into the nine's general play, and instanced aggression at the bat. Georgetown won (9–5), but Harvard made nine hits to her eight, and considering that White was the opposing pitcher, the sign is indeed hopeful. Perhaps it needed misfortune to put Harvard on her mettle.

BROWN is another nine that seems to have settled to greatly improved work in its recent games. It really earned its victory over Princeton (6–3), though the latter's errors swelled the score; and the showing against Georgetown (3–8) would have been highly creditable but for inexcusable error-making. The Holy Cross game was quite the best of all. The game with Cornell (May 31) ought to be a very close one, for the nines are quite evenly matched.

Cornell really has the making of a strong team; if it would train faithfully, it might come nearer realizing its possibilities.

Dartmouth has not only proved the strongest of the so-called smaller New England colleges, but administered a severe drubbing (12–8) to Brown.

THE Princeton-Columbia dual track games resulted in rather poorer performances than expected, owing to a strong cold wind which blew directly down the track at the finish. No surprises were forth-coming, the events furnishing the expected winners, and the sum total being as anticipated, save that the withdrawal of Jarvis from the 220 and 440 gave Columbia points she would not otherwise have earned. Stevens proved a very dependable second string to Columbia.

HOWEVER much we may be disinclined to indorse its stroke, there is no denying that Pennsylvania has a fast crew this year—at least in smooth water. The recent practice-work on the home course, and especially the race against the Naval Academy at Annapolis (May 20), leave no room for doubt on that score.

And the crew, in fact, is one of the most interesting studies I have ever encountered. To ignore one or two of the generally accepted distance-rowing fundamentals and yet attain speed is not given to every crew, and Pennsylvania's success is, at first glance, bewildering.

But the explanation is obvious on careful study. The crew is composed of exceptionally lithe and hardy men, who are able to use a much longer slide than could an average crew. They take the water fairly well together, but there is no accentuated catch, and a large part of the stroke is clipped off.

It is the slide of twenty-two inches and the powerful leg drive that Mr. Ward depends upon to send the shell through the water, and they do not fail him with eight such men as he has this year and had last year. Yet I must continue to believe that the average eight would not get much speed out of a boat by entire reliance on these features. The average oarsman is physically unable to use more than seventeen or eighteen inches of slide and get any kind of a catch. A poor catch, as a rule, means a slow crew. Pennsylvania is a rowing anomaly in that, having a poor catch, she yet has not a slow crew.

The crew is well seated, and stroke is just the man to set the pace for such a stroke and such an eight, six of whom sat in last year's winning shell. It is yet to be seen how the rough water of the Hudson will affect the Pennsylvania stroke. Meantime it is the smoothest-moving crew on college waters, and perhaps the fastest, bar one—Cornell.

COLUMBIA has a good crew this year, and one that gives indications of attaining considerable speed later. The men are well grounded in the principles of a long stroke, and all very well seated. No. 7 is excellent, and coxswain one in a hundred, so that between them an ordinary stroke has been made into a strong one. They have a good body swing, use eighteen inches of slide, wide blades, and show inboard-work that is commendable.

The weak feature of the crew is its blade-work, which must be greatly improved, else the remaining good points will be neutralized. There is a frequent tendency to clip, which becomes marked and prevalent as the crew tires, and in this respect the bow four are the worst offenders. This is a serious fault in a crew rowing the stroke Mr. Peet is teaching Columbia, since it necessarily destroys much of the advantage to be gained through a long slide and reach. Unless this is corrected, the crew will not reach the development its otherwise good work appears to suggest it easily can.

THE Naval Academy crew undertook too much in arranging to row a race three consecutive Saturdays. The Cadets cannot drill and study, as they are obliged to do, and secure sufficient rest between Saturdays, not to mention training, to do themselves justice. I would like to see this Cadet crew, which Richard Armstrong (Yale '95) has brought this season to such a high state of proficiency, given time for proper practice and rest, and then raced against either Columbia or Pennsylvania. I incline to the belief it would defeat the first, and make a much better second to Pennsylvania than it did May 20.

The Columbia-Navy two-mile race was most exciting. Navy secured the lead in the first quarter, and held it until the last one hundred yards, when, after a steady half-mile spurt—those spurts for which the old Columbia crews were famous—Columbia put her bow over the line twenty-five feet ahead. The Cadet coxswain steered a ragged course, getting into Columbia's water at the finish.

AT no time was there much more than a length between the two crews, and they pulled nearly the same number of strokes, Columbia starting at 30, Navy at 32, and both going up to 37 in the last minute. Time, 12 min. 6 sec. The Cadet crew did a most gracious and sportsmanly act in taking out of its shell the pump always carried because of the advantage in rough water it would give over Columbia.

What a sermon to some of our colleges that haggle and haggle to gain the smallest point!

Pennsylvania took the lead from the Navy from the start of their two-mile race a week later, pulling a 36 stroke to the Cadets' 34, and, steadily increasing, she won by over five lengths in 11 min. 13 sec.; the Cadets' time being 11 min. 32½ sec. Pennsylvania's Freshman crew also defeated the Navy second crew by three seconds.

CORNELL, Yale, and Harvard crews are rowing practically the same stroke, only Cornell at this writing is rowing it the best. All use about the same length of slide, sixteen to eighteen inches, and strive for the smooth recover and the commencement of the leg drive instantaneously upon the catch. There is considerable difference, however, in the execution. All reach about the same, but Cornell rows the stroke out more than either Harvard or Yale.

In fact, the strongest impression made by the Cornell crew just now is the way it holds onto the water with its seven-inch blades. It gets hold of the water instantly on the catch, and the pressure stays on until the stroke is rowed clear through. The boat does not yet run between strokes, as Cornell boats usually do, and as this year's boat no doubt will later, but it goes smoother than any one of the others. There is not the great abundance of rowing material of last year and the year before, but there is ample to turn out a crew up to the usual standard, although only three of the old 'varsity men are available.

Cornell will be better boated this year than ever—now that she is making her own shells, under Mr. Courtney's supervision and embodying some of his ideas. A new cedar eight-oared shell has just been completed that is the stiffest, prettiest shell I ever beheld.

YALE and Harvard crews are both at a stage of their development when it is very hard to say just what the immediate future will reveal. Yale has a veteran crew, all but two of her '98 'varsity being in the boat, and both of those being men of experience. It is not the tremendously heavy crew it has been reported to be—the average weight now being 170—but it certainly is a heavy and a powerful combination, and one, it seems to me, that could use a bit longer slide with profit. Yale has had other so-called heavy crews that have done fast, snappy work, notably the one of '95; but the '99 crew is not using so wide a blade nor so long a slide as the one of '95.

Now the danger of a heavy crew is that the instant it loses the long drive in the water it becomes very slow. For instance, Yale's crew of '94 was a heavy one, and certainly a very slow one (that achieved victory because Harvard was still worse), and the chief cause was a short stroke and a correspondingly short drive through the water. If you can get a heavy crew to row, it is faster, but the chances are less that you can put snap in its work and get it together.

Yale may not have this year a crew so pleasing to the eye as some we have seen from New Haven, but there are power and endurance and experience; and if it attains snap and rows out the stroke, it will be up to the average in speed. At present the customary snap is lacking; especially is this noticeable on the catch, and the general work is somewhat ragged.

All the energy of the stroke appears to be concentrated on the oar as it comes at right angles with the boat, and there seem to be less emphasis on the catch and more tendency to ease up at the end of the stroke than I remember in the best of Yale's crews.

HARVARD'S great trouble has been—and even at this writing it is not definitely assuaged—to find a satisfying stroke oar. In search of him, Mr. Storrow has been compelled to keep shifting the men around, so that almost every man in the boat has sat in more than one seat, and some of them on both sides of the shell.

Certainly all the shifting has been the means of giving the Harvard coach a thorough knowledge of the candidates, and we may have confidence in their final disposition in the boat being the very best utilization of their natural and acquired qualifications.

But Harvard must have a man at stroke who is more than merely acceptable; he must be an exceedingly good one—for this year above all others, if that is possible, a strong, dependable man is needed in that seat. Until this is settled one way or the other, it is hardly possible to discuss Harvard's rowing prospects with intelligence or finality.

There is abundant material, and four of the men in the boat were members of last year's crew. Not a great deal of difference exists between the work of the 'varsity and that of the second crew, and the boat of neither travels as it should do between strokes. They appear to have not quite so long a reach as Yale, but to catch harder and row the stroke out longer, though there seemed to be, when I saw the crew, a perceptible hesitation after the catch rather than the steady, strong sweep through from the instant a grip on the water was obtained.

The Harvard crew does not give the suggestion of power conveyed by the Yale crew, but at the present stage of development I rather prefer the crimson stroke.

PRINCETON–COLUMBIA TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 20, 1899, AT PRINCETON.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	5	3	F. W. Jarvis.	10 3-5 s.
220-yard dash	1	7	M. W. Long.	24 1-5 s.
440-yard run	1	7	M. W. Long.	53 s.
880-yard run	6	2	J. F. Cregan.	2 m. 4 3-5 s.
1-mile run	6	2	J. F. Cregan.	4 m. 41 2-5 s.
2-mile run	7	1	L. R. Palmer.	10 m. 30 s.
120-yard hurdles	3	5	L. Barker.	17 1-5 s.
220-yard hurdles	2	6	L. Barker.	28 1-5 s.
Running high jump	8	0	W. Carroll.	6 ft. 1 3-4 in.
Running broad jump	8	0	K. L. Von Kreng.	20 ft. 8 1-2 in.
Pole vault	4½	3½	C. Eastmond, A. W. Coleman.	10 ft. *
16-lb.-shot put	8	0	W. L. Boettger.	39 ft. 1 in.
16-lb.-hammer throw	2	6	G. Welles.	116 ft. 1-2 in.
Total	61½	42½	* Tie.	

Owing to Decoration day falling on one of our regular printing days, this Department went to press on May 26.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—By Hamblen Sears.—Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.—Harper & Brothers

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Diary of the Revolt

Monday, May 15.—Lawton's advanced force left San Miguel and proceeded towards San Isidro, reaching Baluarte about midway between the two places mentioned.

General Rios, in command of the Spanish troops remaining in the Philippines, cabled to the War Office at Madrid, announcing that he had entered into an agreement with General Otis for an immediate evacuation of Zamboanga and Sulu; that American troops would occupy Sulu "and render honors to the Spanish flag on the departure of the Spanish troops," but would not take possession of Zamboanga at this time.

Tuesday, May 16.—Beyond San Fernando the Filipinos completely destroyed a section of the railroad several miles in length.

The cruiser *Charleston* brought the news that a launch from the gunboat *Concord*, while attempting to land at Aparri, a town situated on the north coast of Luzon at the mouth of the Rio Grande de Cagayan, was attacked by savages and compelled to withdraw.

Wednesday, May 17.—Lawton's advance-guard set out from Baluarte at daylight, moving on San Isidro, seven miles away to the northwest. Colonel Summers of the Oregon regiment was in command, and with him were the Twenty-second regulars, the volunteers from Minnesota, Oregon, and North Dakota, and Scott's Battery of Artillery—all preceded by the scouts, who had rendered conspicuous service since Lawton's campaign began, and who had just lost their chief, William H. Young. The enemy was first encountered two miles from San Isidro, but offered practically no resistance at this point. Immediately outside of the town, however, about two thousand men were intrenched; these waited to have fifteen killed and twenty wounded, and to kill one man from Oregon and wound one man from Minnesota, before leaving the trenches. Here, as at San Fernando, only a show of resistance was intended—the two regiments which were left behind when the main body of the Filipinos withdrew from the capital serving to invite the Americans to an easy and barren victory.

General Otis cabled: "Lawton, with tact and ability, has covered Bulacan Province with his column, and driven insurgent troops northward into San Isidro, second insurgent capital, which he captured this morning. He is now driving the enemy northward into the mountains. He has constant fighting, inflicting heavy losses and suffering few casualties. The appearance of his troops on flanks of the enemy [posted] behind intrenchments, thrown up at every strategic point and town, is demoralizing the insurgents, and has given them no opportunity to reconcentrate scattered troops. Kobbé's column, with gunboats, is proceeding up Rio Grande."

The expedition under Major Kobbé to which General Otis referred, comprising the Seventeenth Infantry, a battalion of the Ninth, and a battery of the First Artillery, left Calumpit at daybreak to join Lawton in the north. A flotilla of *cascos* loaded with supplies for Lawton's command was convoyed by the army gunboats under Captain Grant.

Filipinos south of Manila attacked an outpost near Pasig, and were repulsed with a loss of five killed and several wounded.

Thursday, May 18.—General Otis reported to the War Department: "Representatives of the insurgent cabinet and Aguinaldo, in the mountains twelve miles north of San Isidro, will send in a commission tomorrow to seek terms of peace. Majority of the force confronting MacArthur at San Fernando has retired to Tarlac [thirty miles beyond San Fernando] after tearing up two miles of railway. This force has decreased to about twenty-five hundred. Scouting parties and detachments moving to-day in various directions. Kobbé, with his column, is at Candaba, on the Rio Grande. Great majority of the inhabitants of provinces over which our troops have moved are anxious for peace, and [this sentiment is] supported by members of insurgent cabinet. Aspect of affairs at present favorable."

The Filipinos looted and burned San Luis, below Candaba, on the Rio Grande. The transport *Warren* arrived at Manila with eight batteries of the Sixth Artillery and a detachment of recruits.

Friday, May 19.—Brigadier-General Funston relieved General Wheaton. The latter, according to a despatch, was to be assigned to the command of a new expedition.

Saturday, May 20.—General Gregorio del Pilar, commander of the Filipino forces which had opposed the advance of General Lawton's division; Lieutenant-Colonel Barretto, Judge-Advocate; Major Zealcita of Aguinaldo's staff; and Señor Gonzaza, a former member of the Filipino cabinet, reached Manila by special train from Malolos at 8.15 A.M. These were the commissioners referred to in the official despatch of the 18th, and the statement was made that they had been instructed to co-operate with three residents of Manila for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace with the American commissioners. The unsatisfactory nature of their proposition was disclosed in a message from General Otis: "Commissioners of Aguinaldo arrived this morning. Wish to consult United States Commission, which they will do on the 22d inst. Their power limited, and apparently armistice a condition precedent to negotiation. Aguinaldo asks cessation of hostilities to ascertain desires of Filipino people."

Meantime hostilities had not ceased. Major Kobbé's expedition had encountered moderate resistance, and suffered somewhat from the attacks of sharpshooters. Beyond Candaba "the gunboats steamed ahead, all the way training their Gatling guns upon the banks, and dropping shells wherever uniforms appeared on the shore."

The First Nebraska Regiment (numbering about 300—two of the companies mere squads) marched from San Fernando to Calumpit for a thirty days' rest.

Admiral Dewey started on his journey to the United States at four o'clock in the afternoon. Each of the war-ships fired an admiral's salute and manned the sides, the bands playing "Home, Sweet Home" and "Auld Lang Syne" as the flag-ship *Olympia* sailed away. Captain Albert S. Barker assumed command of the station, pending the arrival of Rear-Admiral Watson.

Sunday, May 21.—Kobbé's expedition joined Lawton's command at Arayat.

Monday, May 22.—The president of the United States Philippines Commission submitted this proposition in writing to the Filipino Peace Commissioners: "While the final decision as to the form of government is in the hands of Congress, the President, under his military powers, pending the action of Congress, stands ready to offer the following form of government: A Governor-General, to be appointed by the President; a cabinet, to be appointed by the Governor-General; all the judges to be appointed by the President; the heads of departments and judges to be either Americans or Filipinos, or both; and also a general advisory council, its members to be chosen by the people by a form of suffrage to be hereafter carefully determined upon. The President earnestly desires that bloodshed [shall] cease, and that the people of the Philippines at an early date [may] enjoy the largest measure of self-government compatible with peace and order."

The Filipinos made no definite proposition, except for a cessation of hostilities, until they could present the question of peace to the people.

In a despatch General Otis stated that troops were being maintained in some of the towns through which Lawton had passed, and that the latter was "proceeding down the Rio Grande from San Isidro." Lawton had driven the enemy westward from San Antonio, Cabiao, and Arayat, "where he was joined yesterday by Kobbé's column; will reach Santa Ana and Candaba to-day. MacArthur still at San Fernando, and will occupy cities south and westward. . . . Luna's forces at Tarlac much diminished. . . . Numbers of officers of rank have deserted Luna, and a few have entered Manila for protection. In Pampanga and Bulacan, inhabitants returning to homes, only fear insurgent troops. South of Manila insurgent disintegration progressing, though large force still maintained; conditions improving daily. Shall send battalion of troops and a gunboat to Negros to-morrow to allay excitement in southern portion of that island and west coast of Cebú. Have denied request of Aguinaldo's commissioners for armistice."

MARRION WILCOX.

Troop-Ship Life

THE troop-ship *Sheridan*, formerly the *Massachusetts*, carrying the Twelfth Infantry and one battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry, left New York at three o'clock in the afternoon of February 19, and arrived at Manila on April 14. In addition to the fighting-men—57 officers and 1796 privates, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Smith commanding—there were almost threescore women and children on board. It may be remembered that General Otis cabled, when reporting the arrival of the vessel, that Lieutenant Meyer and three enlisted men died *en route*. The lieutenant disappeared from the ship on the night of April 11. It was supposed that he fell overboard, for the weather was intensely hot, and he was sleeping on deck.

With the exception of such meagre details, we were without information in regard to the experiences of our officers and men during this voyage until the receipt of Mr. Bengough's drawings, which we reproduce on another page of this issue, enabled us to realize the daily life on board the *Sheridan* as our artist saw it when in the Gulf of Aden, the Arabian Sea, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the China Sea. Now, when our gallant volunteers are beginning to return from the Far East, the glimpses which these pictures afford of life on a transport are interesting. Mr. Bengough writes that the mess-deck on the *Sheridan* was not half large enough to seat the men, and therefore the spar-deck became an annex, where any available space served as table and chair; "and fortunate the man who succeeds in finishing his stew before some clumsy shoe kicks it over or a lurch of the ship sends him flying down the companionway to the deck below, with his mess accompanying him — to be greeted, on his involuntary change of surroundings, with joyous shouts of '*As you were!*' But the many inconveniences arising from overcrowding result in the transformation of a grumbling recruit into a resigned and happy-go-lucky soldier, who accepts everything with chaff and laugh, turning mishaps into fun."

An important department of our well-equipped new troop-ships is made the subject of the drawing entitled "The Butcher Shop." Down in the depths of the big vessels is an enormous supply of provisions, under the care of the chief steward, and there the meat hangs, frozen as securely as when it was taken aboard. It comes up from below fresh and inviting even after the vessel has reached equatorial regions, to be carved with an axe, and cut into steaks and roasts for the officers, and into stew-meat for the enlisted men.

According to the regulations, the ship's quarters are inspected twice each day by the commanding officer, the ship's master, the quartermaster, and the chief doctor—to which circumstance may be ascribed the scrupulous order and cleanliness which distinguish the latest additions to our fleet of transports.

The drawing which shows such an "Inspection," and that which represents "The Hospital," might well serve to illustrate a lesson of the war with Spain—a lesson taken to heart and well learned, though at a terrible cost. Every convenience which can add to the comfort of the sick is provided on the lastest ships. The hospital department is conducted with care and skill, as a rule, and Mr. Bengough writes that the presence of four Red Cross nurses—added quite accidentally to the hospital staff of the *Sheridan*—contributed greatly to the health and comfort of the wives and children of the officers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy creates a commotion at the station, and is arrested. Though protesting his identity, he is mistaken for von Elbe, and while treated with the greatest consideration, is placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he meets his chum, Victor Osborne, who is there as First Secretary.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKFAST AND BANTER.

Showing how a bet may be won and yet leave the winner out of pocket; also, why maidens should not put their trust in princes, neither in the sons of men.

WE breakfasted about eleven, Osborne and I, in the sunny morning-room adjoining the conservatory.

He had changed very little since we left West Point—he to resign and play with politics, I to enter the cavalry and learn to covet dead men's shoes.

"The service is too slow," he said, chipping an egg and glancing wistfully at me; "I couldn't have stood the stagnation. Dead men's shoes are not so repulsive in politics; their owners are only dead politically, you know."

Through the open window I heard the wind in the trees; I saw the swallows sheering the cliff across the street; I heard the melody of the Alzette tinkling through the ravine. The bizarre beauty of everything preoccupied me.

"Yes, everything is pretty in this futile country," said Osborne. "To prevent his Excellency's mind from wandering I tried to engage homely house-maids. There were none in Luxembourg."

"Victor," said I, "why on earth did they send that man out here?"

"Oh! his Excellency? He harmonizes with the landscape," said Osborne. "You ought to see him when his whiskers are combed out like the white frill on a pouter-pigeon."

We lighted cigars and moved our chairs to the balcony. An exceedingly trim maid, with obtrusively satisfactory ankles, removed the breakfast dishes. Somehow or other the atmosphere of the whole Legation struck me as frivolous; the rococo mirrors, the slim twisted candlesticks, the gilded chairs and sofas, all seemed part and parcel of the dainty absurdity of the city. And those pink and white maids with their china-blue eyes and lace caps—they belonged in stage boudoirs; they should be dancing delicate dances in the lightest of light musical comedies, bathed in the prismatic reflections of crystal chandeliers.

"Oh, you'll get used to it," observed Osborne; "everything's pretty here; everything is irresponsible and artistically reasonable. Here we all—

> "Take the cash and let the credit go,
> Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

"Tell me, seriously," I said, "just how the land lies in this Christmas-pantomime country."

"You don't want to be serious so soon after breakfast?" he protested.

"Yes, I do. The very air here makes me feel foolish, like sweet champagne. If we don't talk sense I'll become as trivial as the rest of you."

"Well," he said, "I will lecture on modern history, then. This is all I know: William the Sudden has fished out of his archives a lot of old wills and grants and treaties, which he is pasting together to suit his ends. It seems that in 1883, in Holland, fear of absorption by Germany was excited by the fact that, in case of the death of the feeble Prince of Orange, the only male heir was Prince Albert of Prussia. Prince Albert was a claimant through maternal descent from King William I. of Holland. Then came a grand mix-up. Prince Albert of Prussia cited the case of William I. of Prussia, who was a grandson of the old Stadtholder Frederick Henry. But that claim, it seems, was settled 'way back in 1732. At any rate, the Kaiser is perfectly possessed to get hold of Luxembourg, if not of Holland. He wants to compromise; but he has a clear-headed little lady, with a mind of her own, to deal with—I mean Wilhelmina of Holland."

"She mobilized the reserve," I said.

"You bet she did!" cried Osborne, enthusiastically. "Here's a diplomatic secret: What do you think his Sudden Majesty of Germany tried to do? He magnanimously offered her a husband, to be selected and specially blessed by himself."

"No!" I said, disgusted. "What did the little Queen of Holland say?"

"She said something very saucy—she said it in rhyme, too; his Excellency saw it. Translated it read: 'Where the old cat crawls through, the kittens may follow; where the kittens crawl through, the old cat may climb over the fence.'"

"Which meant," I said, laughing, "that a Prussian princeling once in Holland, the old cat Kaiser might walk over the frontier."

"Exactly, and pocket Luxembourg. Oh, she's a bonnie little queen, Wilhelmina, and as sweet and pretty as she is clever! And to think of a coarse-fibred Prussian—"

"That reminds me," I interrupted. "Prince Edric of Prussia is in Luxembourg."

"In prison," added Osborne, with an air that said, plainly, "Don't try to teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

"Who told you so?" I asked.

"The police, of course," yawned my too clever comrade.

"Well," I said, pitilessly, "you have been gulled; they got the wrong man, and Prince Edric has gone a-wooing his ladye fayre. I see, Victor, that you need mature advice in your first diplomatic essay."

He took it fairly well; it was something of a dig, though, and perhaps I laughed a little louder than necessary.

"How did you find that out?" he asked, wincing.

"The police, of course," I yawned.

It was too bad to rub it in. But, on the other hand, I had no intention of revealing to him the fact of my incarceration. I should never have heard the last of it.

"I'm going to wire his Excellency," said Victor. "He might as well know that Edric is in Luxembourg. Everybody thinks it's for a peasant girl, but it may be some Prussian plot that the Sudden One is hatching."

"Wire ahead," I said. "Only I happen to know that the Kaiser is furious, and has sent two spies, or sheriffs, or some species of Teuton reptile, after Edric."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Osborne, pretending to be overcome at my precocity. "And what may their names be, my omniscient young friend?"

"Wiepert and Vossburg," I replied, concealing my triumph with a half-yawn.

Osborne looked up quickly.

"Confound it, Gilbert," he said, "you have been in Luxembourg an hour or so, and you know more already than I do! Who told you about Wiepert and old Vossburg?"

"They are friends of mine," I said, calmly. "If I learn anything of interest to the government I'll tell you, my son."

Osborne, a trifle angry, but laughing, rose and stepped out on the balcony. I followed, still smoking.

"Those two spies have been hanging around town ever since I came here," he said. "They watch our Legation; they haunt the barracks, the council-chamber, the palace. Why? Lord knows; I can't make out what they want, unless it's that 'general information' so dear to the German government."

"At present," I said, "they're after Prince Edric, with a warrant of arrest in the name of the Kaiser."

There was a silence. I tossed my cigar over the railing, and watched it fall and lie smoking among the scarlet geraniums in the court-yard.

"Do you suppose Edric means to renounce his titles and pretences and marry that peasant girl?" asked Osborne.

"I believe he is capable of it," I said; "I believe the Kaiser thinks him capable of it."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I myself believe Prince Edric would stop at nothing."

"What do you know of Prince Edric?" asked Osborne, much amused.

"More than you think I do," I replied, "and more than I'm going to tell you."

"Perhaps you know him?"

"Perhaps I do."

"Come, Gilbert," he said, "don't be idiotic. I'm going to write to his Excellency now. You might take a stroll down by the barracks and inspect the Luxembourg army; it's all there, the whole battalion. Go and begin your prowling. A Legation is only a diplomatic name for a nest of spies, you know."

He sauntered back into the room, a little piqued, I fancy, puzzling his brains over my apparent sources of knowledge.

"By-the-way, Victor," I called to him as he left the balcony, "when am I to be presented to the Grand-Duke and Duchess?"

"When they come back to town," he replied.

"But the Duchess is here now," I said, unable to forego the opportunity.

"No, she isn't," he answered.

I went into the room where he stood by the hall door.

"I'll bet you she's in town," I said.

"Take you," he replied, promptly.

"Box of cigars?"

"Done. Prove it."

Now I had forgotten that I could not honorably prove it. I thought a moment, then said,

"I saw her, Victor."

"Mistake," he said, briefly.

"Then prove it yourself," I retorted.

He picked up the morning paper, *L'Indépendance Luxembourgeoise*, and searched a moment.

"Here," he said: "'*Court News.*—His Highness the Grand-Duke Athel, her Highness the Grand-Duchess Eulalie, Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, and the Countess of Wilverwiltz have been for three days at the Château Wilverwiltz for the golf tournament.'"

"What paper is that?" I demanded.

"This morning's paper."

"It's an asinine sheet," I said; "and you can have your cigars when you want them."

"I thought you'd drown in your sea of knowledge," he observed. And he went away, singing, under his breath:

> "A man's an ass as goes to sea;
> At him I do deride;
> But woman is a tender flower,
> And delicate inside."

I picked up hat, gloves, and stick, and departed, vexed that I had lost not only my bet, but also my prestige with Osborne as a possessor of sources of information.

As I strolled across the street I thought of my adventure of the night before.

"Nevertheless," I muttered, "the Duchess was in town last evening, and he can make the most of his cigars."

Now that I knew the court was away, I began to feel that the city was dull. Of course at first I found the city itself interesting; I strolled through it from the Plat d'Altmünster to the Rue Vauban, from the Avenue Marie-Thérèse, through the Boulevard du Prince and Boulevard du Roi, to the theatre. I inspected the beautiful library, the Chamber of Deputies, Palais de Justice, Cathedral, and the churches of Saint-Cunnégonde and Saint-Quirin. Then I had enough of antiquities, so I went to the market square, where the fresh-faced peasant girls thronged the sidewalks, and looked sideways at me, until I thought I had better go to the Café Metzler and order something with ice in it. Yet it was true that the town lacked gayety. The handsome quarters were silent, deserted, save by a nurse-maid or two sitting on the benches beside beardless soldiers. Truly a city of sixteen thousand inhabitants needed at least a grand-duke and a court to make it endurable.

Now if there had been plenty of military about I should not have found it dull; but the total garrison consisted of the entire Luxembourg army—a battalion of infantry and a wandering sprinkling of gendarmes. The fortifications, interesting because Vauban constructed some of them, were neither modern nor of any immediate military consequence. Yet it was easy to understand how this fortified city had once been the strongest fortress in the world, except Gibraltar. For although by the treaty of London in 1867 the fortifications were demolished, so great a part of them were hewn out of the solid rock that, even now, with a little industry and a few machine-guns, the city could be made intensely interesting to any assaulting force. With money and time the city could be even made worthy, as a citadel, of its ancient title—the "Key to France." And it is true to-day that any country holding Luxembourg, reconstructed as a fortress of the first class, would possess the only logical base from which France could be successfully invaded from the north.

Antiquated defences and small armies soon satisfy the curiosity of the modern soldier, and, apart from the projects that naturally shaped themselves in my mind for the defence of a defenceless city, I found little to amuse or instruct me in Luxembourg military matters. Besides, I was a cavalry officer, and I observed with sufficient tolerance the delving of engineers, the calculations of artillerists, and the confabs of owl-eyed infantry experts.

While I stood on the viaduct, examining the battered relics of ancient defence, Osborne joined me, swinging a cane.

"Anything in your line?" he asked, banteringly. "Given the length of a ship and the height of the mainmast, find the age of the captain's cat—eh?"

I did not answer. I was inspecting a young man who had just crossed the bridge, and who now, traversing the street, entered the Rue d'Eau at a lively pace.

Unless I was blinder than the white bat of Drumgoole, that man was Stanerl von Elbe—Prince Edric of Prussia.

"Why the devil don't you answer me when I speak to you?" inquired Osborne.

"Wait till you're a big boy," I replied, and left him there, mouth open.

The man ahead of me was certainly Prince Edric. He walked along at a rapid pace, with that erect yet not ungraceful carriage peculiar to many Prussian officers.

There were plenty of people in the Rue d'Eau, so I found it easy to follow him without attracting his attention. As he walked he kept glancing up at the signs on the shops, as though searching for some number. I kept him in view without difficulty, wondering why he dared show himself so openly in the streets of Luxembourg.

Once he stopped at a book-store window, apparently fascinated by some photographs. Presently he entered the store. I went to the window, and while pretending to examine the display of photographs for sale, kept one eye on Prince Edric. I noticed among the photographs portraits of actresses, emperors, prize cattle, and demi-mondaines.

Tucked away in a corner, Bismarck stared through a thin film of dust. The slight cast in his prominent eyes always fascinated me, like the outward turn one sees in the eyes of well-bred pug-dogs. William the Sudden was there, between some views of the famous Luxembourg cattle show—stalled bulls, prize hogs, and two-headed calves.

But the important pictures in the window were, of course, portraits of the Grand-Duke and Duchess and the lovely Queen of Holland. Wilhelmina was everywhere, in every costume; the Grand-Duchess, radiant in her youthful beauty, appeared in court costume, in riding-habit, in water-proof, and cape. I should never have recognized her. As for the Grand-Duke, he was duplicated and reduplicated in all the uniforms imaginable. He was apparently more times a colonel in European crack regiments than there were men in the entire Luxembourg army.

When Prince Edric came out of the shop I turned my back. He would not have seen me anyway, for he continued down the Rue d'Eau, still searching the signs on the shops.

It took me only a moment to enter the book-store, find out what Prince Edric had bought, and return to follow him.

His Highness had purchased sixteen photographs of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

"Oh, peasant maid of Luxembourg," I thought, "put not your trust in princes—neither in the sons of men."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RING.

Proving that no man can guess in cold blood what he might do in a passion.

WHEN at last Prince Edric found the number he was searching for, I entered the shop at his heels, and as he took his place in a line of people before a railing I stood behind him, indifferent now as to discovery, determined, as soon as he had finished his business, to have a chat with him on matters interesting to us both.

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The place was an information-bureau for tourists and travellers, a ticket-office for railroads, and a general rendezvous where commercial men and other voyagers might find foreign newspapers, time-tables, and directories. There were also conveniences for changing foreign money into Luxembourg coinage, commission strictly according to the quoted rate of exchange.

The waiting line of men moved up little by little, until at length Prince Edric stood at the *guichet*, and the agent looked questioningly down at him from behind the railing.

"I should like a ticket, first class, to Wilverwiltz," said Prince Edric, politely returning the agent's mechanical inclination.

The agent opened a drawer, found the ticket, stamped it, tore off half, stamped that, wrote on both halves, punched them, and handed one to Prince Edric. Wilverwiltz was only ten miles away.

"I suppose the diligence still runs between Wilverwiltz and Saint-Yssel?" said Prince Edric, laying a silver piece on the desk.

"No, monsieur. The Saint-Yssel Chasse is closed."

"But the Forester's lodge is still there, of course?" inquired Prince Edric, nervously.

"His Highness the Grand-Duke has closed it permanently," replied the agent.

The Prince seemed so taken aback that the agent added, "Van Tassel, the head forester, died last winter."

"But his niece?" blurted out the Prince, impatiently.

"Intelligence concerning the head-forester's niece is not included in the information distributed by this bureau," replied the agent, coldly.

"But I wish to find the niece of the Duke's head forester," said the Prince, in a firm voice.

"Apply to the police, monsieur. And kindly step aside; there are others waiting."

I had to laugh; it was retribution with a vengeance.

The Prince slowly turned around; there was lightning in his eyes, though his visage expressed no emotion. But when he saw it was I who stood there, he instinctively stepped back, controlling his angry surprise with an effort that stiffened the tense skin over his cheek-bones and set his jaws tight as a steel trap.

"Monsieur," I said, affably, "let us resume diplomatic relations. I bear no malice."

He evidently expected me to denounce him; he was a trifle pale.

"I mean it," I said; "it is I who am your debtor."

Which was true; except for him I should never have kissed the Grand-Duchess. Even now I was wearing her ring on my little finger, under my glove. Bad form, but very comforting.

"I do not particularly desire your company," he said, in a low voice, "but I appear to be at your mercy."

"Then go to the deuce!" I said, hotly. "Do you take me for a blackmailer?" And I walked out of the shop, twirling my stick angrily.

The next moment he had joined me, walking at my side, his hand on my elbow.

"Don't be offended," he said, with candid earnestness; "I have treated you abominably, and I beg your pardon. You are quite right in demanding an interview, and I accord it with pleasure—believe me—with greatest pleasure."

"You mean a duel?" I asked, my wrath subsiding. "There's time enough for that; it is I who owe you reparation, Monsieur von Elbe."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Really?"

"I'm afraid so," I said. "However, let us find some nook for a quiet chat, where we can curse each other comfortably."

"A café?" he asked, smiling.

"You had better keep clear of cafés, and thoroughfares too, Mousieur von Elbe," I said, a little maliciously.

He glanced up, but said nothing, until I hailed a cab.

"Where are we going?" he demanded.

"To my apartments, if you will do me the honor."

There was enough irony in my voice, enough danger in the suggestion to touch his *amour-propre*. As a prudent man, he would have refused; as an officer, he would not.

"With pleasure," he said, carelessly.

I motioned towards the cab, which had stopped close to the curb.

"I beg you to enter first," he said, politely.

"Another question of precedence?"

He winced and bit his lip; I sprang into the cab, he followed, and I bade the cabman drive to the United States Legation.

When Prince Edric heard the direction he turned and looked sharply at me, but I pretended not to notice it.

"Frankly," he said, "why are you going to the American Legation?"

"Have you any objections?" I replied, in apparent surprise.

"Do you think a Prussian officer would be welcome in a Yankee Legation?" he asked, bluntly.

"You know the Dutch proverb," I said: "'One devil does not make a hell.'"

I said it so cheerfully that the anger my words aroused in him was paralyzed by my soft tones. There is no severity like gentleness.

"Come," said I; "are there any reasons we should not be friends?"

"I think there are," he said. "You are one of them."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "You and I are sure to like each other immensely. You know the proverb: 'He makes no friends who never made an enemy.'"

"God keep me from my friends, and I'll keep myself from my enemies," he quoted, striving to look cynical.

A few moments later we stopped before the Legation. He eyed the coat of arms, but followed me without further questions into the Legation and up stairs, where I ushered him through a suite of handsome empty rooms into my own apartment.

"You shall try," said I, "a Niagara cocktail with an olive in it."

He nodded doubtfully. A servant brought what I needed, including ice, and a thin flask full of almond-shaped olives from Arles.

While I made the cocktails, Prince Edric took a rapid survey. His eyes noted the cavalry sabres crossed over the mantel, the spurs, foils, boxing-gloves. I saw he was trying to make up his mind concerning my profession, and his eyes returned persistently, almost wistfully, to the sabres.

"If it will relieve you," I said, "to know that you are going to drink with an officer of the United States army, don't trouble yourself further."

He flushed scarlet.

"Why didn't you tell me that in the train?" he asked.

"Because," said I, "my nationality alone should be sufficient to compel respect."

"A civilian and an officer are two different things," he retorted, hotly. "In Berlin the difference is understood."

My impatience was getting the better of me.

"Come," I said, briefly; "I've been more than patient with you, and now I'm going to be frank. He that handles a nettle gently is soonest stung."

I raised my glass and stood up.

"Nevertheless," I continued, "I don't propose to let irritation sour my cocktail. I have the honor—Herr von Elbe—"

He jumped up at once and made me a stiff bow, repeating, "Monsieur, to you; the honor is mine—"

The cocktails disappeared; we made each other two more bows, then sat down, prepared for trouble.

"Now," I began, "when you amused yourself by playing highwayman last evening, you had no idea that you were also playing with the buzz-saw of destiny, did you?"

"Are you the buzz-saw of destiny?" he asked.

"I am. You've hurt yourself, too."

"I don't notice it," he said, sarcastically.

"It hasn't begun to hurt yet," I said, finishing the construction of two more cocktails. I handed him his, and set mine on the table beside me.

"You deserve," I continued, "what you received. You bully a stranger with a revolver and help yourself to his passport."

"Here's your passport," he said, exasperated; "ask whatever reparation you desire. I'm only too thankful that it's an officer I shall have the honor to encounter."

"What are we going to fight for?" I demanded. "I don't wish to squabble because a man in love has acted rashly."

"A man in love?" he repeated, with narrowing eyes.

"Have you any other excuse for taking my passport as you did?"

"I needed it," he said, sullenly.

"Indeed you did, Prince Edric, and you took it like a road-agent. Confound it! if you had given me half a hint I'd have stood by you at any inconvenience to myself."

That I had called him by his own name and title staggered him; that I could show him sympathy and generosity under the circumstances hit him harder yet.

"It is easy to see you are an officer and an American," he said. "Your forbearance puts me to confusion."

"Wait," I replied, ominously. "I was arrested and imprisoned because I was taken for you. Your Emperor's two spies, Vossburg and Wiepert, came from the frontier to conduct me to Berlin."

"What can I say?" he cried, deeply distressed. "I will do anything to make amends—indeed I will!"

"Very well," I said; "listen. You know, of course, what the newspapers say about you?"

"Yes," he admitted, setting his teeth and shooting a distrustful glance at me.

"Is it true?"

He turned rigid to the tips of his ears.

"Is that a question?" he asked.

"Yes. I beg your pardon for asking it, but, like your observation concerning my passport, I *must* know."

He glared at me for a moment, then stood up.

"Answer me," I said, coolly. "If it is true that you are in love with a beautiful Luxembourgeoise, then what happened last night is abominable!"

"And what happened last night?" he asked, with tightly compressed lips.

"I told a woman I loved her."

"What has that to do with me?" he returned, in astonishment.

"Why, this—she took me for you!"

He sat down heavily.

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(*Continued from page 559.*)

I went over the whole episode, not sparing myself in the least. To make such a confession to any man under any other circumstances would have been dastardly; to do so now was the only possible course. It was necessary for the honor and happiness of both Prince Edric and the Duchess Eulalie that the Prince should know what had been done in his name.

Prince Edric listened until I had finished; then he quietly demanded the name of the woman.

"It is the first time I ever disclosed the name of any woman," I said, deeply humiliated. "The lady was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg."

The utter blankness of his face startled me. For a full minute we faced each other in perfect silence.

"You kissed the Duchess?" he repeated, passing one hand across his eyes as though to conjure up such an amazing vision.

"I did—but she thought it was you," I said, tartly.

He burst into a most ridiculous fit of laughter. I watched him, astonished.

"We won't quarrel about that!" he cried, laughing all the while. "The Duchess is a harmless little feather-head, infatuated with her own husband, who doesn't understand her. She's horribly sensitive and jealous of him, and he of her. Why, they've only been married a year! It was a political match, but she fell head over heels in love with the Duke, and dares not hint at it, fearing a repulse. And he's so stupid he can't understand."

"The Duchess didn't seem to bother about it," I said, sarcastically.

"Pooh! When I was here last year I saw she was eating her heart out. She was silly enough to try to revenge the fancied indifference of her husband by attempting to fall in love with me. Don't I know the difference between love and pique?"

"Well," I said, vastly relieved, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? Go to see her and tell her not to be silly. I'll take the responsibility of your indiscretions—I'll shoulder everything. The whole affair is exquisitely humorous, and I don't wonder you tried to pay me in my own coin!"

"And you don't think," I suggested, "that she really will be unhappy?"

It was a curious sensation. I was unwilling to believe that the Duchess, who had confessed so much to me, should not mean it—even though she took me for another man.

"Every word she uttered was meant for her husband—only she didn't know it," he laughed. "I know her."

"Then," said I, "give her back her ring, too." And I drew the curious dull gold circlet from my finger and laid it in Prince Edric's hand.

What followed passed very quickly. For no sooner had he set eyes on the ring than he sprang up in a most extraordinary fury, accusing me of so many things that my head whirled. He denounced me; he swore he'd have satisfaction without delay. I, utterly bewildered, told him he was my guest, and begged him to remember where he was.

"That is not the Duchess's ring!" he cried; "she never wore it!"

"It belonged to the lady I made love to," I said, in a passion; "if you know who she is you can get yourself out of the scrape or not—I don't care a pfennig!"

I thought to myself, "Somehow or other I've been kissing his confounded peasant girl; that's what I've done."

"See here," I continued; "I can't stand this any longer. You and your affairs have bothered me to death ever since I met you. If I've been spooning with any duchess or peasant girl of yours, it serves you right."

Beside himself with fury, he pointed to the sabres on the wall.

"Wait," I said, hotly; "do you think I'm going to spoil my carpets and furniture because you want to carve me up? No, my friend; but I'm going to put on those boxing-gloves and give you a quarter of an hour that you'll remember."

I snatched the gloves from the wall; he looked horrified, but I tossed him a pair for himself and put mine on.

"If I can afford to do it, you can," I said, savagely. "I don't care what your customs are; if you have any human nature left, put those gloves on."

"We are in Europe," he said, breathing hard. "If I were only in America—"

"You're in the United States Legation; politically you are on American soil!"

He took fire at this and drew on the gloves. We were both dying to get at each other; the nervous tension had lasted too long for young blood.

"I take it you know how to box," I observed. I had understood he had been educated in England.

"Yes, I box," he replied, briefly.

As we faced each other, the ridiculous aspect of the situation did not strike us. We were no longer officers—no longer guest and host; we were two boys, possessed with the desire to thrash each other, for each devoutly believed the other needed it.

Mechanically I extended my right glove; he touched it with his, then stepped back.

"Guard!" I said, briskly, and went at him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Peace Jubilee

WASHINGTON was the scene of a festivity which, with its many attractive features designed to celebrate not only the victories of our army and navy, but also (as we like to believe) the inauguration of an era of good feeling between Spanish people and Americans, diverted and interested the capital on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 23, 24, and 25.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the first day mentioned church bells were rung, and salutes were fired from the guns of warships which had been ordered to this point, and from the batteries at Fort Myer and Washington Barracks. In anticipation of the parades the houses were decorated, and at an early hour bright uniforms of visiting military organizations were seen in the streets, and a great crowd assembled about noon in the Avenue, from the Peace Monument to the State, War, and Navy buildings, in spite of the rain, which fell in torrents for a short time. As soon as the weather cleared, right of way was secured for the military pageant, which started up the Avenue at two o'clock. In the reviewing-stand, which had been erected near the Executive Mansion, were the President and members of the cabinet with their wives; and at the same point were to be seen ambassadors, ministers, attachés, representatives of all foreign governments, doing honor to the occasion, and forming one of the most conspicuous gatherings of the diplomatic corps which have ever been known in this country. The first division in the parade was composed of regular soldiers. Volunteer veterans were also in evidence. The Fourth Immune Regiment, in heavy marching order, and detachments of the Ninth Immunes, attracted special attention. The feature of the celebration on the second day was a civic parade. In the evening the White House was thrown open, brilliantly illuminated and beautifully decorated. Fireworks and pyrotechnic representations of the naval battles of Manila and Santiago seemed to be the features of the programme receiving the largest share of popular appreciation.

Mississippi's Wall

MR. ANDREWS WILKINSON writes to HARPER'S WEEKLY from Port Gibson, Mississippi, about the great wall in Claiborne County, in that State, whereof there was recent discourse in the *Sun*, and subsequent allusions in This Busy World department of the WEEKLY. Mr. Dabney, chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, wrote to the WEEKLY from Clarksdale, Mississippi, to say that he had never heard of the wall, and that the theory that it was built as a causeway by which people could escape from floods was untenable because of the lay of the land. Mr. Wilkinson does not favor this causeway theory either, but he says there is a wall, and that he has seen it. Fifteen years ago he visited it, and wrote an account of it to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, which is precise and remarkable. His party saw sixty feet of huge sandstone blocks which had been uncovered, and which varied in (estimated) weight from 400 to 5000 pounds. The stone-work was two tiers high, or about five feet. The wall was twenty feet wide, and the top, where Mr. Wilkinson saw it, had been three feet underground. The wall is overgrown by the trees of the primeval forest, and runs into hills, and perhaps through them. Mr. Wilkinson saw it on O'Quinn's plantation. He speaks of an outcropping section fifteen miles distant from there, and of another five miles farther on.

Mr. Wilkinson has seen mastodon bones dug up in that part of the Mississippi, and within a few miles of the old wall. He argues that the lay of the land hasn't changed since the mastodons were planted in it; that the wall is later than the mastodons, and that therefore it wasn't used as a means of escape from floods. He thinks it more likely that it was a work of defence, or a grand viaduct leading up to an elevated place of public worship. He tells of another relic of antiquity in that region of which he had lately heard—the remains of a stone dam or fallen bridge across the Big Black River, three miles below Allen Station in Warren County. The stones which form this dam are visible at dead low water for a distance of 100 feet. The quarry they were dug from is half a mile away, and overgrown with forest.

Mr. Wilkinson says that at Port Gibson early last month there was dug up, in excavating to widen a street, a skeleton which had been buried six feet below the surface of a hill. The skull was bound by a broad circlet of copper, beneath which was a fringe of short fine brown hair. A lot of beads were found, some of which he sends to the WEEKLY. Others have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution. The brown hair, the copper circlet, and the hieroglyphic marks on the beads suggest a possibility of Toltec or Aztec remains to Mr. Wilkinson, though he modestly distrusts his competence to form an opinion in such matters.



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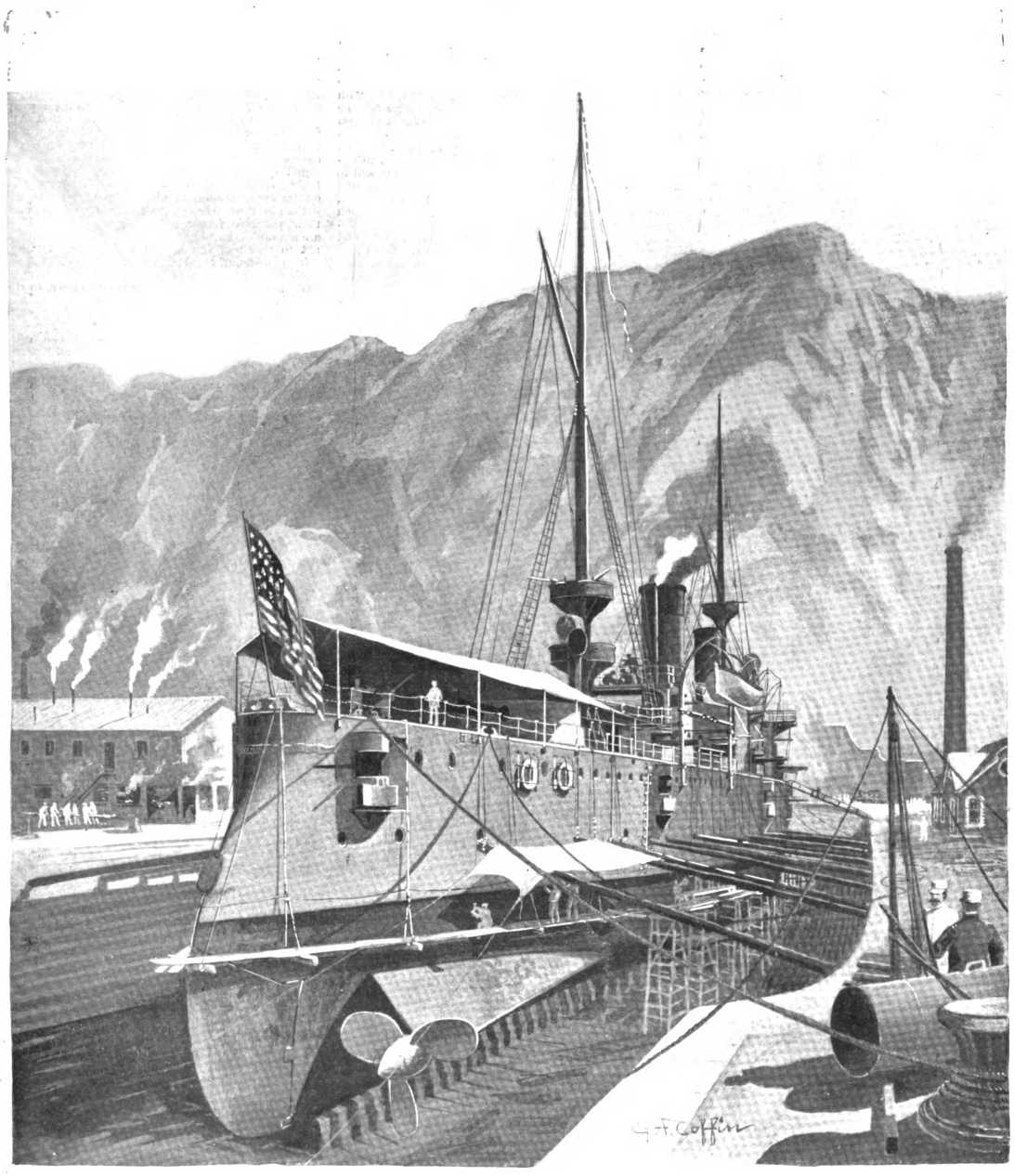
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The Peace Conference

THE Peace Congress which met at the Hague on the 18th of May, at the outset of its career, probably offers to the political forecaster more difficulties than have been presented at their opening by all the other diplomatic conferences ever called together in Europe for the general amelioration of human conditions. It has been suggested that it resembles most nearly the conference of Paris, but in truth it is wholly unique. Nothing like it has ever been known, and the diplomats who are to take part in it, and the rulers of the European powers who are the immediate superiors, responsible or irresponsible, of these diplomats, seem to look upon the whole affair as an international complaisance in response to the youthful dream of the Tsar. No one knows what is to take place. No one has any very definite plan, except perhaps the Swiss representatives. Nearly every delegate goes into the convention uncertain of the part which he is to play in it. Upon one point there is agreement, and that is that the affair is Russian; that the Russians will govern to a certain extent at the beginning, and that the rest of the world will wait until Russia pronounces the word and presents her programme.

The feeling that Russia must lead at first is apparently unanimous; and yet there is no disposition among the interested delegates to follow Russia blindly, or to permit her representatives to control the convention absolutely. This, of course, goes without saying. There are plans and projects in the minds of other people than the Russians, and they will be discussed, and perhaps embodied into recommendations to the powers. But the first questions are: What does Russia want? What does the invitation mean? Is there anything hidden behind it that is either sinister or menacing? Is this extraordinary meeting of the great powers and the little ones really intended as the first step towards a higher civilization, and a nobler application to government of the Christian principle of peace, or is it a mask behind which Russia is concealing some barbarous purpose? Is the world, including our own republic and Great Britain, to be presented with an impossible utopian proposition in order that the inevitable failure to accept it may excuse further Russian aggressions in Asia, on the ground that, the other powers having refused to disarm, each nation, and especially Russia, must get what she can of the good things of the black and brown men, and since militarism is to continue by common consent, militarism it shall be, and Russia will act the militant part as aggressively, as efficaciously, as cruelly doubtless, as can any of the powers which have refused to accept the Tsar's "noble offer"? These are questions which are presenting themselves to the minds of the delegates to the conference, and to the minds of such other European statesmen as may happen to think seriously of the question at all.

A diplomat at the Hague has characterized the conference as an "international prayer-meetiug"; and whether this particular diplomat does or does not, there are some members of the conference, notably the Americans and British, who know that a cause which has behind it the fervent prayers of good men and good women is likely to develop into a holy movement which the profane hands of secular power will find it difficult to arrest and, in the end, impossible to defeat. Being an "international prayer-meeting," another diplomat concludes that men of his profession should not have been appointed delegates; and it certainly follows, as HARPER'S WEEKLY has contended, that the discussions of the conference should be public, that the sessions should be held with open doors, and that the world whose "prayer-meeting" it is should know with exactitude what its representatives are saying to one another, and in what spirit they are fulfilling a commission which is at least hoped to be about to result in relieving humanity from the burdens and woes of militarism and war. But although some of the delegates are not diplomats, so many members of the conference are of that profession that it is in fact a conference of diplomats. This is the first fact which hopeful people must look at frankly. It accounts for much of the uncertainty as to the outcome of the meeting, and for the cynicism with which the congress is talked about and occasionally laughed at. It accounts also for the fact, which is evident, that nothing whatever of importance is expected to result from the conference by those who are charged with the duty of carrying it on. This is a movement which emanated, it is true, from the most absolute ruler in Europe, whether he be a hopeful dreamer or the tool of the clever and resourceful men who surround him and who really govern Russia, but a movement which is essentially popular, appealing strongly to the popular mind—the mind that was emancipated by the revolutions of the eighteenth century, and that has been enlightening itself ever since, both by participation in and by observations of human history and of politics. There has been felt throughout Europe the effect of the inspiration which came from the Tsar and stirred the people —the middle-class business people—those who carry on the commerce and industries of Europe; those whose taxes support the governments of Europe; those who are burdened with the cost of the gigantic modern military establishments; those whose young men are now taken from industrial and commercial life that they may pass fruitless years in barracks; those whose homes will be filled with mourning and dire distress if war shall really come. There have been a stirring of the European conscience and a fermentation of the average European mind that are at last borne in upon the political mind to the extent of convincing it that, to quote from still another diplomat, at least some "little thing" must appear to be done. But this popular movement is represented in the conference by the kind of men who are affected by popular movements least of all. In this conference, therefore, the powers who are represented are dealing with one another as powers, as governments. Much the greater number of the delegates are intensely practical men, who have been trained to study the present, and to work for such future conditions as are approved by present considerations. They are men who are trained in what they regard as the virtue of national selfishness. They believe that the glory of their several countries and the success of their own careers depend upon their working effectively to the end that their several governments shall keep all that they have, and, in addition, get all that they can. These are the men who are face to face with one another at the Hague, and with what they naturally regard as the impracticable scheme proposed by the Tsar, incomprehensible to them also on any other theory than that it is a cover for a malign movement by Russia in the East. This conference, founded upon humanity and appealing to enthusiasm and to optimism, setting bare economical evils that are apparent to the unorganized masses, but that appear to be normal and wholesome to organized governments, is to be managed, so far as Europe is concerned, by the governments which will be influenced on this occasion, as they are on all others, by popular opinion only when it becomes so loud and insistent that to disobey it is to court danger. What part the United States is to play, or what position its delegates ought to assume, would be difficult to say. While the mutual jealousies of Europe are chiefly in evidence, the attitude of our own delegation may well be guarded. We ought to proclaim loudly and sincerely that we stand for whatever makes for a higher civilization; but perhaps we are not in a position to invite criticism or questioning. Besides, European diplomats and governments, except Great Britain, are very ready, even anxious, to unite against us. If a commercial war against us would not result in too much hunger for the Continent, we might count on one for certainty. But the time may come—it certainly would come if the conference were an open one —when the American delegates can urge international arbitration, and they may get their opportunity through cordial support of the Swiss propositions for the establishment of better regulations and for the recognition and protection of the Red Cross, for the prevention of the spread of contagion from the battle-fields, and for ampler facilities for the care of the wounded, and for the abolition of pillage on the high seas. In advocating these principles they will certainly have the support of the French representatives, and there is reason to believe that the majority of the powers will acquiesce in the recommendation of such regulations for the extension of humaner practices to fields of carnage. What the American delegates will naturally wish to avoid is an interposition into international quarrels, for the simple reason that they will at once be put to the defence of our tariff policy, which has at least aroused hostile feeling against us, and of what Europe believes to be our policy of territorial aggrandizement.

From all that has gone before, it will be seen that it is expected that international jealousies will be ventilated in the conference, and we may rest assured that if they are not, hardly any step will be taken towards the professed desire of the Tsar, or even towards what reasonable men hope for. The conference has been called together for the purpose of discussing the project of disarmament, but no one dreams of the adoption of such a scheme as that which at least seemed to be contemplated in the Tsar's first invitation. The best that can be expected is a first step in what must be a long, slow-moving effort for the betterment of the world—the beginning of a crusade, the inspiration of a discussion. If there should come out of this conference not only recommendations looking to the adoption of the Swiss proposals, but recommendations looking to a practical effort for the establishment of the principle of arbitration, to an appeal to a court of arbitration as the essential and inevitable first step towards the settlement of every international dispute which must be immediately brought to a conclusion if war is to be avoided, the conference will have begun a movement for a reform which will be realized all the sooner the earlier a general discussion of it is entered upon, and the more intense that discussion becomes. To revert once more to the idea that this is a popular cause, or a cause of the people, with whom, rather than with the men of politics, nearly all reform movements, great or little, begin, it is the people, through their press and through their action in their home constituencies, who will inevitably settle this question, and settle it correctly. But they must first be enlightened. For this reason alone public sessions of the conference would be of the greatest value. They would be illuminating and inspiring. In the absence of public discussion, however, there ought to be a strong and clear recommendation, and especially it ought to embody a practical suggestion. Perhaps nothing beyond this can be hoped for.

As yet, however, thinking on the subject is somewhat nebulous; men's minds may probably be said to be agreed as to the barbarity of war, and the economic fallacy and the poor philosophy which hold that peace is best maintained by the expenditure of millions on preparations for war. Say it as often as we may, we know well enough that humanity is not so weak but that it could invent something better than this practical paradox. It is necessary to prepare for war in order to preserve peace simply because our neighbor is preparing for war; simply because governments have yet learned no other way of dealing with one another in emergencies than by making exhibition of the reserve of force. The peoples, aside from governments, have learned a better way of dealing with one another. Commerce led to fraternization, and labor unions have followed the excellent example. Internationalism is not merely a term of socialism. The men who own the railways uniting France with its neighbors are justly accused by the socialists to be also internationalists. Hostile boundaries are disappearing slowly in every relation and intercourse of life except in politics. It is within the knowledge, then, of the people that war is barbarous and costly, and they are also groping their way towards closer and more friendly union, which in the end means the establishment of universal peace—of what the political world now regards as pure utopianism. But the idea that armies and navies may at once begin to melt away, that the art of war may be at once sent on its downward path towards its fate, is only a sentiment, a passion in the breasts of men, which needs formulation and discussion to become a real intellectual and purposeful force in the world. To use a trite and sometimes misleading phrase, the hearts of the people are right, but their minds are uninstructed; and now once again we are brought to the observation that it would be best if the discussions of the conference should be public. The folly of men needs illustration. Politics and international jealousies have a wider influence and deeper roots than humanitarian philosophers believe. In standing in semi or in wholly hostile attitude to one another, governments do not misrepresent the people who are behind them. Politics brings differences and quarrels between men who are quite friendly with one another in their social and business relations. Antwerp, for example, is a cause of international jealousy as well as Alsace or Lorraine. The Holland people, as well as their government, firmly believe that Antwerp should never have been surrendered to Belgium when the partition was made, and I am told that when the borderers meet in the cabarets of Antwerp the international quarrel between the drinkers is as real as it is between statesmen, and much more vigorously carried on by those who have absolutely nothing to gain by it than by those whose popularity and place depend upon their patriotic fervor and their political skill. There are a score of burning international questions in Europe, not to speak of the Egyptian question, of the South African crisis, of events in China, which divide people as well as governments, and before the people will consent to that measure of self-repression and surrender, to that giving up of old hopes and old desires that must be abandoned definitely, or that must be voluntarily left to arbitration if war is to cease, their righteous sentiments—or sentimentalism, if the diplomats prefer—must be transfused with an intellectual conviction which will present to them hopes and aspirations in the form of duty to be performed at all hazards and at any cost. The world is not yet ready to lay down its arms. If the men of politics alone stood in the way, there would be much greater reason to hope for a speedy coming of the millennium, for men of politics move forward when the people are clamorous. When the public mind is made up, if the politicians do not obey, there is a revolution. How little is the world ready to give up war is illustrated in the quiet Hague, where many of the orderly Dutchmen are quite ready to hear with complacency that the congress has failed, and are even predicting its failure because the Dutch republic of South Africa has not been invited to send delegates to it. There are Christian men and women among the Roman Catholics, too, who are turning their backs upon the Tsar's effort because the Pope has not been invited to send representatives.

If people naturally inclined to righteousness are thus easily moved to turn their backs upon this effort to promote the cause of universal peace, how can anything better be immediately expected of people like the French, for example, who have nourished a feeling of hatred and revenge for nearly a generation, and who have been taught to look forward to a triumphant war as among the glorious possibilities of the future? A large number of people in this world who, on general principles, are horrified by the thoughts of bloody war, who appreciate its miseries, and who are complaining of the awful cost of armaments, would be surprised to learn how essentially unwilling and unready they are to disarm, how eager they are for the settlement of just one more score before they say good-by to troops and navies, to rifles and cannon, to smokeless powder and to high explosives. And until the people are ready to cry "enough," to shake hands with their political enemies, who are often their social and commercial friends, governments will continue to conscript them for service, and to extort money from them for implements of defence and slaughter.

When we consider the state of the public mind, we must acknowledge, then, that diplomats and politicians may prove entirely out of place as the controlling elements of this peace conference. These gentlemen will not neglect to accentuate the claims, and perhaps the passions, of their different countries. They will be narrow and bigoted, as selfish and short-sighted as their training and traditions permit, and in them many of the people who think that they want peace will see their meanest passions measured truthfully. A good many honest minds will thus be awakened, and the seed will be sown that in the future—let us hope a not distant one—will bear fruit. We cannot expect much practical good from this conference of men most of whom know and represent the worst side of human nature. What the conference lacks, however, the press, the rostrum, and the pulpit can in a measure supply. A movement is beginning that means the end of war. Even if we believe that the work is for a century, it must be entered upon with the spirit of those who look forward to the realization of their hopes on the morrow. The conference can be moved by outspoken public opinion, and its results depend upon the vigor of the utterance of the friends of peace. The delegates believe that the world is so far from ready that any "little thing" will satisfy it. It is, indeed, not ready for disarmament, but it is readier for a substantial advance than the diplomats think, and of that they should be convinced. It is one thing to want to settle "one more score"; it is quite another thing to compel civilization to wait when one realizes that his own bloodthirsty desire is the one thing on which the continuance of barbarism depends.

THE HAGUE, *May 18.* H. L. N.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

ON May 20 a meeting of women was held in Boston "to protest against the barbarism of lynching." A great deal of vigorous language was used. Mrs. Richard P. Hallowell, who opened the meeting, said that the majority of the people of the North were shamefully indifferent to the rights of the colored people in the South; Mrs. Florida Ridley declared that the thinking people of America must arouse themselves; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, venerable and honored, called for Federal troops to see that the negro votes are counted; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer said, very justly, that lynching led to anarchy; Lucia Ames Mead lamented "the cessation of rebuke, which the South needs at this time"; Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt said that the alleged cause for most lynchings is not the true one, and that "the real truth is that lynching is only one link in the chain the whites of the South are forging to bind back into actual, though not nominal, slavery the colored population." The meeting included some of the best known and most respected women of Boston. They spoke their minds freely and were carefully reported. Several of them laid stress on the statement, which has not been as yet successfully contradicted, that while the chief excuse made for lynching was that it was necessary for the protection of Southern women, four fifths of the lynchings were for offences in which women were not concerned.

The Boston women did ample justice to the side of the question which appeared to them. It seems only fair that women who speak on the other side should be heard too.

A woman who went years ago from New York to Florida, but who still has in New York many acquaintances who respect her judgment, says, in a letter to the WEEKLY:

> I have now lived in the South for fourteen years, in a lonely house. A loaded pistol has for all these years been an unobtrusive article of furniture, and for the last few years a huge and faithful dog has given me a delightful feeling of security. My intimate friends have tried to keep the local papers of the South out of my sight. It would surprise you to read how often lynching seems the whole duty of man. The fact that it is an inevitable punishment under certain conditions is no doubt a far more valuable protection than the weak, procrastinating arm of the law. Fancy, after such crimes, the delays, the appeals, the horrors of the witness-stand, the probable release of the criminal on some technicality! One does not think of reasoning over a mad dog.
>
> The law has cut adrift too many murderers in my part of the country. There is no doubt that the certainty of hot-footed pursuit and sudden death does much to restrain men whose glimmering of human cunning makes them more dangerous than the fiercest brute. I have never, until I read something lately written in HARPER'S WEEKLY, known any Northern paper that could look at the question from the point of view of the man or woman who knows. If you could understand the daily fears I have struggled against for years, you would understand also, perhaps, the curious feeling of gratitude that I have to a journal that has put it in print for the North to read that lynching may, after all, be at least expedient. May the Fates forbid that, until at least our American criminal law is radically changed, the women who live in the South should know that they must wait while the lawyers adjust the scales of justice!

Those words were surely as warmly felt as any spoken at the woman's meeting in Boston. Yet they are spoken by a Northern woman, whose mind is as clear and her heart as kind as those of her sisters in Boston.

ANOTHER correspondent, a Southern woman this time, writes from Georgia in a strain that might make even Mrs. Howe doubt if it would help matters much in Georgia to send soldiers there to count the negro vote. After speaking at some length of the idiosyncrasies of negro morality as observed in her neighborhood, she says:

> In Atlanta, Georgia, two years ago, six hundred colored children presented themselves at the public schools who were without parents, guardians, or homes. Major Slaton, superintendent of public schools, investigated these cases, and found that these children had been abandoned by their parents, and left on the streets of Atlanta practically homeless. What the negroes need is not education, not voting privileges, but fathers, mothers, homes. They have houses to live in; they have bread to eat; there are men and women who are responsible for their being; but they are a fatherless, motherless, homeless race. This would not have been so but for outside interference—for the mistaken efforts of those who thought they were working for the good of the negroes.
>
> It is to the interest of Southerners that the negroes become good citizens, and the way to make them good citizens is to encourage them to buy homes and farms. Land is cheap. We would have been glad to have sold every colored family in Georgia a little farm, and let them pay for it in labor; let them become tax-payers as well as voters. Representation without taxation is worse than taxation without representation. But no. The negro must be educated, and he must vote. Too much *free* education is as bad for the masses as too much free charity, free bread, or anything else that God intended they should earn by the sweat of their brow. It is too late now. Our cities are filled with colored professional men out of work. Our prisons and chain-gangs are overflowing with criminals who can read and write. Our farms lie idle, or else are stocked with a restless, roving, disquieted multitude.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> It may surprise you to know that I am one of the best friends of the colored people in this community; one of the first persons they come to in times of sickness and trouble. But it is not true friendship to hide the truth. It is for the good of the negroes that both they and the world should look facts squarely in the face.
>
> The only time that my heart ever burns with indignation against them is when I consider that they have divided the greatest nation on earth. That our white brethren of Anglo-Saxon blood have turned against us, and hate us, because of these dark people from the Dark Continent. Oh, my God!
>
> "It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
> That stings like a white-hot brand:
> It's coming to know that *you never can know*;
> You never can understand."

So it seems that women of the South and women of the North who live in the South have views about the Southern race problem that are quite as pronounced as those of the Boston women who live in Boston. The readers of the WEEKLY may safely be left to form their own conclusions as to which of the ladies whose opinions have been quoted speaks most intelligently, and out of the fullest knowledge of the subject.

A gentleman who had been to Cuba was asked, the other day, if the Cubans could manage their own concerns. "Not yet," he said. "Give them time to learn. Teach the young ones. There are admirable men in Cuba who can do anything; but the mass of the folks there have had no chance to learn any sort of administration. They have never so much as managed an orphan-asylum. The Spaniards managed—and mismanaged—everything."

The Southern negroes, as we all know, were invited to vote and govern, not only before they had had a chance to learn how to run an orphan-asylum, but while most of them had no experience of independent family life. The theory was that if they had a vote they would rise miraculously to the level of it. They have voted for thirty years, and some have risen, and others have sunk. The wonder is, all things considered, that so many of them get on so well.

THE Republican platform adopted at St. Louis on June 18, 1896, includes this plank:

> The civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.

This plank Mr. McKinley as a candidate expressly accepted, declaring that there should be "no step backward" in connection with civil service reform, which, he observed, was "here, and here to stay."

Nevertheless, on May 29, President McKinley issued amendments to the civil service rules which release from their operation about 4000 offices. The list of employees excepted from the requirements of examination and registration includes a great crowd of private secretaries and confidential clerks, all positions in the customs and internal-revenue service in Alaska, various deputy-collectors of internal revenue, many cashiers and finance clerks in post-offices, many Indian agents and persons employed in the Indian service, and others in great variety and number.

These amendments have been threatened for a year past, and strong objections have been made to them by the advocates of civil service reform. Their effect has hardly as yet been fully analyzed, but they seem to constitute not merely a step backward, but the most serious backset that the civil service movement has as yet sustained.

EMILIO CASTELAR, who died in Madrid on May 25, was well known and greatly respected in this country as one of the greatest statesmen and truest patriots of Spain. His utterances on Spanish affairs have been read with special interest for a year past, as being the views of a Spaniard of great ability and experience, who knew his country and her people, and, being permanently out of public life, could view the situation without prejudice.

He was born in 1832, and became known early in life as an outspoken republican. While Professor of History in the University of Madrid he preached democracy and socialism in the Liberal journals, and in 1866 took a leading part in a revolutionary outbreak, which Marshal Serrano suppressed. He was condemned to death, but was not caught. After two years spent in Switzerland and France, he came back to Spain to be a leader in the revolution of 1868. Failing at that time to set up a republic, he became a member of the Cortes and battled for republicanism there. He opposed the regency in 1869. In the government succeeding the abdication of Amadeo he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. In August, 1873, he was chosen President of the Cortes. The following month, being nominated President of the Executive Power, he prorogued the Cortes and set up as Dictator. When the Cortes which reassembled the following January (1874) refused to sustain him he resigned; and a year later, after General Pavia's provisional government under Marshal Serrano had declared for Alfonso XII., he left Madrid and went to Geneva. He returned the following year and got a seat in the Cortes as Deputy for Madrid, and continued in public life until 1893, when he retired, declaring that while he was still a republican, he was convinced that Spain could be firmly governed only under monarchical institutions.

He was active in literature as well as in politics, and was the author of many books, romances, histories, and political and critical treatises. Among the last was an important series of articles on the Republican Movement in Europe, which were published in 1872 in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. When he got into power in 1873 he found that his republican theories wouldn't work in Spain, and accordingly he put them all aside and did his best for his country by what means he could. He was an honest administrator, and that, we have been taught to believe, has been, and still is, very rare in Spain.

MR COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON has been saying that he thought that there was too much secondary education in this country, and that too many young men went to college. The men who happen to have been to college don't agree with him, and have risen in immense masses, especially in the newspaper offices, to dissent from his opinions. If he has seen a twentieth part of the pieces that have been written about him and his views on education, he must be gladder than ever that he did not learn more when he was young, and only regret that he was taught to read. Among the foremost in rebuking him has been Mr. Abram Hewitt, who points out that education makes a man free, whereas "success" in getting together fifty or a hundred millions is apt to make him the slave of his possessions.

Mr. Carnegie also is reported to have expressed anxiety for fear there is too much education about, and Mr. Hewitt paid his respects to him too. Both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Huntington seem to fear that too many of us will get so clogged up with abstruse learning in early life that we won't be able to make a living. We, on our side, have our anxieties. We are troubled for fear that Mr. Huntington and Mr. Carnegie and their like will get so clogged up with money that they won't be able to have any fun. Mr. Carnegie admits that he has fears of his own on that score, and lately he solemnly renounced the pomps and vanities of active business, and got out of Pittsburg with a modest competence which it takes nine figures to express.

Let us all try to be easier in our minds about one another. If Mr. Huntington and Mr. Carnegie will try to have better hopes for the future of the rising generation of college graduates, we on our part will try harder to believe that life is truly remunerative in Mr. Huntington's substantial stone mausoleum on Fifth Avenue, and that Mr. Carnegie is going to find it as much fun to spend money in a clean shirt as he found it to make money in Pittsburg, where, as we all know, no man's shirt can be clean.

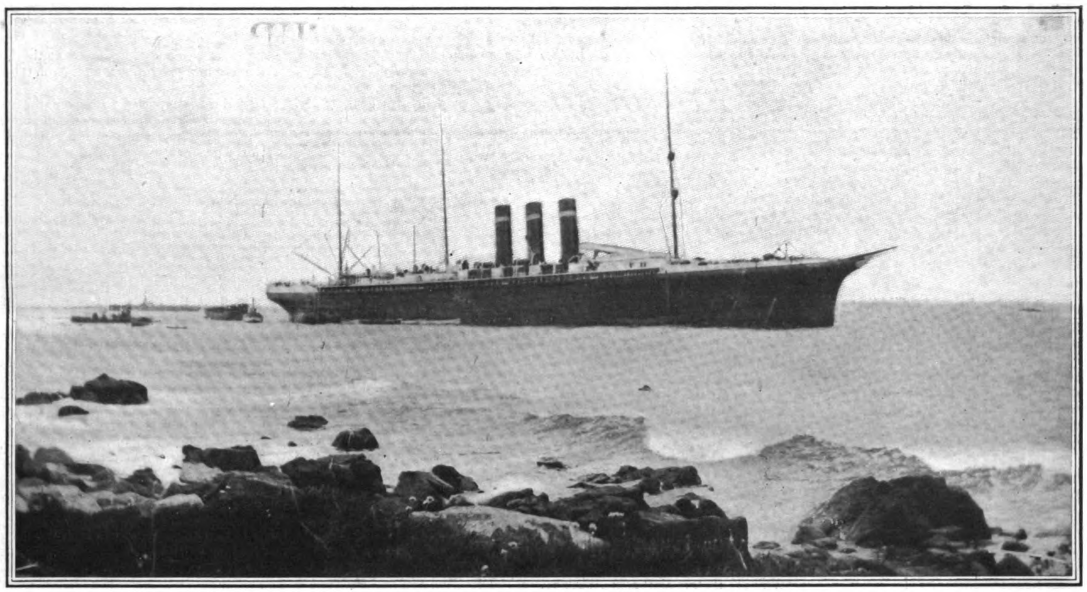
INASMUCH as it seems still uncertain whether Admiral Dewey is to receive the various material tokens of a people's admiration which have been planned for him, and uncertain also whether the reception that awaits him when he gets home will promote his happiness, it is a satisfaction to feel that he is probably enjoying life at present, and has a pleasant summer before him. Republics have a bad name as being ungrateful, but, so far as Admiral Dewey is concerned, this republic has, so far, done pretty well. It has given him recognition in the matter of suitable rank and pay, and recently the administration, with great civility and consideration, has invited him to come home on his own ship and at his own convenience. That was truly polite and very proper. At this writing the Admiral is still at Hong-kong, resting himself and keeping cool, while the *Olympia* is being scraped and painted and put in order. When he gets ready he will start along, and he has announced that he expects to take four months for a two months' voyage. That means a leisurely yachting trip, as comfortable as heat will allow, with stops at interesting places. When did any man before have such a voyage before him! Our Admiral is notoriously a modest man, but even a modest man is apt to find the world none the less interesting for being thoroughly interested in *him*. Glory has a pleasant enough flavor when it is properly served, and when a man is steaming along the edge of Christendom in his own battle-ship he can always provide against letting more glory come aboard at any one time than he can conveniently digest. By the time the Admiral gets home the weather will be cool and bracing, his liver, please Heaven, will have forgotten Manila, there will be a yacht-race afoot to make a diversion, and he will stand a good chance of surviving an obstreperous welcome.

We attribute all manner of merit to George Dewey just now, and probably we may safely credit him with enough sense of humor to be amused at the enormous disparity between his place in the popular mind and that of Admiral Sampson. Only a handful of people outside of the navy seem to have any real appreciation of what Sampson did last year. The navy knows; the Navy Department and the administration know; probably Dewey knows—but if not, he will learn. Probably Sampson knows also, but the knowledge does not seem to trouble him. He gives one, more and more, the impression of being one of those unusual persons who find in virtue its own sufficient reward.

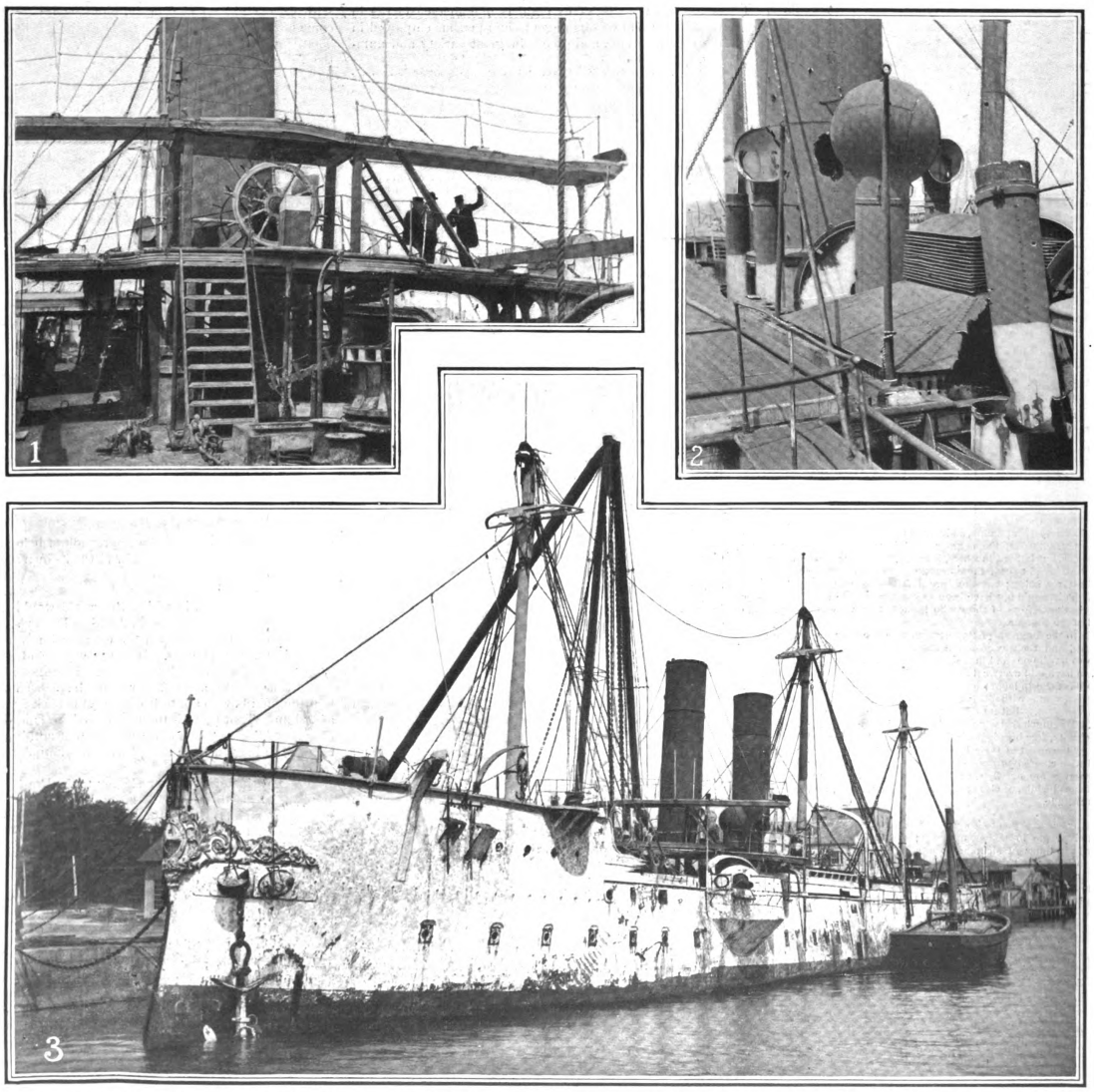
ANOTHER voyage, in which the world would take as much interest perhaps as in Admiral Dewey's, will be so exceedingly unobtrusive that we may know nothing about it until it is over. It is the voyage of Dreyfus from Devil's Island back to France. It seems likely to occur this month, and already there have been reports that the guards who are to bring Dreyfus back have gone after him. That there is to be a new trial seems assured, in spite of the warnings of experience that nothing is certain in the Dreyfus case except what has happened.

THE elevation of Professor Hadley to the Presidency of Yale seems to meet with general approval. We all like to see such a prize in the teaching profession go to a professional teacher. Besides that, no other candidate was talked about in public whose qualifications seem quite as comprehensive as those of Professor Hadley. He is a Yale professor, the son of a Yale professor, born in New Haven, in a blue house—Yale of Yale, bred in the bone, and blown in the glass. There couldn't be a Yaler man, as every person will admit who ever sorrowed over the elder Hadley's Greek grammar. He is forty-three years old—a very proper age. He has written a book about railroad law, which enables him to qualify as enough of a business man to be a college President. He has served with credit as a labor commissioner in Connecticut, so he must know something about the conditions of life outside of the Yale campus. He is liked and esteemed in the university and out of it, and is very generally credited with possessing a mind of the requisite fibre to enable him to fill a distinguished place with distinction.

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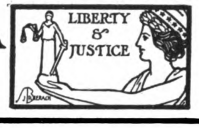
THE AMERICAN LINE STEAMER "PARIS" ON THE ROCKS AT LOWLAND POINT, ENGLAND.
From a Photograph taken by a Passenger within four hours after the Accident occurred.



THE ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE FORMER SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA MERCEDES."
1. Bridge and Forward Gun-Deck, looking Aft. 2. Amidships, showing Effect of American Shells. 3. The Vessel as she lay at the Dock at Norfolk.—[See Page 585.]

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The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA



By Franklin Matthews

XI.

CONDITIONS IN MATANZAS

THE traveller in Cuba generally declares that the city and province of Matanzas are the most interesting and picturesque of all cities and provinces in the island. There are no extensive mountain ranges in the province, but nature assumes a most pleasing aspect in every part, and presents several show-places, the chief of which is the famous Yumuri Valley, nothing like which can be found elsewhere in Cuba. Another show-place is the sugar-loaf mountain, Pan of Matanzas, about twenty miles west of the city of Matanzas, a headland of beautiful and striking outline, which ocean travellers to Havana often see far out to sea. So much interest in the reconstruction of Cuba has centred in Havana and Santiago that little has been heard from Matanzas. Events of much importance have occurred there, and the results of experiments worked out in that province will have a far-reaching effect in the changed political and industrial conditions in Cuba.

The American military occupation of Matanzas has shown most pointedly that it is possible for an American military governor to be, in the truest sense, a statesman as well as a soldier. The administration of General James H. Wilson in that province has attracted little attention in the United States, for the reason that Havana and Santiago have been the news centres, and the correspondents in the island, except in a few cases, have not been brought in direct contact with affairs in Matanzas, although that city is less than sixty miles east of Havana. The truth is that no more thorough, profitable, energetic, and satisfactory work has been done in our military occupation of Cuba than that in the province of Matanzas. To one who is familiar with the facts it is impossible to speak of General Wilson's work without enthusiasm. The general has been a towering figure in the changes that are going on. Most delicate tact has characterized all his effort, and the result is that in Matanzas and its province there has probably been less friction over our management of affairs than in any other district of Cuba. When one would write about the conditions in the province he must necessarily make the story revolve around James H. Wilson.

General Wilson was one of the most brilliant soldiers of our civil war. After he left the army, affairs of business, of study, of diplomacy, engaged his attention, and as a result he became one of the best equipped men of affairs, in an all-around sense, in the country. Extensive travel brought a rare polish to his make-up, and contact with men in every degree of life so increased his horizon as to give his active powers of observation unusual scope, and to develop his instincts of sympathy and justice to a rare extent. He is the broadest kind of a man, the best type of an American civilian and an American soldier. He made American military occupation of Matanzas pleasant, and one might almost say delightful, to the people. He harmonized jarring interests. He brought about a condition of peace among the people themselves that they never experienced before, and it was easy for an observer to see that the people of the province almost idolized him.

Here is an illustration of the general's way of doing things: When the Spaniards left the province the Cubans came to him and asked if they might not have a celebration in honor of the event. Similar requests were refused in other places.

"Certainly," said General Wilson. "Move right into town and have a three days' fiesta if you wish. Put up your flags and banners, and have your parades and dances, and when you get through I will order out my entire complement of troops to show you what American soldiers are like and to pay honor to you."

And the Cubans did move in. They decorated their streets with massive palms. They built arches in half a dozen places in the town. They strung flags and banners and streamers from house to house and across streets. They made the town look like a fairy abode. They made floats symbolic of liberty because the Americans had come and because they were free from Spain. They paraded and danced and sang, and when they were tired out, and the feast had come to an end, General Wilson moved his troops exactly on the minute, and the populace cheered itself hoarse in its huzzas for the United States and the broad-gauged man who represented this country among them.



VIEW ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER AT MATANZAS.

Another illustration: I was seated in General Wilson's office, one day in February last, when the civil governor of the province came in to tell the general that General Gomez was coming to town, and to ask what should be done about it. I shall always remember General Wilson's action on that morning. He wheeled around, placed his hand on the governor's shoulder, his eyes bright with enthusiasm, and said:

"So the old gentleman is really coming? I am glad to hear it. Now make him comfortable. Do everything you can to give him pleasure. Turn out all your troops, and find out what he would like to have us do. He can have any kind of escort he wants. If he wants only a battalion, all right; if he wants a regiment, he shall have it; if he would like to have our entire forces turn out, we will do that. He can have anything he wants in that line; and, by-the-way, be sure to say that we will take any place in the line that those in charge of the reception may designate."

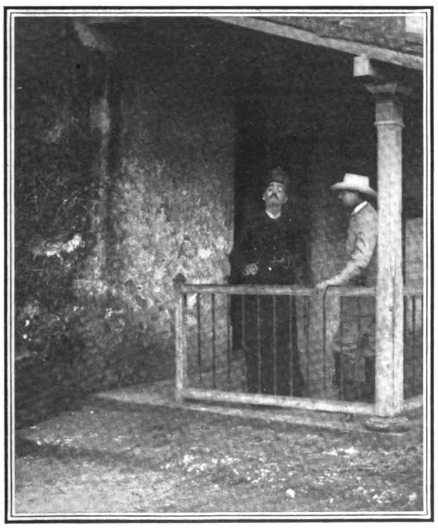
That governor left the place with smiles, and his eyes moistened. Here is another illustration—a little thing: Every night, from eight to nine o'clock, General Wilson had an American military band play in the plaza for the benefit of the people. In other cities the military bands played once or twice a week; in Matanzas it was every night. If an American would like to feel a thrill of patriotism such as never came to him at home, one of those nightly concerts would have been the place. It stirred the blood to hear the "Star-spangled Banner" played in a foreign land, with the odor of flowers heavy in the air, with royal palms and other tropical vegetation for a background, and with the shouts of hundreds of happy children who had just escaped an awful death of starvation. And when every American—soldier and civilian—rose to his feet and uncovered, it was thrilling to see hundreds of foreigners do the same with reverence and gratitude. I never knew what the "Star-spangled Banner" meant until I heard one of General Wilson's bands play it at night on the public square in Matanzas. Not having a military training, I had listened to it at home seated, and perhaps with my hat on, hundreds of times. I was never taught as a boy to uncover at the sound of its strains, but, if the reader will pardon the introduction of purely personal matters into this story, I should like to say that hereafter I shall always rise and uncover. The natives of Matanzas taught me a lesson—one that I wish could be taught to every American citizen. Our schools now teach that hymn faithfully in their singing exercises; how many of them teach the pupils to rise as they sing it and whenever they hear it?

Let me bring other testimony as to the tact and ability of General Wilson. Here is an extract from an article written by Mr. W. F. Allen, editor of the *Travelers' Official Railway Guide*, who visited Cardenas in February:

> When Cardenas was first occupied by our troops there were forty prisoners in the jail. It is stated that General Wilson released them all, with a warning as to their fate if caught in any unlawful act. For a month after that there was not a single occupant in the jail, and the patriotic inhabitants of the city hoisted a flag over the building in commemoration of the fact.

Every correspondent who has examined into the management of affairs in Matanzas province has had the same story to tell. It has been a story of tact, common-sense, good judgment, and as a result the people look upon us not as conquerors, but as allies, in the island solely for their benefit and theirs alone. I venture to say that there is less suspicion of Americans in Matanzas than in any other city in Cuba.

Almost before he got settled in Matanzas General Wilson was up and doing. One of his first acts was to take a trip through his entire province by train and on horseback. He visited every place of importance to be found. His special train consisted of one day coach, two passenger-cars with seats removed and supplied with cots and bedding, one cooking and mess car, one baggage-car, and two freight-cars for horses. He learned all there was to learn of the people and their condition in every city, town, and hamlet. I have never seen a more thorough bit of investigation—and as a newspaper man I have been used to investigation all my life—than that done by General Wilson. He made exhaustive notes, and although they were for his private use, he allowed me to examine



"OH! HOLY HEAVEN!"
General Betancourt and the Spanish Priest at Cabezas.



THE THREE DAYS' FIESTA AT MATANZAS.
Cuban Cavalry passing in Review in Front of the Palace.

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them freely. He knew the number of people in every place, their condition physically, morally, and mentally; knew what the condition of agriculture was; who the officials of the place were; how many starving and impoverished persons there were; the state of education and religion; what the needs of the place were in a governmental sense; how many animals, cattle, hogs, and horses, there were—in short, everything of human interest in every town and village under his control. From his rough notes alone I could write a book. Here is a sample on the very first page:

Sabanilla.—Arrived 2.30 P.M. 4200 people, one-third of whom are reconcentrados; about 1700 indigent, and need work; have returned about 200 families to their farms. Plantations are not working fully because they are short of cattle; they are growing potatoes and vegetables enough to keep the people going; if they do not have cattle, they cannot begin farming on any scale of importance. Everybody says: "Must have cattle." 150 yoke of oxen are necessary. Have about 14 milking cows in the town. Spaniards left on December 15th; people were not permitted to return to their places until the Spaniards were gone. Eight cases of small-pox here; doctor has visited them, and all people are now vaccinated. 15,000 rations have been received to date, and 3300 already distributed; balance will last 18 or 20 days; 10 on the committee of distribution; people all want rations; mayor is giving only to those who are helpless. About 800 widows, girls, and helpless children left without male support. Mayor himself is working plantation with 80 men and 42 oxen. Will have 100,000 arrobas of cane this year, which he will send to Conchita mill for grinding. Four more plantations producing cane. Four or five caballerias is all mayor is working himself; he has 104 but cannot work them for lack of cattle and money. Situation is gradually improving, people are getting to work, are in fairly good condition and very hopeful.

Here is another extract selected at haphazard:

Las Cabezas.—Arrived 9.20 A.M., Tuesday, January 24th. Met at depot by alcalde and ayuntamiento; name of alcalde, Doctor Lino Fumero. Senora Adelaida Perez, the schoolmistress, with her school of 64 girls, also at depot. The girls were all well dressed and clean, and Senora Perez made a very intelligent and patriotic address. She has received no pay for three years, and the alcalde was instructed to furnish her with rations if she was needy. The town looks poor, scattered and very dirty, and yet the alcalde states that in former times they were very prosperous. Visited the church, which had formerly been used by the Spanish troops as a barracks; it was in a filthy condition, and the priest was under the influence of liquor; he was an illiterate Spaniard brought over with the Spanish troops, and evidently not worth taking back. The cemetery (the care of which seems heretofore to have been one of the functions of the priests) was in a horrible condition; skulls and bones lying on top of the ground, and everything unkempt and decaying. Town people advised to secure another priest.

Railroad has been running into the town about four years. Between 5000 and 6000 people in the termino; before the war there were 9700; the difference in numbers represents the people who have died, starved or been killed. They had in this town 4500 reconcentrados, many of whom died. There are now about 300 widows and their families. Total destitute from 700 to 1000. Some of the people have left for the sugar estates in other terminos to find employment. They are raising a few vegetables, enough to keep the people from starving. 26 families, some with male members, are waiting to be placed on their plantations and farms. No rations yet received. Some small-pox in December, but none now. Rations have been received at Bermeja in same termino. Alcalde instructed to ration only the helpless, and to use his best endeavors to teach the people to begin to help themselves.

Termino is very rich in agriculture in good times. People are industrious and expect in a couple of years to have recovered from the effects of the war. One man has 20 caballerias of cane; cattle and oxen needed badly. 330 Spanish troops here for two years; after the people had planted and raised crops the Spanish soldiers would not permit them to gather, but took from them, and also stole everything they had, cattle, cows, chickens—everything. Naturally a healthy town; situated at the edge of the plain, near the hill country; hills not to exceed 50 feet in height; have five good wells; plenty of water.

Some of the general information that General Wilson secured in the first days of his administration may be summed up as follows: In 1894 there were 298,391 cattle in the province of Matanzas; in January, 1899, there were only 8800. In 1894 there were 102,000 horses in the province, and at the beginning of 1899 only 3700. Matanzas province had a population of 272,000 in 1894; in the beginning of 1899 the population numbered 191,000. Practically one-third of the people died during the war. The percentage of starvation from the Weyler reconcentration order was greater in Matanzas than in any other city of the island, but in the small towns of the province it was even larger than in Matanzas city. Here is a sample from statistics collected by Captain Thompson of General Wilson's staff, who went to the small town of Mocha, only eleven miles from Matanzas: In Mocha, in 1894, there were 80 houses and 600 people. By orders of General Weyler 4500 people were concentrated there to starve. In the early part of 1899 there were 1280 people in that village. In the year 1897 alone there were 1214 deaths there. To any one knowing the circumstances of the situation could figures tell a greater story of absolute horror? Fully 70 per cent. of those driven to this village by Spanish soldiers died of starvation. Oh, what stories those enlarged graveyards of Cuba could tell if the dead could speak! It makes a man of sentiment sick to look at them.

But turn to a pleasanter picture. It was Carnival Week when I reached Matanzas, and for three nights the plaza in the centre of town was a scene of jollity. A blizzard was raging in the eastern part of the United States at the time, and the sharp wind of the cool wave that blasted Florida swept across the Gulf Stream and made light overcoats comfortable in Cuba. The hot moist condition of the atmosphere was gone, and in its place was an air that made romping comfortable. For three nights all the healthful youngsters in town, and many that were not healthful, crowded to the plaza, wearing masks and dominoes. They masqueraded in outlandish costumes, and danced and frolicked to the music made by a regimental band from Indiana. A happier lot than these youngsters was never collected. They shouted and screamed, made believe to frighten one another, delivered grandiloquent speeches, imitated all sorts of animals, tossed flowers about, and gave themselves up to a riot of fun. Hundreds of grown folks—chiefly negroes—also masked themselves and went prancing about. There was no spirit of war in that gathering, and even hunger was forgotten until morning, when the poor gathered at the palace to receive the food the army was distributing to those who needed it.

All the clubs in town were lighted up, and in the largest one facing the plaza there was a full-dress ball, to which the *élite* of the city went, and where a score or more of army officers and their wives were guests. Down a side street there were two or three Cuban balls, or, to be more exact, Cuban negro balls, where the distinctive Cuban dance, puzzling in its short mincing step, its twisting motion of feet and body, curious in its mental if not its moral effect, was danced to the weird combination of music consisting of violins and trumpets and tomtoms—I wish that music might be played in this country—that always goes with that dance. The entire town was gay and happy, and the sombre cathedral in the centre of town, with its jangling bells—there does not seem to be a tuneful church bell in all Cuba—seemed out of place in a setting of so much joy.



GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AND PLAZA DE ARMAS, MATANZAS.

Matanzas, like Havana, was being cleaned by the United States authorities. The prisoners were set at cleaning streets, and Cubans were being hired to help in the work. General Wilson made no secret of the fact that he saw no necessity for our government to put in sewers and the like in a foreign city. He believed in cleaning up the place on general principles, but as for installing a system of public works, that he believed was extra-territorial, and not incumbent upon a force sent to the island for the purpose of pacification. He said to me:

"The Federal government in our own country does not put in sewers, pave streets, and the like. Why should we do it here?"

General Wilson said he believed in the efficacy of ordinary cleanliness, and if that was enforced strictly, he said, he thought there would be no unusual epidemic of yellow fever in the city. That his views about cleanliness were well founded was shown by the remarkably good health of our soldiers there. There was no sickness of any account among them in Matanzas, and I was told that the health of the city was better than ever before. It is an attractive place. Many of the streets are well paved, and although the architecture of the city resembles that of all the other cities of Cuba, the city did not have that peculiar Spanish aspect that Havana has. It was a delight to see the inscription on an arch, left over from the festivities when the Cubans celebrated the Spanish evacuation, reading, "Hurrah, the United States," even if it did make one smile. Matanzas, worst scourged of all Cuban cities by hunger and famine and death, was the happiest in the island in carnival days and under the administration of General Wilson. As an American to an American, I give him a cordial salute!

In going from Havana to Matanzas one finds the country slightly different in character from that to the west of Havana, on the way to Pinar del Rio. In places it is rugged and rough. There are gullies and gorges, over which the railroad runs. Huge stones in many places crop out of the soil. There are sharp variations in the color of the earth. In one place it will be reddish, and only a short distance away it will be nearly black. The color of the soil seems to have little to do with its fertility. There is good and bad red soil, and also good and bad black soil. One goes through sharp cuts on the railroad and over several high trestles soon after leaving Havana. In the distance, here and there, low ranges of hills are visible. At almost every station the traces of the torch are visible. The ruins of sugar-factories are in evidence in half a dozen places in this distance of fifty-four miles from Havana to Matanzas. Near the city of Havana, Maceo made frequent dashes into towns and villages, emptying the jails, shooting at the guards in the block-houses, burning houses and factories. Nearer to Matanzas, on the open plain and in the foot-hills about the famous Pan of Matanzas, General Betancourt fought many pitched battles with the Spanish forces that were stationed in and about Matanzas.

It was a pleasure to see some of the sugar-centrals in operation. I remember one that had its tall smoke-stack painted bright red. It seemed like a beacon to all the country round, and it proclaimed a new order of things. There were said to be 105 sugar-centrals in Matanzas province. One-half of them were destroyed in the war, and about thirty-five of them expected to do some grinding this year. Another pleasing sight on the way to Matanzas was the presence here and there of bunches of cattle. I travelled for nearly a day with a cattle-man from the United States. He was amazed at the fine grasses and water in Matanzas province. He declared that the land was not only good for agricultural purposes, but that there was sufficient grass in the province to support a million cattle.

Everywhere that one went in Matanzas province the cry was for cattle. I can probably illustrate the importance of this need by a conversation, taken from General Wilson's notes, between the general and a Mr. Mendoza, owner of a sugar-plantation at Banaguises. The conversation occurred on the plantation during General Wilson's tour.

General Wilson. "I have been told in the termino of El Roque that they had 30,000 head of cattle before the Spanish soldiers began their depredations, or before they began to lose them through the effects of the war. Is this correct?"

Mr. Mendoza. "I think it is, because I had myself over 2000 cattle, and now I have but one cow. I had 1000 cattle and 700 cows in all; but these cows had calves, and the number had increased to about 2000. I simply lost them all. At first I killed a great many myself, and fed my people fresh meat free. Every day I saw the Spanish soldiers taking them away or killing them, and I thought I might as well make use of them."

General Wilson. "All of your cattle were destroyed in some way or another. How about your neighbors? Did they fare the same?"

Mr. Mendoza. "So far as I know, they were treated the same way, every one of them. We used to get our cattle from Puerto Principe, where they made a business of breeding them, and we never imported any cattle, not a single head, for the last ten years. I imported four Holstein cows and a bull recently, which cost me $1000, but they are all dead but one cow, and that is dying. Before the war a good cow cost from $60 to $70, and a pair of oxen from $70 to $75. I have bought this year 250 oxen, and have paid about $130 per yoke."

General Wilson. "Would it not now be profitable to breed and fatten cattle?"

Mr. Mendoza. "I was thinking of that, but am afraid of having many cattle just now. There is so much suffering in the island that, while people would not ordinarily steal, they might do it now; they are none too honest at any time, and the temptation would be too great for them."

Everywhere that General Wilson went it was the same cry. I notice that under the heading "Amarillas" he says,

"Greatest of all necessities—oxen, oxen, oxen!"

In his note on Calimete he says:

"Several small colonias near here are cutting cane, but they have no oxen; only the great estates have any oxen this season. Sixty yoke of oxen would greatly aid in re-establishing business, but a far greater number will be needed before normal conditions can be obtained."

And so throughout these valuable and exhaustive notes there is scarcely a place mentioned where General Wilson does not reiterate the need of oxen.

It is worthy of mention that all Americans who were competent to judge agreed that there was a great future for fruit-growing in Cuba. Twenty years ago the Havana orange was one of the commonest fruits in the American markets. The Florida and California oranges practically drove it out. Orange-growing has received a severe set-back in Florida from two destructive freezes within the last ten years. Frosts cannot affect the Cuban orange. It is to-day one of the sweetest and richest of fruits. It has not so delicate a flavor as the Florida orange, but it is sweeter than our home product, and rich in flavor. Transportation to this country is cheap, and when final peace comes to Cuba it would seem to be probable that, in view of the failure of the orange experiment in Florida, a large trade in oranges should spring up from Cuba. In his notes on Ytabo, General Wilson remarked:

"This looks like a good place for Americans to come to grow fruit. It is one of the best places in the island for this purpose, more especially for pineapples, which do not require care. Certain lands known here as 'dry lands' are particularly good. A fine quality of tobacco is also grown here."

This extract simply illustrates, as I have already pointed out, the great thoroughness and mental alertness of General Wilson in his work. When it is considered that he made preparations for taking a census long before any official instructions reached him, that he made a study of labor conditions, gathered statistics of every kind in relation to the province—his material on sugar alone would be sufficient for an exhaustive treatise—and in addition governed wisely, meeting the many complicated problems with resource, courage, and frankness, it is impossible to restrain admiration for him. He retained men in the offices they held, unless they were incompetent or guilty of improper conduct. He induced the Cubans even to select former Spanish sympathizers to serve with them on the boards that managed municipal affairs in several places, and he kept reiterating on all proper occasions that the mission of the United States forces in Cuba was for pacification solely. He fed from 20,000 to 30,000 persons daily for a time, sought ways of finding employment for the poor, and encouraged them to take heart. He visited the hospitals, and caused them to be purified; opened homes for orphans; cleaned the streets and pest-holes—work in which he had the full co-operation and support of his chief military assistant, Brigadier-General Sanger. He tried to devise means of improving commerce, and so thoroughly was he informed that while talking on this subject I remember he quoted almost off-hand figures showing the amount of sugar shipments from Cardenas and Matanzas. In 1894, he said, there were 2,471,000 sacks shipped, and in 1898 the shipments had fallen to 920,000 sacks. He told me that in his investigations he had found that the pay of unskilled labor was forty cents a day, and the cost of living from twenty to twenty-five cents a day—allowing six cents for rice, four cents for meal, seven cents for beans, and the rest for other things. He had gathered full statistics about the 500 miles of railroads in the province and about the shipping interests of the various harbors. The province of Santa Clara was added to his command recently, and he has just finished a trip through it.

I might go on at great length about the conditions in Matanzas, but it would amount largely to a reiteration of General Wilson's name. I might add that he did not hesitate to apply the knife where it was necessary, but he was engaged chiefly in binding up wounds. His relations with the priests were cordial—with one exception, perhaps. That was in a small town where General Wilson found a church in a most filthy condition. It was a menace to health. He ordered the priest to have the church cleaned, and rode on. He was out of patience, and finally decided to send General Betancourt back to the priest with imperative orders as to cleanliness. General Betancourt told the man that if his Master should come to this earth again, He would not set foot inside of the priest's

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church, because it was so dirty. The priest raised his chin, opened his hands, and said, "Oh, holy Heaven!" That priest found it convenient to leave the place.

Perhaps the conditions in Matanzas can be summed up best in the words of General Wilson to the officials of the town of Colon, a place of about 16,000 people. General Betancourt acted as interpreter at the conference, and General Wilson said:

"Say to them, general, that I have been in every country in the Northern Hemisphere, and I have never seen any portion of the world that presents more evidences of fertility and possible richness than the country from La Union to this place, where you can plant and harvest every day of the year."

The civil governor made this grateful reply:

"If you have found the country fertile and the soil rich, you will also find the Cuban hearts as rich in their gratitude and appreciation; and as the country grows richer, due entirely to the assistance given to it by the United States, you will find also that the Cuban hearts will grow daily in their appreciation of and love for the great American republic."

General Wilson responded to that, and his response throws light on the actual situation in Cuba:

"I am very much surprised to find the people so deserving and industrious. The impression prevalent in many portions of the world is that the Spanish-American people are not industrious, that they are a light and trivial people; but any one who entertains this opinion will be compelled to change it if he comes to the island of Cuba."

The Wardner Labor Troubles

GOV. STEUNENBERG and General Merriam, who are in charge of the riotous district at Wardner, Idaho, have taken drastic measures to prevent a reoccurrence of recent outrages. Their action in barring union miners from working in the properties of the Cœur d'Alenes has aroused a storm of denunciation among labor organizations from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The union leaders protest against it as a usurpation of militarism, and the initial blow in a deliberate campaign against the rights of working-men. Indeed, both the Federated Labor Union of New York and the great Miners' Union at Butte, the largest in the world, have attacked General Merriam and Governor Steunenberg, and have denounced their policy.

Ever since the strikes of 1892 the periodical outbreaks of the union miners of the Cœur d'Alenes have been attended by riots, murders, and the destruction of property. In each case the unions have been confessedly at the root of the crimes. Three times has it been necessary to declare martial law.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY dated May 20 a review of the situation was given, together with photographs illustrating the destructive work of the rioters, who brought several thousand pounds of dynamite from Burke.

Immediately after the destruction of the Bunker Hill mill and the murder of two men at Wardner on April 29, Governor Steunenberg despatched State-Auditor Bartlett Sinclair to the spot, with full authority to act for the Executive. There Mr. Sinclair met General Merriam, in charge of the Federal troops who had been sent in. Both, after a careful examination of the troubles, were convinced that peace could be restored only by disrupting the unions which had fostered and fomented the outrages. So long as the unions remained in power, a continuance of such disorders might be looked for. Accordingly Mr. Sinclair and General Merriam jointly issued a proclamation intended to make it impossible for union men to be employed in the mines during the continuance of martial law. The proclamation provided that only miners holding special permits might remain at work. In order to secure permission, the applicant, if a union man, must, "believing that the miners' unions of the Cœur d'Alenes were responsible for the crimes of April 29," forever renounce and abjure his allegiance to the union, and promise not to rejoin it. At the same time the mine-owners were informed that their properties would be closed down if they employed any miners not holding permits. That precaution, however, was unnecessary, for the mine-owners have been in entire accord with the new ruling, and are desirous of being rid of the dangerous class of men who have dominated the district.

The union miners, on the other hand, are incensed over the order, and almost without exception have refused to renounce their organization in order to remain at work. As a consequence the union mines have been closed down for want of men. The owners are now arranging to bring in non-union miners. The change will not affect the present scale of $3 50 per day, and it will be paid to the imported "scab" men just as it has been paid to the union members.

In addition to the four companies of colored soldiers on guard in the riotous district, two full troops of mounted cavalry from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, have arrived, and will patrol the region in little squads, to prevent isolated attacks by the strikers not yet captured.

CONNER MALOTT.



PROFESSOR ARTHUR T. HADLEY,
The Newly Elected President of Yale University.

Yale's New Leader

IT has been said, among the comments which the selection of Professor Hadley as successor to President Dwight elicited from the press of the country, that Yale was in the period of her university transition, and that the problem before her young President was a vast one. This is a statement of an important if rather obvious fact—a statement well worth making and well worth considering; if, however, the problem referred to is taken to be solely and narrowly a problem of university government, the statement leaves untouched far and away the most interesting element in the situation. At no other time in the century of our national history or in the two centuries of Yale's history has there been a more imperative demand for a full recognition of the vital connection which exists between university and nation; for it is now plainly the duty of those in authority at our institutions of learning to realize that, quite beyond the local questions of university government and (for example) bicentennial financial schemes, or the relations which the university sustains to the city of New Haven and the State of Connecticut, is the question of questions, which is the problem of the United States, with all its cities and all its new possessions: What is the meaning of the new expansive force in our national life, and which way lies the right?—not "which way lies the game?"

The nation has also reached the period of its transition, when great public themes are to be debated, and are to be decided not on grounds of mere expediency, but in accordance with principles of justice, which in America have passed beyond the experimental stage. This is to be done with the consent of political leaders, we hope; but if that high approval is withheld, then it is to be done against the opposition of political leaders and in spite of any impediments they may contrive. It is to be done not in a single year or in the course of a single Presidential campaign, but in a running fight which may outlast a generation; and we have the right to expect noble and patriotic service in this cause from the men who receive their training for public life at Yale. The problems of the nation are the problems of the university also.

At this critical moment Yale has chosen as her President a man whose unquestioned intellectual power is not of the narrowly academic order, whose studies in history and political science have given him breadth of view and independence of judgment, and whose methods of instruction are designed to cultivate the same qualities in his students—to stimulate original research on their part, in the belief that this is the only road to opinions which may be used as well as held. Among his friends who have known much of his life, which has included some difficult conquests together with many brilliant and apparently easy successes, Mr. Hadley is frankly admired as a man of high courage, as well as high character; to his friends, then, to the undergraduates, and to recent graduates who came under his instruction during the college course, his selection as Yale's chief executive when the importance of that office has become most apparent seems especially fortunate; and it is safe to say that the whole body of graduates will join in congratulating both the university and its new leader upon the present splendid opportunity.

Arthur Twining Hadley, son of the renowned and beloved professor of Greek at Yale, James Hadley, and grandson of another Professor James Hadley, who taught chemistry in Fairfield (New York) Medical College, was born in New Haven on April 23, 1856. His preparation for college was gained at the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven. In 1876 he was graduated from the academical department of Yale, and was already marked for distinction in scholarship, letters, and debate.

After a year of study as a graduate at New Haven, he entered the University of Berlin, and remained abroad until he was invited to accept a tutorship in Yale College—a position which he held for four years. The corporation elected him to the position of Professor of Political Economy in the seventh year, I think, of his experience as instructor or lecturer. The publication, in 1885, of his volume entitled *Railway Transportation: Its History and Laws* established his reputation as a high authority on a subject which he had chosen to specialize. Three years ago an outcome of studies in an adjoining field was his *Economics: An Account of the Relations between Private Property and Public Welfare.*

When the announcement of the corporation's choice was made on the campus on the evening of May 25, the students organized a notification parade, paid enthusiastic tribute to Professor Hadley, and then made their way, cheering tumultuously, to the President's house. President Dwight came out and addressed the students as his classmates. He explained that it had taken him fifty years to get through Yale; he hoped they would find their course as delightful as his; he found it pleasanter the further he went.

Surely nothing more charming could be said; no more attractive relationship could be implied; no further proof is required that when common devotion to a grand cause levels, it does *not* level down, though Professor Sumner used to teach us that we should distrust all levelling proposals!

MARRION WILCOX.



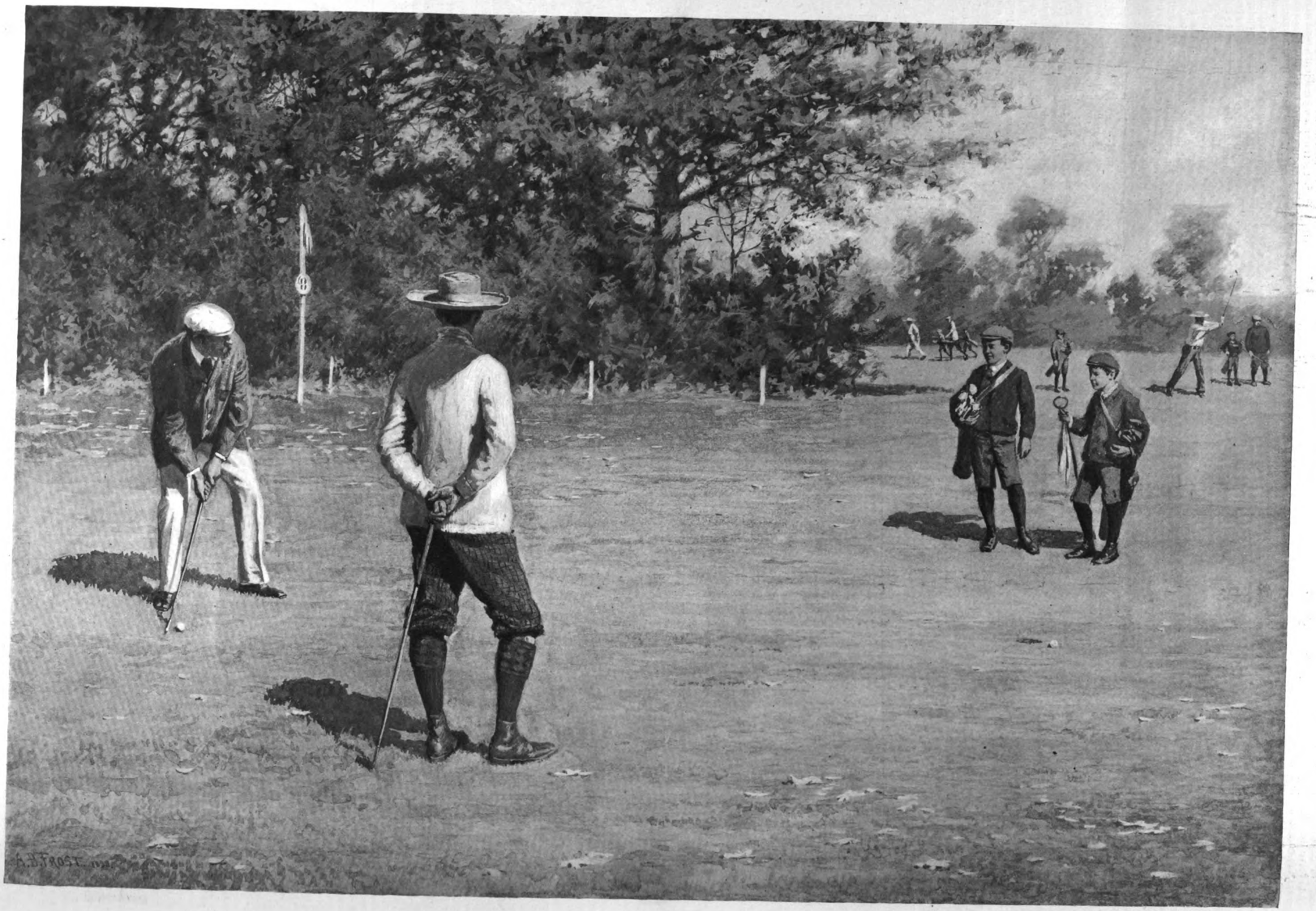
Gov. Steunenberg. State-Auditor Sinclair. Brig.-Gen. H. C. Merriam, U. S. A. State-Att'y-Gen. Hays.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE LABOR TROUBLES AT WARDNER.

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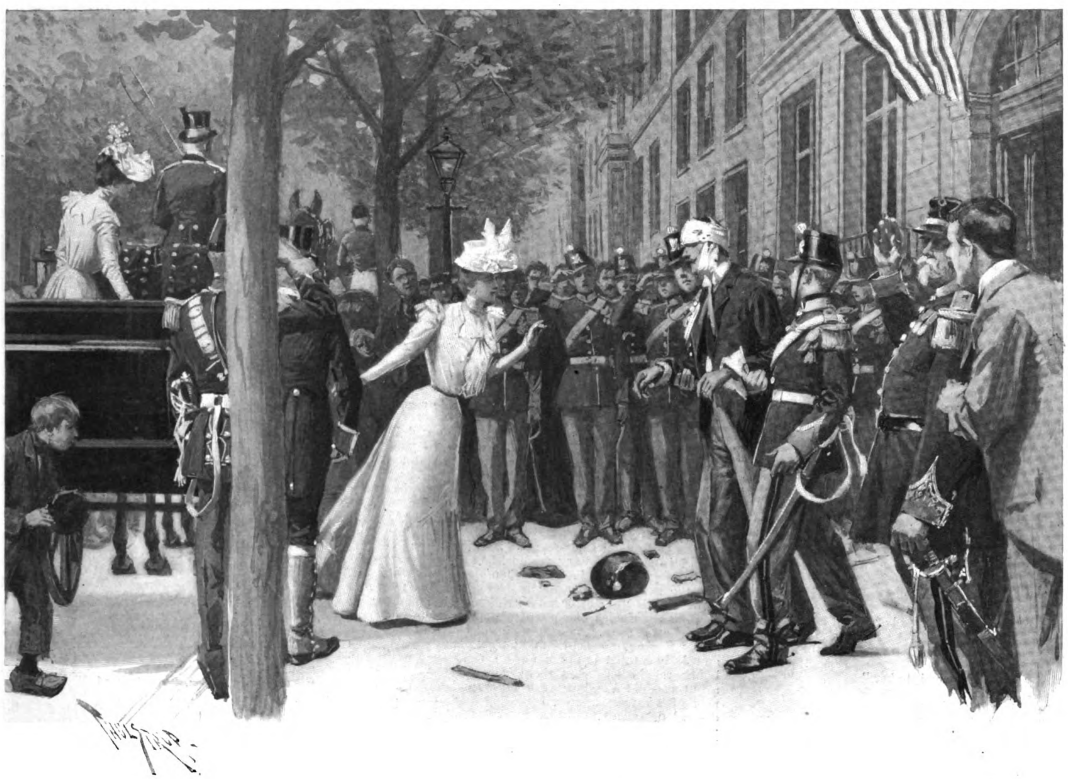
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A LONG PUTT TO HALVE THE HOLE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Original from PENN STATE



THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Staneri von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested at the station and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric, after purchasing some photographs of the Queen of Holland and a railroad ticket to Wilverwiltz, turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and the latter tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. At sight of it Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. Their youthful blood boils over in a boxing match.

CHAPTER X.

A MAN'S FREEDOM.

A chapter containing hints of a complication calculated to embarrass an empire and a grand-duchess.

IN the course of a dozen seconds I punched the Prince on the nose. In the scuffle that followed I hit him again.

Then we thrashed around the room for a while, pommelling each other in public-school style, upsetting chairs, until he slipped on a rug and sat down abruptly on the sofa.

Oh, but it did us good! We breathed deeply and scowled at each other. The old schoolboy spirit flared up—the delight in fighting, the intoxication of thwacking a comrade at close quarters, the ecstasy of being punched on the nose! Blessed privilege of youth!—thrice envied of old age! Not until the last arm falls paralyzed and the last clinched fist relaxes—not until the last man has ended his last bout with death—shall the wholesome instinct of battle fail on this battle-scarred planet.

The Prince got up from the sofa; I gave ground, feinted, then hit him on the nose. A moment later he had my head in chancery, and I assisted at a noble display of fireworks. That ended the round. The Prince, being a gentleman, held his nose over the fireplace to spare my carpet, and I brought cold water and a sponge. Before his nose had ceased from troubling we were laughing together over the whole matter, and chatting on the very best of terms.

He was courteously considerate; he held the wash-basin carefully under his chin and sat down on the sofa, while I made two more cocktails.

"What fun!" he kept repeating, in a voice brimming with laughter. "We must do that again, eh? I'll show you something, too—a double lead-off at head and body, that I meant to use on you, but forgot."

"How's your nose?" I inquired, sympathetically, coming up with the cocktails. He set down the wash-basin, wiped his face on a towel, and took the cocktail.

"See here," he said; "I wish we might be friends."

"So do I," I replied; "but somehow we squabble frightfully."

"I believe," he said, "we shall always squabble; friendship is a record of mutual misunderstanding. Nobody takes the trouble to differ with an enemy."

He looked sentimentally at the split olive in the bottom of his glass, then swallowed it.

"Who told you my name?" he asked.

I accounted for my knowledge, and gave him a brief outline of everything that had occurred.

"Well," he said, philosophically, "I am to-day as friendless and unimportant as any prowling street cat in Berlin." He held up his glass and looked through it with a reflective smile. "My titles are emptier than that," he said.

"Then let us refill it!" I rejoined, gayly.

"I'd only drain it again; I'd empty it to the dregs."

Now his face grew older with the shadow of care that often lay heavy under his pleasant eyes.

"I wish we might be friends," he repeated; "do you?"

"We are and will be," I replied, cheerfully.

"Notwithstanding your inborn dislike of Germans?"

I met his quizzical smile seriously.

"I suppose," I said, "that you are self-exiled, and that you have voluntarily forfeited your rank and titles for reasons—"

"What reasons?"

"Everybody knows."

He replied, quite simply: "It is true; I have renounced my world to enter another. It is, after all, my own affair."

I said nothing.

He continued: "I fancy I am a better republican than you are; it takes a prince to understand the blessings of democracy."

There was a tinge of bitterness in his tone. He went on speaking, his head turned towards the window, where the sunlight splintered into a million iridescent sparks against the ground glass:

"I am, or I wish to be, merely a private gentleman, whose affairs concern nobody but himself. The press will let me alone in time; I am not essential to its prosperity."

"And the Emperor?" I asked.

"His Majesty will also find me uninteresting," he said, coloring faintly. "I shall not go back."

Presently he looked up at me. "It's rather undignified—a runaway prince—don't you think?"

Before I could reply he added: "Damn the dignity! I have had twenty-five years of it. I've always wished to do something in the world; I've always had a mania to be let alone. I'm an officer, and I love and respect the army, but I've always longed to give every moment of my life to natural history, and try to do something original in either ornithology or entomology. Why, Hardy, do you know, I've sat in the Brandenbourg palace and chewed my sword-hilt, and envied that Monaco prince who spends his time, when he wishes to, in fishing up coral and seaweed and polyps for his collection!"

I was touched by the young fellow's simplicity; I listened, however, without comments, because I saw he wanted to talk, and I thought my silence was sufficient sympathy for the moment.

"At twenty-five," he continued, "a man knows his mind. Don't you think so? Well, then, I found that liberty was worth having at cost price. I might have hesitated a year longer had it not been for his Majesty's desire to have me marry. Think of it, you a freeman—think!—imagine your President choosing a wife for you!"

"Your Emperor is more than the political head of Germany to you," I answered.

"I know. But I cannot stand it! I need to breathe freely; I need to feel limb-free; I cannot endure this political slavery—I cannot!"

He stretched out both arms and took a deep breath.

"I was to have been betrothed to her Majesty of Holland. We had never even seen each other. Her Majesty, being as high-spirited as she is independent, snubbed us, and she will never know how indebted to her I am. Now the project has been resuscitated. So I left Berlin."

"I saw you buying several photographs to-day," I said, smiling.

"I did—her Majesty of Holland's. And you could never imagine why."

I waited, much amused by his eager desire for sympathy and confidence.

"It was because they resemble the face of somebody else whom I hope to marry," he said, naïvely. "Do you mind my talking to you?"

Then, half wistfully, half eagerly, he told me of his plans, his hopes, his determination to live like other men, free in mind and body, free to seek the road to happiness, wherever it lay, and pursue it as God had given the right.

"What you read in the papers was misleading," he said. "Last year, while collecting bird's eggs in the Ardennes, near Wilverwiltz, I stopped to make an inquiry at the Duke's lodge. There was a young girl there with the head forester—his niece, he said. Whoever she was, I know that nowhere in the world have I seen another like her."

He jumped up and walked to the window, pressing his forehead against it, watching the sparrows gather in the trees—for evening was not far off.

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I went and stood beside him. Presently he continued, as though speaking to himself: "She is everything a woman should be. I told the Emperor. After what he said I could stay no longer in Prussia."

"Is she here—in Luxembourg?" I asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know. The forester is dead; I don't know where she is. You see, I did not tell her who I was; I said nothing when I went away."

He turned earnestly to me. "I tell you, I knew, the moment I saw her, that she was the only woman in the world. And the thought terrified me—me, a man born as free as you!—because I knew that I never could speak of love to her—never! Listen, Hardy. I am a decent fellow, morally; I have never been anything else. And yet a word of love from me to her would have been misconstrued as insult."

He was excited now; he began to pace the room, hands tightly clasped behind his back.

"Think of it, Hardy! Is it not enough to make a man leave the damnable slavery of caste? Isn't it enough to make a clean-minded man renounce a society which would tolerate anything but marriage? And I tell you that had any other man spoken to me about this young girl as a certain man spoke, I should have killed him! I am no fool. If it had pleased Heaven to make me love a woman of my own caste, I should have clung to her, too, Emperor or no Emperor. But it's settled now. I'm as free and self-respecting as any freeman; I'll follow where my inclination leads, and take my chances like a man among men."

"If Wiepert and Vossburg trouble you?" I suggested.

He gave me an ugly look.

"They'll get off with their lives—unless they use force."

Then he took me impulsively by the arm.

"See here, Hardy; did the cloaked figure in the red hood look anything like the Queen of Holland?"

"Not in the least," I said, thankfully.

He was so frankly relieved that I laughed, and shook his outstretched hand heartily.

"It must have been the Duchess," he said; "yet—yet—where on earth did she get this ring?"

I leaned over and examined the dull gold lying in the palm of his hand.

"Where did you see that ring before?" I asked.

"I? Why—I left it there in the forester's lodge. And I think the forester's niece knew that it was for her."

"You left it there?"

"Yes. I even—er—gave it to her."

"And she put it on?"

"Er—I put it on."

"Oh! And then?"

"Then I went away."

"Saying nothing?"

"Nothing."

"And she?"

"She said nothing."

"And the forester?"

"Oh, he'd gone out to the well."

As he spoke, I, glancing out of the window, saw old Vossburg leering up at me from the other side of the street.

I touched the Prince on the elbow; he glanced down at Vossburg, started, then shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll have to face the music; it won't do to complicate things with your government," he said, bitterly.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "You can't leave now."

"If I don't, your minister won't thank you for causing a new diplomatic incident between your government and ours. You can't afford to have me tracked to your Legation."

"I don't see why," I cried. "We don't arrest or extradite for political offences. If Herr von Elbe desires to seek the protection of the United States, he needn't cross the Atlantic for that."

The Prince started to reply, but a violent ringing at the door bell cut him short. I looked into the street; it was filled with gendarmes.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRAND-DUCHESS.

In which chapter the explanation of a mystery deepens the mystery, and sets a young man dreaming of the pleasures of prison.

ALREADY a considerable crowd of citizens were gathering in front of the Legation, curious to learn what the gendarmes might be doing there.

I walked leisurely to the open door, where a servant stood parleying with Captain Giroux. When the latter saw me he looked guilty, but old Vossburg's shrill chuckle appeared to reassure him. He returned my sarcastic salutation and started to make a speech, which I cut short.

"Captain Giroux," I interposed, "do you want to involve your country in all sorts of dreadful calamities?"

"What calamities?" he began, sulkily. But I continued, without heeding him:

"Just because you've never before had a foreign legation in your amazing city, you expect to be pardoned for ignorance concerning the inviolability of diplomatic sanctuaries—don't you?"

"I can't help it," he blurted out; "the German Emperor orders that—"

"*Who* orders?" I asked.

"The Emperor of Germany," he repeated, doubtfully.

"The Emperor of Germany is referred to the United States for information regarding the limit of his consecrated jurisdiction," I said, much amused.

Old Vossburg began to leer and mouth and twitter in his beard; Giroux, uncertain and greatly distressed, surveyed his gendarmes appealingly. They were nice gendarmes, too—clothes new, neatly buttoned, and carefully brushed.

"What am I to do?" demanded the agitated Préfet of Police. "Everybody orders me to do something to everybody else!"

"Go home to bed, with a prayerful resolution to mind your own business every day for a week. Try it," said I, earnestly; "you'll get used to it."

While I was speaking, Vossburg became restless. He squeaked something, and tried to crowd past me into the hallway, where, over my shoulder, I saw Prince Edric standing.

"Get out!" I said to Vossburg, and gave him a nervous push that sent the wretched old man reeling. Prince Edric stepped out on the threshold, but I unceremoniously pulled him back, saying: "Don't leave the Legation. I'll answer for you."

"Arrest that man!" chattered Vossburg, pointing with swollen purple fingers at Prince Edric.

"By Heaven! Giroux," I said, "if your men cross that mark I'll knock them over, all in a row—like tenpins!"

Already the crowd had increased, until it blocked the street; the gendarmes drew their flimsy gilt-hilted sabres and stood in three neat little lines.

"I'm getting you into more scrapes," said the Prince, quietly; "let me go out. I can take care of myself, without involving you any further."

"No, you can't," I replied, now thoroughly aroused. "I invite you to stay here as my guest as long as you please, and I'll be responsible for your comfort."

"It's not wise," he said, smiling; "it is very generous and quixotic and American—but it is not diplomacy."

He was correct. I looked at the gendarmes, at Giroux and Vossburg. They had not yet crossed the threshold of the Legation, and I saw Vossburg did not mean to give me any diplomatic pretext for complaint. What he was aiming at was to force me, as a United States official, into openly harboring Prince Edric of Prussia, a political refugee, threatened with arrest by the Emperor's own emissaries.

"Will you accept the position of private secretary to me?" I asked the Prince, hastily.

"Thank you," he laughed; "that is a most delightful way out of it—if you think it won't embarrass you."

I turned to Captain Giroux, and ordered him off the steps with a decisive gesture.

"If the Emperor of Germany wishes to investigate the antecedents of my private secretary, Herr Stanerl von Elbe, let him secure permission from the United States," I said. "In the mean time don't talk about princes or refugees, of whom I have no official knowledge."

Suddenly old Vossburg, whom I had not seen approaching, sprang at the Prince and attempted to drag him out into the street. I struggled to free him. The next moment a miniature riot began—a ridiculously amiable riot; just such a riot as one might expect in such a city. I shoved away some gendarmes who had hold of me; they said, "Pardon, monsieur," and let go, politely. A Punch and Judy combat is much more serious than a Luxembourg revolution. Yet there was one sinister feature about it—old Vossburg, running round and round the ring of swaying figures, squealing with eagerness, his distended, purple, swollen fingers scratching the air. Once he caught the Prince by the arm, but Edric hurled him off, with a shudder.

"Good heavens!" I said to him, half laughing, half in rage; "this is too absurd—it mortifies me! Can't somebody take these doll-creatures away?"

Side by side the Prince and I overturned a crowd of clinging gendarmes, who immediately got up again, very dusty, but scarcely even looking reproachful. It was disconcerting; the whole thing seemed all a sham, a knock-about vaudeville show, in which I was now performer, now audience. Then the sinister happened—I don't know how exactly; but the Prince gave a groan and put his hand to his head; and I saw the sly, rheumy eyes of Vossburg over his shoulder—a moment only—before the Prince stumbled up against me, deathly white.

With one arm around him, I saw the hair on his head redden and grow wet where the blow from behind had fallen; and, quite deliberately, I drew my revolver with my disengaged hand and raised it, searching for Vossburg's hoary, bloated face. He had vanished.

When the harmless Luxembourg gendarmerie and populace caught sight of real blood they became frightened; the glimpse of a real revolver, too, shocked them; the gendarmes ran in little circles like lunatics, and the mild citizens automatically followed their example, as a colony of water-fleas scatters, frenzied by a pebble tossed among them.

For a moment I held the Prince on his feet; then he grew faint and slowly sank, a dead weight in my arms. I lowered him gently to the door-step, and knelt beside him.

"There's more than an Emperor's malice in this," I said, in a low voice, looking sternly at Giroux.

It was plain enough to me now: Vossburg and Wiepert were in Luxembourg not only to summon Prince Edric to Berlin, but also to create a pretext for German intervention. An assault on the Prince was sufficient to start a German army corps marching. Who would believe it was committed by the Emperor's own agents, and not by citizens?

I sprang to my feet and looked at the frightened people, now crowding in on every side.

"I call you to witness, Captain Giroux," I said, speaking very distinctly, "and I call all honest citizens to witness, that it was a German agent who struck the Prince, and not a Luxembourgeois!"

I paused; somebody in the crowd said, "We witness!" and others joined in: "Yes! yes! We witness!"

"I am not willing to believe that his German Majesty seeks pretexts to march on Luxembourg," I said, loudly; "nor do I imagine for a moment that the great Emperor of a great nation inspires his agents to create pretexts by assaulting German subjects. Therefore that villanous old creature Vossburg is a common assassin, and his capture and punishment the duty of all good policemen and citizens!"

The crowd cheered; somebody shouted, "Down with Germany!"

"A few more similar suggestions," I said, sarcastically, "will doubtless bring Germany down, as you say, but down on *you!*"

The Prince had recovered from his momentary faintness, while Giroux bandaged his head with handkerchiefs, and now he sat up, dizzy and pallid, unrecognizable under his swathed features.

I placed my arms under his, but he said, "Wait a moment; let me sit quietly; I'll be all right in a second."

He thanked Giroux, and rested his elbow on one knee, the hand supporting his aching head.

"I'm not going into your Legation, you know," he said, with a faint smile; "I've done you enough harm for one day."

I started to reply, but Giroux, suddenly excited, plucked me by the sleeve spasmodically, and at the same moment I saw the crowd parting and swaying back, leaving a lane in the middle, through which a carriage, preceded by two powdered outriders, gorgeous in green and gold liveries, drove slowly up and stopped before the Legation.

"Her Highness," stammered Giroux, "the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!"

I saw him raise his hand to his shako in trembling salute; I saw the people, heads bared, lining the curbstone in respectful silence, while the gendarmes, left hands resting on their sheathed sabres, stood in rows, right hands at a stiff angle with their peaked caps.

Prince Edric tried to rise; the blood starting under the bandages blinded him, and he sat down, leaning on my shoulder.

In the carriage were two ladies, dressed in white; one, very blond, with a skin like translucent pearl-shell, and hair redder than molten copper; the other, dark, exquisite, almost a child—the same woman whom I had deliberately kissed through my prison screen—the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!

When they saw Prince Edric on the steps, they half rose from their seats and bent forward. The Prince managed to stagger to his feet and bow, leaning on me. The cool inclination of the Duchess seemed to me so utterly heartless that I felt resentment tingling my face.

"Who is he?" she asked, looking unblushingly at me; "and is he badly hurt, monsieur?"

"Madame," I replied, grimly, "a surgeon can inform you of his injury; her Highness the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg must enlighten you concerning his identity."

"I?" exclaimed the other lady—the blond beauty with the splendid red hair.

I turned to her, bewildered.

"I am the Duchess of Luxembourg," she repeated, impatiently. Then, as two gendarmes supported the Prince to the carriage steps, she recognized him, in spite of his battered condition, and stepped out hastily to the sidewalk, with a little cry of amazement, motioning the gendarmes to place Prince Edric in her carriage.

I fell back, and pulled Giroux with me.

"Which is the Duchess?" I demanded, under my breath; "the one with the red hair?"

"Yes," he said, in some surprise.

"And the other?"

"The other? Why, that is the Countess of Wilverwiltz."

"Who?"

"Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz. Monsieur, you are pinching my arm!"

"What did you tell me she was the Duchess for?"

"I didn't," gurgled the Préfet, in injured surprise.

"You did—last night in prison!"

The moment I said it I saw that I was not the only one who had been duped. He began to open his round yellow eyes, and, unless I had instantly dissipated his slowly crystallizing suspicions, he would have known, what I now knew, that it was the cloaked and hooded little Countess of Wilverwiltz who had imposed on Giroux, and who had been kissed by me in prison.

"Captain Giroux," I whispered, "you have been ridiculed and deceived. I never before set eyes on either the Duchess of Luxembourg or the Countess of Wilverwiltz!"

"But you said—" he began.

"I said that my visitor was young—like the Countess—but she had yellow hair and blue eyes, idiot!—that's what I said!"

Before Giroux could reply a gendarme came to the steps where I stood, and, saluting respectfully, said that the Duchess wished to speak to me.

As I went out to the curb, bareheaded, I caught an amused twinkle in Prince Edric's eyes, as he lay back on the cushions between the Duchess and the little Countess.

I bowed, and looked innocently at the Countess of Wilverwiltz.

The Duchess smiled brightly, and said:

"Lieutenant Hardy, you know how welcome Americans are to us all in Luxembourg. It will give me particular pleasure to receive you when his Excellency the United States Minister returns from The Hague. Thank you for being kind to Prince Edric."

I bowed again, and expressed myself suitably, thanking the Duchess for her courteous words concerning my country.

"You are very modest," she said, laughing. "Perhaps I meant you yourself would be welcome, whatever your nationality."

I involuntarily glanced at Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, and caught her dark eyes fixed curiously on me.

Then, Heaven knows why, I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"All the same," I thought to myself, as the carriage drove carefully away, "they don't seem much alarmed about poor Edric. They are a cold-blooded duet, and as pretty as the rest of their soulless compatriots."

As I turned back towards the doorway, Giroux humbly tugged at my sleeve.

"Monsieur—pardon!—are you, who stand so high in the favor of our Duchess, contemplating chastisement for me?"

"Perhaps," I said, with satisfaction.

"Monsieur—"

"You'd better arrest that hoary old devil Vossburg before I make terms with you, you ridiculous product of an absurd city!" I said, and entered the Legation, a prey to mixed emotions. What would Osborne say? What would his Excellency say? What would William the Sudden do?

I sat down on the stairs; a porcelain-faced maid peeped at me through the library curtains, but I didn't care. I summed up my performances and mentally pigeon-holed each. First, I had kissed Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz; second, I had assaulted William the Sudden's spies; third, I had invited Prince Edric into the United States Legation, and then made his nose bleed; fourth, I had engaged in a riot in the street under the windows of my Legation. And all in twenty-four hours.

About dusk Osborne sauntered in, and found me still sitting on the stairs.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," I sighed. That was a misstatement: I was thinking of Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz.

"Why on earth should she impersonate the Duchess?" I said, irritably.

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"Who?" asked Osborne.

"Nobody—what did I say?"

"Something about having had too many cocktails," said Osborne, flippantly, and went up stairs, whistling "Garryowen."

I disdained to retort; a vague reminiscent tenderness stole over me; I closed my eyes, and saw the screen in the prison wall, and two dark eyes under the scarlet hood, and two lips redder than the hood.

"In the mean time," I said, aloud, "she is doubtless nursing Prince Edric in the palace. But I don't see why I should care." I ascended the carpeted stairs thoughtfully.

"Let her nurse him; what do I care?" I repeated; "only I'd like to know why she impersonated the Duchess to tell Prince Edric she adored him."

I was rather tired, almost too tired to dress for dinner, but Osborne came in looking so civilized that I set about my toilet, with a groan.

"Pegged out?" inquired Osborne, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Slightly," I said, sarcastically. I had not slept a wink in prison the night before; of course he did not know I had been in jail, and I had no desire to tell him.

"Find anything interesting about town?" he asked.

"A few rotten fortifications and a corporal's guard," I replied. "I don't see what the government sent a military attaché here for."

"You will see later. I have despatches from his Excellency by to-night's mail. Oh, you've got a jolly rôle to play yet, my son."

"What are the despatches?" I asked, sponging head and shoulders in icy water.

"Tell you after dinner; hurry up."

I dried my dripping features, fussed with shirts, collars, and white ties, and finally appeared from the dressing-room, ready for dinner, or anything else as serious.

We dined in rather melancholy state, Osborne and I, served faultlessly by a placid Luxembourgeois.

During dinner I gave Osborne a sketch of the episode leading up to my private riot in the street before the Legation. He was horrified, and he told me so.

"Where on earth did you meet Prince Edric?" he asked.

I evaded the question, not desiring to contribute to Osborne's stock stories a recital of how an American officer was "held up" and robbed of his passport by a German Prince.

"None of your business," I replied; "I know him, and that's sufficient. I don't see why the thing need have unpleasant consequences; do you?"

"Of course I do," he said. "A fine diplomat you are, bringing a German into our Legation and resisting his extradition, when the Sudden One is sitting up nights to think of a pretext for war!"

I thought, however, I detected a note of banter in his voice; doubtless he was rubbing it in and trying to scare me.

"Pooh!" I said; "I've got a hundred witnesses to prove that old Vossburg struck the Prince. As for harboring him, I didn't, because the Duchess carted him off. You can't disturb my appetite."

"Well," he said, more seriously, "I don't believe there will be a row. But remember one thing: all over Europe our military attachés are regarded with favor, where the French, English, and Russian attachés are hated and suspected, because they are simply and solely the most expert spies their governments can find for the posts. Now our attachés don't spy and rummage to any alarming extent; it isn't our policy. Therefore you are welcome here, and you have every facility for learning chalk from cheese. Be careful not to become unpopular."

I nodded.

"Speaking of cheese," I said, "let's have that and coffee up in the smoking-room."

"No; come to my room," he replied, rising and giving the order for coffee to be served.

We lighted cigars and strolled up stairs again to his own room, where I immediately lay down on the bed and sipped my coffee Turk fashion, in spite of his objections.

"Osborne," I said, blinking at him through the smoke of my cigar, "who and what is the Grand-Duchess?"

"The Duchess? She's a pretty girl who wears nice frocks, and makes herself unhappy because her husband neglects her."

"Perhaps he thinks she neglects him," I said, innocently.

Osborne picked up a gun-case from the sofa and unstrapped it.

"I've heard that, too," he said. "It's a pity they can't agree; he's a nice young fellow, educated in England, you know, and a thorough sportsman. He'll invite you to shoot, I fancy; he invites everybody."

"Thanks," I said, dryly; "I'll accept if you can bribe his keeper to invite you."

Osborne had removed his coat, and now sat polishing the barrels of a Greener .12-bore—as pretty a little shotgun as I ever saw. I watched him without comment. He wrapped the fowling-piece carefully in oiled flannel and slid it into its case again. Then he opened another case and selected another gun.

"Who is the Countess of Wilverwiltz?" I asked, carelessly.

"Oh, our pretty Amyce de Wiltz?"

I resented the "our."

"I suppose she's somebody's," I said, "but I didn't know you were a shareholder. Who is she?"

"She's the gayest and cleverest of the lot," he said, snapping the locks of a .16-bore Scott to test the click. "She's a widow; married old Count Wilverwiltz on his death-bed to please the Duchess. She's the life of a particularly humdrum court; she's a vixen, too, if you cross her. And you ought to see her in private theatricals!—by Jove, but she can act!"

"Act?" I repeated. An uncomfortable suspicion began to develop in my mind.

"Act! Rather. She can weep real tears, and she can make you weep 'em, too. She is generous, capricious, impulsive, and illogical. You'll probably fall in love with her; we all do."

"Do you, indeed?" I said, feeling unpleasant, and not knowing why.

"Yes; then we all get over it and fall in love with the Duchess. I am now."

"In love with the Duchess?"

"Yes. So's his Excellency. Wait until he comes back from Amsterdam and The Hague, and we'll all be invited to Wilverwiltz for the boar-hunting. Then you'll see games, my son! You'll see his Excellency dancing after the Duchess, and the whole callow outfit after him, while she, poor little girl, worries her life out because she doesn't understand her husband."

After a moment I said:

"Tell me more about the Countess of Wilverwiltz. Do you—er—have you any reason to suppose that she is in love?"

"In love? Not much. Little Amyce looks out for her precious self too keenly. But she'll flirt—oh, Heaven! how she'll flirt!"

"Will she?" I said, savagely.

A quarter of an hour later I sat upon the bed and rearranged Osborne's rumpled pillows.

"What were those despatches that came to-night?" I asked.

"Orders for you to resign from the United States service, and enter the Luxembourg army and reorganize it," grinned Osborne.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

He nodded.

"It's a secret, of course; it's an understanding between our government and the Luxembourg government. You are to resign for a while—to spare German susceptibilities—and undertake the reorganization of the Luxembourg army. Just think!—a whole battalion!"

"I won't do it!" I cried, angrily. "It's ridiculous!"

"Oh yes, you will; that's the real reason the government sent you here. Besides, you're to recruit new regiments, because compulsory service is about to be sprung on these unsuspecting Luxembourg cattle. Why, man, it's the chance of your life!"

"When," said I, rather blankly, "am I to begin this thing?"

"Next Monday," replied Osborne, cheerfully, "you get your commission as aide-de-camp to the chief of the Luxembourg general staff. That's only a bluff; the Duke's the staff, and you are simply to tell him how things should be done."

The unexpectedness of the thing left me without argument. If it was true that the Luxembourg army was to be increased, I had a fancy for the work in hand, and expected to make it interesting.

"The manœuvres will be held near Wilverwiltz," said Osborne, carelessly. "You'll find the air and food good, the shooting excellent, the Duke and the Duchess very kind — but God knows how you'll find the Countess Amyce!"

"I believe you're afraid of her," I said.

"I am," he replied, sincerely.

"Why?"

"Because," he said, "I never knew of a man whom she did not sooner or later make ridiculous. She'll make you ridiculous, too."

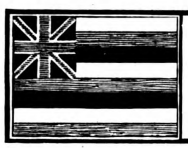
"We'll see," I said, indignantly, remembering the check I might exercise, if I chose, on the amusement-loving Countess.

"Yes—you'll see," yawned Osborne.

I bade him good-night and went to bed.

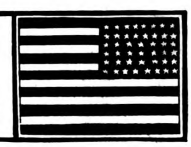
I was too tired to dream, so it was eight long hours before I again thought of the Countess of Wilverwiltz.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*



VIII.—THE LOCAL POLITICAL SITUATION

HAWAII has suffered at the pens of the subsidized correspondent and the half-informed editor of prejudice as none other among enlightened peoples. We have read of the "hierarchical rule of the missionary element"; of the "base deception" of the few in power practised upon the many in tribulation; of the "restlessness" of the native under the changed political conditions; of our perfidy in annexing Hawaii without "consent of the governed"; of "native unanimity" for the restoration of Liliuokalani.

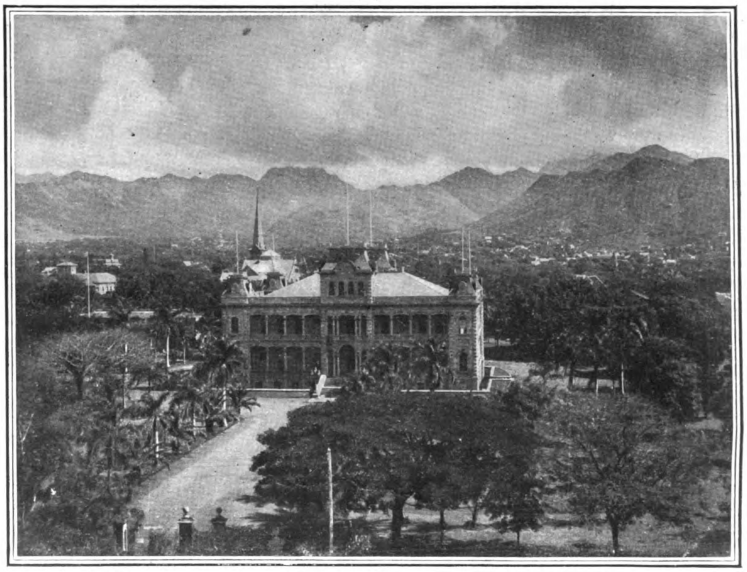
Honolulu is an excellent field for the reporter who seeks sensation rather than fact. Having only weekly steamer communication with the world, people in that little mid-ocean city concern themselves rather more perhaps than those in any other English-speaking community on earth with one another's affairs. We all know the tender solicitude of the friend who discusses our affairs. That dear friend, whom the latch-string never escapes, with the apologetic introductory, "It's none of my business, and I never discuss other people, *but* they do say," etc.

When a Pacific cable puts Hawaii in daily touch with the world, its people will have more to think about and will become less gossipy.

I devoted many days while at Honolulu, and painstaking inquiry, to put myself in touch with the various local sentiments on the political situation. Never did I gain so little material for so much endeavor. Not that any one refused to talk. On the contrary, all were willing and (apparently) anxious to be delivered of the thoughts obviously burdensome. Never did men talk more and say less. I could extract positively nothing tangible upon which to base an argument or follow a line of investigation.

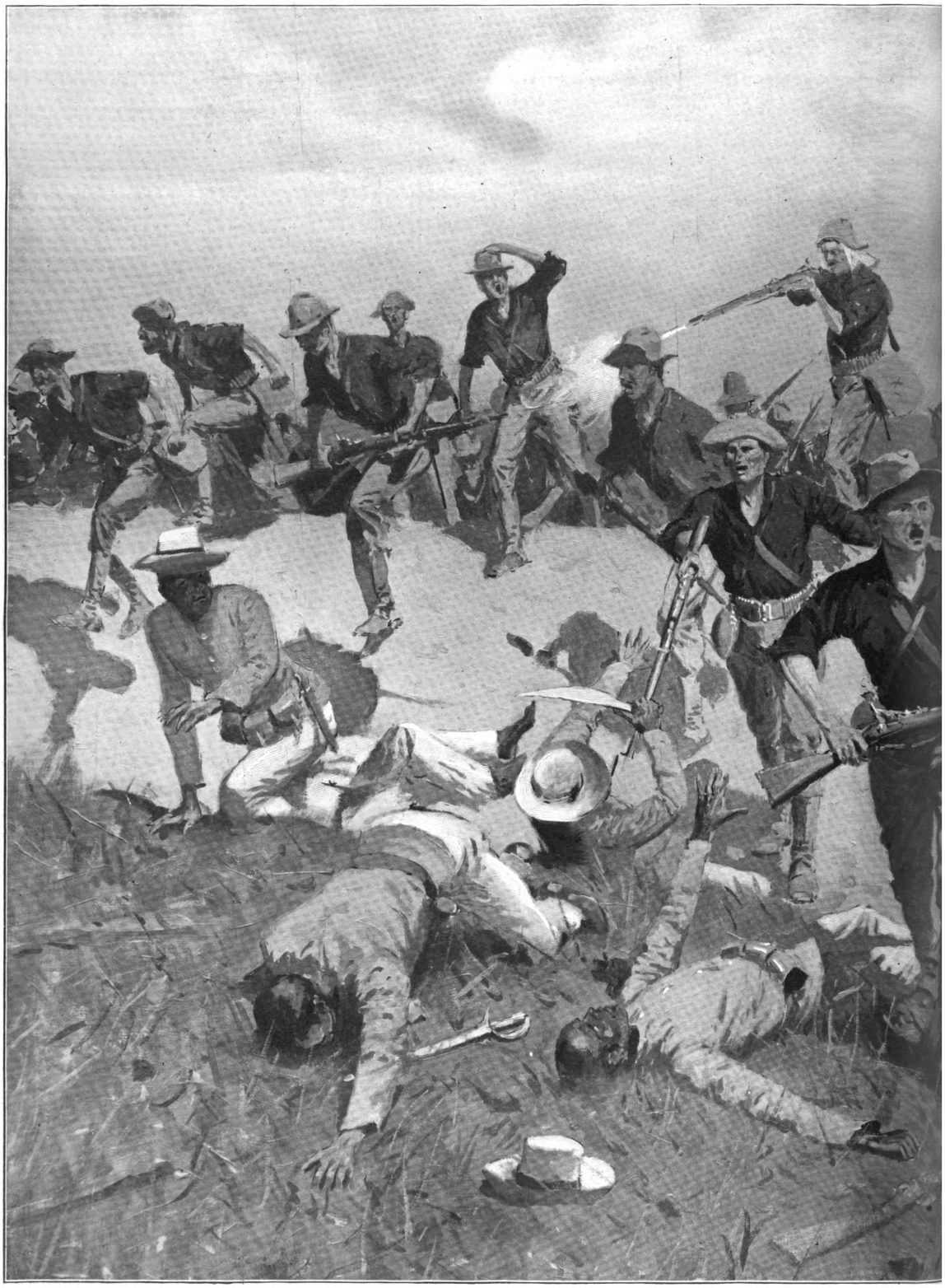
I should say, first of all, that among white men there is really no serious division of opinion—political—in all Hawaii. On all important matters touching the welfare of the islands, the opinions of those, white and native, whose opinions really carry weight are united. But human nature in Hawaii is the same as elsewhere, and therefore there is mild disagreement, that satisfies itself with gentle discussion at the club. In time, no doubt, Hawaii will have its Republican and Democratic parties, but at present the only party division at all discoverable is one based on *pro* and *anti* missionary leanings. And this is so indefinite it can hardly be dignified with name, and so misleading as to require explanation to the non-Hawaiian reader.

The *anti*-missionary element may be described as whites who more recently immigrated to Hawaii, and are envious of the political and commercial pre-eminence of



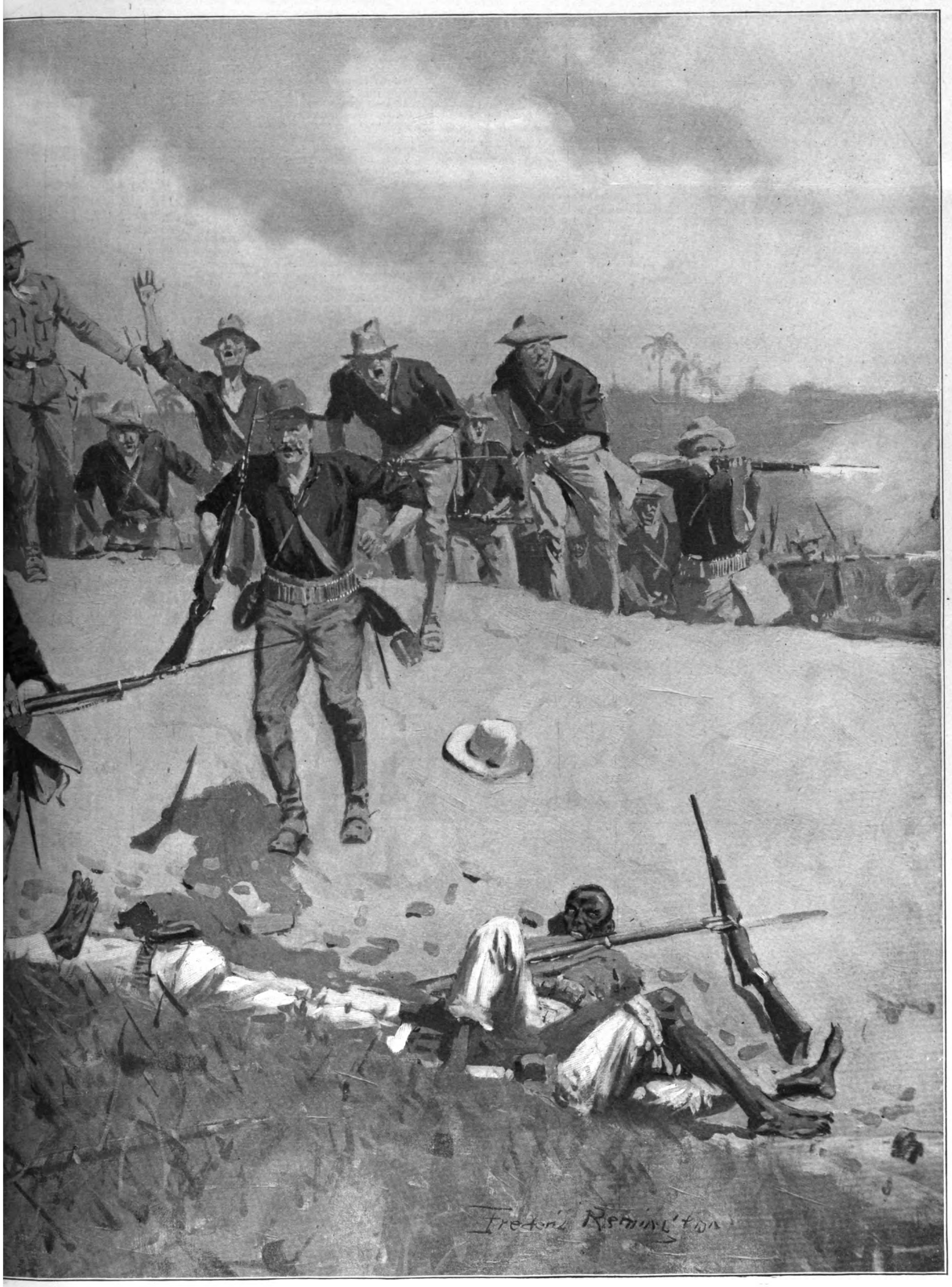
EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

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IN THE PHILIPPINES—A BAYO

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RUSH.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

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the early-settler descendants. The majority of this *anti* element comprises men of the smaller business interests—shopkeepers, clerks, few of whom have strong prejudices on the subject. The minority *antis*, the agitators, who do the talking at home and supply the newspapers abroad, are political aspirants from the mainland, and a few half-castes of vicious tendencies and absolute irresponsibility.

The *anti* element have a grievance, of course, but it concerns personal emolument more than the prosperity of Hawaii. They seek place on the governmental salary list rather than part in the judicious guidance of the government. They offer no tenable criticism of the government; they do not pretend to deny that the ministry of the republic administered the public affairs of Hawaii wisely, economically, ably. I could not extract a single criticism from the more intelligent members of the *anti* element with whom I talked, nor have I read one anywhere against the ministers of the republic and those continued in office under the annexation that could be viewed seriously or sustained.

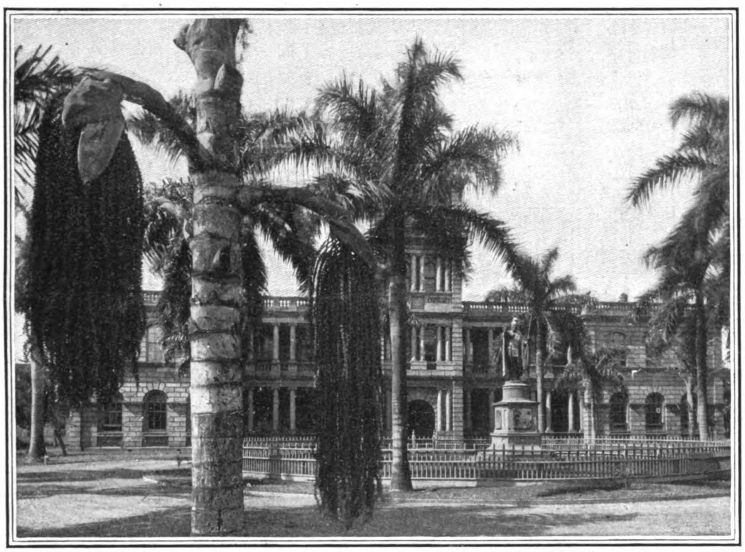
Pressed for at least one definite objection to the appointment, as Governor, of Hawaii's "Grand Old Man," Sanford B. Dole, one of the more intelligent of the *antis* said,

"The President [Dole] does not entertain enough," and followed it by adding, "and when he was made President of the republic he did not treat his friends well."

"How so?" I queried.

"Well," replied my informant, "he kept a lot of government department clerks in office who had for years served under the monarchy."

"Ah!" said I; "then you object to President Dole because he is not an advocate of the spoils system. You would have him turn out all the clerks, who were in no way responsible for the actions of the monarchy, and who have been in government service, some of them, for years—to make room for his particular political supporters."



Statue of Kamehameha the Great.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.

To which my *anti*-missionary friend demurred as being perhaps too harshly expressed.

And this "missionary element," of which we hear so much—what is it? who comprise it?

One of the very wisest acts of Kamehameha II. was to give lands to the missionaries who had arrived at Honolulu from New England in the first years of his reign. This resulted in the children of these missionaries, instead of being sent back to America, remaining on the islands to be educated, growing up into island business, and being filled with Hawaiian interest. They learned to look upon Hawaii as home and as identified with their future. That is where the great difference lies in interest and in accomplishment between results here and elsewhere in foreign lands where missionaries have gone.

Thus the commercial development of Hawaii was begun by the sons of the first missionaries, and has been to a very large extent carried on by their descendants. Other white settlers have married into these families, and so to-day those who are connected with these pioneers of Hawaiian civilization, either through direct descent or by marriage, collectively are called the mis-ionary element, and represent at least three-fourths of Hawaii's industrial and commercial strength. With these have arrayed themselves the best of the immigrant whites.

And this element in its full strength has been literally the salvation of Hawaii. It has been the upbuilding and the cleansing of the islands during times of extreme individual peril and uncertain governmental existence. It is the element which furnished the ministry whose first official act was to vote down their respective salaries a couple of thousand dollars each. And there is not an intelligent, honest *anti*-missionary man on the islands who does not know this, and in his heart realizes how weak is the platform on which his especial clan stand.

In the last years of the monarchical rule, however, and during the republic, there were generally serious points of issue, and all Hawaii was really separated into two great divisions. Not missionary and *anti*-missionary, but royalists, who included all the supporters of the monarchy, and *anti*-royalists, who included the best of all resident elements, native and *anti*-missionary as well, and who sought to purify the political atmosphere.

The royalists included the bulk of the natives; certain foreigners (not Americans) who either through marriage or by business engagements enjoyed peculiar and profitable advantages under the monarchy, and a few blatherskite half-castes of no standing and less regard for the country. The foreigners were, of course, actuated by the promise of personal aggrandizement; the half-castes, by vicious inclinations and the assurance of temporary livelihood; and the natives, by a dumb tenacity to traditional ruling by natives. It is exceedingly doubtful if the natives would ever have given voice to their sentiments on the subject had they not been inflamed by the agitator half-castes and supported by the foreigners.

The native had really no deep feeling on the subject; his emotional nature is easily played upon, and as superficial as facile; let but the band play *Hawaii Ponoi*—the native national air—and you might fancy, by his airs and attitudes, that he would yield his life for his country; yet in the revolution of '95, when Liliuokalani by force of arms sought destruction of the republic and restoration to the throne, not over one hundred and forty-five natives took up arms to regain what they had been advertised to value dearer than life. The native's view of the changed political conditions is purely lackadaisical.

Restoration of the monarchy appealed to certain more or less worthless classes of the native, to whom it suggested free *luaus* (feasts) and unchecked indolence.

But nothing quite so patently reveals ignorance of native character as the assertion, popular with the half-informed, that the native "harbors resentment" over what the opponents of annexation have been pleased to term his "downfall."

It seems a waste of good paper to answer criticisms that are so manifestly based on ignorance and prejudice, yet perhaps good may come of enlightenment. To begin with, then, the native had more individual right, more land privileges, and a higher wage under the republic than under the monarchy, and annexation extends his enfranchisement through modification of the educational and property qualifications of voters. So much for his "downfall."

The idea that the native cherishes "resentment" for deliverance from the corrupt and selfish monarchy is equally fanciful. Not that, on the average, he appreciates the changed condition, but that he should entertain any feeling so disturbing as resentment. The average native makes no unnecessary effort, mental or physical.

Like all seaport towns, Honolulu, though to an infinitely less degree, has had its share of dissolute wanderers, and these, sometimes foreigners, sometimes half-castes, have, on occasions, succeeded in getting together a handful of natives for an expression of opposition to the course events were shaping. But, generally speaking, the native gives the matter of republic or annexation or monarchy little serious or intelligent thought. During my tour of the islands I never lost an opportunity to sound native feeling, and almost invariably I found it indifferent, with an acknowledgment, if I pushed the question, of more civil rights under republic and annexation than under monarchy, but a traditional sentiment favoring native rule.

Perhaps two-thirds of the natives, if pushed to a statement of preference, would give a half-hearted answer in favor of monarchy, and yet not one per cent. of them would make an unusual effort to attain that end. Not solely because of indolence, but because of indifference.

Besides, there is no unity of native opinion on a native sovereign. There are Queen Emma, Kalakaua, and Liliuokalani factions, the following of the last being perhaps the smallest.

At this writing, the adjournment of Congress without legislation on the subject leaves the government of Hawaii as fixed by the Newlands resolution annexing the islands. This resolution appointed a commission, which, after a visit to Hawaii, submitted a report providing that the President of the United States appoint a Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, a secretary, a United States district judge, district attorney, and marshal; that the Legislature consist of two houses—a Senate of fifteen members and a House of Representatives of thirty members; that the House be elected by all male citizens twenty-one years of age; that the citizens be defined as "all white persons, including Portuguese and persons of African descent, and all persons descended from the Hawaiian race, who were citizens of the republic of Hawaii immediately prior to the transfer of the sovereignty thereof to the United States." It further provided that a citizen, to be eligible to vote for a Senator, must own property worth $1000 or have an annual income of $600; that the Chief Justice and two associate justices of the Supreme Court, and the judges of the Circuit Court, be appointed by the Governor; that a Territorial delegate be elected.

This bill was not passed by either the Senate or the House of Representatives.

Subsequent legislation looking to the extension to Hawaii of the laws of this country passed the House, but was not voted upon by the Senate.

And now Congress, which has furnished so many remarkable spectacles, has supplied one notable amongst the many, in that the suggestions of the commission—Senators Morgan and Cullum and Representative Hitt—that was sent to Hawaii for the particular purpose of studying the situation and reporting on its legislative and other needs, are ignored, and its report torn to pieces by men who have no personal knowledge of the subject and seek to apply domestic remedies to foreign ills.

Thus is Hawaii under makeshift government until Congress acts definitely next autumn.

There are three things absolutely needful to Hawaii's continued prosperity and the riper development of her industries—(1) property and (2) educational qualifications exacted of all voters, (3) previous residence of at least three years made necessary to eligibility for any Territorial office. Hawaii wants no carpet-bagger politicians.

And the first two of these are the ones Congress shies at most.

One of the remarkable exhibitions attending debates on Hawaiian annexation, its government, etc., has been the orthodox rigidity of purpose with which some of our dull-witted legislators have sought to encompass 6×8 conditions with 2×4 provisions. Because Territories on the mainland have thrived under certain laws, they agree, a Territory 4000 miles to the East, in another clime and under another sun, must also thrive under the same laws. Because the American soldier has kept in good condition on pork in a temperate climate at home, pork was given him on his very first campaign in the semi tropics. And with what results?

No doubt, when the time comes to set up a government in the Philippines, there will not be wanting hónorable gentlemen in Congress to urge the promulgation of laws that have been found beneficent in Arkansas or in Arizona or in Idaho. The American people would save money in the end by the establishment now of a fund for the proper education of its national legislators.

It is violating no principle of the Federal Constitution to prescribe an educational or property qualification as necessary to the attainment of suffrage; on the other hand, it would be an outrage on the civilized race were the control of government, of commerce, of the interests of civilized people, to be given into the hands of the ignorant and uncivilized and incompetent of Hawaii, or Puerto Rico, or the Philippines, or any other foreign country, by the failure to equalize matters through the necessary and practical provisions suggested by common-sense.

What would become of Puerto Rico if the ignorant masses of low intelligence were—as they are—given each a vote? What of the Philippines with its one million savages each enfranchised? Has our experience with the negro race given us no lessons on this question?

Hawaii is not to be compared with these countries. It is civilized, educated, prosperous (as the result of the white man's work); nevertheless, its future would be seriously menaced were no restrictive provisions attached to native enfranchisement.

By all means, give the native voice in the government, but let us make sure that it be the best element and not the worst that we enfranchise.

LONDON

May 20, 1899.

THE Queen has spent nearly three days in London this week—an event so rare that Londoners have celebrated the occurrence like another little Jubilee. In celebration of her eightieth birthday, the Queen has revisited the rooms in Kensington Palace where she was born, and where as a child she used to play with her dolls. The palace is a red brick, straggling structure commanded on every side by the public eye. One wing is inhabited by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, who entertain modestly the intellectuals and artistry of London. The Queen's visit to the home of her childhood touches the people as nothing else would. They recognize that one who has attained eighty years has reached a great age: that in the chances and changes of life anything that is done may be done for the last time. The streets that lead to Kensington were decorated almost as copiously as though for the Jubilee. The Guards and the Beef-eaters, the latter with their Henry VIII. costumes, were called out, and the affair was one of state. In the high street of Kensington and the broad Brompton Road the Queen's reception was as extraordinary as two years ago. The shouts of an affectionate, but not an emotional, people had a touch of passion in them, as though the people feared that this the Queen's latest public appearance in the capital was also the last, and was intended as a good-by. The feeling towards the Queen is indescribable. I am convinced that its manifestation is directed towards the occupant of the Throne rather than the Throne itself. Republicanism to-day in England has no prospects whatever.

THE day after visiting the Kensington Palace the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Victoria and Albert Museum. There is something almost uncanny in the way in which the Queen commands the weather. It is scarcely too much to say that her public appearances in this capricious climate are invariably favored by the heavens. The sun has shone on her since she was a bride. The Queen wore black, but in her old-fashioned bonnet she had a white feather, and I noticed a touch of white

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trimming. The Queen gazed upon her subjects through old-fashioned spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and seemed to enjoy the continuous rolling cheer that came from the spectators. There was nothing very formal about the drive from Buckingham Palace. The state trappings played their part, but the understanding and the sympathy beween the Queen and her people supplied an element which made the state trappings and the uniforms accessories in a great family gathering. Many American flags fluttered in the breeze, and American enthusiasm showed that our cousins did not regard themselves as foreigners in the mother-land. The Queen bore herself with the dignity of which every one speaks—a dignity rarely associated with the Hanoverian stock. The Queen has survived the Napoleons, the Bourbons, the later French Empire; and she has deserved to survive them, for the balance and self-restraint of her loyal and steadfast character have proved to be a world possession as well as an element of strength to the British throne. The present generation, who have been brought into contact with the Queen, speak of her detachment of mind, her aloofness. The nation, however, only knows her by her womanly affectionateness.

DURING the last ten years the Queen is said to have spent thirteen times as many days in France as she has spent in her capital. Her rare visits to London only whet the appetite of her people for their sovereign's presence. That she is in excellent health, in spite of her venerable age, is a source of gratification to every one. Lord Salisbury expressed the public feeling when he said: "May we long enjoy all the blessings that are secured to us by the continuance of a reign that is tied up with so many touching and brilliant reminiscences! May her health last long! God save the Queen!" The Princess of Wales's continued absence from London season after season is much regretted. It is known that she has deeply felt the loss of her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and that her Royal Highness's health has been seriously affected.

THE Queen's new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, has just been launched at Pembroke dock-yard. She is much larger than the old *Victoria and Albert*, also built at Pembroke, forty years ago, is adapted for longer voyages, and will steam at a higher rate of speed. She is built of steel, the wood-work is rendered non-inflammable, and her length is 439 feet. The Queen has taken the greatest interest in the construction of her new yacht, and many of the features of the old *Victoria and Albert* are to be reproduced in the new vessel, even to the quaint rose-bud-pattern chintz which the Queen has adopted since she first went to sea.

THE process of coming to an arrangement with President Kruger on the subject of the wrongs of the Uitlanders has been suddenly disturbed by the dramatic arrests at Johannesburg. I have reason to know that the hare-brained plot entered into by persons of no position or influence was hatched in Natal, that the leaders of the mining industry had nothing whatever to do with it, and that the meeding between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger which will take place on May 30 will not be upset. The situation, however, is a perilous one. The stolid Tory party among the Boers finds its chief excuse in the belief that the independence of their republic is being threatened. The course of events at Johannesburg has given some color to Boer suspicion, which, however ill-founded, has to be reckoned with. The French government has been approached with a view of obtaining its moral support in the demands which England is about to make on the Boer republic. M. Cambon, the French ambassador in London, has just returned from Paris, armed with instructions which leave no room for doubt as to the position which has been assumed by M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister. Two hundred million dollars of French capital has been invested in the South African Republic, and the whole political weight of the French Foreign Office is being used to support the representations England is making on behalf of her own subjects and other Uitlanders in the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds during the past week has been in Paris. His visits to the Quai d'Orsai, however, have not been successful. His representations are not accepted by M. Delcassé, while the French press has reflected the interests of investors rather than the Anglophobic passions which the emissary of the Boer government might reasonably have expected to excite. The responsible leaders of the Uitlanders are absolutely ignorant of the personalities or intentions of the authors of the ridiculous plot which has just been unearthed. They utterly disapprove now, as heretofore, of all violent and treasonable action, and they are willing to aid by every means in their power to bring about a reasonable arrangement with President Kruger on the basis of franchise reform, pure and independent courts of justice, and revision of the existing system of taxation, including the dynamite concession. Matters at issue lie in a narrow compass, and after the meeting between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner on May 30 there is very little doubt that the long-drawn-out crisis will come to an end, if not in the way that all reasonable men hope and expect, then in another.

WHATEVER may be said about Lord Salisbury's defects, there is no question that he is an acute critic of the deficiencies of other politicians. In a luminous address to his own party he declares that the Liberal party of 1886, for good or for evil, is passed away forever. The past is never reproduced. You may come back to analogous results, you may obtain some of the conditions, or even all of them, which you enjoyed before, but when the method, the system, the circumstances, are once shattered, they can never be reproduced, and therefore the Liberal party, as it was known before the home-rule days, can never be restored. These are the grounds that induce Lord Salisbury to believe that the Liberal party of the future, which may be powerful and may do good or harm, will never again resemble the party which existed when Mr. Gladstone made his great departure. Circumstances have altered in England by the creation of an imperial feeling which scarcely existed fifteen years ago. Mr. Gladstone came into collision with this sentiment, and was broken by it. Yesterday was the first anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's death. Efforts have been made to induce the people to wear a white flower in memory of the Grand Old Man's blameless life, and in imitation of Primrose day. The public have not fallen in with the idea. Few white flowers were to be seen in the street or the Park yesterday. Perhaps a better tribute to his memory and to the ideas to which the best part of his great life was devoted was to be found in the opening of the Peace Conference at the Hague, where M. de Staal, the aged and now failing representative of Russia at the Court of St. James's, was placed in the chair. The world has never before seen such an assemblage. The United States sit down with the powers of Europe and the yellow men of the Far East to discuss a moral idea. It does not matter that some of the powers have been dragged into the conference against their will. They are there. Everything is against the project, not least the conduct of Russia, but the passionate sincerity of Lord Salisbury and the Queen, backed up by the general sense of the English-speaking people, is a factor that makes for peace.

ARNOLD WHITE.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

IV.

A ROUND OF SPLENDORS AND FORMALITIES

A MERE description of the palaces of the American who is Vicereine of India, without an account of the life she leads and the state which surrounds her, is as empty as the palaces would be without their furnishings. Here I propose to tell what Lord and Lady Curzon had, or found, to do during the two months which passed before the Queen over 150 queens left Calcutta for her summer palace in Simla.

The English find Lord Curzon kingly in stature, looks, and manner. The most talented one who saw him in Calcutta wrote to the London *Daily Mail* that he was "an aristocrat among aristocrats," and that "where others carried command in look and bearing, he carried command-in-chief."

It is the English nature to see authority through colored glasses, and to find a halo over every patrician's brow. Nevertheless, Lord Curzon is a large figure. His every pose and stride and look is instinct with full faith in himself—confidence, not conceit. He has led his fellowmen long enough to recognize his skill at the task. What I liked better about him was what lay behind all this—his broad and varied wisdom; his enthusiasm over his work; his sympathy with his subjects; his knowledge of their history, their prejudices, and their yearnings. If any man can manage five times the population of the British Isles, and a tenth of all the human beings there are, he is the man.

The English find the Vicereine "queenly," "ultra-refined," "aristocratic." I even heard her called imperial. The warmest man I met bubbled over with, "She is the greatest swell that ever came to India." The coldest-blooded one, a nobleman, who carried a cold-storage atmosphere about with him, bit his lip, and said: "Well, beautiful isn't precisely the word for her. 'Impressive,' 'imposing'—those words exactly hit her off."

Lady Curzon is a tall woman of just the right build for her height—slender, but not thin. She has a long oval face, without a faulty feature. Her large gray eyes are very sympathetic; her mouth is very sensitive. Her hair is spun jet. She is graceful in her every movement, and, being American, knows how to choose and how to wear frocks that become her like her lips and eyes. She is all tact—five feet and six inches of it; 140 pounds of it. When it fell to her lot to take the arm of a general at dinner the other night, she began at once to question him upon the trade in fire-arms in the Persian Gulf. The general was mad with delight. It happened that this was his hobby, and breaking up this nefarious calling was the work he had in hand. The Vicereine found this out, but how she did it no one could imagine.

When she gave her first Drawing Room at the palace she was not content with a formal presentation, but went up to the ball-room and staid an hour, moving from group to group, and talking with charming ease and brightness to ever so many ladies. That was not much, you say; yet in Calcutta they cannot remember who ever did as much at a first Drawing Room before. There are not many Americans in India, I think, yet she does not overlook them. She calls on the leading American lady in Bombay, makes much of our consul-general's wife in Calcutta, and in that city also invites an American business man to lunch with her, then to dinner, and then gives him her portrait to take to her mother. The position she made for herself in five weeks is best shown by the fact that all white circles in India were shouting her praises, when suddenly she fell ill, and a gloom that you could almost cut with a knife shadowed every English cantonment. "Great heavens!" every one exclaimed, "if the Vicereine cannot stand the climate and has to go home, what a dreadful misfortune it will be!"

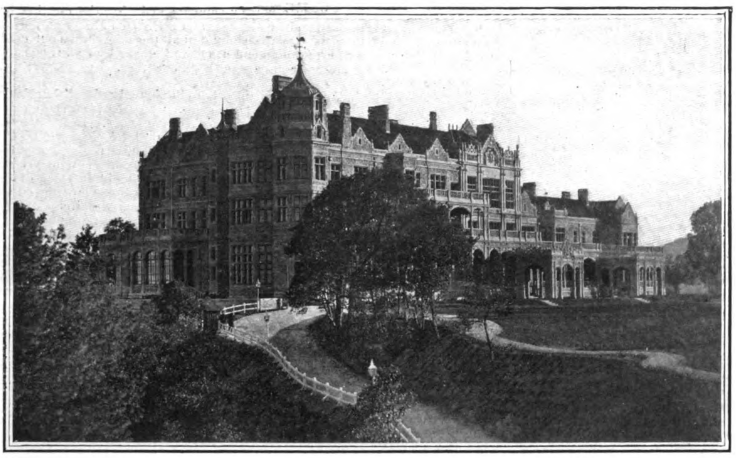
The first notable event in the viceregal lives was the reading, in council, of the royal decree declaring Lord Curzon Viceroy of the Empress and King over seven-score kings. Then came the state visits of some of these kings, his Highness the Maharajah of Cashmere leading with his respects. The Viceroy sent Colonel Sandback, Captain McMahon, and the Earl of Suffolk, three of his aides, with a guard of cavalry, to escort the gem-bedizened prince in his dainty robes of satin, silk, and gold. He brought with him a great train of nobles, his vizier, his generals and secretaries, and found the Viceroy awaiting him in the Throne-Room. Lord Curzon wore the state costume of a Privy Councillor, with its massive gold embroidery on collar, breast, and cuffs, its satin knee-breeches, and its stockings of cream-colored silk. The great Star of India, on a broad satin sash across his body, blazed like a little sun. The ruler of Cashmere offered the nuzzur, and partook of the pan and atar, before the interview closed with the thunder of nineteen guns from the fort close by. Half an hour later came the Maharajah of Patiala, with more cavalry and viceroyal aides, and he likewise offered the nuzzur and accepted the pan and atar. During both visits the Viceroy's band played in the palace.

The next morning came the Nawab of Rampur, with his nobles and officers of state, each one arrayed like a choice garden flower, and sparkling with gems as if they had been sprinkled with jewels as flowers are with water. Again the nuzzur, the pan, and the atar; again the band; again the guns. The Vicereine witnessed these visits from an unseen coign, and marvelled to see so many men more richly dressed than Western belles—aye, more daintily and expensively than any actors who ever paraded



THE VICEROY'S STUDY, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

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VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

mock-silk and paste jewels across theatre boards. Her husband repaid all these calls on the following day, with his aides, his troops, a band, and body-guard, himself riding gloriously in his state carriage, with brick-red coachmen, pages and outriders in turbans imposing.

In a fortnight after he had assumed the office he received and repaid five of these royal calls, and as the nuzzur, pan, and atar figured in all, I will explain the terms. The nuzzur is the symbol of the tribute which a subordinate must pay to a sovereign. Each prince caused his attendants to bring a napkin or fine cloth folded upon a costly plate, and on this he placed a number of gold coins. It was the Viceroy's part to touch the gold with his hand, in token of acceptance, and then to allow it to be taken away. In former times it was always accepted by king from king and prince from prince, and many an Englishman has given a nuzzur to many an Indian king in the days of old "John Company." The pan is the betel, that is to say, a delicate green young leaf of the betel-tree. Treated in a peculiar and tempting way, this is eaten by all the Indians, highest to lowest. The habit is esteemed as a pastime, and the preparation as a digestive. The Viceroy offers the pan, or betel leaf, to his visitor, and follows it with the utrdan, or vessel of atar. This is the attar of roses, into which the visitor dips a finger or two. To-day, when Indian rulers visit one another, they sprinkle attar of roses about so lavishly that the air is filled with the delicate odor.

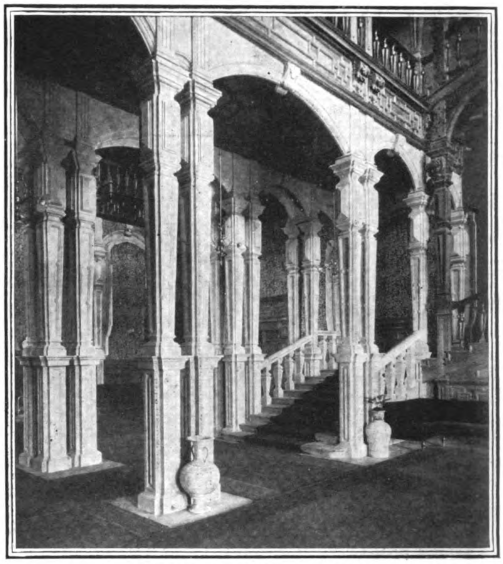
In the second week began the presentation of addresses by public, social, and commercial bodies. That was when the costly caskets of carved silver began to crowd one another on the tables of the Vicereine's drawing-room, and she realized the truth of the prophecy that the Viceroy would receive more of these in five weeks than had come to deck the palace of the Governor of Bombay in nearly as many years. All Hindoo deputations which present petitions or addresses to the Viceroy have these documents beautifully engrossed and illuminated, and then enclose them in silver caskets. The Mussulmans enclose theirs in a covering of silk. On January 12 came the Mysore family, then the committee of the corporation of Calcutta, bringing a massive casket; then the British Indian Association of Bengal landlords, enclosing their address in a neat silver casket; then the representatives of the Jains (Buddhists), with their gorgeously illuminated address in a very handsome casket.

On that night was held the Vicereine's Drawing Room. On the 14th the Maharajah at Hill Tipperah called in state. Five days later the Vicereine held her first grand ball, and four days after that the Viceroy and she attended the races—an important social function in Calcutta. On the 27th of January both attended a fancy-dress assembly at the Town Hall, and on the last day of the month a deputation of the Calcutta Trades Association came, with their address boxed so splendidly that the Viceroy felt called upon to praise them for it.

It was a casket grand in size and beauty, exquisitely carved in that delicate dainty way which distinguishes the workmanship of Calcutta's silversmiths. On the same day came the spokesman for the Central National Mohammedan Association, with their beautifully illuminated address rolled in a green kharita, or silken cloth, heavily embroidered with gold. Many a solid silver casket is less beautiful and less costly than these kharitas of the Mussulmans. On February 3 a deputation of the Zemindary Punchayet came, with their address in a casket which they had ordered made in Delhi—where the silversmiths work in a manner the most highly esteemed by the Hindoos. On February 7 the Imperial Anglo-Indian Association and the Indian Association also sent deputations, with boxes of silver-mounted bamboo.

The various caskets of which I have written are very often cylindrical, and the addresses are scrolls which fit into them. They are eighteen to twenty inches long, and three to five inches in diameter. They consist of a barrel, with a very heavy ornate cap at each end. The barrel is apt to bear the name of the body which presents it, and all the rest of the surface is beautifully chased or lightly engraved. The heavy caps at the ends are deeply carved; in fact, are fashioned from great blocks of silver. Sometimes one of these cylindrical boxes will be made of black-wood, carved like fine lace, and bound and clasped with silver. Others are of bamboo, with carved silver ends and belts. The square caskets or boxes, such as Europeans are accustomed to seeing, are in the minority, but these also are very fine and costly works of Indian art. Some are of silver, others of carved black-wood, and yet others are of sandal-wood, carved with a delicacy and intricacy such as distinguish the ivory carving in China. These address-caskets make very beautiful souvenirs of a term in high office in India.

The second month, February, was an important one for both Viceroy and Vicereine. On the second day they witnessed the throning of a new Lord Bishop at the cathedral, and during the first week entertained the Count of Turin and suite and Lord and Lady Lonsdale. On February 11 they attended an entertainment by Frank Lincoln, an American, as his patrons. On the next day the Viceroy sat as Chancellor at a Convocation of the Calcutta University. On the 13th the Viceroy and Vicereine met all the "smart" people of the capital at a garden party at the fort, and on the same day the court put on mourning for the heir of the Queen's second son, the Duke



STAIRCASE, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.



THE YELLOW DRAWING-ROOM, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. On the 15th the Vicereine presided as head of the Central Committee of the Dufferin Fund—a noble charity for providing medical help for the women of India, who have no women doctors, and cannot be attended by men. On the following day Lady Curzon visited a worthy seat of charity, and was to have followed this visit, on February 17, with visits to a medical school and the "hostel" where the women students live. She had also promised to award the prizes at the flower show. But part of this programme had to be cut off. Lady Curzon took a chill under a punka, or house fan, and this brought on a slight fever.

The news of a distinguished mark of the Queen's favor came at this time with the word that the Vicereine was appointed to the Order of the Crown of India. She entertained the Governor of Madras and party at the palace, and, on the 28th, carried the Bishop of Calcutta down to her rest palace at Barrackpur. All her public and nearly all her private engagements were now cancelled, and on March 5, in much improved health, she went to the Summer Palace of the Viceroys at Simla, in the far north. She was accompanied by her little daughter and baby, and by a physician and an army captain, both of the Viceroy's staff. Her destination was the most modern, costly, and beautiful of the English palaces in India. It has the form and substance of a stone castle, and is perched high upon a hill above the little summer capital, where the Himalayas begin to heap themselves at great heights, and the glory of the rhododendrons in spring is beyond description. These flowers grow to the size of trees. They are dark red on the lower hills, brighter red higher up, pink at a farther height, and finally are as white as the snows which cover the crests of the mountains above.

Simla Palace is not huge, but it is choice. It is mainly as white as the apartments of the Empress Augusta in the old palace at Berlin. The ball-room alone is disappointing. Well proportioned and richly finished as it is, it has no lobbies or side spaces to relieve the crush of dancers on the floor. But the other rooms—the majestic dining-hall, the dainty drawing-rooms, the elegant sleeping-rooms, the "study," the Council Chamber—all are at once regal and beautiful. Here the government sits during seven months—the hot months—from April to October's end. And here we are forced to leave the Vicereine.

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AMATEUR SPORT

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the Middle-Western athletic season is the greater public interest in track and field games. Hardly a single student generation ago, track-work was the merest side-show, and depended for sustenance entirely upon the more popular branches of baseball and football. To some extent it must yet do so, but to-day at Chicago a dual track meet has far greater drawing power than baseball, and has resulted in the coupling of the two to make an athletic holiday—a custom strictly characteristic of the West.



Adams, 3d. Grant, 2d. Brennan, 4th. Burke, 1st.

FINISH HALF-MILE.

Last year there was an exodus of track-athletic stars from several Middle-Western colleges, but that did not prevent the development of some excellent teams of good average performance. Out of these has been developed the strongest all-round combination the West has yet exhibited. Certainly there never were so many high-grade men appearing so early in the season, while the stars of the present season promise greater effulgence than any of their illustrious predecessors, save Kraenzlein.

DUAL meets have been the feature of Middle-Western athletics this season, and are responsible not only for the high average among teams generally, but also for the new popularity of the sport. The abandonment by the Chicago Athletic Association of that "pernicious activity" formerly associated with its name appears to have had a beneficient influence upon college athletics, rather than the weakening effect some excellent gentlemen believed it would have. It proves that the colleges can succeed by their own efforts when directed in healthful channels.

Stagg has been most energetic in promoting dual meets, and no doubt Chicago's performance this season will practically demonstrate the wisdom of his efforts. Chicago's team is splendidly strong, from sprints to distance events, and has quite an enviable record of successes. It has beaten Notre Dame—though Corcoran and Powers made the contest exciting for a while—and Northwestern: the latter very easily.

Of the other dual events, Wisconsin has beaten Illinois (72 to 56), and Wisconsin was beaten by Michigan, (73 to 55), in one of the best meets of the year. Farther West, the Iowa colleges have, as usual, been active; and Nebraska, that has figured for some time in football, is now attracting attention in baseball and track athletics, and will be represented at the Western Inter-collegiate championships.

In the dual meet between these two Nebraska tied Iowa, at Iowa City, each winning six events.

SO many really first-class track men the West has never before had.

There is Powers at Notre Dame, doing 6 feet in the high jump, 1 min. 58 sec. in practice in the half-mile, 41 ft. and over with the shot, not to mention throwing the discus beyond the Western record, and displaying no lack of ability in the hurdles and broad jump. Something in this Powers suggests the Louisville catcher of '98, though we presume he is not the same. Notre Dame would hardly put him forward as an amateur if he were.

McLean of Michigan has not only bettered the former Western inter-collegiate record of 22 ft. 7½ in., by jumping 23 ft. at Ann Arbor, but did it quite as incidentally as does Kraenzlein—after two hurdle races; McLean is also credited with 16¼ sec. for the high hurdles (with a slight favoring wind) at Madison, which improves Kraenzlein's best Western record by two-fifths of a second.

Corcoran at Notre Dame, who, having been coached a bit by the old-time D. A. C. champion Harry Jewett, himself a former Notre Dame student, springs unexpectedly into prominence by defeating in both sprints Burroughs of Chicago, who was considered the fastest college sprinter in the West.



Adams. Cregan. Burke. Brennan.

FIRST QUARTER OF HALF-MILE.

Fox at Wisconsin looms up as a possible disputant of sprinting honors, after his 220 in 21⅜ sec. on a course five feet short in the Wisconsin-Michigan dual meet.

TEETZEL, the Michigan half-back, has been timed a quarter at Madison in 50 sec. flat under not the best of weather conditions, thus breaking the former Western record of 50⅘ sec., though Teetzel must repeat the performance under thoroughly trustworthy timing before his record is credited.

O'Dea, the Wisconsin full-back, seems to be acquiring skill so rapidly in the hurdles that he may prove an equally dependable point-winner for his university as was Kraenzlein in his day. Western colleges still cling to the one-mile walk, and there are several men doing under 7 min. 20 sec.—a showing not before approached.

The W. I. A. A., at its next meeting, would better abolish the walk, and substitute a two or three mile run. It seems a mistake also to continue the discus on the inter-collegiate championship programme with also the shot.

LAST year there seemed reason for congratulating the Detroit Athletic Club on laying firm hold at length of a sportsmanly policy which promised to keep its athletics honestly amateur, and to foster a wholesome spirit among its younger members. There seemed an awakening sentiment opposed to the semi-professional splurging hitherto common every season to the large Western A. A. U. clubs.

Therefore it is rather surprising, not to say disappointing, to learn now that the D. A. C. has recently played two professionals on its nine—Sam Thompson, formerly of the Philadelphias, and Arthur Twineham, the old Western League player. Asked to explain, the club attempts to



Tewkesbury, 1st. Quinlan, 3d. Boardman, 2d.

FINISH 220-YARD DASH.



CHAMPION CLAPP IN PRACTICE.



Long, 1st. Fisher, 2d. Luce, 3d.

FINISH OF QUARTER-MILE.



Mechling, 2d. Grant, 1st.

GRANT EASILY WINS TWO MILES.



Morse, 2d. Kraenzlein, 1st. Hallowell, 3d.

FINISH LOW HURDLES.



Bray, 2d. Cregan, 1st.

FINISH ONE MILE.

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McClain, 3d. Tewkesbury, 1st. Jarvis, 2d. Quinlan, 4th.

FINISH 100-YARD DASH.

justify its dishonesty by claiming that "they were playing against a semi-professional team, the Columbian Giants, in just a sort of exhibition game, and did not consider that the use of these men counted."

The "use" of these men counts enough to make the club's playing of them an athletically dishonest action; an action I must consider to have been deliberate when I note the regular employment all this season of several men (specially placed on the club roll after dropping off during the winter) whose amateur status faded long since.

VICTORY came to Pennsylvania in the Inter-collegiate athletic championships by a majority so overwhelming as to rob the contest for first place of all exciting interest. Out of 142 possible points Pennsylvania won 57, or more than earned jointly by Harvard (28) and Yale (22½), second and third place winners. Five of Pennsylvania's team—Kraenzlein, Tewkesbury, McCracken, Grant, and Baxter—won 45 of these points, Kraenzlein alone capturing three firsts, and Tewkesbury and McCracken two firsts each. Three point-winners so dependable and of prowess so illustrious have not before, in the history of American sport, appeared on a single college team; between Kraenzlein and McCracken five inter-collegiate records are held, two of which are also world's records; Tewkesbury will no doubt, on the first favoring occasion, equal the world's records in both sprints.

The startling character of Pennsylvania's win may the more fully be realized when it is written down that her team won nine first and three second places in thirteen events! No other team won more than one first, and only two won three second places. Of the thirteen championship events, Pennsylvania now holds the records of eight.

BUT the struggle for second place at Manhattan Field (May 27) between Harvard and Yale furnished excitement enough to supply the deficiency created by Pennsylvania's too easy win of first honors. Yale's loss of Blount, by his break-down in the trial heats, was an unexpected blow that materially lessened her prospects for second place, but there was still hope, based upon a desperate fighting chance, until Adams ran his half-mile like a confident novice.

Had he been running that half-mile under instructions from the Harvard trainer, Adams could not have made his race in a manner better calculated to enhance Burke's chances of success. He should have gone for the lead from the very crack of the pistol, instead of which he ran a waiting race—a waiting race with Burke, who, under those conditions, can beat out on the last 200 yards of a half-mile any amateur that ever wore a running shoe.

Not only was Adams's speed thus handicapped by miserable judgment, but he permitted himself to get pocketed on the first turn, and was fouled and pocketed all the way around the first 350 yards. The inspectors on those corners were not attending to their duty, otherwise the referee would have had some official information of the fouling, that was perfectly apparent without field glasses from the grand stand.

If Adams learns to keep his head to the front and runs his race from start to finish, he ought to defeat any present amateur for half a mile; but he will never do it by such head-work as disclosed May 27, when he must have run, in his half-mile, yards more than any other man in the race. With Blount in the sprints, and even second place in the half-mile, Yale would have just beaten out Harvard for second place in the games by half a point.

TEWKESBURY and Jarvis made a beautiful race of the 100 yards; half-way the former was leading, but at 75 yards Jarvis had drawn up, and the two ran practically on even terms, until just at the finish Tewkesbury forged ahead and won by a foot. McClain was the surprise of this event; he beat Quinlan a foot for third. One would not imagine, looking at the photograph of the 220-yard finish, that Boardman had been withdrawn from the quarter and saved especially for this event to beat Tewkesbury. Yet such was the case. But Tewkesbury simply outclassed all the starters, Boardman included. Boardman, indeed, had his work cut out in keeping a yard ahead of Quinlan.

The quarter did not furnish the exciting racing expected of it, because the withdrawal of Boardman and Burke left no doubt of Long's victory, and he won easily in 49⅘ sec., which supplants the 49½ sec. made by G. B. Shattuck (Amherst) in '91. Fisher finished second by five yards, in time about up to his form. Long ran with great strength, and could most likely have done under 49 sec. had he been hard pressed.

A very pretty race was furnished by the mile, which Cregan had always well in hand, until half-way down the back stretch on the last lap his lead was challenged by Bray (Williams), who had run in about the middle of the bunch until the third quarter, when he secured second place, five yards back of Cregan. Entering upon the last lap, Bray set out for Cregan, and midway overhauled him; about fifty yards from the tape Bray weakened, and Cregan, running strongly, and well within himself, finished in 4 min. 25⅘ sec.

GRANT'S performance in winning the two miles, easy though it was (10 min. 2⅘ sec.), and subsequently beating out Adams for second in the half, is an indication of the composite qualities, head, wind, and speed, of this enduring runner. He has a very clean-cut style that brings to mind Conneff, next to the greatest (W. G. George being first) mile-runner that ever lived, and who, by-the-way, I saw at Santiago in the Twelfth regulars, with whom he is also now in the Philippines. Palmer was disappointing and dead beat at 1½ miles, and Berry was not so good as Palmer. Mechling was easily second, though Foote, who ran a plucky race, was drawing up on him at the finish. The time was only fair, but it was many seconds too fast for the mediocre lot of performers that straggled along after the leading three men. It illustrated how sorely we need these distance events.

Harvard and Yale need not haggle with Oxford and Cambridge as to whether the distance event on their programme be two or three miles—whatever distance may finally be chosen, the Englishmen will win that event. They would be ashamed in England to put forth as representative of English university athletics such a duffer bunch of distance-runners as stood for American university athletics in these games.

THE only question in the hurdle events was by how much Kraenzlein would win out. He was never hurried in either the high or low hurdles, and won with yards to spare, taking one-fifth second off the record (15⅘ sec.) he made last year for the high. Had he been pushed, no doubt he could have equalled 15½ sec., and it is not unlikely he will do so before the present season ends. Interest in the 120-yard hurdles centred upon the struggle for third place, and some surprise was occasioned by the victory of Lewis over Fincke.

Harvard ran second and third to Kraenzlein in the low hurdles, as expected, and would have taken fourth—had Converse not indulged in his specialty of tumbling.

The first-place-winning weight performances were not up to last year, although the record-holder—McCracken—won both hammer (144 ft. 1 in.) and shot (42 ft. ½ in.). Hare, however, has considerably improved on his hammer-throwing, and beat out Boal, who has a record fourteen feet better than Hare's best (124 ft.) last year. If Hare ever acquires skill equal to his strength, he will make a world's record. All the shot-putters bettered their inter-collegiate work, the average being very good; but Glass had improved too much for Brown or Boettger.

So also in the jumps there was marked improvement over last year—in the high, two men tied at 5 ft. 11 in. for fourth place; and the winning first three did 6 ft. 2 in., 6 ft. 1 in., and 6 ft., Baxter securing first. In the broad, Kraenzlein made a new world's record—24 ft. 4½ in.—excelling his recent Philadelphia performance (itself a world's record) by an inch. Prinstein fell several inches short of his best, doing 23 ft. 2 in.—Daly, with his usual consistency, doing 22 ft. 4½ in., and Whittemore 21 ft. ⅞ in.

CLAPP in the pole-vault, like Kraenzlein in the hurdles and broad jump, is quite in a class by himself; he defeated the field with great ease, and had no difficulty whatever in clearing the winning height, 11 ft. 5 in. But the average performance in this event was very high, perhaps the highest of the day, for besides Clapp, four of the competitors cleared 11 ft. 2 in. None could go higher, however, and Johnson finally secured second. Cornell developed unexpected strength, showing another (Kinzie) than Deming good for over 11 ft., and who finally beat out his college-mate for third.

Clapp's vault of 11 ft. 5 in. established a new inter-collegiate record to replace the 11 ft. 4½ in. which he and Hoyt (Harvard) jointly established last year. Having won the competition, Clapp had the bar placed at 11 ft. 11 in. In his first attempt he cleared, but knocked the bar off with his shoulder on the descent; two subsequent attempts were not so good, and he abandoned his effort to eclipse the present world's record of 11 ft. 10½ in.

ONE of the features of the day was the excellent all-round showing of Syracuse, which won 10 points to Princeton's 11, and to 5 each of Cornell and Columbia.

The weather was favorable, the track fair, and the attendance about four thousand, the best yet seen at Inter-collegiate games in recent years, but by no means a proper support of such high-class sport.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the site of these annual championships should annually alternate among New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. There is no reason why New York should always have the honor, especially as either of the other cities has grounds equally suitable; and at least one of them, Philadelphia, would, say next year, turn out about ten thousand spectators.

A complete table of point-winners in the Inter-collegiate championships, performances, and records is crowded out of this issue, but will be published next week.

Princeton beat Cornell in their dual track games at Elmira, June 1—72 points to 45.

SOME of the Inter-collegiate winners performed also at the Knickerbocker-New Jersey A. C. Decoration-day athletic carnival, but none of them equalled his work of the preceding Saturday—though Tewkesbury won a 300-yard special from Mulligan in 31⅘ sec. Quite the best work of the day was done by Herbert Manvel, who beat Adams (Yale) in a scratch half (2 min. 4½ sec.), and finished a good second in a killing handicap half-mile to Arnold, who started from the 42-yard mark, and finished in 1 min. 57⅘ sec. As for the carnival, it was highly successful (five thousand spectators), as are all meetings on the New Jersey Oval at Bergen Point.

YALE'S time, 10 min. 28 sec., in the two-mile eight-oared race against the Naval Academy crew must not be accepted as an entirely trustworthy medium for comparing the speed of the Yale second eight with the Columbia and Pennsylvania 'varsity crews, which had previously defeated Annapolis over the same course in 12 min. 6 sec. and 11 min. 13 sec., respectively. It may be taken as suggestive and nothing more. The conditions under which the Yale-Navy race was rowed were much more favorable than obtained in either of the other races, and the Navy crew was in poorer shape. The Cadets had undertaken too much in the three races, especially considering that four men in the boat were green, and three of them Freshmen, besides a Freshman coxswain. They made a most commendable showing under the circumstances.

CORNELL'S showing against Pennsylvania in the race (May 30—Cayuga Lake) between the second crews of the two universities disclosed the essential difference between the strokes the two eights are rowing, and in my judgment demonstrated the more speed-making and dependable qualities of Cornell's. 'Twas only last week I referred to the tenacity with which the Cornell blades hold on to the water from the beginning to the ending of the stroke. That means there is no cessation of power from its first application.

Cornell rowed Pennsylvania down on Decoration day, pulling two strokes to the minute less, making obviously considerable less effort, and sending her shell through the water steadier, smoother.

The Cornell 'varsity is missing some of its old men from the boat this year, and as yet there is no certainty of the present crew being so fast as that of '98; in fact, it is doubtful if it can attain the speed it showed at New London. However, we shall know more a week later.

THERE has been no noteworthy change in the Yale crew, which at this writing is just starting off for New London, where it will have three long weeks and a half in which to finish off and acquire snap. The work has become somewhat smoother in the last week, and the suggestion of power is never absent; but there is yet none of that hard grip of the water at the catch for which Yale crews have usually been famous. This gives the appearance of a shorter stroke, whereas Yale is sliding an inch or so longer than during one of the most successful periods of her rowing—in the early nineties.

Harvard will not go to New London until a week later than Yale, and it will take hard steady work to get the men finally adjusted to their new seats and moving entirely in harmony. The present impression is that the men appear to be fearful of overworking themselves. The pointless agitation about lessening the distance to three miles seems to have scared some of the men into coddling themselves. They would better get over that tendency, or Mr. Storrow replace them, even so late. None the less, the crew made an excellent time row the other day for three miles, and seems to have the snap that Yale at this time lacks. Another week will put the eight in better shape for judgment.

HARVARD lost (2–12) the second and last of her Princeton baseball series (May 27, at Cambridge) in a game notable for slovenly work even among the considerable list of poorly played games recently compiled. Haughton's injury kept him off the field, and the nine consequently lost the benefit of his steadying influence. Still, therein is not sufficient excuse for the careless and inaccurate fielding, the wild throws, and the fumbles that combined to make eight errors.

Princeton did not have to play very hard to win—it was only necessary to let her opponents beat themselves. In point of fact, Princeton performed indifferently, piling up four errors, of which Hutchings contributed the lion's share. After the second inning, when Princeton made three runs, there was never a doubt as to the eventual outcome, though Harvard in the sixth gave her only exhibition of sharp play by cutting off two men at the plate.

Harvard's play was quite the worst exhibited this season by a 'varsity nine.

Three days later the crimson nine pulled itself together, and in a slower game defeated Cornell (7–2), making ten hits and but a single error.

YALE won the first game (8–0) of the Princeton baseball series at New Haven on Saturday by play that reflects infinite credit upon the nine and argues convincingly for its success in the remaining weeks of the closing season. Defeat of Princeton by a narrow margin would have equalled hopeful expectations, but to keep that undeniably strong team from making a single hit is a measure of success for which the college world was totally unprepared.

Princeton did not get a man to first base until Camp's error in the fifth inning gave Watkins life he had not earned, and in the nine innings only four of the visiting team reached first base, and two of these got so far as second. Yale's pitcher, Robertson, struck out no more than two men, but he disclosed control of the ball not excelled this season by an amateur.

On the other hand, Hillebrand, who struck out four men, had frequently occurring periods when he appeared to have no control whatever of the ball; he presented ten men with first base—six on balls, and four he hit—made two wild pitches that resulted in a run, and allowed nine hits, one a three-bagger. He made Kafer's duty behind the bat unusually onerous, and was partially responsible for the captain's passed ball. In fact, the battery which hitherto has been the dependable feature of Princeton's play was, on Saturday, of least service. No other man of the team made an error save Suter, who, after a long run out of his own territory into centre field, muffed a high fly.

Yale's score was increased by Hillebrand's gifts, but aside from that she played faster, better ball—at the bat, on the bases, in the field. It is a stronger team, and if it does not win even the next Princeton game (10th), at Princeton, it will be because somebody gets rattled and throws chances away. The score of Saturday does not, in my judgment, represent the comparative strength of the two teams; they are really quite evenly matched, and though Yale seems stronger, a contest, with both nines showing their best game, should always be close.

Robertson has not the changeful speed or brilliancy of Cook; but he has consummate control, which, after all, is the most valuable quality in the box. He was hit repeatedly, but accurate, swift fielding kept one from being recorded against him. Wear and Camp each fielded brilliantly.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL."—ILLUSTRATED FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 25

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Diary of the Revolt

Tuesday, May 23.—The military and civil elements of the United States Philippines Commission differed regarding the wisdom of continuing the conferences with the Filipino peace envoys, the former adhering to their original demand for unconditional surrender.

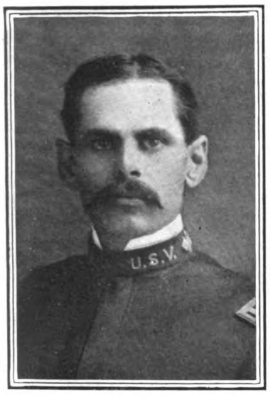
General Otis recommended the promotion of Colonel Owen Summers to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, brevet, for conspicuous gallantry, and of Captain J. S. Case to be Major of Volunteers, brevet, for distinguished services and gallantry.

The transport *Sherman* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, bearing 1795 enlisted men and 46 officers, among these Brigadier-General John C. Bates. She also carried supplies for the army and navy. General F. D. Grant was in command of the expedition.

Twenty Filipinos were killed and forty were wounded in an engagement with a reconnoitring party under Major Bell about five miles southwest of San Fernando, in the vicinity of Santa Rita. Several of our men were wounded.

South of Manila General Ovenshine's lines were attacked by skirmishers, who were repulsed after inflicting a loss of two men killed and two wounded.

The country through which General Lawton's expedition had advanced on the way to San Isidro had been reoccupied by hostiles. The Third Infantry, forming Lawton's rearguard, while returning from San Miguel as



CAPT. GEORGE H. TILLY, U. S. V., Signal Corps. Killed by treacherous Natives May 27.

escort to a signal party, had hard fighting throughout the day. Two Americans were killed and thirteen were wounded. Sixteen of the natives were killed, many wounded, and two of their officers made prisoners.

The departure of the First California Infantry for home was prevented by a typhoon. The rainy season had begun.

Wednesday, May 24.—General Lawton, with most of his troops, reached MacArthur's lines. His expedition had marched 120 miles in twenty days, been successful in twenty-two fights, and captured twenty-eight towns, losing six men killed and thirty-five wounded. His troops had killed about 400 Filipinos, wounded double that number, and destroyed 300,000 bushels of rice.

According to a press despatch, Lawton said: "On the walls of the prison at San Isidro we found the names of the fifteen *Yorktown* men. A Spanish officer we rescued told me that one of the American prisoners had been publicly flogged, receiving twenty lashes while pinned to the ground. This was his punishment for attempting to escape. Near San Isidro we found a letter written by one of the *Yorktown* men, in which he said that he and his fellow-prisoners were being cruelly treated."

The *Newport* reached Manila, having on board re-enforcements for General Otis, with two light batteries.

Generals MacArthur and Funston, with the Kansas and Montana regiments and the Utah Battery, dispersed 800 hostiles who were intrenched near Santa Rita. Fifty of the enemy were killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-eight captured; two Americans were killed and twelve wounded.

The Filipino commissioners left Manila by special train. Their point of view was pretty clearly intimated, at the end of the conferences which they had held with our commissioners, in a comment and a question attributed to President Gonzaga: "The plan of government offered to the Philippines seems, in theory, a good colonial system. But why should a nation with your Constitution seek to make a colony of a distant people who have been so long fighting against Spain to secure the same rights that your Constitution gives?"

Thursday, May 25.—The Oregon regiment on the north line returned to Manila, and it was said that the other volunteers would be gradually withdrawn, Lawton leaving with MacArthur on the front regular troops to replace these volunteers.

Friday, May 26.—A despatch from Manila: "The events of the past week have emphasized the need of a much larger army here, without which, according to the best authorities in Manila, it would be attempting the impossible to expect to establish American supremacy in the Philippine Islands. The inadequacy of the American forces is said to be responsible for the large total loss in the number of small encounters, without material results as a compensation. .... The insurgents have returned, and are occupying the towns the Americans abandoned simply for want of men to hold them, and are camping in the jungles and woods outside others, on the watch for chances," etc. Our reasons for the belief that General Otis was not in command of an adequate force were mentioned in this Diary under date of May 12.

Another skirmish near Santa Rita. Six of our men wounded.

The steamship *Leon XIII.*, which transported two battalions of the Twenty-third Infantry to Sulu, returned with the Spanish garrison which had been stationed there. The American occupation of Sulu is to be dated from May 20.

General Rios, the Spanish commander in the Philippines, notified the Madrid government that the Americans would not occupy the island of Mindanao at present. "Its conquest would entail enormous sacrifices on them, as the natives are wholly hostile."

Saturday, May 27.—Captain George H. Tilly, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, was killed by natives at Escalante, on the east coast of Negros Island. A vessel of the cable company, which was placing a cable between Ilo Ilo and Cebú, ran to Escalante to remove old cable connections. Captain Tilly, with the captain of the vessel and three men, visited the town, the natives making friendly demonstrations. While there the party was ambushed. The vessel's captain and one man escaped in a launch; Tilly and the other two were not rescued. The vessel reported at Ilo Ilo. General Smith immediately took seventy-five men and proceeded to Escalante.

General Otis issued orders inviting volunteers to re-enlist for six months, according to the act of Congress bearing on the matter.

The transport, *Morgan City* with 600 recruits for various regiments, arrived at Manila, and was ordered to Ilo Ilo.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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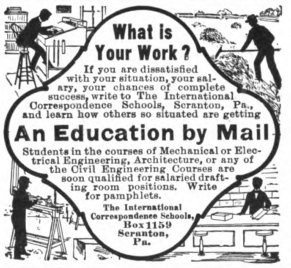
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THIS MORTAL COIL. *By Margaret Sutton Briscoe*

LONG ago, in æons past, Nature, kneading an iron shore to suit her mood, twisted off a great careless lump of red rock and flung it into the ocean; then, as if by an after-thought, she tied it to dry land with a rope of knotted bowlders. Thus created, Brace's Rock has stood for centuries in the blue waters, naked at first, but slowly clothing itself with a spare growth of golden-rod in its crevices, some stunted bay-bushes, and starved feathery grass.

There the gaunt rock stood on a certain September afternoon, the sweeping sea-line spread out before its face, while at its back, in a pondlike shelter, gathered hundreds of sea-gulls, looking like pads of white pond-lilies on the still cove's waters, or, yet more lovely, flaunting and fluttering their white wings as, perched on the little brown rock islands, they fought the waves of the rising tide, white-tipped as they. In all Septembers this shore revels in colors, that shade back from the gray sand beach and the spring sand-grass to moors warm and rich with color that seems fairly to dash up the sides of the gray-peaked inland rocks, splashing high among them red-leaved bushes and mats of glowing brown or purple-pink grasses.

Lawrence Goodhue, on this September day, sat on the topmost ledge of Brace's Rock, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, his artist eyes garnering the scene into the storehouse of his brain; and so absorbed was he in details of color that when at last his gaze dropped to a spot not ten feet from him he sat staring at it with a sense of confusion. What he saw was an artist's paint-rag, still wet and fresh with all the shaded colors of the landscape; but for the moment it was to him almost as if his vision had collected the widespread colors, as a prism might, and thrown them together on the rock.

Sending his eyes wandering again in search of the fellow-artist who must have preceded him, Goodhue finally discovered a figure climbing among the rocks below. It was plainly a woman, though as he peered down at her a large, mushroomlike hat concealed from him everything but a white skirt, and an identifying artist's equipment hanging from the climber's shoulder.

Not an hour before, Goodhue had been over every inch of that lower ground, and he now watched the progress of another with peculiar interest. At what he felt to be the risk of life and limb, he had crawled down not only to the base of the rock itself, but under a jutting bowlder overhanging the water, and there discovered a veritable jewel-casket. The waters, lapping in and out twice daily between the crevices, had formed somehow a great oblong basin, and this the sea had filled with its own wonders. It had first draped the gray sides with long weeping seaweeds, or crusted them with tawny barnacles and black mussels dashed with silver. There spongy anemones of every soft tint stretched down thirsty necks, while the floor below was a rich mosaic formed of multicolored snails, with here a blazing orange starfish, there another of pink or royal purple. The approach to this treasure-house lay down a sharp descent, slippery with wet weeds and black barnacles, and it was a recollection of the difficulties of the climb, not unwillingness to see another share his discovery, that brought Goodhue to his feet and made him look down anxiously as the stranger artist paused above the overhanging rock. He realized that she too had found some evidence of what lay below, as he watched her hesitate, test with her foot the slippery weed on the rocks, then draw back, only to repeat the attempt at another point. Foiled, apparently, by the real dangers of the descent, she seated herself at last on an overhanging rock—as Goodhue thought, wisely giving up the attempt. He fancied that a sketch of the pool was to be the next move in order, as he saw the girl take what looked like a sketch-book from her side; but by a deliberate movement she poised the book with careful aim and flung it swiftly down under the rock; then, with only a moment's hesitation, she rose, plunged after it, and was lost to Goodhue's astonished sight. Although he had found the descent difficult as well as dangerous, he remembered that both difficulty and danger had been doubled in the return, and deciding, therefore, that he should at least be near at hand in the event of accident, he made his way quickly down the side of the rock, and reaching the top of the overhanging spur, waited there patiently. It amused him, unseen and unsuspected as he knew he was, and knowing as he did every beauty that lay in that hidden aquarium of nature, to hear now and then half-uttered exclamations of delight coming from beneath the rock. It was long—and he did not wonder at the delay—before the sound of a foot cautiously scraping its way warned him that the reckless adventurer, having satisfied her artistic curiosity, had finally begun her ascent. He moved softly nearer to the jagged edge, and a moment later saw a woman's ungloved hand groping helplessly in air; but before Goodhue had decided whether he should or should not grasp it, the hand was clinging to a blunt projection, where the companion hand soon followed, creeping about the other side of the blunt spur. Small and white as they were, the hands seemed supple, and the wrists so strong that Goodhue waited to discover what plan their owner had for them before he interfered. Stooping down and crawling to the rock's edge, he looked cautiously over, to see that the climber was standing on the narrowest of ledges, with her body thrown back to gain the impetus which was to swing her about the rough corner, using the spur as a pivot, her arms as ropes to drag her up to the top of the rock. There was no time for further hesitation. Goodhue grasped the girl's wrists, at the same time crying out a warning:

"Don't jump! It is dangerous. Have you kept your footing?"

"Yes," answered a voice from below.

He braced himself against the rock. "Then swing free now, and I'll pull you up. Slowly! Slowly!" He felt the muscles of her wrist relax as her hands loosened on the spur and the weight of her body hung on his arms. In another moment he knew she must have gained some new footing, for the strain on his hands lifted in part, and the next instant the mushroom hat was rising over the rock's edge, disclosing to his interested eyes first a cloud of dark hair, next the white brow it surrounded, and then his eyes met those heavy-lashed blue eyes, unlike any others he had ever known. Had the overhanging rock on which he knelt dropped into the pool beneath, it seemed to Goodhue that the crash could not have been more actual than was this meeting eye to eye. A moment, still poised as they were, both were held motionless; then, with a word of inarticulate exclamation, Goodhue dragged the girl's limp body up the face of the rock to the spot where he stood. With solid ground beneath her feet, her first motion was to stagger from Goodhue's support and lean weakly against the stone wall which rose high above them. But if her body was weak, her fixed eyes could still ask the question her lips were unable to demand, and with an effort Goodhue answered her exactly as if she had spoken:

"Hester, on my honor, I did not know it was you! Your hat hid your face. I came to help you only as any man would go to any woman in danger."

Hester drew her trembling figure together against the rough rock to which she seemed to cling. Though she spoke, it was as if the wind caught her voice, blowing it from her lips, it came so faintly, so unnaturally.

"Not—not this man to this woman!"

"No," he replied, sadly; "you are right. We should never have met again; but indeed if one of these waves had caught us off the land somewhere and flung us together on this rock, our meeting could not have been more accidental."

"I believe you; and if I had had a moment of preparation"—she looked up at him, fully and proudly meeting his eyes—"I could have met you as any woman might meet any man."

As she ended she bent her head slightly, and crossing the small rocky platform, quickly disappeared behind the first jutting rock. Before he realized that she was going, Goodhue found himself alone; but the little sketch-book which he had seen her fling under the rock lay where she had dropped it, forgotten, at his feet. Goodhue stooped and lifted the book. He hesitated a moment with it in his hand, then passed round the rock where Hester had vanished. As she heard his quick step she turned instantly with a look as if at bay, resolute, yet needing all her resolution. Goodhue at once held out the book towards her, advancing no farther than it was needful to do so.

"I doubted whether I ought to follow you with it," he said, constrainedly. "I saw you fling this away—but then I also saw you risk your life to recover it. I did not know—"

"I should have been sorry to lose it. I flung it away only because I was afraid to climb down under the rock; but I knew I should have to go down after the book was there. Thank you for bringing it to me. I should have thanked you also for your assistance, and I do now."

If they had never met before, her manner would have been perfect, keeping him at his distance, sufficiently grateful and explanatory and very simple; yet had they never met there could not have been in her eyes the veiled contempt he too plainly read there. As she ended, it was as if she dismissed him, but though she held out her hand for the book, Goodhue did not give it to her. He was standing motionless, looking in her face so closely that, despite her self-control, her color rose slowly and hotly. As he saw it mounting to her throat, her cheek, her brow, he spoke, slowly:

"Hester, can't you forgive me?"

For a moment she did not reply, then answered, with effort, "I had forgiven you—until I saw you."

"I understand. I am going now. But one word, one moment first. It was, believe me, for your sake more than for my own that I acted as I did. I know you cannot judge, not knowing what I do."

She turned to him suddenly, hotly. "I can know that I am profoundly grateful to you for what you saved me from. I know now it would have been a living death to me. You saved me from that, and for that favor—but how can you think I should ever wish to see your face again?"

"I do not," he answered, gravely. "I am going now. But remember, I know nothing, I have heard not a word since we parted—not even that I spared you all I could. I told your father that you found the man of my letters, the man you had promised yourself to, not at all the man I was. Was it accepted?"

"If it gives you any comfort, it was accepted. You generously gave me the honors of war and I accepted them. But why should I play out the part with you, who know those honors were thrust upon me!"

Goodhue stood with bowed head, repudiating nothing. He half turned away, then looked back. "Before I go," he said, simply, "you need not prepare for what I am going to say. It seems very prosaic to mention this at all, but let me warn you, as I crossed the causeway from the mainland to this rock, I noticed the bowlders scattered on the causeway were wave-worn. This, with some other signs, made me sure that at high tide, whenever that may be, this rock would be cut off."

"Submerged?"

"Hardly," he answered, glancing with a smile at the craggy heights above. "A rise of tide that submerged this rock would flood all the mainland as well, but the causeway is much lower."

Hester glanced back at the water behind them. At that moment a wave, stronger than its fellows, swelled up and broke on the outer rocks, rushing over their serrated tops as though so many gateways, flooding the platform where they had stood a few moments before, and sobbing up almost to their feet in a trough of dashing spray and foam. The sea-weed clinging to the rocks was no longer a flat drapery; the waves were lifting their drooping heads on strong crests to toss and tangle them roughly.

Hester started as she looked. "The tide is rising!"

"Yes," Goodhue answered; "it has been rising for some time. I am afraid high tide cannot be far off. It would really be wiser to make your escape good at once. The quickest way is up over the centre of the rock, only it is very steep. If you would let me help you—" He hesitated, but Hester hurriedly took the hand he had half offered, and breathlessly toiled after him on the steep ascent which they at once began. In many places Goodhue had almost to drag her up the rock's sheer face, as he had done on their meeting at its base. There was no chance for speech even had either desired it. Hester climbed with a feverish haste; and Goodhue, yielding to her mood, hurried the ascent as rapidly as he dared. Once, as he touched her arm to aid her, he felt that her whole body was trembling, and he looked up at her quickly.

"Are you afraid?" he asked. "I assure you there's no possibility of danger. Even if the tide has covered the causeway, the worst that can happen will be a short imprisonment. This rock could not possibly be submerged."

She glanced at him a moment, and then turned away again, pressing forward faster. "Perhaps," she said, coldly, "I might prefer submersion."

Goodhue colored and drew back. "I beg your pardon," he began.

But at that moment they reached the summit, which gave them the first glimpse of the causeway, last seen as a ridge of red rock strewn with bowlders, and bounded on either side by the sea. Now between them and dry land lay a stretch of unquiet waters flecked with little wave-worn islands, some as close together as easy stepping-stones over a brook, but others more dubiously distant. Even as they looked the rising waves, swimming in from the sea, were swallowing up these means of escape as rapidly as fishes devour crumbs of bread.

Goodhue turned to look at his companion. They had both paused abruptly.

"I shall attempt it," Hester said, decidedly, in answer to his look, and at once began the descent—much easier on this side than the ascent on the other. Goodhue was at her side when she reached the beach that lay at the foot of the rock, but she seemed almost unconscious of his presence. As she stood poised lightly on a stone at the water's edge, her eager blue eyes on the farther shore, her face flushed, her lips set, her dark hair blown back, her whole figure as a type of motion, but for the moment arrested, it seemed to Goodhue as great an impertinence to suggest danger to her as it would be to suggest it to the sea gulls fluttering on the outlying rocks, disputing their possession with the buffeting waves that constantly swept them aside. Yet when she lifted her foot from the first rock to set it on the next, he quickly stepped forward and laid his hand on her arm, half speaking his thought:

"But you have no wings. It is impossible."

Her impatient movement was meant to shake off his detaining hand. "There is nothing to prevent my trying."

His hand still on her arm, he felt the forward spring of her body, and again deliberately resisted it, pushing her back. Her foot dropped to the sand.

"You forget me," he said, gently. "I must prevent your trying it."

"You prevent me?" she asked, incredulously. "You mean to keep me here by force?"

He answered her urgently. "You surely will not make me do that. You must see the danger. Willing as I am to help you escape, I cannot. You cannot measure from here the distance of those bowlders from one another, nor the depths between them. You might be caught midway, with retreat or advance cut off and the tide still rushing in. Then any fall for you among those sharp stones and angry waters could have but one end."

"You are afraid."

He looked at her with a half-smile. "Yes," he said, "I am afraid. Did you think you could scourge me to courage?"

Her eyes lowered, she stood silent for the moment, then suddenly, with hands clasped, raised her eyes in entreaty. "I implore you to let me try it. I am very strong. I sha'n't be hurt. You must see I can't—I can't stand staying here."

"I do see that, and I don't mean you shall stay here—with me. The only thing I do beg of you is not to attempt the passage until the way is quite clear again. You won't be imprisoned very long at worst."

Goodhue was taking off his coat as he ended, and Hester stood looking at him in silence, her face changing. As he rolled his coat into a bundle and thrust it under his arm, she spoke coldly and abruptly:

"You called the passage very dangerous just now. If that is true, I cannot allow you to attempt it. If anything should happen, my conscience—"

He interrupted her quickly. "I thank your conscience—but it may rest easy. I am a strong swimmer. In any case, I go solely on my own responsibility." A bitterness that for the first time spoke in his voice brought the color to Hester's face.

"I did not mean to be unkind," she said, still formally, but more gently than she had yet spoken. "I only meant that I could not let you risk your life to spare me mere discomfort."

"Yes," he answered, sadly; "I understood you. You meant what you said. It was a case of conscience only. Good-by; I don't ask you to reply. You were right. We should never have met, and now me must part as quickly as possible. Good-by."

Before she could speak again, had she wished to do so, he had left her side, and was leaping from rock to rock out into the waters. Hester turned sharply away back to the higher sand of the beach. There, where they had stood in the sand, together in all human probability for the last time, she saw the marks of Goodhue's footsteps and her own distinctly printed. The ripples that left the rushing waves behind to break on the sand in wrinkles soft as a baby's frown were yet strong enough to be wiping out these last frail memorials. Hester's brow contracted as she looked, but she moved resolutely on, with no backward glance, until a little bird, darting with a sharp chirp from some crevice, flew past her, almost brushing her with its wings in its hurry to be off. Turning involuntarily to watch its dipping flight, her eyes caught a glimpse of Goodhue's figure standing on a rock far out in the yeasty waters.

Brace's heights rose solidly between her and the inland when she stopped again and stood looking out at the distant sea-line. The sun, now almost level with the world, was behind the rock, and cast the shadows of its peaks in longer and longer reflections at her feet. The deserted waste of waters lay cold and gray. Two fingerlike lighthouses on a distant island were pointing upward, their straight lines, already blurring and purpling in the withdrawing light. The air seemed suddenly cold, and Hester

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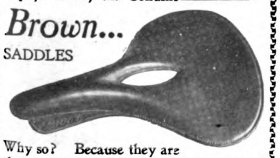
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shivered involuntarily. As if seeking for warmth, she nestled down in one of the rock crevices, leaning close against the stone's rough side as she waited, watching the waves that came dashing in, throwing their spray almost to her feet. The roaring of the waves was so monotonous and continuous she heard nothing, until at last, at a step close behind her, she turned with a start to see Goodhue.

"You have not gone?" she cried, rising and facing him.

"You must not blame me," he answered. "After all, it proved impossible."

"The tide had risen too high?"

He paused a moment, then replied, with grave significance: "Yes, the tide had risen too high. I might play with words and still say that too truly. But I have come back solely because I love you, and because I must tell you so."

She stood staring at him, bewildered, and he repeated his last words.

"I must tell you so."

"No," she cried, rousing. "You could have left me, and have dared to come back for this! How have you ventured? Do you think you can once fling a woman's heart away, and ever come back—"

He checked her with an earnest gesture. "Flung away! And you have thought there was no better reason than that kind of faithlessness? Then, indeed, you must hear me."

"Never. Never again!"

"You must. In justice to me, first you must listen, and, further—as you yourself decide. For a year I have let you judge me unheard, because I could not speak. Now I can, and claim a hearing. In common justice, you have no right to refuse."

"I do refuse. In common justice, I have some claims. I did love you. You know it. Why should I deny it?" She caught her breath for the moment, but went on. "I have at last reached the point I made up my mind I would reach the day we parted. I don't deny it was hard at first, but I have utterly ceased to care. I will not be troubled now. I have the right not to be."

He stood looking at her face, flushed and quivering, but decided—at the indignant violet eyes which she forced herself to raise to his, and at the curve of her quivering lips. Then he looked away from her again out over the waters about them.

"We are as if in a world quite apart for the time," he said at last, quaintly. "I wish we could forget for these few moments that there's any other world to consider. When our souls meet in another world they will perhaps talk of all this freely together. Why shouldn't we speak now, as it may be we shall speak then? Our friends know nothing of this meeting—they need never know. All that is in our own hands. When we leave this little island for the earth again, you could take the path to the left, I to the right, and, if you so will it, all can be as if this talk had never been."

He turned towards her again, speaking less resolutely, more earnestly: "Can't you give me out of your whole lifetime these few moments in this place so far out of the world? A few moments is all I ask."

Hester stood looking away from him at the ever strengthening waves. Once she turned and glanced at him, and he saw she hesitated, but he would not urge her.

"If I could be sure," she began, slowly—"if I could be sure that the earthly would not enter—"

He interrupted her quickly. "In your hardest thoughts of me, have you ever accused me of deceiving you?"

"Not of deception."

"Then accept my promise. If you consent, the earthly shall not enter."

She looked up at him again, and as he met her look fully and gravely, she turned as if to find a seat on the shelving rock behind them. Goodhue accepted the implied consent.

"But we shouldn't stop here," he said, practically. "The sun is so low on the other side of the rock, this side is growing too cold. If we climb to the top of the rock we can catch the warmth of the last rays, and we can watch the causeway, too, as it uncovers."

Hester let him help her to the heights, and sat down silently in the crevice he selected as yielding most comfort for her. Goodhue knew she was waiting for him to speak, but he was silent, looking down towards the causeway, wiped wholly out of existence by the sea.

"The tide is full, I think," he said, finally. "We have only to wait for it to fall."

Hester's eyes also were fixed in the distance, he believed on nothing.

Goodhue spoke abruptly. "Perhaps it will be easier to plunge in at once. When we parted, had you no idea of what parted us? Did you never"—his gaze dropped to her hands which lay clasped in her lap—"suspect another woman?" He saw her fingers tighten suddenly, and glancing up, saw her quivering face, and bent towards her with a word of protest on his lips; but before it found utterance she had moved back, still facing him, and meeting his eyes so fully and collectedly that he caught his breath.

"Go on," she answered, simply. "It was the first cut only that hurt. I had suspected this, among other things. Have you more to say?"

"Something I scarcely dare put into words.

(*Continued on page 584.*)

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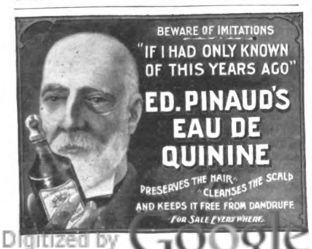
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(Continued from page 583.)

Do you remember nothing strange in our first letters?"

"Nothing," she answered, after a moment's thought.

"Because you have not the key yet. When I first wrote to you from my Paris studio, you remember, it was about some unimportant detail of color which we had discussed together. You recollect that?"

"Yes; and I replied, thanking you. It all seemed unimportant."

"Yet you couldn't know how your reply, short as it was, differed from anything I expected. There was nothing very marked in it, yet it was different. Later, when I had drawn another and another letter from you, I did write you that I had scarcely dared hope for any answers whatever, because when we met you seemed so shy and inaccessible. A wood-violet could not have been more retiring. Did you never wonder at my thinking that?"

"Why should I? You had met me in a crowded house party for two days only. That was all. I saw you had gained a wrong impression of me, which, I remember, I attempted to dispel."

"It was done quickly and effectively, and forever. For days I did not know whether your letter of self-revelation most fascinated me or bewildered me. It was all so truthful, so delicate, so fantastic, yet so unlike my idea of what you were. First you condoled with me teasingly as a color-blind artist mistaking a rose for a violet. Then you went on more seriously to tell me there were rose-women and violet-women born into the world, differing as distinctly as the flowers, and the perfume of the rose was not the perfume of the violet. That was all, but it was enough to reveal you. Hester, when I laid your letter down I could smell roses! Later, perhaps then, I knew I loved you, and when at last I wrote you so, you answered—you know what you answered." He paused, and went on with difficulty, but rapidly, not looking at her. "I could hardly wait to finish my work—hardly wait to cross to you; and then I stood in your home waiting for you to come down to me, and I could call up, as I think only an artist can, every feature of the woman I had seen but once and learned to love by letter only—remember that. How shall I tell you? Your eyes are violet; your hair is dark. The face I saw so vividly as I waited there for you had soft brown eyes and the hair was fair, and—it was Anne's face I saw, Hester."

"Anne—my own sister! Oh no—no! She has been with me night and day through all this; she could not—"

"She knew nothing—knows nothing now."

"Oh, speak plainly—my own sister!"

Goodhue laid his hands strongly on hers as they lay trembling on her knees.

"Try to listen calmly. It is hard to explain at best. And Anne—remember this always—knew nothing at any time. When I first saw you both it was together, staying in the same house. I never spoke to you apart. You called each other 'Sister.' I only learned your Christian name when you signed it in your first letter to me. I thought Anne indisputably the older. She seems so in her repose. You are very unlike, and she is a *violet*, Hester. I addressed my first letter to her as the supposed elder, and you, as the actual elder, received it. I might have written to one as well as the other. You were both artists. There was nothing to undo the error, and it was to Anne that I believed myself writing in all those months. It was Anne I thought I loved and courted—you who replied. This is the miserable story. You know the whole." He paused, then went on with a difficulty that grew always greater. "Do you remember, it was Anne who came in to me first when I was waiting for you? Can't you fancy my bewilderment when I saw her standing there in the doorway, warding me off with her outstretched palms—remember, I thought she was my promised wife! I heard her say she had only come to welcome 'a new brother,' and it seemed to me the world turned round, and then she laughed in my face and ran away suddenly because she heard another door at the end of the room opening slowly. You know who came in that door, Hester. I saw your glorious violet eyes, your vivid face, your lovely dark hair, and you came towards me—if I could only see you coming so now—both hands held out, half shy, all gracious—"

With a swift motion Hester cowered down where she sat, hiding her face in her hands. "And you let me!" she cried—"you let me!"

Goodhue bent towards her, clasping her wrists in his hands, speaking eagerly. "Hester, be just to me, now quickly, before you think of yourself. What could I do? If you suffer so in the thought that I played your lover for a few distracted days, try to think of what I saved you by refusing to play your husband. Think, too, of what I endured, loving the body of one woman, the soul of another. It was like acting out some horrible tragic farce. Day by day I had to see the body that I loved passing me, every graceful motion holding my gaze, and yet, when those dear, familiar lips moved to speak, they spoke a tongue I neither knew nor cared for. Could I have met Anne's soul alone, I knew I should never have recognized it. On the other side were your mind, your heart, your spirit, so familiar, so dear

(Continued on page 585.)

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(Continued from page 584.)

to me, but clothed in a strange body. Again and again, when you spoke to me of some lovely thoughts you had only written of before, I turned to you, expecting to see the features I had called up so vividly when reading your written words, and then your unfamiliar face—can't you understand it?—would strike me as a blow. Hester, it is now the one face I care for, the one I was always seeing, always longing to see." He drew her hands from her face, and they lay so passively in his that his heart sank. "I have told you everything," he said, slowly. "I was almost mad when I let you see at last that there was some ugly knot. I let you cut it without telling you what it was. How could I tell you then? How could I tell myself what I felt? Have you nothing to say to me, Hester?"

She looked up at him with eyes from which the lustre had gone. "I can forgive you now," she said, wearily. "Of course no one was to blame. It was an accident; that was all. There is nothing to forgive."

"I am asking more than forgiveness now," said Goodhue, slowly. He was speaking carefully, with well-controlled emotion. "Almost as soon as I left you, it came to me that, after all, it was you—your spirit—I had loved, not at all what I thought had clothed it, and then slowly your own beauty began to haunt me. Soon, too soon, I knew that the face I had seen as I read your letters, as I wrote to you, was never the face you could have worn. Your face, your eyes, yourself, began to fit your soul for me, and at last I knew you as you were, not as half another. Your own hands, your own eyes, the very way you sit as you listen, as you are sitting now, all grew clearer and clearer in my memory. It was not the soul only I wanted—but you, all of you, body and soul, as I learned to mate them. Hester, it was accident that parted us, but to-day hasn't an accident flung us together again? I have told you everything. Now I dare ask more than forgiveness: I ask you for all that a man can ask, all that a woman can give."

Her hands were still in his, and she made no effort to release them, but he knew it was for no tenderer reason than pity as she looked up and answered: "There is nothing to forgive you, but there isn't anything left to give, either. As I told you, all that is over and burned out. There is nothing here now—can be nothing but cold ashes."

She loosed one hand as she spoke, and laid it on her breast. Goodhue caught the hand back to him, urging her by pressure and voice.

"Hester, try to see it differently. To-day, as I passed over the moor, I saw what you might have called a destroyed field of grass, burned out, nothing but cold ashes. Yet I knew because of that burning the verdure there will be doubled in the spring. We have both suffered cruelly, both been through the fire—can't we make that help us to a closer life?"

She moved restlessly, releasing both her hands. "No, the fire has been too fierce. It has destroyed. We can meet only for this hour in this world apart, and on the terms we agreed upon. You are letting the earthly enter."

Goodhue's eyes turned to the causeway, forgotten in the nearer question. "Forgive me if I thought it the heavenly," he answered; "and my promise was that the earthly should not enter while we were in the world apart: you see we are not cut off now."

Hester's eyes followed his. The waters, receding as rapidly as they had risen, had uncovered the narrow wet backbone of red-rock ridging across from the mainland, leaving a clear path to the shore.

"Do you mean that we are free to go?" she asked.

"We are no longer cut off, or, rather, you are cut off from nothing. For me—am I to live cut off from everything I care to live for, Hester? This is the last time I shall urge you. Dearest, you did love me; by that love so close, so womanly in the past, I entreat you! You can recall it; trust me it can return, richer, more ripe with promise than before."

He realized that she raised her eyes not to read his mind, but that he might read hers. When she spoke he knew already what the reply would be.

"That has all gone from me forever, not only for you, but for any one on earth. My hand offended me and I cut it off. My maiming is absolute and for life. That is all."

"You are deciding hastily."

"I am not deciding at all. Life has decided for me."

"Hester, see, I can gather your hands into mine, your eyes into mine. They belong there now as surely, as lovingly, as your soul was once gathered into my soul. You feel this. You are free to part them all forever, but can you?"

Hester shrank back, her hands, her eyes, quivering from his hold.

"Oh, you only quicken me to suffer. I have decided. This must be the end."

She rose, turning from him to face the glowing western sky and the world between. A rim of the red setting sun hung in the horizon for a moment, then dropped below the line. Down the coast the sunset cannon told the death of another day. A hush and gloom closed in with the falling echoes, and from the light-houses on the distant island leaped the blaze of two leopard-like eyes. Hester started when Goodhue's voice again broke the silence. He spoke lightly, she knew, to veil emotion.

"So be it. Come, Hester, inexorable angel of the flaming sword! The gateway to earth is wide open again. I have lived in Paradise an hour. If it has been that of a fool, never mind. Only—let me leave it without waiting!"

On the mainland two little half-beaten paths rose from the causeway to run inland—the one to the right, the other to the left. The right-hand path runs in and out between golden-rod and red-berried rose-trees, to be lost at times among the bay-bushes that spread their heavy green leaves and gray aromatic berries above a yellow carpet of scented grass. The path to the left leads straight and uncompromisingly along the rocky coast. Goodhue glanced from one path to the other, as he helped Hester over the last stepping-stones, and they stood together on the mainland.

"There is your path," he said, "to the right, over the moors. That rocky way to the left, the steep, single path, is mine."

Hester looked up towards the crags of the right-hand path. "Mine is single also," she said, quickly. But Goodhue did not respond.

"Why do you make me seem so harsh?" she cried, suddenly, turning to him. "There has been too much suffering on both sides. At least we may think kindly of each other."

She held out her hand as she spoke, as if offering a friendly parting. Goodhue took her hand in his, holding it gently, as he replied, smiling:

"There was once a queen whose starving people cried to her for bread, and she asked why they didn't eat 'little cakes.' She was as innocent as you, Hester—but none the less cruel." Again he saw that she hesitated, and he waited patiently until she spoke, tremulously:

"We must part in peace."

"Forgive me if I seemed rude to you just now. But as you say you can be nothing to me, be nothing, I beg of you. Let it all end here. Let me go my way at once, and you yours."

He saw her eyes turn from one path to the other, then out over the sea where the two great leopard eyes stared blazing through the gathering darkness. Goodhue drew back a step, loosening his grasp on her hand, which she had left in his.

"Wait!" she cried, quickly. "Oh, wait a moment! If to part like this is so hard, then I must be able to think of something that will soften it."

"I will wait," he answered, "but you will think of nothing, as it cannot be all."

Again he watched her eyes turning to the diverging paths, following the narrow way of each so far as sight might carry her. When she at last looked up at him again, he could no longer read her thoughts. Yet her altering face seemed to him as a book fluttering open in his hand.

"If you will not take my peace," she began, "nor my kindness, then you will have to take my confusion. We have been talking as if we were soul to soul. I am still trying to speak so. My feet seem somehow to refuse my path, and yet—they refuse yours equally. I am standing here utterly unhappy either way I look."

The salt airs blowing in from the ocean seemed wrapping the gloom about them; the odors of the bay-leaves crushed beneath their feet rose in aromatic sweetness. Goodhue bent over the hand he held, pressing it to his lips, then laid it gently in his arm and turned towards the path on the moors.

"Come," he said; "I am very patient, Hester. Let me take your path for a while. Dear, I accept your kindness and your peace alone for the present, for so long as you shall wish, and for the future—"

THE END.

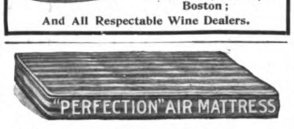
The "Reina Mercedes"

AN account of the successful attempt to raise the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes* in Santiago Harbor was given, with illustrations which showed the "mass of twisted iron and battered hull, full of barnacles," in the WEEKLY for April 1, 1899. In the present issue we publish photographs of the same interesting vessel as she appeared when she reached Portsmouth, Virginia, on Saturday, May 27. We are informed that at one o'clock on the day mentioned the *Reina Mercedes* hove around the Hospital light and slowly made her way up the river to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, greeted all along the route with the applause of thousands of people who had been waiting from an early hour; and the familiar name "Grimes's Battery" may be noted especially in connection with the salutes fired in honor of the occasion—"Grimes's Battery" which spoke with the same voice, but a different meaning, on July 1, 1898, before Santiago. Upon the arrival of the procession of vessels at the navy-yard, patriotic airs were played by the band, and thus the prize ship was brought to a comfortable position alongside the pier which had been prepared for her.





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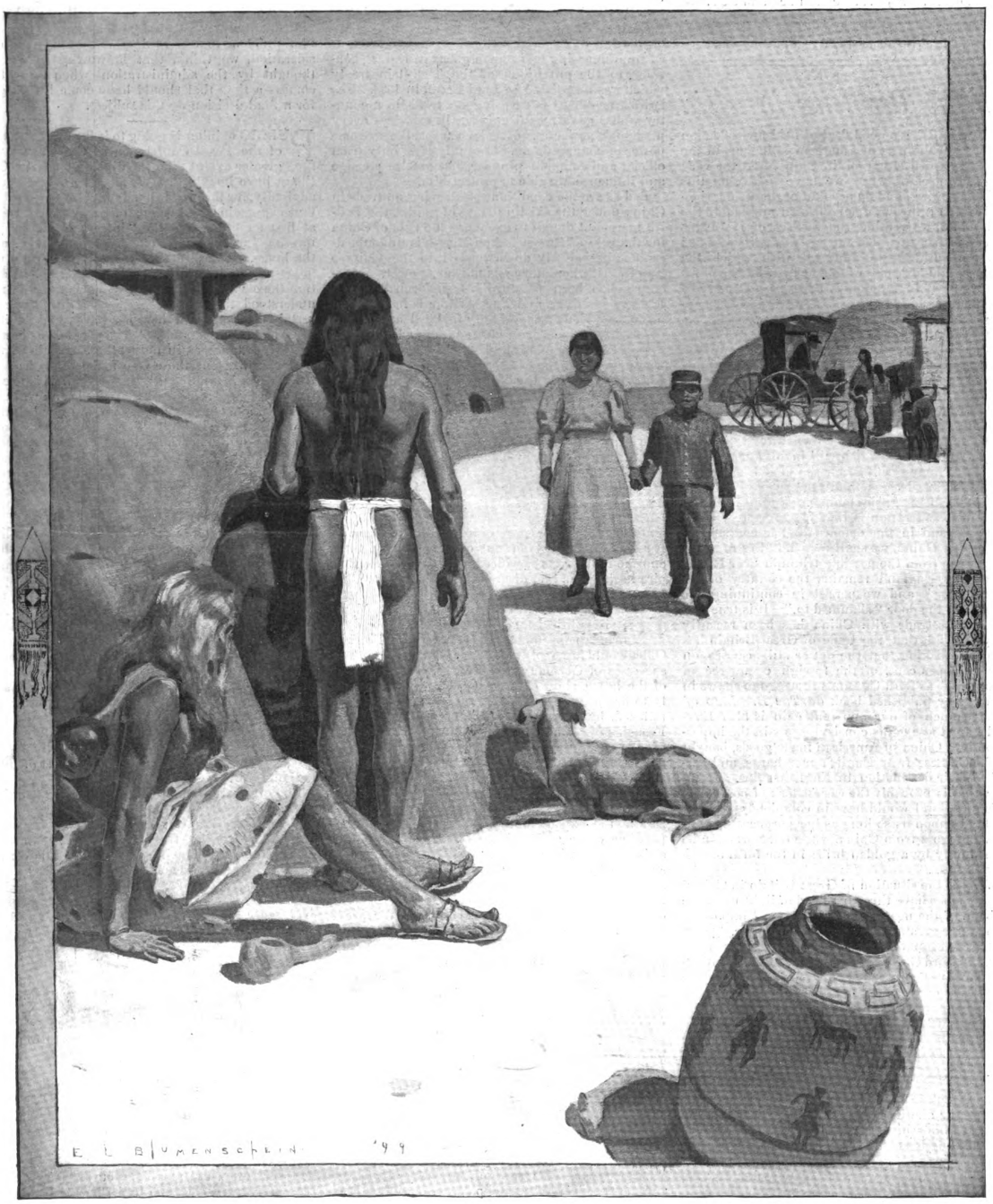
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WARDS OF THE NATION—THEIR FIRST VACATION FROM SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.—[SEE PAGE 609.]

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British Problems in Asia

THERE is a good deal of food for reflection on the part of American politicians in the British situation in China. At the very outset of what we have to say on this subject, and on account of the strong sidelight which it throws upon our own problem in the Philippines, we remind the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY that this journal has always suggested that the enthusiastic approval with which the schemes and dreams of our expansionists have been received in London is born of a strong desire, instinctive or deliberate, for American assistance when the struggle comes, if come it must, between commercial England and military Russia, for the control of the splendid prize now in the feeble grasp of what many regard as an apparently dying race. Now it ought also to be borne in mind that if we finally retain the Philippines as an American colony, we shall doubtless be the first to find an alliance with Great Britain essential to the protection of our own interests in the Pacific—an alliance which will involve us in any war which may result from the clashing of Russian imperial designs and the necessities and aspirations of English commerce in China. Still another consideration is that if we are to engage with England in the defence of her commercial interests in China, we shall reap nothing of great importance from the possible triumph over Russia so long as England remains the country of the "open door" and we persist in continuing the country of the door "slammed to." It is true that our cottons trade with China has been recently growing, and that the trade of Great Britain has been diminishing, but the latter still carries on sixty-four per cent. of the foreign commerce of China; and, as Lord CHARLES BERESFORD shows in his recently published book on *The Break-up of China*, much of our apparent gain is also England's, for these gains consist largely in the importation into China of American-made goods, bought by the Chinese from English merchants, and carried to their destination in English ships. Moreover, that is probably the easiest task of commerce which England would have in completely turning the tables upon us so long as her ports are open to return cargoes from China, while our ports can be opened only by a golden bribe in the form of customs duties.

What is the situation of Great Britain in China? Recent books have thrown a flood of light upon the problem of the near future that is most important to the three greatest powers of Europe. Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN'S book on *China in Transformation*, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S book mentioned above, perfectly supplement each other. One presents the problem with an instructive and even astonishing account of the possibilities of China in commerce, in industry, in manufacturing, in agriculture, and in mining. The later work deals more directly with the problem as it presents itself to the British merchant and ship-owner. By both we are forced to the conclusion that the problem in China is political, and that it must be solved, in one way or another, by government. The British merchant finds himself at a standstill. He is not even holding his own. He is face to face with two ominous conditions—or conditions which seem to him to be ominous—the anarchy of China and the advance of Russia.

China has practically no government. The power at Peking is not a central government in the true sense of the phrase, because it has no real authority. The mandarins or viceroys who are at the head of the provinces are quasi-independent of the Emperor or the Empress. Peking seems to be merely a centre for the collection of tribute. No one who understands China seems to imagine that the imperial authorities have any patriotic interest in the country which they nominally rule, while as for the viceroys and the officers under them, they follow the example of their superiors, and make their positions opportunities for plundering the Chinese and the foreign exploiters of China. Lord BERESFORD dwells upon the fact that the Chinese government does not afford sufficient protection to trade and commerce for the preservation or maintenance of the present commercial and industrial status, much less for guaranteeing security to enterprise by reason of which both British interests and China herself would greatly benefit. Besides, China constantly violates her treaty agreements with Great Britain, especially those which are intended for the protection of proprietary interests. Chinese investors in British corporations are absolved from the fulfilment of their obligations by Chinese judges, and the provincial mandarins and other local authorities are not prevented from imposing taxes upon goods in transit, contrary to the provisions of the Tien-tsin treaty which was negotiated by Lord ELGIN in 1858. The British merchant is carrying on trade in a country whose government apparently exercises every predatory power against him except the extreme power of confiscation. Seemingly it is only from official and complete plunder that British prestige and influence are able to protect him.

Bad as are the conditions of carrying on trade in China under the existing state of affairs, the British merchant dreads to exchange the rule of China for the rule of Russia. And Russia is undoubtedly pressing slowly downwards into the Chinese Empire with her enormous military power. Manchuria has been practically transformed into a Russian province, and Port Arthur is fast becoming one of the most strongly fortified arsenals in the world. The British merchants in China doubt the pacific purposes of the Tsar, and have no doubt whatever as to the warlike purposes of the men who really govern Russia. They believe that Russia intends to capture the rich Chinese Empire, and to hold and govern it for the benefit of Russia and the Russians. They believe that under Russian rule British trade would be discriminated against, and that British merchants who have invested their capital in China, under a pledge of protection from their government at home—which, they think, is now criminally overlooking them, leaving them the present prey of anarchical China and the prospective prey of absolute and despotic Russia—will be driven out of the country, their enormous interests sacrificed, and the British Empire itself shorn and disgraced.

HERE, in brief, is the British-Chinese problem. It is political and threatening. Probably a firmer policy on the part of the British Foreign Office would have solved it peacefully long ago. The successes of Germany and France, especially that of the latter, show clearly that China yields readily to firmness. The French merchants have been relieved, by the strength and consistency of the French government, of some of the most odious of the arbitrary exactions which the British merchants continue to suffer. Possibly it is not now too late for the British government to force China to become a practical vassal, and to permit Europeans to preserve the integrity of Chinese rule at the expense of surrendering the power to preserve order to European officers. Then Russia's advance will undoubtedly be checked, for the success of that advance is absolutely due to Russian influence over the existing Chinese government in its existing circumstances, and with the existing practical anarchy throughout the provinces—an anarchy which pervades the military and naval establishments themselves. The other alternative, which may cease to be an alternative in a few years, is a firm hand with Russia, and that will undoubtedly involve at least the danger of war. If China actually breaks up, whether that event means the complete triumph of Russia, or the establishment of Russian, British, German, and French "spheres of influence," Great Britain has vested interests in China to maintain—interests which have been established under the promise of protection by British political power. Will Great Britain go to war for her commercial interests? It is not necessary for us to inquire whether commerce, in this age of free intercourse between nations, is worth a war; whether the awful tragedy of war is excusable for the maintenance of a monopoly of trade at a time when no civilized power is actually excluding the merchants of other powers from her domains. Great Britain owes certain duties to her citizens who have gone to China and built up there the enormous interests which are now complaining of neglect at home. War is not inevitable over China, but it is well within the possibilities; and if war comes, the whole of England will doubtless contentedly and gladly suffer, not only for the Englishmen whose pecuniary interests are assailed, but for the maintenance of English honor and English prestige. The question for us is whether we shall join in the struggle, not for the maintenance of interests of comparatively little value or for the vindication of honor unassailed, but for the something vague in the future, something problematical; the result of the contest, so far as Americans at home are concerned, being principally a radical change in our institutions, which, as they exist, have made the American citizen what he is, for the replacement of all of which we have been proud by a burdensome militarism, and by a strong central power which will gradually and inevitably make the government more and more and the individual less and less? These are the reflections which are suggested to us by the British situation in China, and by our own uncertain problem in the Philippines. This is a consideration, we think, that is worthy of serious thought by the administration when the time comes—a time that should have come long ago—for a final decision on this subject.

PUBLIC opinion is going to influence the action of the Peace Conference at the Hague to a greater extent than the diplomats of the Continent have imagined. We say "have imagined" advisedly, for there has already been seen an important change in the opinions of the cynics. It was at first supposed that the "international prayer-meeting" would perfunctorily, but politely, echo the hopes and aspirations of the good people who have taken fire at the Tsar's suggestion, finding that the cause of peace was their own. It is now understood that the people are inclined to make certain demands, and there is a natural disposition to yield to the demands. "The people," of course, in this instance, as in most others, are those who are most insistent, those who make the noise; but if the noise is intelligently made, or if it is the result of a moral sentiment that has been awakened by reflection, or by outrage, or by any substantial cause whatever, it is very likely to find a response from the millions whose instincts are righteous, but who must have their thinking done for them. No men understand this better than the shrewd politicians who manage the public affairs of Europe. For some reason the public sentiment of Europe has been awakened to the enormity of the offence of seizing private property upon the high seas in time of war, the crime of pillage on land having long since been abandoned, and it is more than probable that the conference will adopt a recommendation on this subject similar to that urged last winter upon the President by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Switzerland has openly proposed the adoption of such a recommendation, and President LOUBET approves of it. As the United States and Great Britain are likely to agree with Switzerland and France, it is, as we have said, more than probable that the conference will adopt a resolution against sea raids on commerce, and this recommendation is likely eventually, possibly at an early day, to receive the formal assent of the powers and to become a part of international law.

The gradual disappearance of the private citizen and his property from the field of war, except as he and it are immediately affected by the actual physical presence of troops and battles, is an interesting and important fact in view of this conference. Time was when there was recognized such a thing as private war; and the theory still exists, becoming gradually more restricted, and likely eventually to disappear entirely from the authorities, that in a state of war the citizens of the warring powers are mutually and individually the enemies of one another. But, like some old theological doctrines of the more hateful kind, there is more theory than substance in the proposition, and citizens of an enemy's country often find life in the hostile jurisdiction quite safe, and occasionally agreeable. Not long ago an American citizen narrated in one of the magazines his own experiences while on a visit of business to Spain during our recent war with that country. He was known, and perhaps suspected and disliked, but he was not molested. And so it is everywhere, and will continue to be even in a larger and more generous way than it has been. The truth is that wars are the business of governments engaged in them, and very often not at all the business of the people. They will continue to be the affairs of governments even when the people compel them, until they wear out by reason of the universal recognition of their barbarism, their excessive costliness, and the ignorance and crudity which are implied by the resort to them as the means of settling differences of opinion.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT has come to the knowledge of the WEEKLY that sundry Methodist parsons have lately discovered profane language in Miss Wilkins's *Jerome*, and have felt constrained on that account to use their influence to restrain young persons from reading that story.

There are characters in the tale who garnish their language with "damns," and Miss Wilkins has reported them faithfully, their expletives being fully set forth in type. Now "damn" is not polite language, and though a good many worthy persons find the word convenient for occasional use, it is very generally recognized that indulgence in swear words is inexpedient at least, and should be either eschewed altogether or carefully regulated and limited. But to damn a book as unfit for the young because there are swear words in its dialogue seems an extreme measure. It is highly improbable that Miss Wilkins swears herself, or approves of swearing, for somehow almost all ladies get along without swearing, thereby setting an excellent example to the other sex. But in Miss Wilkins's book there are good men who use strong language under stress of strong emotion, and coarse men who use it without much warrant. She has made them speak as such men do speak, and as a faithful artist she was entirely justified in doing so. If the esteemed Methodist brethren condemn the book on that account, they show themselves to be narrow-minded persons. Parsons, as a rule, do not swear, though the Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, lately rivalled the laity in the vigor with which he damned the Sultan. But they use very strong language when the exigencies of their profession call for it, and they should not seek to inhibit Miss Wilkins from the same privilege under analogous circumstances. The morality of Miss Wilkins's books has never been challenged. They would not be truer or better books if the characters in them never said "damn," nor would they be any better reading for the young if the "damns" in them were printed "d——n" instead of being spelled out.

NOT long ago there was an allusion in the WEEKLY to the poem about Carcassonne, and the French peasant who hoped all his life to see it. The allusion called out an inquiry as to the author and translators of the verses, and it turned out that the best-known translation was one by John R. Thompson, who was formerly a member of the staff of the New York *Evening Post*. A portrait of this same gentleman and poet was unveiled last Monday, June 12, in the public hall of the University of Virginia. The university made an occasion of the unveiling. The portrait, which is said to be admirable, is the gift of Mrs. Andrews, the artist who painted it. It was formally presented, and accepted in behalf of the university, and among several addresses made was one by Mr. W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, who gave an account of Mr. Thompson's life.

Mr. Thompson, albeit he is not as well known to-day as he deserves to be, was a distinguished man of letters of the generation preceding ours. He was a graduate of the university which has just honored him. For years before the civil war he was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a post that brought him into relations with many literary men of that day, and made him the intimate friend and helper of Edgar A. Poe.

When the war broke out he went to London to be the leader-writer of the *Index*, the official organ of the Confederacy in London. On his return, in 1866, he came to New York and joined the staff of the *Post*, a connection which continued until his death in 1873. During those years he was often a contributor to HARPER'S WEEKLY, and to HARPER'S MAGAZINE as well. Mr. McCabe says he wrote a great deal of good verse for the magazines of his day, and regrets that these poems have never been collected. He had many friends among the editors, writers, and publishers of New York, when he lived here, and some very warm ones in Franklin Square. In England, too, where Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, and Bulwer were among his friends, he had a large acquaintance with people worth knowing. Most of his writing was of the fugitive sort, which, though it may make excellent reading, does not make books, and for that reason it is the more gratifying that this portrait of him should hang where it does, and help to keep the memory of him alive.

THE President will need to draw heavily on private sources of consolation to comfort himself for having signed the recent civil service order, for certainly the comment which is being made upon the matter by the newspapers and men that have been used to sustain his acts is not adapted to buttress his self-approval. The open advocates of the spoils system of politics are pleased with the order, and say so; but the friends of civil service reform are nearly unanimous in deploring it. In a statement issued on June 5 by the National Civil Service Reform League it is estimated that the order withdraws from the classified service not about 4000 offices, as was at first supposed, but more than 10,000. It is hardly pretended anywhere that there is any better reason for turning over most of these offices to the spoilsmen than that the spoilsmen want them. The New York *Tribune* comments gingerly on the new rules, but with unmistakable traces of regret and apprehension in its accents. Hoping that the new rules will bear good fruit, it finds "too much reason to fear that the final verdict will be that the tree was bad." The Chicago *Times-Herald*, a journal very devoted to the President, wails right out in meeting, and declares that the order for which the politicians have been begging for a year has been received with sorrow by the true friends of the administration, and with unalloyed joy by every spoilsman throughout the republic. "The President," it says, "has mistaken the buzzing of the politicians in Washington for the wish of the people."

SUCH negro leaders as Booker T. Washington and T. Thomas Fortune do not advise their brethren to meet violence with violence in the South. Mr. Fortune insists that the lawless men in the South are not the black men, but the poor white men, and he says he is willing to contribute a dollar a year towards the elevation of the poor whites. Mr. Fortune's appeal in behalf of the Southern negro is an appeal to law, and practically it is an appeal to public opinion in the South itself; for if the white men of the South, the natural leaders, are not able to put down lynching, it is likely to go on.

But let us examine Mr. Fortune's assertion that the lawless men in the South are not the negroes, but the poor whites. There is obviously this much truth in it, that the lynching is done by whites, and not by blacks. But crime is lawless as well as lynching, and the excuse made for lynching is that there is a stronger tendency at present towards violent, outrageous crimes, like murder and rape, among the present younger generation of Southern negroes than can be restrained by legal process. Lynching is rarely defended as being right, but it is sometimes extenuated as being necessary.

AN idea of how some Southern white men regard some Southern negroes may be had from this extract from a recent letter from a Southern correspondent:

> I do believe (though how can I prove it?) that you have been misled into the publication of a statement that four-fifths of the lynchings in the South during the past year were for crimes other than rape or attempted rape. Lynchings for rape are so lamentably numerous that, if I were to admit that they constitute only one-fifth of the total number, I must confidently expect to see a dead negro hanging at every country cross-road. I simply cannot believe it, and I regret that you should.
>
> My opinions on the negro question have been formed from personal observation. My grandfather was the owner of many negroes, and I know all of his servants who are now living. I know some of them well. My dry-goods bill last month was divided between my wife's purchases and those for the benefit of an old woman who was my mother's "mammy." I sat up many a night at the bedside of my own nurse, and helped bury her, but I would see the *children* of either of these a long way into trouble before I would lift a hand. Why? Because the utter corruption, degradation, filth, loathsomeness of this generation of negroes is the scourge of the South.

That is very strong language. It was not written to be printed, and perhaps it is not quite fair to print it. But it has its value as expressing one phase of Southern opinion. It is evident that this writer, though he speaks so harshly of negroes, does not hate a black man because he is black. His objections to him are based on conduct. He believes that the Southern negroes of the rising generation are worthless—not *all* worthless, of course, but very many of them. He explains his sentiments by telling of individual cases of worthlessness, degradation, and crime that have come to his notice. He says further in his letter, after telling about a bad negro who was hanged for rape by due process of law, and after making a written confession, "We deal so patiently with these creatures, in view of the temptations to do otherwise, that it *hurts* us to be misunderstood."

That is the same cry that found expression in an extract from a Georgia woman's letter printed in the WEEKLY last week. She too insisted that the situation in the South is not understood in the North, and that it drives Southern white people desperate to be criticised and preached to and condemned by Northern critics who do not understand whereof they speak.

Practically the Northern papers preach about the same doctrine as to lynching as the best of the Southern papers do, but they fail to preach it acceptably to the South. Perhaps the reason is partly because they preach from knowledge that is not, and cannot be, familiar and comprehensive.

INCIDENTS come often to notice which show a determination among the law-abiding Southern whites to stand between their more impetuous brethren and the negroes. The determined attitude of the Governor of Georgia towards the White Caps of Griffin, Georgia, who lately undertook to drive the negro mill-hands out of town, is an encouraging case in point, and a fine example to the Governor of Illinois and sundry folks in that State. So was the verdict given on the 5th of May in Louisville in the case of Dinning against Moore and others. That case was widely noticed in the newspapers last month. The story of it, as told by a correspondent of the WEEKLY, is that Dinning, a negro farmer, with twelve children, who lived in Simpson County, Kentucky, was roused in the night of January 21, 1897, by a gang of white men led by Moore, who accused him of stealing chickens, and warned him to leave within ten days. He said he had stolen nothing, and would not go. He then exchanged shots with the regulators and killed one of them. He escaped to the woods, and next day gave himself up to the sheriff. He was tried at Louisville, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Public opinion did not approve the sentence, and the Governor promptly pardoned him. He then went to Colonel B. H. Young, a Confederate veteran, and Mr. St. John Boyle, son of General Boyle, a Federal soldier. They brought suit for him against seven of his assailants for trespass, asking $50,000 damages. The case was tried, and the jury brought in a verdict for the whole sum asked for. "The most despicable of men," said Colonel Young, in his address to the jury, "is one who would impose upon another because his skin is black, and the conduct of these marauders shows them to be as cowardly as they are ignoble."

Of course to get a verdict of $50,000 against seven night-riding scalawags is not quite the same thing as getting the money, but still the verdict is a credit to Kentucky, and an honor to the lawyers who undertook the negro's cause. In Kentucky the whites outnumber the negroes six to one, a condition much more favorable to peaceful relations between the two races than that which obtains in the States farther South. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina there are more negroes than whites. In Alabama, Georgia, and Florida there are nearly as many blacks as whites.

THAT Columbia University should make an LL.D. of Governor Roosevelt was highly appropriate. Harvard used to confer its LL.D. on every Governor of Massachusetts in turn, but it found when General Butler's turn came that it was inconvenient to be bound by a fixed custom, and ever since it has used discrimination, giving its highest honorary degree only to such Governors as it especially desired to honor.

Columbia has not made Roosevelt a Doctor of Laws because he is Governor of New York, but because he is Theodore Roosevelt—a learned man already, and one whose mind being still open and active, and his industry continuous, keeps learning more all the time, and is likely to live to be very wise.

It further honored itself by conferring the same degree on Mr. Carl Schurz, a man of such noted attainments and of so profuse an experience of high distinction that to give him a new handle to his name is a little like painting the lily. That, however, is not a practical criticism, since every wise man must welcome every new token of the esteem in which he is held by his discriminating brethren.

There seems to have been abundant room for Doctor Schurz and Doctor Roosevelt on the same platform at Columbia, which helps to show what a great-minded people we are, and how many diverse phases of energy we can appreciate and assimilate.

THE H. C. Bunner gold medal, awarded in Columbia College this year for the first time, will go to Charles H. Tuttle, '99. Mr. Tuttle gets it in consideration of having written "the best essay on an assigned subject taken from the history of American literature." Professor Brander Matthews says it is the first prize ever instituted in an American university specially for work in American literature. The subject this year was "Daniel Webster as an Orator."

The model for this medal was lately finished by Mr. Charles Y. Harvey, of New York, a pupil of St. Gaudens. On one side is the king's crown of old King's College, and on the other a kneeling youth, unclad, turning the pages of a book. Men who are wise about medals say that this is a very good one, and praise Mr. Harvey's work.

THERE is a prospect that the colleges will commence their new year with a tolerably full equipment of Presidents. Yale has made satisfactory provision for herself; Brown at this writing hopes for Dr. Faunce; and it is reported that Amherst, through her committee, has determined to send a call to Dr. George Harris, Professor of Theology in the Andover Seminary, and President of its faculty.

Dr. Harris is a native of Maine, where he was born in 1844, and was graduated at Amherst in 1866.

IT was stated in the WEEKLY some weeks since, on the strength of current information gleaned from the newspapers, that Union College was in more straitened circumstances than usual. This is denied by a reader of the WEEKLY, who reports, on the authority of President Raymond, that the college is in exceptionally good financial condition, expects to close the year without debt, and hopes to have within another year $250,000 to its credit.

THE Lieutenant Miles whose exploit in the fight at Santa Ana, near Manila, is done into verse by Mr. Scollard on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, is Lieutenant Perry L. Miles, of the Fourteenth Infantry—a young officer about four years out of West Point. Of him it is told, by a correspondent of the *Sun*, that, being ordered by his battalion chief to take a block-house crammed with insurgents, he called for volunteers, and got five. With these he made a dash. Three of his men fell on the way, but with the other two he reached the block-house, the last Filipino retiring by the back door as he came in at the front. He has been recommended for a medal of honor.

THE *Sportsman* (London) of May 23 gives the score of a game of cricket between Mr. E. A. Abbey's team of twelve artists and the Allahakbarrie team, composed of Mr. J. M. Barrie, captain, and eleven others. Mr. Abbey was so fortunate as to include in his aggregation Mr. G. H. Swinstead, who scored 106 runs. Profiting by this gentleman's efficiency, Mr. Abbey's team scored a total of 141 as against 134 for the Allahakbarries. Mr. Abbey personally accumulated 6 runs; Mr. Barrie, 3. Mr. E. W. Hornung, of the Allahakbarries, transmitted the score to this country. Neither Mr. Sargeant nor Mr. Boughton appears among the players, the former doubtless feeling cricket to be an unsuitable relaxation for a gentleman who had so recently read his own obituaries.

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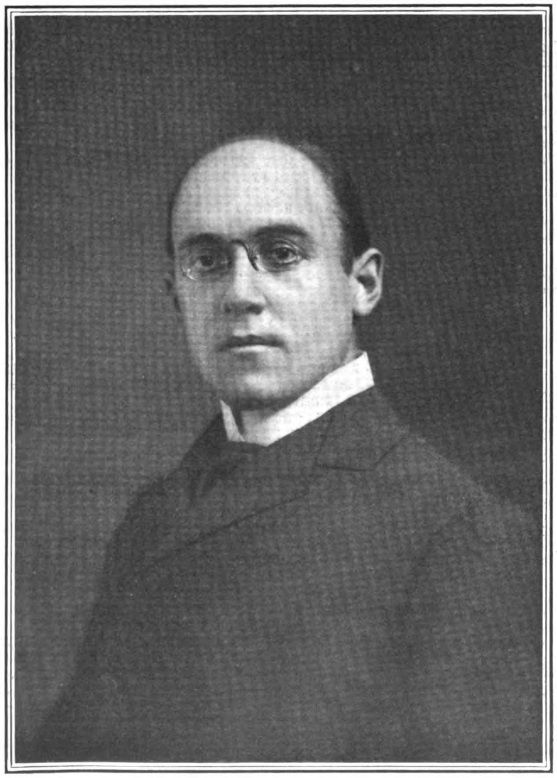
OPENING SESSION OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN THE ORANGE ROOM, PALAIS DU BOIS, NEAR THE HAGUE.

John Barrett

"I AM still a student, not a professor of Asiatic peoples and politics," Mr. Barrett said, in an address on the Philippine Islands and America's interests in the Far East, which he delivered before the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce on the 12th of January. But one who has the full text of the address in his hands soon discovers that this is the work of a man qualified to give instruction in portions of the subject which he has made his specialty. And, as might be supposed, his attainments have received prompt recognition. On his arrival in America recently, after a residence of five years in eastern Asia, he was requested by the New York Chamber of Commerce to speak to that body on America's interests in the Far East, which engagement he fulfilled on June 1. Other addresses followed, by invitation of prominent organizations in Chicago and elsewhere.

The interest of the message which he brings to the people of this country is easily explained: he holds his convictions so strongly and expresses them so vigorously, with the courage to insist upon the points he makes, and if necessary *frapper fort*, that the effect is almost dramatic; he pushes back still farther the horizon of our politics and our commerce, which recent events have so vastly widened; he realizes not only an enormously profitable trade with the Philippines, but still greater opportunities in China. As for our new possessions, he says that if he were asked what is "the first great desideratum for American success in the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Cuba, he would reply unhesitatingly, and yet deliberately, *men*. Given first an act of Congress providing for a special civil service for such possessions, out of which politics will be barred and bolted; then given, secondly, men of quality and integrity—for we have plenty of them—to fill the necessary positions, and the problem of American government or control of the islands will be forever solved." Manila, he thinks, may prove a worthy rival of Singapore, Hong-kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama in the vast commercial exchanges of the Far East—may in the near future have a foreign trade of $100,000,000, and when once she is fairly in the running with her neighbors, under American impetus and training, reach out and control $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. The archipelago, as a whole, he commends in these terms: "I am prepared to state, and prove if questioned, that a richer isolated land, or group of islands, viewed comparatively as to area and population, variety of agricultural, mineral, and forest resources undeveloped, as well as those already improved, cannot be found on this globe." The dangers of the tropical climate are, in his opinion, grossly exaggerated. "The man or woman," he says, "who takes good care of himself or herself is as safe in Manila as in London or New York."

Approaching the subject from another side, Mr. Barrett contends that the United States may not surrender her control of the Philippines altogether without being guilty of flagrant disregard of her best interests, in consequence of which she will in all probability fail to command the position in the Pacific and China to which she is now entitled. There is no question in his mind that after the first few years we shall find the Philippines a permanent paying investment, not only in themselves, but in the consequent increased trade throughout the entire Pacific, where, if we hold the islands, we shall be always first and paramount, but where, if we surrender them, we may come trailing along forever behind Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and even Germany. But even if we would make this sacrifice, he thinks and plainly says we could not and cannot; for, "after this awakening to an appreciation of what the Far East affords, there can be no retreat from a greater participation in its trade and politics, whether the United States shall hold the Philippines in whole or in part. The paramount interests of awakened commerce will insist on a forward movement and the following of such a policy as will best subserve American interests in the vast field concerned." Such a very forcible statement is surely to be construed as referring to peaceful commercial conquests. Mr. Barrett does not serve notice on all persons who think there may be other controlling motives than those of commercial advantage that they may as well Orientalize themselves at one stroke by performing *hara-kiri!*

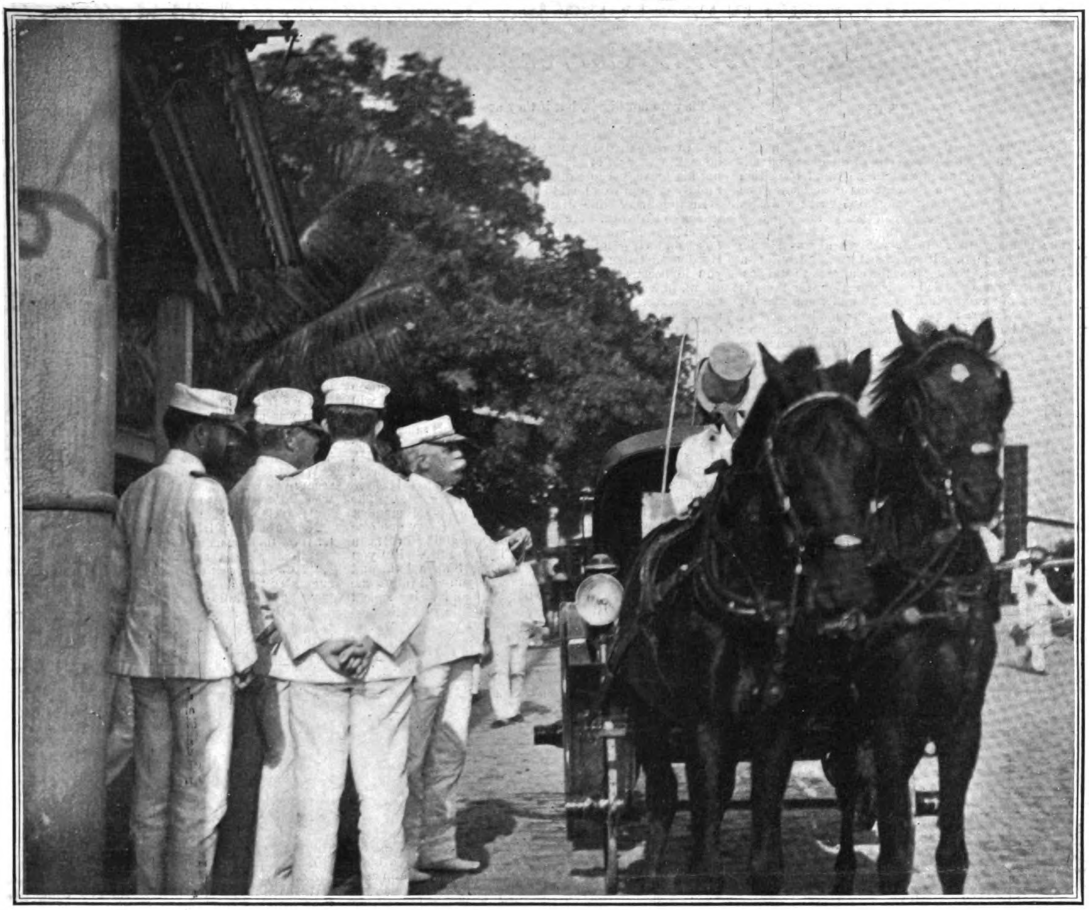


HON. JOHN BARRETT, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SIAM.

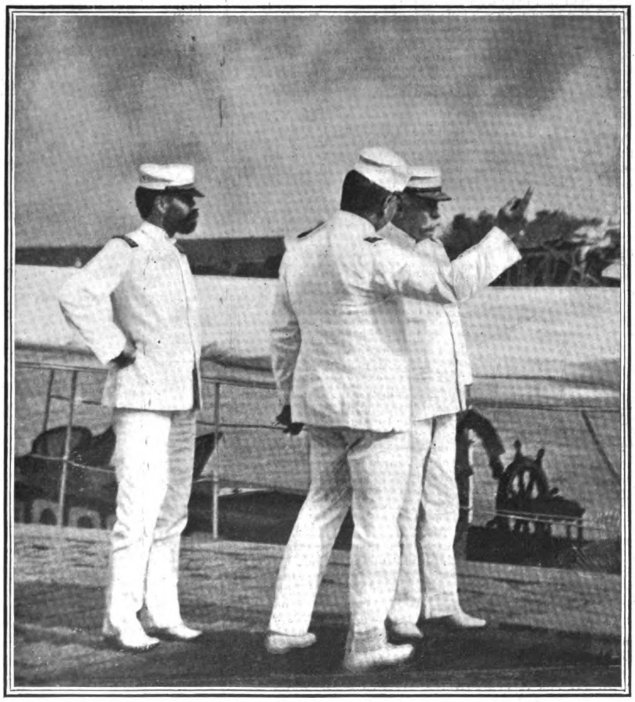
Mr. Barrett is a native of Grafton, Vermont, and a graduate of Dartmouth College. During his course at Dartmouth he made an extended trip through the South, writing articles on what he termed the "New South," from the standpoint of a Yankee, for a syndicate of Northern newspapers, and thus did much to create a favorable opinion of the South in certain sections of the New England and Northern States. After graduation he was led to take up his residence first in San Francisco and later in Portland, Oregon, by his conviction that the opportunities for young men were uncommonly good in that section. From the first he has been a strong believer in the future of the Pacific States, especially in the development of their Pacific and Asiatic commerce. In 1894 he was appointed by President Cleveland to the position of minister to Siam, being at that time barely twenty-seven years of age, and the youngest minister in the American foreign service. In addition to the duty of preserving his health under climatic conditions which we must persist in thinking usually somewhat unfavorable, Mr. Barrett was called upon to exert himself in the settlement of the Cheek case, which he finally brought to arbitration. During his stay in Siam he made repeated visits to China, Japan, Korea, Siberia, Indo-China, Straits Settlements, Java, and the Philippines; and after leaving his post in March, 1898, he went directly to Manila by permission of Admiral Dewey. In November and December he visited to China and Japan, but, returning to Manila, was a spectator of the revolt until the middle of March.

M. W.

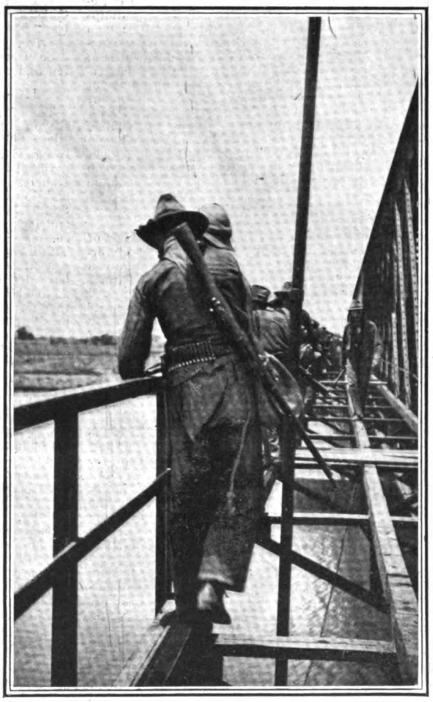
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ADMIRAL DEWEY GOES FOR A DRIVE AROUND MANILA.



ADMIRAL DEWEY AT THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT, MANILA.



DAKOTA AND MONTANA TROOPS CROSSING WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE.

THE PHILIPPINES—ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE IN MANILA, AND THE SCENE OF GENERAL FUNSTON'S MOST DARING EXPLOIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE ISLANDS.

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THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*The Malolos Campaign*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

I.—COMMENTS

MANILA, *April 4.*

A WEEK has passed—a week of fighting and marching, of jungles and rivers, of incident and adventure so varied and of so rapid transition that to sit down to write about it makes one feel as if he were trying to describe a dream where time, space, and all the logical sequences of ordinary life are upset in the unrelenting brutality of war. The military part of the campaign was simple enough to understand. It consisted practically of a straight move forward along the railroad track to Malolos. The real interest does not lie in this direction, for there is little to record of strategy in the past week's movements, unless it be our failure to catch any considerable body of insurgents, and our rather cumbersome way of brushing the enemy aside, instead of cornering them in any one place, there to force an issue. The fighting was, barring a few well-defined exceptions, a long-range conflict with the rear-guard of the enemy, in which Mausers showed their superiority over Springfields. General McArthur himself acknowledged that the battle of February 5 was a regimental commander's fight. The campaign to Malolos was not a regimental commander's fight, and the result has been disappointing, probably because a well-planned, slowly moving battle-line directed as if to meet a well-trained enemy is not successful against a guerilla enemy who simply moves out of the way. In order to make such a campaign successful it would be necessary to have enough troops to occupy every town of importance in the islands—say, 100,000 men.

At the beginning of each day's advance the battle formation was perfect. Our long line, connected throughout, advanced with the precision of clock-work, but it never got a fair knock-down fight out of the enemy. Of course it is a question whether it is possible to corner a Filipino force in such a rough country, with our men heavily loaded down, while the barefooted enemy, knowing every by-path, can slip through the jungle as noiselessly and rapidly as wild animals. At any rate, every one acknowledges to a certain disappointment as to the strategical advantages gained.

As to the moral effect, due to the splendid courage of our men charging day after day against seemingly impregnable trenches and bomb-proofs, and, most of all, to the ease with which we took the capital of the insurgent government, it has been great. How great this moral effect has been on the enemy it is at present impossible to tell, but I do not believe it to be as overwhelming as is believed at headquarters.

It is on the heroism of Jimmy Green, the enlisted man, whether he be volunteer or regular, that the interest of the campaign centres. It is from the individual point of view that the past weeks have been like a dream. In the midst of the carnage of war, tragedies of life have been mixed with the most ghastly pictures of physical mutilation and suffering, until the very rapidity of the transitions dazed one and blunted the sensibilities. Heroism became a matter of course, and death an incident. Imagine as a background to this changing scene, burning villages, smoke, fire, shot, and shell; the ceaseless tramp of tired and often bleeding feet; swamps and jungles to be crossed and rivers to be swum; men weighted down with ammunition and rations, uncomplaining and cheerful under the heat of a tropical sun; at the end of each long day a sharp skirmish, and perhaps death or life-long mutilation! The natural comment is that all this is merely war—the business of the soldier. True; nor do I think that Jimmy Green is troubled with heroics. He accepts the situation as a matter of course, without excitement or hysterics. He has little feeling in the matter, for his heart is not in this fight. He does not like his job particularly well, but these very facts go to show what splendid soldiers American citizens make in the field.

II.—A REGIMENT IN ACTION

From La Loma church you may get the full view of our long line crossing the open field—evenly, steadily, irresistibly, like an inrolling wave on the beach. Here you may learn your first lesson about the United States army. Watch the regiments go forward and form under fire and move on and on, and you will exclaim, "Magnificent!" and you will gulp a little and feel proud, without exactly knowing why. Then gradually the power in that line of Americans will force itself upon you, and you will feel that you must follow, that wherever that line goes you must go also. By-and-by you will be sorry, but for the present the great might of an American regiment has got possession of you. Before, however, you move forward look closely at the line. On the right our men are firing heavily, but on our left you will notice that the Third Artillery are moving forward without firing a shot. It is not because the enemy are not firing at them, for here and there in the line a figure falls.

They will have advanced 1000 yards, under very heavy fire, before they fire their first shot. Look well, for the chances are you will never see such a sight again. They move slowly, steadily; it almost seems to you as if they moved slowly on purpose, just to show how long they can stand it. This is not a dashing charge, where the excitement gives temporary and unusual courage. It is an unwavering advance made possible by the cold determination of every man in the command, backed up by the training of good officers.

You have now learned what sort of a machine the American regiments are when they cross an open field two miles and three-quarters wide, without shelter, and with the enemy firing at them from behind strong intrenchments. Now get in back of the Third Artillery and find out what sort of men these regiments are composed of. You had better run for it and catch up with them before they have gone very far, or you will get all the spent bullets. Just back of the line are the Chinese litter-bearers. They crouch behind some rice mounds and chatter incoherently. A guard stands over them, and when a soldier drops in the firing-line this guard shouts,

"Now, 'Chinos,' get along with you."

They do not like it, but if they are watched and driven they will do anything for money.

Doctor Matthews, attached to the Third Artillery, gallops over the field, looking after the wounded. Although he makes a target of himself in so doing, he insists on riding his horse, because otherwise he could not get around rapidly enough to attend to all the wounded.

In the firing-line Jimmy Green, the enlisted man, stands to his work. He does not look particularly smart. His clothes do not fit him, but he has a rugged homespun face and a clear intelligent eye. He is not a bit excited. He does not like these whistling bullets any more than you do, because he knows what they mean. He is going ahead, however. When his chum is shot by his side he stoops a second over him to say a gruff word or two and moves on. It is against regulations for a man to drop out of the firing-line, even to help a wounded comrade.

"You must like to get shot at?" you say.

He remarks, "I'm paid for it."

He would not work at home for the $15 a month he is receiving, but at that critical moment the self-depreciation of his own motives pleases him enormously, and he will harp on it, although once back in America he will brag and tell the most outrageous yarns about this same battle.

As the advance continues, the fire gets hotter. The line of insurgent trenches follows the edge of woods, which drops back in the immediate front of the Third Artillery, forming a sort of broad bay of open land. Into this space the line moves, getting a cross-fire from three sides. The regiment is now firing by batteries. This is the moment when you will be sorry that you came. Every one else has something to do. The officers are giving orders in sharp staccato voices. The men load and fire. But you have nothing to do but listen to the bullets hum and watch the men drop. If you are wise you will follow me and get into a hole where a wounded man is being looked after. Heretofore the individual whistle of bullets, as they came near or far from you, has attracted your attention, but now there is a continuous singing about your ears, like the whistle of a strong wind in the cordage of a ship, only shrtller.

The man on the stretcher has a shattered bone, from the thigh to the knee. He is quiet, and rather cheerful.

"I didn't think they'd get me," he remarks.

The fire ceases gradually, and enables you to join the line again. By the time you get up to the line, which is now three hundred yards from the woods, the insurgents have left their position. When the wood is reached not a dead Filipino is found in the trenches. The Third Artillery have lost thirty-five men out of a total of three hundred and ninety in thirty minutes.

The Tulihan River was half a mile further on through dense woods and over uneven ground. We caught a glimpse of some of the retreating insurgents, and ran on to their still smoking breakfasts of rice. Under a bush was one wounded native. A soldier approached him cautiously with fixed bayonet. I do not think the man intended to do more than protect himself against treachery on the part of the Filipino. Major Kobbé's indignation, however, was aroused.

"If you touch that man I will shoot you," he cried.

It was the first time I had ever seen the major excited. Quiet and somewhat reserved, he reminds one of an old book which centuries of good taste have picked out to survive.

Soon we moved on again—this time through brush fences, up and down over knolls.

III.—INCIDENTS; MALOLOS CAPTURED

The fifth day (March 29) of the campaign began with a sharp fight as the division crossed the plain to the Bocave River. We observers learned to look on these regiments in a good deal the same way a college man looks on the individual heroes of the 'varsity football team. There was Nebraska, the star end rush, sure to get around the end and down the enemy before he got started with the ball. South Dakota was great on individual plays. Montana and Pennsylvania were reliable to stop any plays in the centre. Kansas played a hard and rough tackle, while the Third Artillery was as sure as Hinkey at left end.

At Bocave we rested a little, and some wanton soldiers burned the village. Here we found a proclamation of Aguinaldo's ordering all natives to burn their houses as they retreated. This plan was apparently in imitation of the Russians in the Napoleonic campaign.

Fortunately for us, our commissary supply does not depend on the country. Neither does the climate at this season in the Philippines make sleeping under the stars a hardship. Our real enemy was the sun, which every day disabled many good men. I shall never forget seeing one poor fellow fall from the ranks and suddenly become a raving maniac from congestion of the brain due to sunstroke. In his delirium he imagined that he was fighting Filipinos, and it took five men to hold him down.

When we started out from Bocave River at two in the afternoon not a shot was fired. The railroad station at Bocave was passed, and still no evidence of the enemy. On went the line, and nearer and nearer we drew to Malolos. Was the fighting over? Apparently the generals thought so, for the regiments were drawn in out of the jungle and marched down in column of fours along the railroad track. At last we came within sight of the station at Guiguinto, with the Guiguinto River just beyond. Heretofore the insurgents had always made a stand on the farther banks of the rivers. It was reasonable to expect something at Guiguinto, not more than five miles from Malolos. The Pennsylvania regiment was thrown out in advance. It deployed, and with extreme caution approached the river. Not a shot from any bush or mound. Perhaps the insurgents did not intend to fight any more. Pennsylvania crossed the railroad bridge Already the soldiers were discussing the chances of Aguinaldo's coming in to surrender that night, or waiting till the following morning. Kansas started across the bridge. Crack, crack, crack, came from the brush ahead. Kansas increased its pace to a dog-trot. The scattered shots swelled into a continuous rattle, and a regular storm of bullets swept down on the bridge. Kansas broke into a run forward. Bullets rattled and rang against the iron bridge. In ten minutes forty of our men, mostly of the Kansas regiment, were shot down. General MacArthur stood near the bridge in the thick of it. Why he was not shot I do not know.

Lieutenant Davis of the navy moved over the bridge with his Colt automatic, and Lieutenant Critchlow, with his field-piece, followed. Kansas and Pennsylvania on each side of the track were in position, and poured volleys into the unseen enemy. The three-inch shells and the incessant stream of lead from the Colt gun soon quieted the zeal of the insurgents.

Night came on, and the army bivouacked in Guiguinto. Somebody set the town on fire. There could have been no more glorious camp fire for a tired army than this crackling, blazing village. However, Mr. John McCutcheon, a fellow-correspondent, and I had little interest in the æsthetic side of life on that night. We were pretty well tired out with the long march. Horses had been impossible, on account of the innumerable small streams that crossed the country. We had had a cup of coffee in the morning, but so great was our slavery to luxurious excess that we felt the need of food that evening. The wagon train was miles behind, and we did not care to ask any officers or soldiers to share their hardtack with us.

"Pooh!" said McCutcheon, "we can dust for ourselves. There must be good things in that burning village."

We started down one of the streets. There did not seem to be much food lying around. It was very hot, and we sat down to rest near the trunk of a tree.

"Look!" said Mac.

Near us stood a frightened pig, evidently seeking shelter from the fire, as we had done.

"Roast pig is very good," I ventured.

"How shall we do it?" whispered Mac, in a tone which suggested that he intended murder.

"I have no knife," said I.

"I have one," answered Mac, fumbling in his pockets. He finally drew out a penknife. Then we got some half-burned brittle stakes and made a bold charge on the enemy. The pig bolted. Then began a chase through the burning town. The pig picked out burning heaps of cinders and ran right over them. We followed with flank movements. It was a chase for life. The pig seemed to know what we were after, and gathered new energy every time he poked his nose on a burning log. It was a last effort on our part, and we felt that we could not survive failure. At last we cornered him. Mac was to charge, while I cut off the retreat. Mac started with a rush. Suddenly his arms went up into the air and he disappeared from sight. He had fallen down a dry well. The pig escaped.

"Hadn't we better get a drink?" suggested Mac.

We found a well. The water was thick and milky and a little salt, like gruel. We drank with relish.

When we wandered back to camp a cheery voice hailed: "Won't you join us?"

It was Major Young and Lieutenant Critchlow of the Utah batteries sitting down to supper. We stepped into the ring of light thrown by the camp fire, and looked at the bewildering sight before us: roast chicken, and plenty of it, bread, butter, jam, tomatoes, cheese, potatoes.

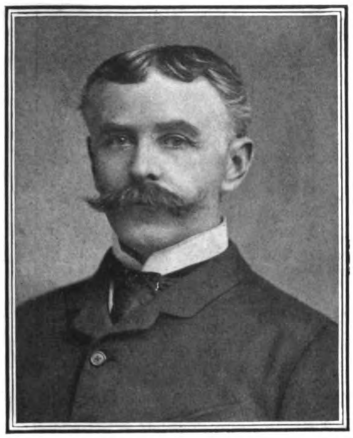
On March 30 the army moved forward again. There was some fighting on the right wing for Nebraska, but otherwise the insurgents kept out of our way, and left their trenches without firing, until we came to Santa Isabel, three miles from Malolos. General MacArthur with his staff was, as usual, walking down the track, when some natives dressed in white appeared on the track, and one of them came towards us. The general ordered a white flag to be waved. The native came into our lines, and the general assured him that non-combatants would be treated kindly and not shot at by the United States army. The native asked permission to go back and tell his companions, in order that they might come into the American lines. He was allowed to go, and walked down the railroad track, disappearing in the brush. A minute later a volley crashed down the track, evidently aimed at General MacArthur.

Friday, March 31, at 9.30, the seventh day after the start from La Loma church, Malolos was taken. The four 3.2-inch guns under Major Young and the Colt automatic fired from Santa Isabel at the insurgent positions for an hour. Then the infantry advanced. Nebraska got a little fighting on the extreme right, as usual, but no shots were fired in our front. Malolos lies about a mile west of the railway. A company of the Twentieth Kansas went along a road leading from Santa Isabel to Malolos. When one-quarter of a mile from the town, we saw the headquarters of Aguinaldo in the old Spanish convent building. Twenty men of the Kansas pushed ahead rapidly. Suddenly, as they turned a corner of the street about two hundred yards from the square of the town, they ran upon a barricade, and a dozen shots came whizzing down the street. We plastered ourselves against the walls of the buildings and waited. Five minutes passed, and we moved forward cautiously.

The trench was deserted. The men thought they saw a few insurgents disappearing, and fired a volley across the square. The old convent next to the church was burning and crackling. As if at a preconcerted signal, the nipa huts of the town beyond the big buildings about the square burst into flames. The windows of several buildings in the square opened, and Chinamen began to come out like rats. They let themselves down into the square with ropes. They threw down great bundles of clothes, and began rushing about the square this way and that, gesticulating and jabbering. A more dramatic scene cannot well be imagined. At last the soldiers quieted the Chinamen and got them seated in one corner of the square.

The town was gutted; nothing but bare houses remained. Mac and I sat down to rest for a moment, and then started down the long street lined with nipa huts for the railroad station to take the first train for Manila. The soldiers had come in from the railroad on the east, and lined both sides of the road. Sitting on the ground, they were breaking open cocoanuts and drinking the cool milk with avidity.

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FRANK THOMSON,
President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Born July 5, 1841. Died June 5.

Frank Thomson

A NEW YORK contemporary announced last week, in head-line type, that the late Frank Thomson, of Philadelphia, "began life, a humble mechanic, in the company's shops at Altoona." He did not. He began life at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1841, and was seventeen years old and had been educated at the Chambersburg Academy before he went into the Altoona shops. That he was ever a "humble mechanic" is highly improbable. American mechanics are very rarely humble under any circumstances, and there was certainly nothing to make Frank Thomson humble in 1858. He was young, able, and vigorous; his father was a judge, and had been a Congressman; he had finished his preliminary schooling, and he went into the Altoona shops because he liked machinery better than law. He did what Mr. C. P. Huntington recommends young men to do if they do not study a profession—that is, to get into business early. He was as fine an example as any one will find of the results of a business training as compared with a college training. But then he was a remarkable man, and things came his way with an unusual rush. By the time he had been three years in the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad the civil war broke out. Thomson was a youth consumed with energy and ambition, and already an accomplished railroad engineer. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was Assistant Secretary of War, made him his chief assistant. For three years, until June, 1864, he worked for the government, conjuring up burned bridges, reconstructing dismantled railroads, and keeping open and operating an apparatus by which soldiers and supplies could be carried to the front. Then he went back to the Pennsylvania Railroad and became a division superintendent. He showed excellent ability, and nine years later became superintendent of motive power. A year later he was made general manager of the lines east of Pittsburg. In 1882 he became second vice-president, in charge of traffic. In 1888 he became first vice-president, and in 1897 he succeeded Mr. Roberts as president of the road.

He got into active business very young, worked extremely hard, and is dead at least a dozen years too soon. Mr. Thomson was as admirable in character as in ability. He stood for good work, and for the highest standards in work; and while he loved success, he believed in earning it. He was honored and esteemed as widely as he was known, and was best loved at home, where he was known best.

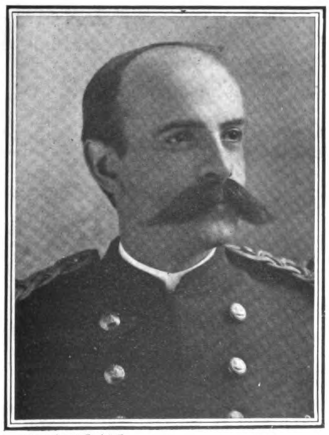


Photo. by Stafford & Co.

MAJOR ARTHUR M. DIGGLES, U. S. V.,
13th Minnesota. Mortally wounded in the Malolos Campaign—Died May 26.—[See Page 608.]

Augustin Daly

THE unexpected death of Augustin Daly, on June 7, in Paris, will be felt by a multitude of Americans to be a serious calamity. Mr. Daly sailed for Europe on May 14, and had pneumonia on the steamer going over. By the time he reached London he had partly recovered, but went on to Paris against the advice of physicians, and died of heart-failure at the Hôtel Continental.

He was a very important man in New York, for we have been used for many years to look to him, more than to any other one man, for theatrical performances in which persons of polite tastes could find entertainment. Beyond doubt he was the leading manager of his day in this country. He had faults of temper and personal idiosyncrasies which were drawbacks to his complete success; he is criticised, too, for his failure to develop American playwrights and for his preference for plays of French or German origin; but even his critics admit that he knew his business in certain directions better than any of his rivals, that he had a true feeling for art and was willing to work hard and spend money lavishly for art's sake, and that in the scholarship of his profession no American contemporary approached him. He gave New York good plays, and New York was grateful, and will miss him keenly now that he is gone.

Mr. Daly was born in 1838, in Plymouth, North Carolina, and came to New York in 1854. He first found employment as clerk in a store, but his ambition was to be a playwright, and he set himself early to realize it. For nearly eight years he spent his evenings in writing plays not destined to be acted. His first successful play was "Leah the Forsaken," an adaptation, or free translation, of Mosenthal's "Deborah." That was put on the stage in 1862, with Kate Bateman as *Leah*, and did well. Next



AUGUSTIN DALY.
Born July 20, 1838. Died June 7.

his "Taming a Butterfly," adapted from Sardou, was produced, and a year later the dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt."

Meanwhile he became a theatrical critic, and wrote for the New York *Times* and other papers. At the same time he worked at "Under the Gas-light," a New York melodrama, which was performed at the New York Theatre in 1867, and had a great popular success. For that play he was stage-director, and the next year began the career as manager of a stock company, on which his reputation chiefly rests. After testing his abilities with Mrs. Scott Siddons in 1868, he leased in 1869 the Fifth Avenue Theatre, got together a stock company, and brought out twenty-five plays within a year. They brought him more reputation than money, until he tried "Frou-Frou," which he had translated from the French. That, with Agnes Ethel as the heroine, did well, and helped to establish the reputation of the Daly Company.

During the next ten years he had many ups and downs. In 1873 he was burnt out of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was rebuilt; but four years later, in spite of the success of "Divorce," "Pique," and "The Big Bonanza," three plays of his own, his losses compelled him to retire from management. He started again in 1879, in the present Daly's Theatre, which was leased for him by his father-in-law, Mr. John Duff, and his course since that time is familiar to the theatre-goers of the contemporary generation. He made Daly's Theatre the most noted in the country. The money he made in suiting the public taste he spent freely in trying to educate it. Year after year he gave Shakspere's plays, usually at a loss. He had high aspirations in his profession, and he had the skill and the courage that they required. Several times he took his company to London, where finally, in 1893, a theatre was built for him, which still bears his name.

Among the players whose names are most familiarly associated with his are Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, John Drew, and Ada Rehan.

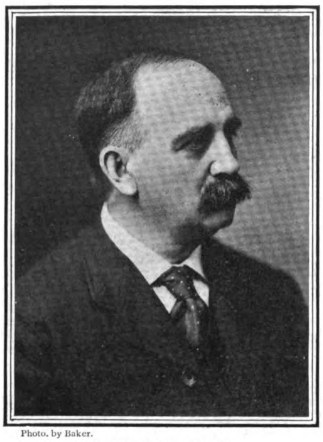


Photo. by Baker.

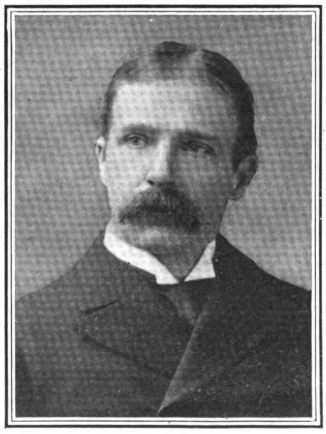
GEORGE K. NASH,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Ohio.

Men of the Day

THE Republican State Convention at Columbus, June 2, nominated Judge George K. Nash, who was regarded as the candidate preferred by the national administration, more particularly by Senator Hanna, for Governor of Ohio. Mr. Nash was born in Medina County, Ohio, on August 14, 1842. His elementary studies were pursued at schools in the neighborhood of his father's farm, and he had entered upon a more advanced course at Oberlin College when the civil war broke out. In his Sophomore year books were abandoned in favor of active service in the field; he enlisted and served through the war as a private soldier. Exposure in the campaigns of those years told severely upon his health. He did not return to college, but instead began to read law. Admitted to the bar in 1867, he took up the active practice of his profession, and became prosecuting attorney of Franklin County in 1870—which office he held until October 1, 1874. In 1879 he was elected to the post of Attorney-General by the Republican party in Ohio; in 1883 he accepted an appointment by Governor Foster as judge of the Supreme Court Commission. During several years he served as chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee.

WHEN he was in his Senior year at Brown, William H. P. Faunce won a Carpenter premium, an honor awarded to two members of the Senior class who "shall, in the judgment of the faculty, unite in the highest degree the three most important elements of success in life—ability, character, and attainment." At a meeting of the Brown University Corporation on June 3, 1899, Rev. William H. P. Faunce, A.M., D.D., of New York, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, was elected unanimously to the Presidency of Brown University and to the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

The man who learned what his college thought of him at the age of twenty-one, and now at the age of forty-one has had the good fortune to hear the same authoritative voice say "I told you so," is a native of Massachusetts, a direct descendant of Elder Thomas Faunce, who was ruling elder in the Old Plymouth Church for forty years. Born in Worcester, in January, 1858, fitted for college at Concord and Lynn, Mr. Faunce entered Brown in 1876. After receiving his degree as A.B., he entered Newton Theological Seminary, and was graduated in 1884. He was ordained the same year as pastor of a church in Springfield, Massachusetts, and in this pastorate he continued until called to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York city, where he has remained until the present time, a period of about ten years.

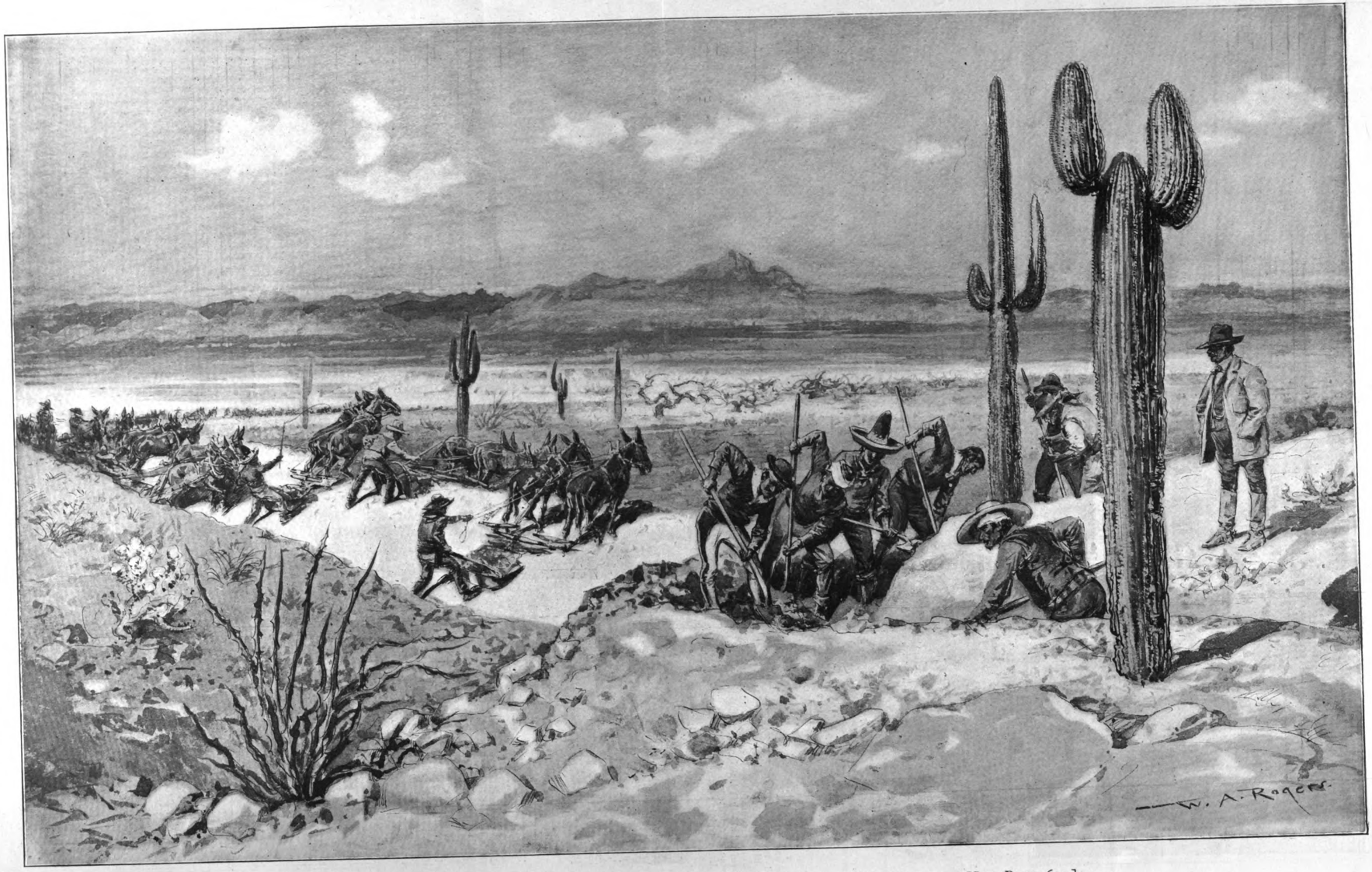


REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE,
New President of Brown University.

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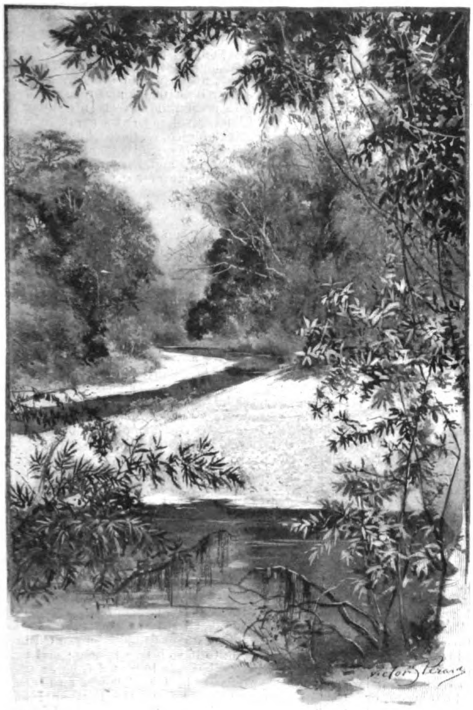
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CONQUERING A DESERT IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 609.]

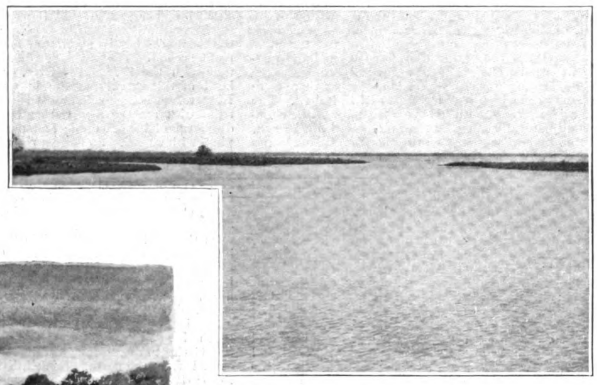
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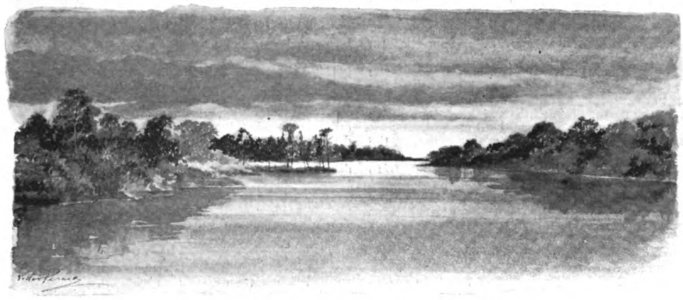
VIEW ON THE LOWER RIO GRANDE.



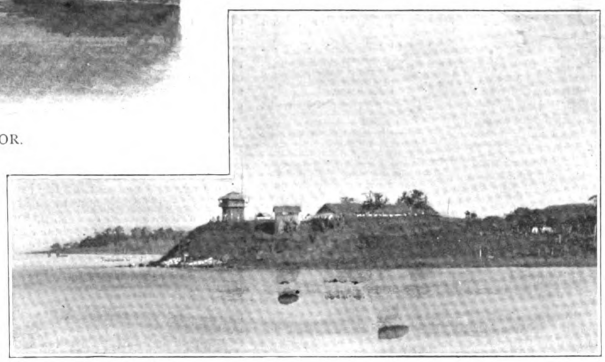
VIEW ALONG THE LAKE SHORE AT FORT SAN CARLOS.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.



MOUTH OF RIO FRIO FROM LAKE NICARAGUA.



MOUTH OF CANAL, GREYTOWN HARBOR.



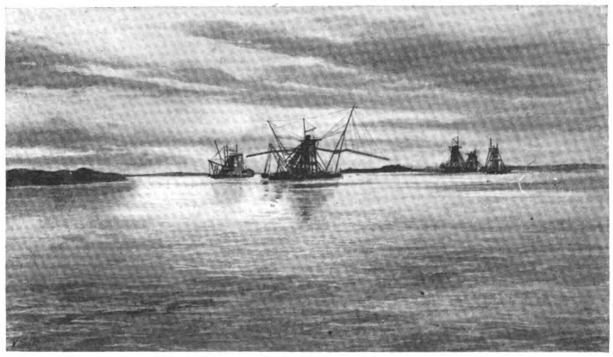
SAN CARLOS—LAKE NICARAGUA AT THE HEAD OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



VIEW OF THE RIO GRANDE.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.



MOUTH OF THE SAN CARLOS RIVER FROM SAN JUAN.



RUINED DREDGES, GREYTOWN HARBOR.

ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL.—[See Page 596.]

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THE NICARAGUA CANAL IN SIGHT. *By Francis E. Leupp*

AFTER many years of buffeting against adverse fortune, the scheme for cutting an interoceanic canal through the narrow neck of land which unites the North and South American continents seems on the way to accomplishment. It made its most important advance when a government commission, consisting of Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, of the navy, Colonel Peter C. Hains, of the Corps of Engineers of the army, and Professor Lewis M. Haupt, a distinguished engineer in civil life, spent the greater part of a year in Nicaragua, studying the country with a view to setting at rest forever the main question of the practicability of a canal, and the subsidiary question of the expense which would be involved in constructing it. Work had already been begun by the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, a corporation chartered in the United States, upon a canal which it was proposed to build on a private concession, chiefly with private capital and for private profit; but, as is the case with most undertakings for great public works privately capitalized at the outset, the uncertainty of the results was magnified tenfold in the minds of investors with the first serious drain upon the company's treasury. Congress, to whom the incorporators appealed for a government guaranty, stood aloof. There was a widespread feeling that if a canal were to be run through Nicaragua, it would be better to have the whole enterprise in the hands of the government. But first the people demanded an opinion pro or con from some source to which no suspicion of selfish benefit could attach; and, accordingly, by authority of Congress, the President selected the Walker Commission as a group of trained men whose judgment would not only be sound in itself, but compel confidence everywhere.

The report of this commission is now in his hands. It is unique in the way it approaches the discussion of its subject. Other reports, official or semi-official, have been made from time to time on the question of practicability and the choice of routes, but they have treated the matter from the point of view of the special advocacy of some one route, leaving open the question whether there were not other routes which could be followed if desired. The inquirer who sweeps with his eye a flat map of the country would naturally ask why the canal could not be run, like an ordinary ditch across a prairie, from this point on one sea-coast to that point on another, saving distance and trouble by making the line as straight as the crow flies. Or, if the presence of a mountain system passing down the middle of the narrow land be recognized, the next question is, why not cut through this chain directly from ocean to ocean? Those questions the Walker Commission have endeavored to answer in their own way by showing, as judges and not as advocates, the scientific reasons why first this and then that tract of country should be eliminated from the problem, till they are able to mark out an area of "comparative feasibility"—borrowing this term from Professor L. M. Keasbey—outside of which it is not worth while to look.

Admiral Walker's organization of his commission and the plan he adopted for its work were methodical and thorough. The details and the command of the field parties were committed to E. S. Wheeler, chief engineer. The first stage of the examination was topographical. Here the commission had the advantage of access to former surveys, so that it needed only to fill the vacant spaces here and there which had been overlooked, and push its inquiry into some regions which had not been touched at all.

The next survey was geologic. This was the first attempt at such an undertaking, no former expedition having apparently considered the geology of the country of sufficient importance to demand the assistance of experts. Yet, when it is remembered that one of the stock arguments against the construction of any canal through the tropics has been the peril from seismic disturbances, the value of this branch of the work cannot be overestimated. Slight earthquakes are frequent in northwestern Nicaragua, the centre of these shocks being always near the line of the Nicaragua volcanoes. But only two or three of these volcanoes still emit any smoke, the signs all indicating that the present is an era of subsidence, and that seismic manifestations will continue to grow lighter, and finally cease altogether. The canal route, moreover, is entirely south of the region of their occurrence; and within historic times no earthquake has been known in the canal tract of sufficient violence to injure the work.

The geologists furnished a classification of the formations and material along the line of the various canal locations with enough accuracy for a preliminary estimate of the cost of cutting channels and rearing walls. The work of the meteorologists and the hydrologists came next. They have measured the rainfall continuously for more than a year at twelve different stations, and also the discharge of all important streams in the entire drainage-basin at high and low water, calculated the amount of sediment carried by them, and taken observations of evaporation.

All this is an advance upon any inquiry heretofore made. As a result of it the physical reasons which limit the canal region may be summarized thus: Beginning on the eastern seaboard, the country south of the San Juan River is excluded by the large rivers which cross it. The country north of the San Juan Valley is excluded by the range of high hills which crosses it in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction. This leaves for the canal region on the east side only the narrow valley and the delta plain of the San Juan River. On the west side, the country, both north and south of the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Lajas rivers, is excluded by the range of high hills which forms the continental divide.

As to the particular route to be taken through the canal region, there has been, for a long part of the way, no substantial difference of opinion between the several engineering parties who have been on the ground at various periods. All, for example, have made use of Lake Nicaragua, and of about the same entrance into and exit from the lake. Beginning at Brito, on the west coast, and moving eastward, the first stage of seven miles is the flood plain of the Rio Grande. This plain is irregular in shape, with a seaward slope of about ten feet to every mile. It is partly under cultivation, but generally wooded, and is the most fertile and beautiful valley in the canal region. From the head of this valley to Lake Nicaragua is about ten miles. The excavation for the canal here would be almost entirely through rock, the average thickness of the earth on the rock being about six feet. The rock is sandstone and shale, much broken and easy to excavate. This part of the canal region is quite narrow, the hills approaching closely on each side.

This brings us—as the reader will see by following the route on the map—to Lake Nicaragua, which is on a high table-land, and is the source of water-supply for both the eastern and the western sections of the canal. The lake has an extreme length of perhaps 100 miles and an extreme width of 45, or a surface area of some 3000 square miles—about one-third that of Lake Erie. Its greatest depth is 200 feet. The length of the sailing-line between the points where the canal enters and leaves it is, in round numbers, 70 miles. With a drainage area of 12,900 square miles, the inflow of water during the periods of great rainfall is sometimes sufficient to raise the surface 5 inches in forty-eight hours. Its maximum outflow is 50,000 cubic feet per second. The evaporation is estimated at 3½ to 5 feet annually. During the dry season the evaporation exceeds the inflow; and it is believed that during exceptionally dry years this excess holds good the entire year. The result is a great fluctuation in the elevation of the surface of the lake at various periods. There are reports extant that it has been known to fall as low as 97 feet above sea-level and to rise as high as 112 feet. It certainly does fluctuate between 100 and 110 feet above sea-level, and at no infrequent intervals. Its depth along the proposed sailing-line is ample, except for some thirteen miles on the east side. Here submarine excavations will be necessary, but the borings show that the material to be excavated is only silt.

The San Juan River is about 120 miles long. Where it leaves Lake Nicaragua its maximum discharge is 50,000 cubic feet per second. At the mouth of the San Carlos River the discharge is doubled; and when it enters the Caribbean Sea its maximum discharge is 300,000 cubic feet a second. The upper San Juan is comparable in volume with the St. Marys River, or the Potomac at the head of tide-water, and the lower San Juan with the Niagara, or the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. Its principal tributaries are the San Carlos River, with a maximum discharge of 100,000 cubic feet per second, and the Sarapiqui with 60,000. So large a river in so small a drainage basin is due to the great rainfall, which in the country between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea is about 21 feet annually. The annual evaporation from the land surface is about 3 feet. This leaves 18 feet to run off, or about eighteen times the average in the United States east of the Mississippi River.

At the head of the delta plain the San Juan separates into several distributaries. The Colorado River is the largest, and carries about four-fifths of the water; the lower San Juan comes next, and has a small branch called the Tauro; the San Juanillo leaves the main river, and after a circuitous curve of about twenty miles rejoins it. There is nothing to prevent carrying the canal along the north side of the San Juan River from the mouth of the San Carlos to the sea, since in that section no large streams enter it from the north. Some hills which approach close to the river can be cut through or passed around.

To summarize the conclusions of the commission, the upper San Juan from the lake to the mouth of the San Carlos, and the lower San Juan from the Colorado to Greytown, can be canalized at reasonable cost. The rest of the river, from the mouth of the San Carlos to the mouth of the Colorado, could not be canalized except at a practically prohibitive expense. From Lake Nicaragua to the mouth of the San Carlos the canal route is practically the river itself. Some bends in the river could be shortened by cut-offs. Wherever the length of the canal could be shortened with an extra cost of less than $250,000 per mile of shortening, it has been recommended, but where the extra cost would be greater it has not. This rule was derived thus: If it be assumed that 10,000,000 tons of business would pass through the canal annually, it would be safe to infer that the tolls would be adjusted so as to yield 4 per cent. on the investment. Now ocean freights for 3000 miles or more are usually one mill per mile per ton, half of this being for shore expenses, such as loading, unloading, warehousing, and insurance. This leaves one-half mill for water carriage; but as vessels would move at half-speed in the canal, the rate may be estimated at one mill per mile per ton. For 10,000,000 tons this would amount to $10,000 a mile. Hence, if the canal were shortened one mile at any point, $10,000 in additional tolls could be collected annually. At 4 per cent. this would pay interest on $250,000; hence, $250,000 could be borrowed on such a cut-off and pay interest without loss.

On the west side the Maritime Canal Company's line has been followed almost wholly. The valleys are so narrow, and the physical conditions so defined, that no considerable variation would be possible.

Since the canal region is thus circumscribed, and for the greater part is occupied already by the line mapped out by the Maritime Canal Company, the question naturally arises, Why not adopt the company's programme as a whole for any government work which may be undertaken? Here it will be necessary to draw a sharp distinction between two terms which the public are apt to confound—the route and the construction plan. The company's route and the commission's coincide in the main from the western extremity of the canal as far eastward as Ochoa. From that point to the Caribbean they are utterly unlike. Below the confluence of the San Carlos River the commission would take the canal out of the San Juan, so as to avoid the floods from the San Carlos. The company's plan proposes carrying water from the lake eastward to the Eastern Divide, keeping it at a high level by the use of a line of embankments where necessary. Though no doubt is thrown upon the practicability of this plan, it involves some great uncertainties, particularly as to the permanency of the work when finished. As the river has a natural fall of about one foot to the mile from the level of the lake, in a distance of 70 miles it will be necessary to raise the level of the river about 70 feet. Such embankments as are needed to hold up this water must have proper foundations, free from alluvium and silt, and the borings made by the commission's geologists show that in order to find such a footing it would be necessary to carry the work down in some places 60 feet below the surface of the earth, making 130 feet of wall in all. At the Eastern Divide the company proposes to make a cut 300 feet deep through the ridge, and construct a series of locks from that point to the sea, a distance of some 27 miles. Few such cuts have ever been made, and those which have approached this in magnitude have been subject to slips and small landslides, involving extra expense for maintenance and repairs. Moreover, the backing of the water, as contemplated by the company's plan, would create an artificial lake between 95 and 100 square miles in area, so that, if the crest of one of the embankments should give way at any time, the escape of all this impounded water would carry stupendous wreck and ruin before it.

The company's route is shorter than the commission's by about 8 miles. As the speed at which large vessels would move through the canal would be, say, 8 miles an hour, the saving of time would be insignificant. Moreover, by the commission's plan there would be no cut through the divide, no embankments in danger of yielding, and no landslides to be feared.

"How do you account for the difference in the estimates made by competent engineers as to the cost of a canal through Nicaragua by routes substantially similar?" Admiral Walker was asked by the present writer.

"By the difference in the plans of construction," he answered. "The first thing demanded is that the canal shall answer the needs of commerce; but those needs differ in different eras. The Childs survey, made nearly fifty years ago, set the cost at only $37,000,000, or less than one-third of our estimate. This great divergence is not to be accounted for by any increased engineering difficulties, but by the increased size of the ships to be accommodated. Even our plan does not contemplate a canal which can be used forever. We have figured for a canal large enough for our present needs, but it may be outgrown in twenty-five or thirty years. With a view to this possibility, we have chosen such a location and plan of construction as will enable posterity to make changes from time to time as they seem necessary."

"Would native labor be used in building the canal?"

"To some extent; but the native labor is not sufficient, even if we could command all there is in the country. It has been suggested that we try Chinese, but there are objections to this. The use of Chinese on the Costa-Rican railways is said not to have been a success; and the same is true of Italians. Negroes imported from Jamaica are said to have proved to be good laborers on the Panama Canal; but men brought from the Fortune Islands to work on the Silico Railway, while at first fairly satisfactory, became easily discouraged by bad weather or slight illness, like children, and did not continue to put heart into their work. It is quite possible that the best labor that could be employed in Nicaragua would be whites and negroes taken from our Southern States. White labor, which has been employed on the Mississippi levees, would be superior to anything that we would be likely to get, but the quantity of this is limited."

"Are not the local sanitary conditions such as to imperil the lives of white workmen?"

"No, I think not. I do not see why it should be, if ordinary care is taken. We had from eighty to one hundred white men in the field while making our ten months' survey, divided into eight parties, and these sometimes divided again into sub-parties, so that their local distribution was wide. We kept a careful health record, which shows that we lost only one man. He died in Washington, of yellow fever, but the circumstances were exceptional: in order to save a week's time in the sailing of a steamer, he insisted upon going to Port Limon, Costa Rica, when it was a very nest of fever, and caught the disease there. On the eastern section of the canal route we had no complaint of bowel troubles, although the men drank persistently of the swamp water. Possibly this immunity was due to the fact that the average rainfall there is seven times as great as the average in the thickly populated part of the United States, and the pools have no chance to become stagnant. On the western section the rainfall is only one-third as great."

"Would the government of Nicaragua be likely to raise any objections to our government's coming in there with a public enterprise, in view of the concessions already granted to private parties, the survival of which is a subject of controversy?"

"That is something outside of the line of our work as a commission; but my personal impression is that the republic of Nicaragua would welcome any enterprise which gave promise of making the canal an accomplished fact. Commercially the direct advantage to the Nicaraguans of having the canal run through their country would be great, for Nicaragua produces much that she could ship to other countries at a profit. Then the building of the canal, and its operation, would inevitably bring a good deal of money into the country for the purchase of fresh food-supplies and the like. The canal would have a potential value locally also, from the fact that freight could be moved through Nicaragua at current ocean rates, one mill per mile per ton, on ships using the canal, and this might stimulate immigration. If the right sort of people, with plenty of capital and push, should be attracted to Nicaragua by her increased facilities for doing business with the outside world, they could assist largely in the development of the country."

The dimensions of the canal, as recommended by the Walker Commission, are as follows: Total length, if the route through the delta plain on the east side passing north of Lake Silico be used, 189.9 miles; minimum depth of water at all stages, 30 feet; width, 100 feet in rock cuts, elsewhere varying from 150 to 300 feet, except in Lake Nicaragua, where one end of the channel will be made 600 feet wide; six locks on the west side, with lifts of 19.3 feet each, and on the east side six locks with lifts of 18.4 feet each. On the question of total cost, the commissioners differ. Admiral Walker and Mr. Haupt set their estimate at $118,113,790, while Colonel Hains sets his at $134,818,308.

Congress, at its last session, was so impressed with the importance of the whole isthmian problem that it resolved to have the facts regarding the proposed Panama route before it, as well as those concerning Nicaragua. It accordingly authorized the expenditure of $1,000,000 by a new commission to investigate the merits of all suggested locations and develop generally a project for an isthmian canal.

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BALLAD OF LIEUTENANT MILES

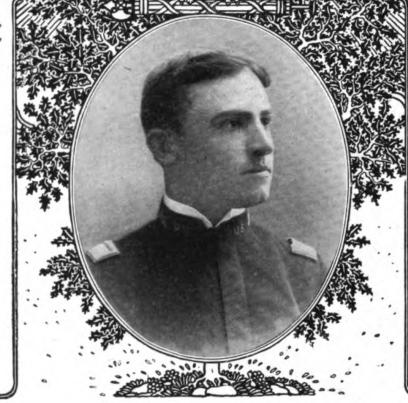
BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the rebel line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hark their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder block-house—that's our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damnèd spell!"
"Volunteers!" he cried. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.



There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
"Come!"—oh, blithely thus he saith!—
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve nor stay of pace,
And the rebels—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat—
Every rebel rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

EDWARD B. EDWARDS

LONDON

May 27, 1899.

SINCE the Cæsars received divine honors in decadent Rome no sovereign has had such a tribute of respect from the Old World and the New as the Queen on her birthday. Like the Emperor Augustus, Queen Victoria has placed her yoke alike upon the British and the hardy Parthians, as Horace, the Alfred Austin of his day, pointed out in a well-known ode. The adulation of the Queen on her eightieth birthday might seem servile and impious—approaching actual deification—were it not that the whole significance of the demonstration lies in its voluntary character. The Queen has assumed a place among the tutelary deities of England. Among some of the hill tribes of northern India temples have been erected in her honor, while throughout her empire she is the object of private superstition. She alone among women has experience of apotheosis on this side of the grave. To the loyal rejoicings of her Majesty's own subjects were joined the congratulations of foreign rulers and communities. Among these none has been more striking than the message of the President of the United States and the speech of Admiral Sampson. If the enthusiasm of Americans in London be any criterion of the feeling that prevails in the States, the Queen has regained from the grandchildren of the Revolution some of the affection and respect forfeited by her grandfather. As usual, Lord Rosebery is public orator, and with felicitous passion articulates general opinion in his dramatic picture of the most signal and most illustrious reign in British history. President McKinley's expression of regard and affection which the American people cherish towards the Queen is gratefully received and most highly prized. The German Emperor honored the birthday of his grandmother by a banquet. The Emperor Francis Joseph paid a personal visit of congratulation to our ambassador. King Humbert of Italy attended the garden party given by Lord Currie. The Boer government in Pretoria adjourned the Raad in honor of the Queen—a diplomatic and sagacious course to pursue. The colonies throb with emotion. A great banquet was held in London, presided over by Lord Rosebery, and attended by three hundred representative subjects of the Queen. The dinner was spontaneous, not official, not ministerial, and was attended by the representatives of all the Queen's services in all parts of her empire. One of the tables was made up entirely of gentlemen hailing from the United States. The speech of Colonel Taylor, U. S. A., in reply to the toast of the United States, was met by the whole of the guests rising and remaining standing until the conclusion of the "Star-spangled Banner," which was played by the band as a compliment to America.

IT may seem to some people that I lay undue stress upon and devote too much space to these celebrations of the Queen's birthday. At fourscore years it is not to be expected that the Queen will remain with us for long. When she departs great changes are inevitable—changes dreaded by many. At the time of her Majesty's accession Sydney Smith preached in St. Paul's Cathedral a sermon on the duties of the Queen. This sermon of sixty-two years back has been turned by the course of events into a prophecy that has been fulfilled. The Queen has been granted a long sojourn upon earth. She has followed peace and ensued it. She has made few orphans and few widows in her reign. She has used all the weight of her character, all the power of her situation, to check the irascible passions of the meat-eating English, and she can honestly exclaim, when the hour arrives, with the pious Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

A GREAT struggle on the subject of Sunday, or rather seven-day, newspapers ended this week, when the *Daily Telegraph* announced its intention of ceasing to publish its Sunday issue. A few days previously Mr. Harmsworth, the Napoleon of the halfpenny press, had adopted a similar course in regard to the *Daily Mail*. For the present, therefore, London is left to the enjoyment of the twelve Sunday newspapers already published, none of which, however, are the continuation or enlargement of week-day journals. A few years ago a similar battle was fought out in the case of the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald*, with a like result. The strength of public opinion on the subject is unmistakable. The dulness of the London Sunday, its misery and gloom to wayfarers and travellers from abroad, are understood and admitted evils, but the evils of the Continental Sunday, the destruction of the Saturday half-holiday, and the immigration of the Sunday yellow press are dreaded by working-men and wage-earners far too sincerely to give a seven-day journalism any chance of success. It is understood that the public expressed its opinion by refusing to purchase the publications issued by the publishers and proprietors of the two offending seven-day journals, that the loss was enormous, and that the recognition of facts by Mr. Harmsworth and Sir Edward Lawson was emphasized by their pecuniary interests. Both gentlemen have accepted frankly and worthily the protests on moral, religious, and economical grounds. Sunday journalism may pay in the States. In this country, fortunately, public remonstrances are reflected in newspaper balance sheets.

THE best speech on the subject was made by John Burns, the labor leader, in a deputation to the Home Secretary. The member for Battersea dwelt mainly on the plea that unless the seven-day journalism was stifled at its birth, all the evils which are admitted to have arisen from seven-day journalism in the States would take root on English soil. Religious sentiment has had a great deal to do with the campaign against the new Sunday papers, but the secular love of the Saturday half-holiday has also played its part. Two of the Sunday journals that still remain are over a hundred years old. The *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, for example, were founded in the last century, and though they have changed hands many times, have been published weekly. No English Sunday paper, under the present system of news-gathering, can contain much news, because the news-gatherers in different parts of the world reserve their energies for the Monday issues. It is understood that the Queen has discreetly used all her influence indirectly to discourage the continuance of seven-day journalism, and that Lord Rosebery's utterances on the subject are highly favored at court.

THE grounding of the *Paris*, like the sinking of the *Victoria*, is a mystery, but one that is likely to be cleared up without great delay. In naval circles the prevalent opinion is clear and decisive. Nothing but bad navigation could land a ship bound from Cherbourg to New York on the Manacle Rocks. Two large vessels, within a comparatively short time, have been run on shore at the same spot, within a few hours of leaving port. The greatest secrecy is maintained by the captain and officers of the *Paris* as to the cause of the mishap. Surprise is expressed that information is refused even to the representatives of the Board of Trade. The commander of the *Paris* is well within his right in so acting, but the interests of the public on both sides of the Atlantic are identical, and there is a strong conviction that the navigation is by no means so careful as it should be. Use begets indifference to danger.

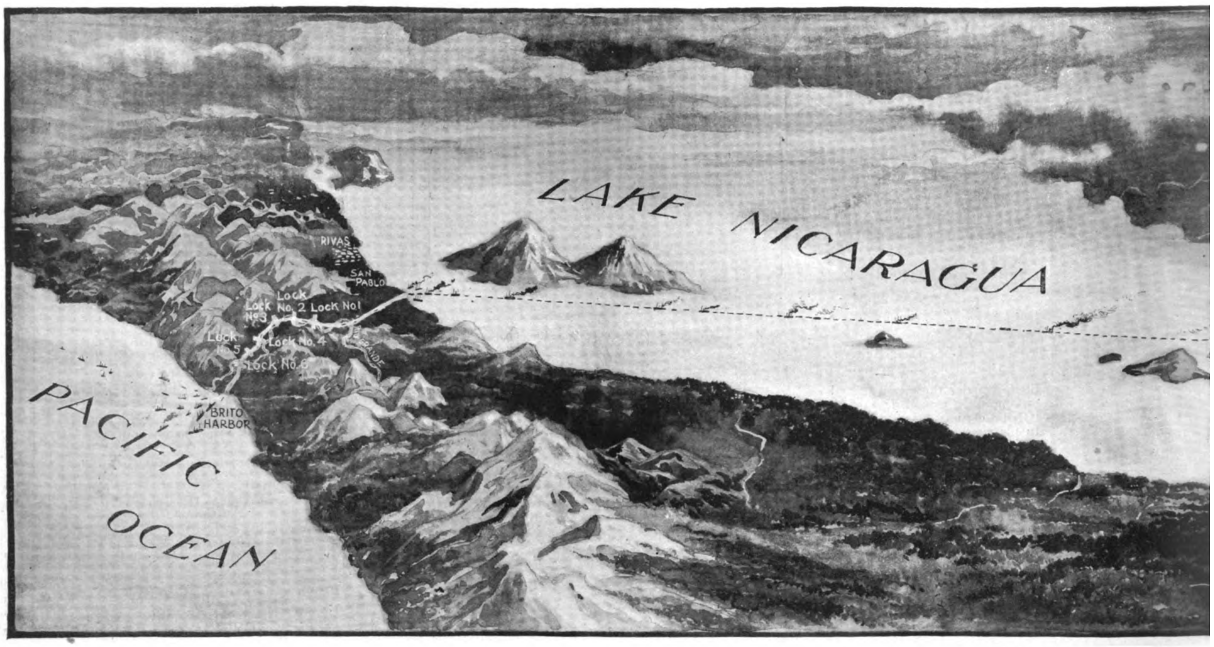
THE political situation as it stands is one of absolute stagnation. Liberal leaders continue to gird at each other in labored quip and studied impromptu. Mr. John Morley's pretty wit is shown in his latest epigram. "Lord Rosebery," says the biographer of Mr. Gladstone, is "a dark horse in a loose box." If report speaks truly, Mr. Morley is indebted to a feminine source for this touch of fancy. Students of his style certainly fail to detect the measured sequence and dignified sobriety of Mr. Morley's sombre and bookish characteristics. Not only are the Liberal leaders quarrelling among themselves, but I am informed by high Parliamentary authority that there is not one young Liberal of promise behind the front Opposition bench. To such depths of inanition has Parliamentary criticism fallen that the government do precisely as they like. Even three years ago the announcement that Russia had secured the right of building a railway to Peking would have frenzied the Opposition. On June 9, when the Foreign Office vote is discussed in Parliament, China and the surrender to the French over the Waima question will be the principal topics. So far as the Opposition are concerned the debate might as well not take place. I understand, however, that on both subjects Lord Salisbury's policy will be arraigned from the government side of the House. The publication of Lord Charles Beresford's book has supplied students and thinkers with all the elements of a serious indictment against the cabinet policy of drift in the Far East. Lord Charles himself has begun his campaign at York, but at present the public are far more interested in Sunday papers, in the phenomenal bowling of Howell for the Australian eleven, and in Flying Fox, the Derby favorite. Even the Peace Conference has ceased to interest, although affairs in the Transvaal are followed with concern by those who know how critical the situation really is.

I HEAR that the French government, who have been urged by the investing public on the other side of the channel to support British action in Pretoria, are strongest on the question of the Supreme Court. They say that the integrity and independence of their own Court of Cassation are the only salvation of France to-day, and therefore at the moment the position of the High Court in the Transvaal comes home to them. Sir Alfred Milner is to meet President Kruger next week, but the great capitalists are not sanguine of the result. If the meeting at Bloemfontein ends, as it probably will end, without a settlement, matters in the Transvaal are likely to drift along until the autumn; but in the course of the next few months the unrest and indignation prevalent among the Uitlanders, in consequence of the stubborn refusal of a corrupt and reactionary government to remedy their grievances, will culminate in regrettable incidents. In the mean time Mr. Chamberlain's patience and long-suffering have prevented the Tory Boer party from posing as the victims of a tyrannical and ambitious colonial minister. The sands of the glass are nearly run out, but Mr. Kruger and his adherents in the First Raad refuse to see the handwriting on the wall which is plain to onlookers.

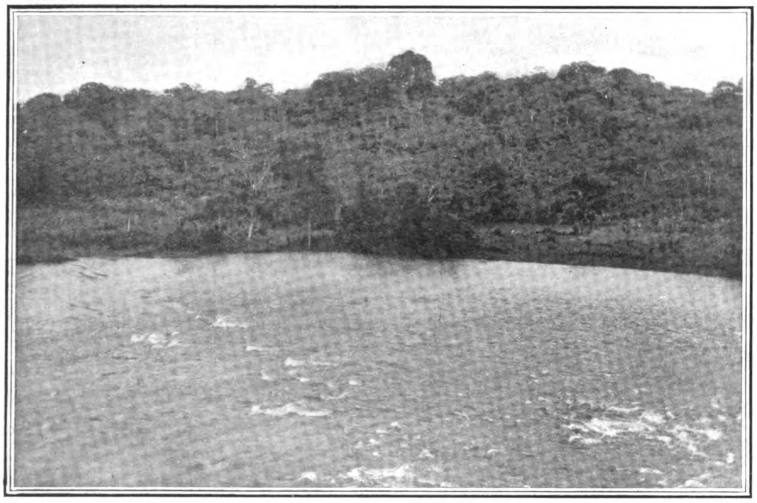
ONE of the features of the London season is the Royal Military Tournament, the objects of which are to encourage and develop skill at arms in all ranks of the regular and auxiliary forces and to benefit the military charities. The military authorities throughout Great Britain, the colonies, and India support the tournament, and prizes are given for regimental, battery, and company competitions from the cavalry, horse and field artillery, infantry battalions, Royal Engineers, and the army gymnastic staff. The pageant this year is entitled Warriors of Britain, and typifies the evolution of our soldiery from the steel-clad knight of Towton to the Tommy Atkins of Khartum. Bodies of troops wearing the uniform and arms in vogue during the Wars of the Roses, the Parliamentary struggle, and the Indian Mutiny, together with representatives of regiments that took part in the late Sudan expedition, march together into the arena, and afford a striking picture of the change in clothing and weapons which has taken place in four centuries. The scene evokes the jingo feeling which lurks in an Anglo-Saxon breast. The combined display this year illustrates some of the incidents in the Perak expedition of 1875. The scene is laid at Passer Sala, a Malay village, which was captured, after a stubborn resistance, by a combined force of soldiers and sailors assisted by Sikh police. An audience of 10,000 people assemble twice a day to witness competitions and pageants, and a more striking method of popularizing the fighting forces it is difficult to imagine. The display, however, is too theatrical for a fastidious taste. One of the guns used on Thursday in the pageant was worked by Peel's naval brigade in the relief of Lucknow.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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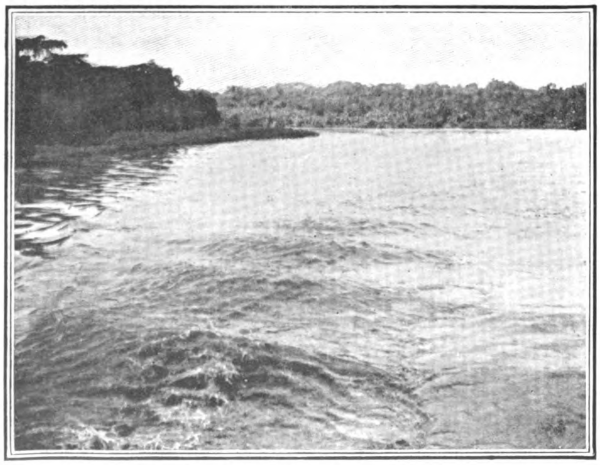
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE
The smooth Lines indicate the Route recommended by the Commission, and its Variants. The dotted Line indicates t



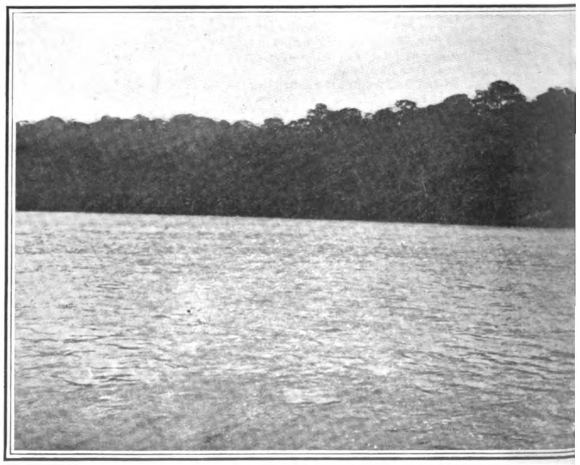
RAPIDS AT CASTILLO VIEJO, FROM THE FORT.



NATIVE GIRL—NEGRO TYPE.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.



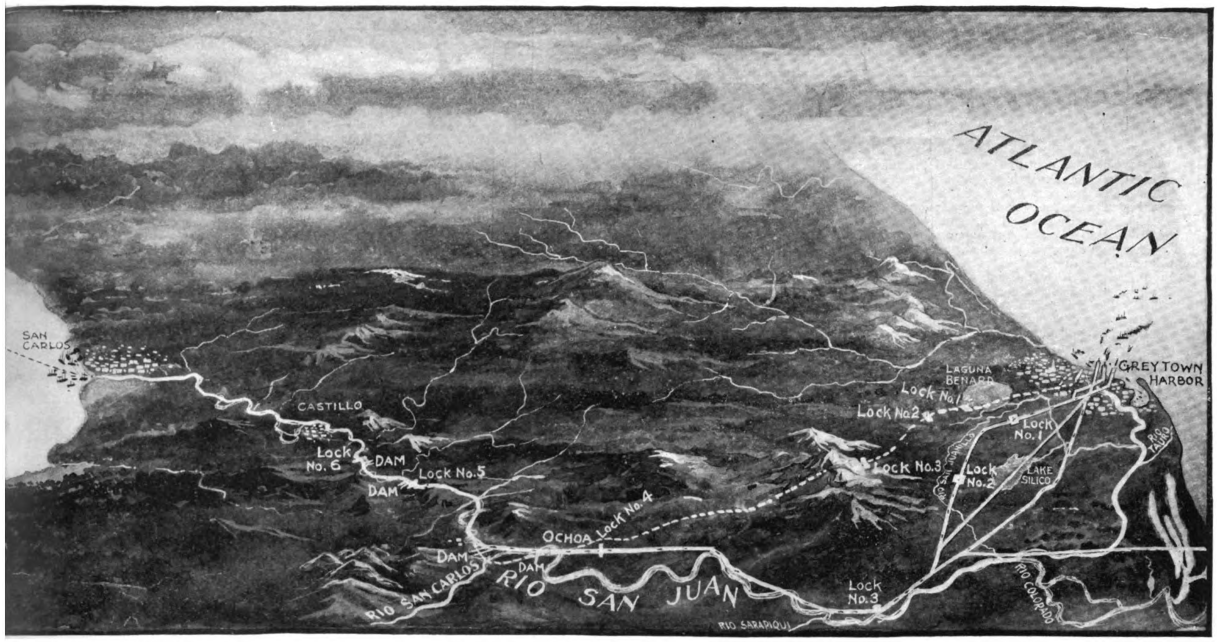
LOOKING UP THE SAN JUAN RIVER—HEAD OF THE TORO RAPIDS.



MACHUCA RAPIDS, SAN JUAN RIVER.

THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL, THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHI

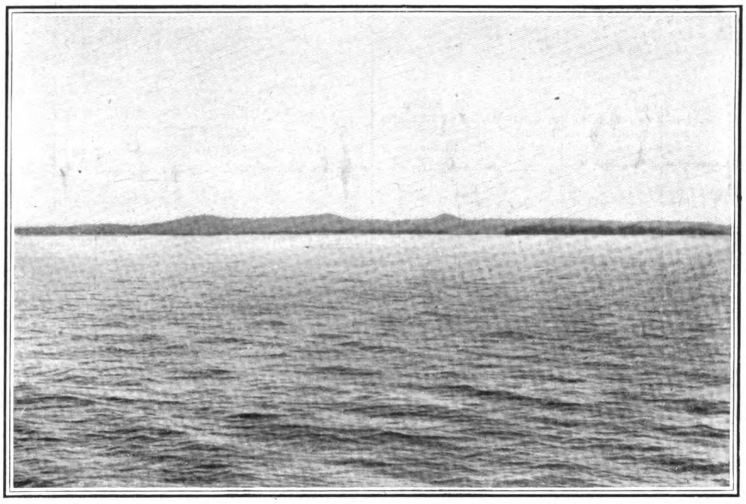
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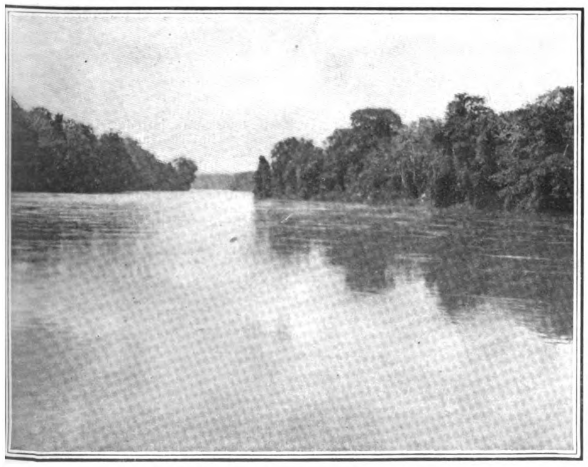
AGUA CANAL AS PLANNED.
adopted by the Maritime Canal Company where it varies from that recommended by the Nicaragua Canal Commission.



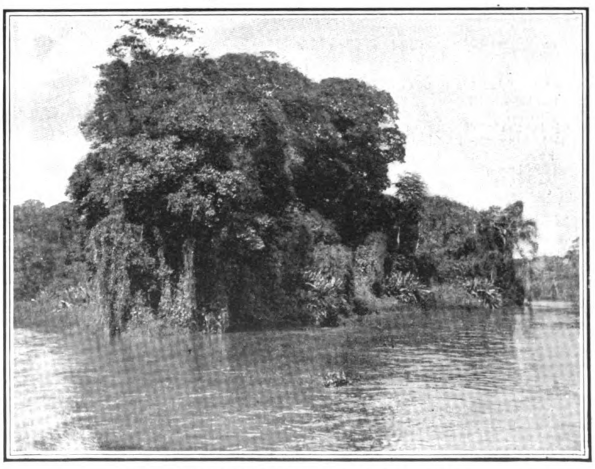
ATIVES—NEGRO AND INDIAN TYPES.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.



LAKE NICARAGUA—ABOUT THREE MILES OFF-SHORE.



LOOKING UP SAN JUAN RIVER.



HEAD OF BALAS RAPIDS, SAN JUAN RIVER.

IT WILL PASS, AND THE PEOPLE ALONG ITS ROUTE.—[See Page 596.]

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

IX.—INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS

THERE are three serious hinderances to the industrial development of Hawaii—(1) large individual holdings of land; (2) contract labor; (3) exorbitant transportation rates, inter-island as well as between the islands and the mainland.

Until one has studied the situation deeply enough to have mastered its ailments, one wonders how it is that Hawaii, with a climate unexcelled, and a soil capable of producing the majority of both temperate and tropical products, nevertheless imports the bulk of its food. Although in the fifties, and a bit later, Hawaii supplied the Pacific coast with wheat and potatoes, it now spends abroad over one million dollars annually for food deficits of man and beast, the greater proportion of which could be and should be raised on the islands. Of this amount nearly $300,000 goes for hay and grain, and $80,000 for dried fish, although the waters surrounding the islands teem with fish!

But perhaps the most surprising importation is that of fresh fruits, to the amount of $17,000, although the possibilities of Hawaii's fruit yield, if properly developed, are limited only by the needs of a continent. Never is there frost in the islands below an altitude of 5000 feet, so practically all tropical fruits are possible, even the papya, the pomelo, the alligator-pear. There is no limit to the banana possibilities—the banana, which, with dishevelled top, is found even wild (though non-productive in that state) all over the islands—and yet the annual export ($75,000) does not equal the importation of dried fish. Pineapples could be raised in sufficient quantities to supply the United States, yet the actual export ($14,000) is several thousand dollars less than the fruit imports from California. And these two products stand respectively fifth and seventh on Hawaii's export list, and neither industry is progressing prosperously. Indeed, the banana industry has rather declined, the 1897 export being $50,000 behind that of 1896, and $25,000 less than the smallest year since 1893.

All industrial thought in Hawaii is for sugar and rice and coffee. Island residents have been sugar-mad for a dozen years, and are rapidly becoming demented over coffee. Meantime all the other industries—existing and possible—languish or are entirely neglected, and the unique economic and social relations on the islands rather tend to nourish the existing condition.

All Hawaii is practically divided into great baronial estates, so to say, with a few lords of the land, their time-servers (the contract laborers), and a comparative handful of independent laborers, who are wage-earners only, and no factor whatever in the development of the country.

For instance, all the land on the island of Kauai is either owned outright or held on long lease by six men. Even if a native or other resident had a few hundred dollars and wished to invest in a small farm or other local agricultural industry, he could not do so on that island, he could not purchase the land. I met a man in Kauai who for several years unsuccessfully endeavored to buy from its owner just enough land in the little settlement where he lived to build his shop upon, but was compelled finally to build on leased ground.

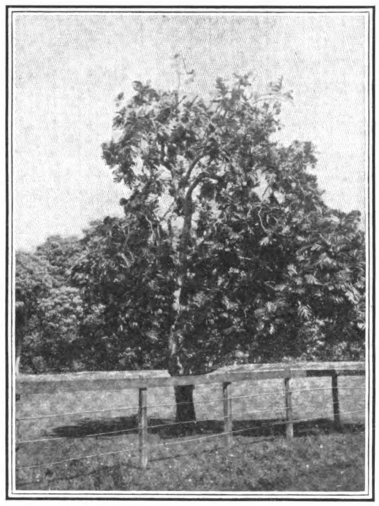
A few of these large landholdings are owned outright—as, for instance, the Bishop estate, which includes nearly 600,000 acres, and is scattered over several islands of the group—but most of them are held on long lease from the government. The majority of these leases were given in 1883, and their average life is thirty years, though those on Oahu are mostly for forty years, and many of them have the privilege proviso of renewing for periods of equal length.

Thus the agricultural expansion, if any there is to be, must be brought about through the reclaiming of government land, now mostly unsurveyed and overrun with jungle. And, to be even more explicit, I may add that the island of Hawaii is the only one offering material possibilities in this direction. Whatever land there may be on Oahu, Maui, or Kauai—not already owned or under long lease—may be put down at once as being unworthy of consideration. In Hawaii, however, the government has been making every effort within its means to open the country for settlement, though as yet the demand is only for coffee-land, and the small farmer has not begun to arrive. Meantime the Agricultural Bureau of the government is making intelligent effort to further what there are of the small farming interests. In the sale of all lands nowadays a forest reservation to conserve moisture is required, with the idea of checking the fast-dying forests of the islands. Foresters and gardeners are employed planting and caring for young trees, and every year a considerable number are used in the reclothing of the denuded country. Money is lacking for a suitable experimenting station, but a nursery has finally been established at Honolulu, and seeds are imported and tried, and, by way of encouragement, sent to the farmers in the islands.

Intelligent direction and effort are needed, and some energy; and there is needed, too, material encouragement to attract small-farmer immigration.

In Honolulu—and there is not another settlement save Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, that has any urban pretensions—there are the usual shops and mercantile houses having no direct connection with the plantations. But there is no class developing the country on its own account—none between the great estate-holders and the hireling tillers of the soil. This is why the natural agricultural advantages of Hawaii have been neglected. The "barons" turned to sugar as the most profitable product, and the others, though always earning a good wage, had neither land to cultivate nor capital to invest.

The physical characteristics of the islands are similar. Each is divided by a ridge, or backbone, of mountains, with climate and products on one side differing somewhat from those on the other. The windward side is usually cooler, though more tropical, because moister. Especially is this true of the island of Hawaii—very considerably the largest of the group—where the contrast of the windward with the leeward side is as that of perpetual spring with dry and dusty summer. The forests are broken by chasms, and now and again you come to deep conical pits that in times past have been active craters. The coast-lines are very irregular, particularly those to the windward, that are ragged and picturesque. Therefore there are few harbors, though there are numerous channels in reefs affording entrance into basins. Honolulu has really the only completed harbor of the islands where steamers land at a pier; elsewhere the small inter-island steamers lie out in an open road, and freight and passengers are landed in small boats, sometimes through the surf, on to the beach—more frequently at a small landing. Speaking generally of the islands, the soil yields very little spontaneously, but under irrigation seems capable of producing heavily, and almost anything fitting that is planted in it. The quality of the soil, however, varies considerably. There are great stretches of land that seem unsuited for any purpose save pasturage, and other great stretches apparently not suited for even that. In other places again the soil is formed of decomposed volcanic matter, sand, mud, and ashes, and is very fertile. But the richest land of the islands is in the valleys, which for ages have been receiving the débris and rains of the mountains, the accumulated deposits of vegetable mould, and are exceedingly rich and productive. The number of these valleys is limited, however, and they are entirely given over to the rice and taro industries.



BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Rice is for export, and taro is the bread and meat of the native. Both industries are now almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese, whereas formerly taro was as exclusively cultivated by the native. The rice-fields, with their little white fluttering flags planted at frequent intervals over the ripening crop, and the tiny yet noisy wooden windmills to scare off the robber birds, everywhere mark the valley landscape. While the rice-threshing floors, rolled out hard and clean and smooth—light-colored squares in the deep green surrounding—are to be seen in every fair-sized patch of rice cultivation. Now and again one sees also even a primitive mill to supply local consumption. The Chinamen get two crops in the year from their fields, for which they pay annual rent of from $25 to $30 an acre, including water.

Taro is a cross between a yam and a sweet-potato, and one square mile of it, so it is said, will feed 15,000 natives. Certainly no one who has eaten of it would question the statement, for it is very substantial, and the superabundance of adipose tissue with which the average native is burdened surely suggests its nourishing properties. There is upland and lowland taro, the former growing dry, and the latter in water, like rice, and it may be cooked in various ways, like the potato, though the native takes it most frequently baked, and as *poi*.

Poi is the national dish of Hawaii, and has the great advantage of being cheap and fattening—formerly the native took as much pride in his particular brew of *poi* as some good housewives do in their biscuits, but now, alas! his pride has departed, and this industry too has fallen into the hands of ever-watchful John Chinaman.

And the making of *poi* is no easy task—perhaps that explains the natives' retirement from the work. Taro is a tough fleshy root, and in the first *poi*-making stage it must be ground to a flour. This could, of course, be done by machinery, but that would not be Hawaiian—therefore, as in the old days, the tough root is brought to the desired condition by a stone pestle and a wooden—sometimes stone—trough. After its reduction to flour it is then worked into a thinnish paste, and if the best article of *poi* is desired, it is permitted to ferment before being served in the calabash, as the wooden bowl—the only dish of the natives—is called. Usually one calabash answers for a family, which, squatting around the common dish, feeds by skilfully gathering a quantity of *poi* on the fingers, and then with equal dexterity transferring the mess to the mouth. According to its consistency, it may be "one finger," "two finger," or "three finger" *poi*, the index-finger being equal to the task of the feeding if the *poi* is quite thick, and three fingers required when it is at its thinnest. It is an acquired taste to the foreigners, but many of them appear to acquire it readily enough—the white Hawaiians take their *poi* and *squid* (as the dried tentacles of the octopus are called) with apparently as much relish as the native. It was tasteless to my palate, unless perhaps it suggested starch. The modern-made *poi*, unless you get into the house of an old native who has not lost pride in the art, is lavender in color, but the real article is pink—the color demanded of all *poi* formerly served to royalty.

Something might be accomplished towards supplying at least the home market with vegetables and fruit were the inter-island freight rates not so high as to be almost prohibitive, and certainly very discouraging. It costs $4 50 per head of cattle, weighing from 300 to 400 pounds, to ship them from Hawaii to Oahu, 150 to 190 miles; it is 70 miles to Maui from Honolulu, and 2100 from San Francisco to Honolulu, yet California supplies the Honolulu market with the bulk of its potatoes, notwithstanding California raises two crops a year, while in Hawaii they ripen the year round, butter also comes from the Pacific coast, since island butter is 50 cents a pound, while the California article can be sold at Honolulu for 45 cents. Considering the farming opportunities on every hand, the Hawaiian prices are extravagant. Eggs, for instance, are 45 cents a dozen—sometimes 60 cents, sometimes so low as 30 cents; flour is $1 50 per sack of 50 pounds, oranges, 25 cents a dozen; grapes, 15 cents a pound (four pounds for 25 cents can be bought in any San Francisco fruit-shop); strawberries, 20 cents a pound (not so cheap as we can buy in New York). In grain the prices are still higher—oats are 2¼ cents per pound, and corn 2 cents. Lumber is $20 per 1000 square feet.

With its present population of great landholders, natives (of small means, if not impecunious), and contract laborers, little, if anything, can be expected in the way of general industrial development, and that little just now is making in the direction of coffee, the only apparent opening for the settler of smaller means. There is land enough of a kind to be had, but there are none of the small-farmer type of settler already in the islands with sufficient means, and energy to utilize it, and the land of itself is not sufficiently valuable to attract that class of immigrant from abroad.

Until some effort succeeds in setting such a wave of immigration towards the islands, Hawaii will continue, as it is now, the most expensive of civilized countries in which to live.

Quite a number of natives and half-castes and others, acting under the special homestead provision in the Land Act of 1895, took up small holdings, which, in the majority of cases, have finally passed out of the possession of the original settlers. But these, in almost every instance, are merely homes, with perhaps a garden only large enough to supply the needs of the family. They take no part in an industrial movement. And so what native fruit and vegetables do find their way to the markets are grown by the Portuguese and the Chinamen, who rent small fertile patches that are to be spared from the rice-fields in the valleys, or are to be found on the edges of Honolulu.

The land held in large holdings is either devoted to sugar or to cattle, or, if suited to neither of these industries, it lies fallow. There is quite a number of cattle, especially on the island of Hawaii, but the industry is not followed to its limit. The ranges are covered with a short, only fairly nutritious hilo grass, but the cattle seem to keep in very fair condition, though the best do not thrive in low latitudes, and the native stock is never so large nor the best beef. Hawaii could greatly increase both the quality and quantity of its cattle-raising by pursuing the industry more intelligently and less extravagantly. Corn is necessary to put the stock on the market in prime condition, but although there is scarcely a cattle range where corn would not flourish at a very small outlay of either time or money, the cattle-men get their corn from California and pay two cents a pound for it. Even as it is, the local markets are all supplied with native beef, and hides are fourth on the list of exports, and increasing.

Sheep is an industry carried on vigorously, but confined to a couple of islands, largely waterless and unsuited to other industries, and to a few individuals with large investments. It is decidedly a limited industry, though it can hardly be said to be falling behind, the export of wool remaining sixth on the Hawaiian list.

Both cattle and sheep were, by-the-way, introduced to the Hawaiian Islands by Vancouver in 1793–4, and for the first ten years were declared *tabu*.

With the exception of such varieties as may require frost to give them the desired flavor, all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate, and most of those of the tropic, zones have at times flourished in the Hawaiian Islands. Under intelligent cultivation and (in some sections) with needed irrigation, the soil apparently has no limit in productiveness. And although practically all the fruits, and certainly all the vegetables, of Hawaii were originally imported, yet they thrive equally as well as at home.

Tobacco of an excellent quality has been produced, tea grown, hemp (sisal) raised and found of satisfactory fibre, and even cotton produced. Indeed, cotton from 1863 to 1866 became quite an item, in a small way, of Hawaiian commerce. In 1866, 22,289 lbs. were exported, but the industry declined with the resumption of activity in the Southern States of the United States, and ceased in 1874. With new markets opening in Japan and China, Hawaii as a cotton-producer is a possibility worth looking into.

There are few destructive insects in Hawaii, but those few are industrious and deadly. There is the Japanese beetle, which has killed all the roses, a species of caterpillar, which eats grass to its very roots, and voracious

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worms in all newly turned fields. But Hawaii is well prepared to fight the insect pests by having in government employ Professor Albert Koebele, an entomologist of marked ability, whom California was short-sighted enough to let slip because of a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy rampant in its Agricultural Bureau. There is, however, another pest—lantana—not an insect, that, while not so insidious, is perhaps as bothersome. Lantana, like most of Hawaii's ills, is of foreign origin. It is a low vinelike bush of utmost toughness that, once having gained a hold, sweeps over the country like wild-fire. Several planters told me that keeping lantana under control was one of their considerable items of expense.

Now as to climate. A great deal is said by certain white residents in favor of the Hawaiian climate when the islands are under discussion as a resort for tourists and other pleasure or health seekers; and a great deal is said by the same gentlemen to its discredit when discussed as a field for white, and especially for American, labor.

In point of fact, the climate of Hawaii is perhaps not excelled anywhere else on earth. Large enough as the islands are to have a character of their own, and still in no way to neutralize the peculiarly desirable quality of oceanic environment, the Hawaiian climate is midway between temperate and tropical; tender, yet not enervating; breezy, though not boisterous; with sunshine from which you need no protection, and a rainfall that does not become monotonous.

A veritable land of sunshine and breezes, whose temperature you may vary as you choose from sea-level up to Mauna Kea (13,825 feet) or Mauna Loa (13,675). You may leave one side of an island in a rain-storm, and find sunshine on the other; but though there is considerable variety in this respect, the temperature is about uniform, and at sea-level is 74° Fahrenheit. Taken by the year, this average does not vary over a degree one way or the other; taken by the month, the average of the coldest month is 69°, and of the warmest 78°. The extreme lowest temperature is 50°, the highest 90°; and either of these figures has been reached only once in the last dozen years. The average daily range at Honolulu is 11°, and its usual temperature is several degrees cooler than the average of a number of other cities in the same latitude—notably Havana.

The northeast trade-winds are the saving feature of the Hawaiian Islands, imparting uniform temperature, healthfulness, and tonicity. The record for fifteen years shows that the least number of trade-wind days per year was 225—the greatest 301—the mean 258. January has a normal average of 14 days of trades, which, as the sun moves north, increase until the normal average reaches 29½ days in July and August, and then begins a corresponding diminution through the autumn months to the end of the year.

Oahu and Kauai, of the group, are mostly influenced by these trade-winds, which may there be said to blow for nine months of the year. Maui, which is larger, has a few places to leeward, like the town of Lahaina, for instance, where there is a regular land and sea breeze; and Hawaii has a land and sea breeze all the year round. The winter is the least desirable part of the Hawaiian year, for at this time the northeast trade-winds are interrupted, and winds from the south and west often prevail for weeks. The south wind, which the natives aptly call the "sick wind," brings rain and often ailment to susceptible foreigners; but there are never hurricanes, and only rarely thunder-storms. This is the time, too, of the "Kona storms" (*makani Kona*), which come out of the south and west, and sometimes for a week hold a section in the gloom of rain and wind before they finally wear off to the northwest and the country smiles again. The most delightful months of the year are April, May, June, July, and September. The yearly average rainfall of Oahu is about 40 inches; of Maui, 25 to 30; of Kauai, 55; and on Hawaii, with its dry side and its very wet side, it varies so much as to necessitate more detailed figures; in the Kona coffee belt, on the dry side, the average rainfall is about 60 inches; in the Olaa district it is 175 inches; in the Hilo forest, 200 inches; and immediately around the town of Hilo, from 130 to 150 inches.

What particularly impressed me in the Hawaiian climate—and I cite my experience because I do not, as a rule, care for these too balmy climes—was the absence of an enervating quality. Some say that such an influence does attend upon long residence on the islands, but my investigations suggest that only white women who never take exercise are so affected. The Hawaiian-born children of foreign parents bloom like the foliage under which they play; it would be difficult indeed to improve on the physique of the boys and young men born of white parents in Hawaii, whom I saw in the racing-shells, in the yachts, in swimming, and on the streets of Honolulu. Those in the United States who really wish to see what Hawaiian climate does for children of white parentage should view the members of the "Hawaiian Club" at Yale or at Harvard. It is a notable fact that the white-born Hawaiians who have come to American universities have been much above the average in physique, as the athletic records attest; and I have in mind four sons of one distinguished family that have come to Yale, whose physical magnificence would boom any climate or stir the pride of any mother's heart, wherever it beat.

Men and women who take no exercise find after a time semi-tropical climates enervating. It is the law of the human system and of the land.

It is natural to conclude this chapter with a word or so on the islands as a field of venture for the individual immigrant.

Let me say at the outset that Hawaii is no land of promise for indigent adventurers; neither is there here an agricultural bonanza. The islands can easily support a very much greater number of people than now live upon them, but it will not be until there has been a decided readjustment of the land, labor, and transportation questions.

The great industry is the production of sugar, which requires large capital. The rice industry is in the hands of the Chinese, and there is no public sugar or rice land to be had. The coffee industry is really the only one offering immediate opportunities to the immigrant, but for the development of a coffee-plantation of even moderate size some capital is needed; land cannot be had now for perhaps less than $50 an acre, and it would take $30 per acre more to clear it, not to mention the knowledge required, or the cultivation of the trees for five years, until some adequate return is had.

There are opportunities in fruit-growing—if the steamer rates are ever lowered—and in fruit-canning; but these also require capital. There is a field of endeavor in raising grapes, oranges, lemons, vegetables—which now come from California, because no one supplies the Hawaiian market—but all these also take some capital. Not only capital, but brains and industry and skill. The government is surveying as rapidly as possible land that is to be thrown open to settlement, but it is put on the market slowly, and never in quantities sufficient for any considerable number of new-comers.

The new lands on the island of Hawaii are off the (at present) one road, although other roads are soon to be constructed. The low-lying flat lands with abundant water-supply are all taken up. There does remain a considerable area to be disposed of as surveys are completed and as old leases expire, principally lands suited to coffee cultivation. Small farming, as I have said, is greatly handicapped by the high inter-island transportation rates.

With this data in hand, gathered by my personal tour of the islands, the best advice I can give to those looking Hawaiiwards is to reiterate that offered by Mr. J. F. Brown, the public-lands agent:

Don't go to Hawaii as a sort of forlorn hope, without experience, without money—trusting to good luck.

Don't go to plant coffee without necessary capital.

Don't expect to find a country where hard work, care, and economy are not necessary.

Don't go without getting reliable information in advance.

But if you do go, after finally considering the matter, and take experience and energy and sufficient capital to insure you against want and enable you to study the situation on the ground before making a final decision, you will be warmly welcomed; and what has been a kindly country to others may also prove so to you.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

V.—THE HEIGHT OF THE VICEROY'S MAGNIFICENCE

I HAVE, almost narrowly, described the present state and life of the Viceroy of India and his queenly American Vicereine. Now for one last new feature that has been left out—a Viceroy's tours of his empire, when, as at no other time and in no other way, he more than reflects the majesty of his sovereign.

"I may tell you," said a person close to even the secrets of the palaces at Calcutta and Simla, "that Lord Curzon will make tours in state over most if not all of India, beginning during the next cold weather" (October to March). "He does not think enough has been done to remind the people of the wealth and majesty of the sovereign he represents, so that when he makes his tours he will do so in something more like the old grand way."

"The old grand way!" How those words stirred me! I recollected that an English nobleman once described to me his visit to a relative who was Viceroy, during which stay he accompanied the Viceroy on a state progress through a part of the empire. He told me that the Viceroy carried with him two cities of tents, one of which was always packed up and hurried forward after he had spent a night in it, while he journeyed forward to find its duplicate ready and waiting at the end of each day's progress. The size of each city's great dining-tent, its elaborate outward decoration and internal hangings, the splendor of each city's main pavilion, or audience-tent, the wonderful comforts and conveniences of the dwelling-tents, with which were carried every day the finest furniture, carpets, hangings, chandeliers, baths, and even minor ornaments. The Viceroy received like an emperor, dined like one, and rested like a man of leisure at home in London, in a tent within a tent and fitted like a mansion. Where it was possible, grass and flowers grew about the moving city. I remember, electric bells swelled its comforts, and a host of servants swarmed with it, these being doubled, like the canvas cities themselves. Peopling all this the more completely were the body-guard, the military, the bejewelled princes of the country, and, with them, their resplendent courtiers.

I recalled these memories aloud to my friend, and he said the description coupled some features of a fixed assemblage and some of a tour when governors and other high officials joined the Viceroy. Then indeed the canvas houses formed veritable cities.

He believed, too, that no troops accompanied the Viceroy except to join him when he came to a garrisoned city. A viceregal progress by itself, he thought, would bring into use the great Audience Pavilion, or Throne-Tent, the dining-tent, the dwelling-tent, and then a number of lesser tents for possible guests, for the aides, the body-guard, the servants, the kitchen. Even then, he said, it was doubtful whether anything comparable with such a progress is witnessable anywhere else on earth.

I have an idea—indeed, I think I have heard—that as the viceroys travel nowadays—when they possess the wisdom to profit by the Oriental love of show—so have the native kings made their formal rounds among their vassal and their friendly neighbors from time without end—that is to say, without known beginning. The earliest account I have found of this splendor in English official life in the East is in Thomas Twining's honest and able account of his travels in Hindostan a century ago.* Lord Wellesley, the same who built the present palace at Calcutta and modelled it after the country house of the Curzons in Derbyshire, where he had been a guest—Wellesley, who was Governor-General, was on a visit to some provinces the English had got from the Nabob of Oude. Mr. Twining arrived, had a tent put at his disposal, and was invited to dinner. He says he found there a large party of military officers of the Governor-General's suite and of the battalions that accompanied him. They were in a very large tent, to which the food was brought from the cooking-tents by a long train of servants, each bearing a dish. Behind his lordship's chair were two dismounted troopers, with drawn swords in their hands and pistols in their girdles. Others guarded the doorways of the great tent. The marquis wore the splendid uniform of captain-general, and all the others were in uniform and wore their swords. "Notwithstanding his lordship's known fondness for parade and splendor," says Twining, "the brilliancy and profusion of the dinner table surprised me. Costly chandeliers of cut glass were suspended over it, and it was covered with beautiful porcelain and glass-ware, and with dishes and wines as varied and abundant as at his lordship's famed entertainments at the Government Palace in Calcutta. It was difficult to imagine how all these things could be packed and transported every day from one halting-place to another." When Wellesley left the table and tent he paused to give instructions to his *maître d'hôtel*, whom he had brought from Europe. He was followed by all the company, surrounded by a great number of attendants, and preceded by a servant, very handsomely dressed, "who, with a loud voice and emphatic gesticulations, proclaimed his titles, of which he had provided himself with a long string, consisting of double and triple worded epithets, in the full license of Asiatic exaggeration. Thus escorted, his lordship reached the opening in the wall which surrounded his sleeping-tent and entered it, followed only by his domestic servants, his company separating outside and retiring to their respective quarters."

* *Travels in India a Hundred Years Ago.* London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.



THE VICEROY'S ELEPHANT.

At daybreak the inconceivable noise and confusion of "breaking camp" began, and Twining, awakened by it, got into his palanquin and moved on. The road was full of cavalry, infantry, artillery, camp equipage, and stores. Ahead, on an Arab steed, surrounded by his staff, and cantering over the plain, rode the Napoleon of the East, the Governor-General. At ten o'clock in the morning all came upon another camp, in complete readiness, with the Governor-General's staff standing about one of the largest tents. Upon entering this, Twining saw breakfast spread with the same sumptuous profusion as had characterized the previous night's dinner. "There were tea, coffee, newly baked bread, fish, rice, ham, fruits and preserves of different kinds. There was also the usual number of guards and servants, and these not in dusty clothes, as after a morning's march, but fresh and clean. These arrangements were effected by means of double sets of tents, servants, and everything, of which one set was sent forward the day before." Breakfast over, Wellesley marched under a great umbrella to his private tent, attended by everybody, and preceded by his herald announcing his titles. Twining says that, being invited in by the marquis, he "entered the enclosure with him, and came to the most magnificent tent I had ever seen," but he does not describe it beyond this sentence. At the close he says: "As I was walking in the bazar of the camp before dinner, the Governor-General came by on one of the largest elephants I ever saw, which the driver was hurrying at a great rate. Other elephants and horses with the staff and escort followed. His Excellency had been shooting."

That is the first stunning viceregal progress of which I have read. Mr. Talboys Wheeler describes the last affair of a similar sort in his *History of the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi*. The hero and central

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THE BIG TENT OF THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE.

figure was Lord Lytton. The year was 1877. The occasion was the assumption by Queen Victoria of her new "style" as Empress of India. It was at Delhi that the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, decided to hold an Imperial Assemblage which should be attended by all the heads of British administrations and the ruling chiefs and native nobility, and at which the new title of the Queen-Empress should be proclaimed.

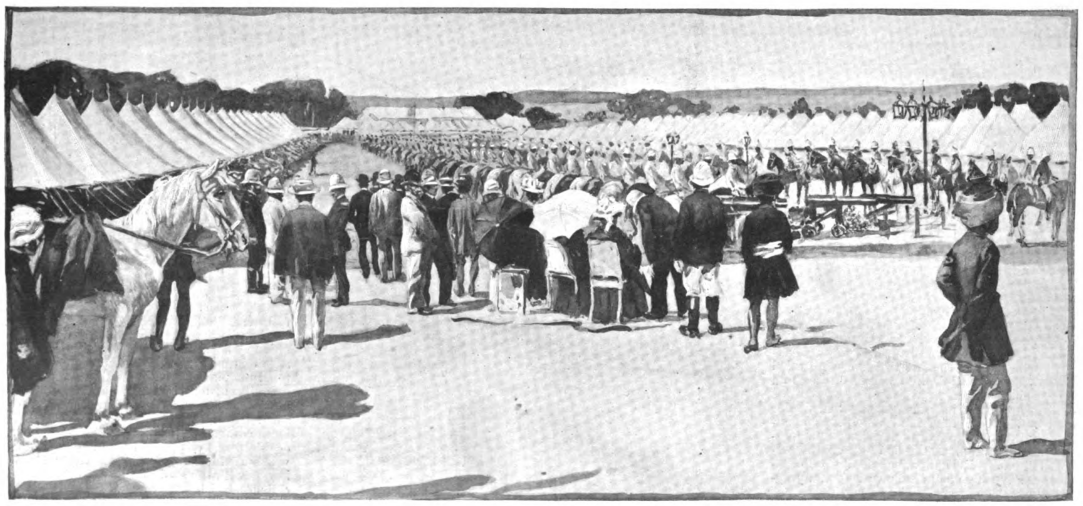
"A city of tents and pavilions was set up on the surrounding plain," says Mr. Wheeler. "The English camps ordinarily consisted of two rows of tents, forming a wide street, with a pavilion at one end. In some the streets were laid out with turf and flowers; in others the streets were partly covered with straw. In the camp of the Viceroy the tents were canvas houses; the pavilion was a canvas palace. The Hindoo and Mohammedan camps were of a different character. Each chief was left to arrange his camp after his own fashion. Many were doubtless of an ancient type or resembled the camps of Moguls. Some were radiant in blue and scarlet, surmounted by gold knobs and other ornaments. Most of them were enclosed from curious gazers by walls of colored cloth, supported by bamboo canes tipped with golden knobs or steel spear heads."

The Viceroy's Throne Pavilion was colored blue, red, and gold, a hexagon, each side being 40 feet long, and the whole 224 feet around. It was raised, surrounded by a gilt railing, and entered by steps with gilt rails. Above it all was a canopy, and on that, resting on a cushion, was the imperial crown. From that fell a graceful drapery of red cloth embroidered with gold. The canopy and the pavilion were adorned with friezes of colored satin and a valance worked with armorial bearings, and at each corner by shields and crowns and drapings. In front was a semicircular tent of blue, red, and gold, 800 feet long, and divided into 36 rooms, 20 feet by 30 feet, each with a separate entrance. Here again were ornamental pillars, bearing fleurs-de-lis and golden lance heads, crowns and rich drapings. The floor was clothed with red; the chairs were blue; a golden railing ran along the great tent's sides.

"Roundabout the native camps were motley groups of horsemen in gay attire, carrying banners; camelmen were moving in all directions; so, too, were magnificent elephants, variously caparisoned. Bands were often playing, or tomtoms were sounding, and yet there was none of that noise and turmoil which would have accompanied such gatherings in Western countries." Lord Lytton came on December 23, eight days before the day for the proclamation. Says Mr. Wheeler: "The whole city was astir. There were strangers from every land, representatives of every race. There were stalwart Afghans, with muscular frames and ruddy faces; there were Beluchis from Khelat, with long black locks and flowing beards; there were Bengalese in shawls and round flat hats; Hindoos in quilted jackets of green and yellow; Burmese in silk and satin; Siamese in European uniforms; there was every variety of color and costume, from the cheap calicoes and cloths of the multitude to the jewelled turbans and rich attire of Rajput and Mahratta chieftains.

"Long lines of elephants were ranged here and there, arrayed in gorgeous trappings and howdahs. The housings were embroidered cloths of gold and silver or radiant in blue and scarlet. The howdahs were like thrones of gold and silver. Many were richly chased and highly ornamented with symbols. The war-elephants had steel points on their tusks, shields of bright steel on their foreheads, and chain-mail hanging down their trunks. They were surmounted by shot-proof howdahs of hardened steel. The warriors in the howdahs sat in complete armor. They carried spears, swords, battle-axes, and muskets; their belts were stuck with pistols, knives, and daggers. Beside the elephants rode bands of horsemen arrayed in mediæval chain-armor. The officers were distinguished by breast and back pieces of burnished plate-armor. They wore plumes on their helmets. Plumes also waved over the heads of their horses. Some were of feathers; others were of gold and silver."

But why continue a description whose very gorgeousness tires the mind? Enough has been written to explain the nature of a viceregal progress one hundred years ago and of a viceregal pageant twenty-two years ago. Since Lord Lytton's day the era of desk-work and of night oil has had its run. It has done little good; at least it has gained little for English rule in the direction in which that rule needs strengthening. That direction is the way to the Indian heart. One way to that is through the Indian's eyes and his fancy. Lord Curzon knows this. The finest tents that were used at Delhi, and others quite as fine, are in store at Cawnpore, ready for his command to bring them forth, to set them up, to fill them with the glorious, variegated, chromatic costumes of his satellites and his subjects. He will begin their use before the year ends. And if it should fall out—as Heaven send it may not!—that he be called upon, during his five years' reign, to proclaim a new ruler over India, be certain that when the splendid function ends it will rank first in India's history, and this of Delhi, of which I have told, will seem to have been a mere rehearsal for it.



THE VICEROY'S CAMP.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE Western Inter-collegiate track-athletic championships, held in Chicago June 3, resulted in a somewhat unexpected victory for University of Chicago, Michigan having previously been conceded the honor.

Two things went far toward marring the meet beyond the power of excellent contests to redeem it—poor condition of a very poor track, and the disgraceful incidents connected with the half-mile run.

Events. 1st place counts 5 points; 2d place counts 3 points; 3d place counts 1 point.	Chicago.	Notre Dame	Michigan.	Wisconsin.	Illinois.	Drake.	Iowa.	Grinnell.	Northwestern.
100-yard dash	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
220-yard dash	5	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
120-yard hurdles	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	3	0
220-yard hurdles	1	0	5	3	0	0	0	0	0
440-yard run	5	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
880-yard run	5	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1
One-mile run	5	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
One-mile walk	1	0	0	3	5	0	0	0	0
Pole vault	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Running high jump	0	4	1	0	0	0	4	0	0
16-lb. shot put	0	6	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
16-lb. hammer throw	5	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0
Discus throw	0	5	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
440-yard bicycle	4	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
One-mile bicycle	6	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Running broad jump	0	3	0	0	1	5	0	0	0
Total	46	33	27	14	9	5	4	3	3

It is extraordinary that Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and a score of Middle-Western cities besides, have far better immediate facilities for such an event than Chicago. Yet those who saw the N.Y.A.C.-C.A.A. dual meet and the National Championships last June on the ridiculously inadequate track at Parkside will not question my statement. Perhaps the completion of Marshall Field next year will supply the present deficiency.

The athletic field at Ravenswood, where the championships were decided, has a quarter-mile track upon which a cinder path has been laid, not built, with no banking. The violent rain of the early morning and the hot sun of a few hours later had given the loose back stretch about the consistency of a feather bed when the races were begun. No preliminary contests had been held the day before, and in the longer runs the very large fields were an immense handicap to good time. These facts should be borne in mind in making a fair comparison of records.

SUMMARY.

120-yard hurdles.—Fisher (Grinnell), McLean (Michigan), and O'Dea (Wisconsin) tied for first place; points divided. Time, 16 1-5 sec. W. I. A. A. record, 15 4-5 sec.

100-yard dash.—Burroughs, Chicago, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; Jones, Northwestern, third. Time, 10 sec. Record, 9 4-5 sec.

Mile run.—Smith, Chicago, first; Wood, Michigan, second; Conger, Michigan, third. Time, 4 min. 39 4-5 sec. Record, 4 min. 33 sec.

440 yards.—Slack, Chicago, first; Teetzel, Michigan, second; Thomson, Michigan, third. Time, record, 53 sec.

Half-mile.—Maloney, Chicago, first; Mills, Illinois, second; Sturgeon, Northwestern, third. Time, record, 2 min. 6 4-5 sec.

Mile walk.—Hoagland, Illinois, first; Bredsteen, Wisconsin, second; Parker, Chicago, third. Time, record, 7 min. 5 sec.

Discus.—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Lehr, Michigan, second; Cochems, Wisconsin, third. Distance, record, 115 ft. 11 in.

Hammer.—Mortimer, Chicago, first; Stangel, Wisconsin, second; Avery, Michigan, third. Distance, 121 ft. 2 in. Record, 123 ft. 9 1-2 in.

Shot.—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Lehr, Michigan, second; Eggeman, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 40 ft. 5 1-2 in. Record, 44 ft. 3-4 in.

220-yard dash.—Burroughs, Chicago, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; McGowan, Wisconsin, third. Time, 22 4-5 sec. Record, 21 4-5 sec.

220-yard hurdles.—McLean, Michigan, first; O'Dea, Wisconsin, second; Trude, Chicago, third. Time, 27 2-5 sec. Record, 25 3-5 sec.

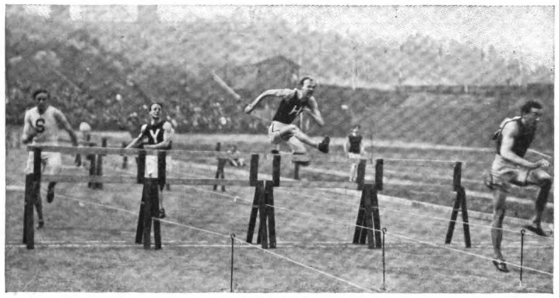
Mile bicycle race.—Brown, Chicago, first; Baldwin, Michigan, second; Ross, Chicago, third. Time, 2 min. 39 2-5 sec. Record, 2 min. 25 sec.

Quarter-mile bicycle-race.—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; Goodenow, Chicago, second; Brown, Chicago, third. Time, record, 31 2-5 sec.

High jump.—Powers (Notre Dame) and Louis (Iowa) tied for first place; Flournoy, Michigan, third. Height, record, 5 ft. 11 in.

Broad jump.—Holland, Drake, first; Powers, Notre Dame, second; D. Garrett, Illinois, third. Distance, 22 ft. 2.4 in. Record, 22 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Pole vault.—Powers (Notre Dame) and Herschberger (Chicago) tied for first place; Booth, Northwestern, third. Height, 10 ft. 8 in. Record, 11 ft.



Lewis, 3d. Fincke, 4th. Fox, 2d. Kraenzlein, 1st.

FINISH, INTER-COLLEGIATE HIGH HURDLES.

IT seems incredible such a disgraceful scene could be possible at college games as that enacted during the half-mile run, which degenerated into a running fight, and precipitated a mêlée in which the referee and one of the contestants were struck and a number of spectators came to blows. Track athletics everywhere have heretofore furnished our most sportsmanlike and least vindictive contests. We have attended college foot-races with an absolute confidence that good sportsmanship would prevail and the best man win—a feeling which baseball and football have not always inspired. Pity indeed that the meanness which is in some men will out to cast discredit upon the otherwise good spirit that rules!

It was generally conceded that of the quarter-mile and half-mile runs, Maloney of Chicago could win whichever he chose. Running in the latter, he was alone for Chicago against three good men from Michigan. One of these had the place next Maloney, and leaped immediately in front of him at the crack of the pistol. Rashly enough, the Chicago man did not attempt to keep out of the traps which were laid for him, but broke through with his arms whenever pocketed, and foul after foul was committed on either side. At the head of the stretch, after a final interchange of hostilities, Maloney broke from his tormentors and had a bruising finish with Mills of Illinois, who had kept outside the scrimmage and run a straight race. Maloney won by an inch. One of the Michigan runners, leaving the track, said that he "had done his dirty work," and was promptly hit by a Chicago partisan. The resulting fracas was a small affair, but none the less infinitely mortifying to every one concerned.

Chicago partisans were on hand in force, and appeared to rule the day. There was repeated evidence of Chicago's bitter feeling against Michigan.

A rule forbids graduates of any competing college officiating, yet this was violated in Raycroft (Chicago) being among the officials. This, and the fact that other Chicago men were more or less frequently on the field, caused much dissatisfaction among Illinois, Wisconsin, and the two Iowa colleges which thought themselves unfairly treated. The feeling between Michigan and Chicago was shown most strongly, and culminated in the wretched episodes mentioned.

There must be instant repudiation of this disgusting wrangle by the universities concerned, and severest discipline visited upon the offenders.

Maloney (Chicago), for his foul work in the quarter and his share in the half, should be forbidden by his university faculty from again representing Chicago; and Barrett, for his foul work in the half, should be similarly treated by Michigan.

For the rest—it is a severe lesson in emphasizing the need of competent officials, and of keeping the in-field and track clear of all but necessary and active officials.

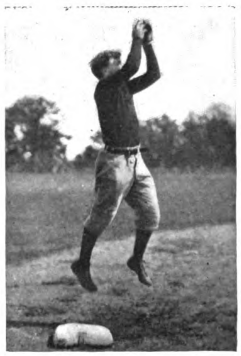
A graduate committee is needed, composed of those who are willing to devote more time to arranging for this meet, and who have backbone and unprejudiced eyes. This year's graduate committee took the position that its predecessor was repudiated by three dissenting colleges last year, and hence it would not take duties upon itself save those expressly delegated. It all emphasizes the need for reorganization of the W. I. A. A.

THESE marring incidents aside, however, it is to be said that the meet as a whole gave proof of an improvement in general proficiency more rapid, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Formerly the results in a large majority of events were foregone conclusions, for the West has been especially prolific in producing stars at cost of average excellence. But this year, save possibly the mile run, there was not a single runaway event. Nothing was conceded on the track, nor was there a single "sure thing" in the field. In nearly every run there was a game fight at the finish between half a dozen closely matched competitors, and in the high-hurdle race the judges had no choice among three finishers. In the field, the points in the high jump and pole vault had to be divided, while the broad jump was won by a half-inch margin. The Kraenzlein of the meet was J. Fred. Powers, of Notre Dame. He participated in every field event save the hammer throw, and won twenty-one points—an unequalled record. He was comfortably first in both the shot put and the discus throw, tied for first in the pole vault and high jump, and was second in the broad jump by the fraction of an inch.

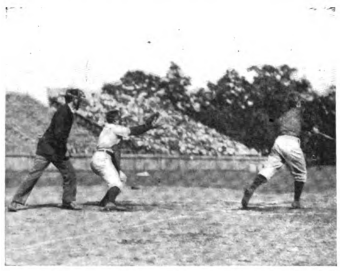
The meet, therefore, developed more than a usual share of surprises, not least of which was the work of Notre Dame in its first year as a member of the association. Powers was practically her team, yet aside from his efforts 12 points were scored—by Corcoran in the sprints, Gaffney in the bicycle, and Henneman in the discus. This is almost as many as Wisconsin scored, and more than Illinois, while Northwestern was an almost unheard-of factor during the day. Evidently Notre Dame is destined to become an important factor in Middle-Western college sport, and I am especially pleased to note the very great improvement in the character of its teams. There seems now excellent prospect of the promise of adherence to amateur standards being fulfilled.



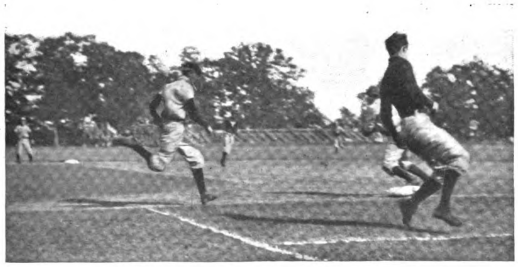
GELLENDER (PENN.), Captain and First Base.



HUTCHING STOPPING A LOW FLY AT THIRD.



TWO STRIKES ON SUTER.



BEDFORD CAUGHT OUT AT FIRST.



CAMP SCORING.

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TWENTY-FOURTH INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK-ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1899.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 2 points; 4th place, 1 point.	Pennsylvania.	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Syracuse.	Columbia.	Cornell.	Williams.	Georgetown.	Haverford.	Winner.	Winner's Performance.	Inter-collegiate Record.	Year made.
100-yard dash	7	1		3							Tewkesbury, Jarvis, McClain, Quinlan.	10 s.	* 9 4-5 s. B. J. Wefers, Georgetown.	1896
220-yard dash	5	2	3		1						Tewkesbury, Boardman, Quinlan, Waite.	21 3-5 "	† 21 1-5 " B. J. Wefers, Georgetown.	1896
440-yard run			5			5			1		Long, Fisher, Lace, Mulligan.	49 2-5 "	49 2-5 " M. W. Long, Columbia.	1899
880-yard run	3	5	3								Burke, Grant, Adams, Brennan.	1 m. 58 4-5 "	1 m. 56 4-5 " Evan Hollister, Harvard.	1896
1-mile run			3	5				3			Cregan, Bray, Spitzer, Smith.	4 " 25 1-5 "	4 " 23 2-5 " G. W. Orton, Pennsylvania.	1895
2-mile run	8	2					1				Grant, Mechling, Foote, Terrance.	10 " 3 2-5 "	10 " 3 2-5 " Alex. Grant, Pennsylvania.	1899
120-yard hurdles	5	3	1		2						Kraenzlein, Fox, Lewis, Fincke.	15 2-5 "	15 2-5 " A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania.	1899
220-yard hurdles	6	5									Kraenzlein, Morse, Hallowell, Remington.	23 4-5 "	† 23 3-5 " A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania.	1898
Running high jump	5	3	½	2						½	Baxter, Rice, Carroll, Waller-Conklin.§	6 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 3 in. J. D. Winsor, Jr., Pennsylvania.	1897
Running broad jump	5	2			4						Kraenzlein, Prinstein, Daly, Whittemore.	24 " 4 1-2 "	† 24 " 4 1-2 " A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania.	1899
Pole vault			7				4				Clapp, Johnson, Kinzie, Deming.	11 " 5 "	11 " 5 " R. G. Clapp, Yale.	1899
Throwing 16-lb. hammer	8	3									McCracken, Hare, Boal, Brown.	144 " 1 "	149 " 5 " J. C. McCracken, Pennsylvania.	1898
Putting 16-lb. shot	5	2		1	3						McCracken, Glass, Brown, Boetger.	42 " 1-2 "	43 " 8 1-2 " J. C. McCracken, Pennsylvania.	1898
Total points	57	28	22½	11	10	5	5	3	1	½	Yale, Princeton, Georget'n.			
Bicycle meet														

* World's record, held jointly by Wefers and John Owen, Jr.
† World's record.
§ Tied for fourth place and divided the point.

CHICAGO'S general excellence on the track assured her of victory so soon as the quarter and the hundred yards were decided. Of these events much uncertainty was manifest, though of the remainder the outcome was less in doubt, and Chicago was fortunate in having all her men in top form, and in being able to win by certain if scant margins. Her best performer is unquestionably Maloney, whose quarter in 49⅘ sec. at Philadelphia has caused him to be looked upon, both East and West, as a coming man.

At the annual meeting of the Association the graduate executive committee sensibly recommended the separation of the bicycle-races from the regular programme, and that they should be run at another time and under different auspices. The point is certain of acceptance, and the abolition of the mile walk, with the introduction of a two or three mile run, seems reasonable to expect before another season. These conformities to the Eastern order of events will relieve a sadly overburdened and disproportionate programme. And further, it is certainly a fair question whether adding the discus is not putting too much emphasis on the weights. It takes all qualities of men to run the different distances, and proficiency in the jumps is quite a different matter and dissimilar again within itself, but it is very nearly the same kind of gift and development which gets points in all three of the weight events. Powers and many others have proved the possibility of a man developed in one way reaping in a disproportionate number of points. It spoils the symmetry of things.

HARVARD may not win at New London on the 29th, but if not, Yale will have done the fastest four miles crew of hers has rowed these half-dozen years. If all the men in Harvard's boat prove enduring, there will be such a race between the two as we have seen but seldom, and I am frank enough to say that, if no weak spots are disclosed, I should not be surprised to see Yale defeated. This of course is an impression gathered entirely from the work of the crews at their present stage of development.

Nor am I unmindful of Yale's veteran crew, or of the additional fact that the eight men have been rowing together without a change during the greater part of their long training. But there are a life and an alertness in the movement of the Harvard shell which I like, and do not find in the present Yale boat. Moreover, the Harvard boat travels a bit the better between strokes, and there is more emphasis on the catch. Were the two crews to row to day, I should have confidence in Harvard's success.

There are remaining, however, two weeks in which Yale may add snap to the power so obvious in her shell, and if she does, Harvard's chances for finishing first will be very materially lessened; for if it comes to a question of mere power, Yale looks invincible.

Come what may, Harvard is going to be represented by the best crew she has had since that of '85, which defeated Yale so badly. And perhaps the most apparent improvement over recent crews is in the watermanship. This is what the new boating system and the Weld Club have accomplished.

The shell travels better between strokes, keeps a more even keel, and settles less than any I have seen coming from Cambridge. That means, the fastest crew Harvard has had, if the men have the endurance, and can hold together four miles.

MR. STORROW has shown the courage of his convictions by the shifting he has done in the boat, and certainly the improvement on every change has proved the accuracy of his judgment. There can be no doubt that every man now in the shell has been thoroughly tried out, and there are not likely to be any more changes unless one results from an endeavor to secure the benefit of Perkins's strength and experience. He was too big and slow at No. 2, where he was tried, and cannot row on the starboard side, so there remain only Nos. 4 and 6 where he could be utilized. But Tilton is certainly a better, and Bancroft as good an oarsman as Perkins; the one man whom he could replace with profit to the crew, Lawrence, sits on the wrong side of the boat.

Barring sickness or accident, Higginson will stroke, and in some respects he seems to supply what the crew needed; he sets a snappy, even stroke, and moves easily and well, but he has a decided tendency to hang on the full reach, and he slights the final drive with the legs at the finish of the stroke. Largely because of his example the whole eight exhibit the same weak leg-work at the finish of the stroke. If they would hold onto the water longer and push harder on their stretchers at the ending of the stroke, Harvard's 'varsity would be a fast crew. Evans is a decided improvement at No. 2; No. 4 is one of the best oars in the boat. No. 7 is a hard-working, dependable oar; so also is bow. The present order is—stroke, Higginson; No. 7, Sheafe; No. 6, Bancroft; No. 5, Lawrence; No. 4, Tilton; No. 3, Wood; No. 2, Evans; bow, Harding. Substitutes—Endicott, Perkins, Kernan, and Blake.

YALE has the very great advantage of knowing the enduring qualities of her crew, and need have, therefore, no fears as to its standing a bruising four-mile race. There is also the further advantage of the men having rowed together—the majority of them two years, and the entire crew during its training season.

And the Yale crew is a good one and a very powerful one—of that there can be no question. Had it more grip of the water on the catch, more vigor in the leg drive, and more snap in its work generally, no doubt it would be fast. As it is, it is a good average lot, neither fast nor slow, and with the prospect of becoming much better. Inboard the crew is better than outboard; the blade-work needs improvement all round. Nevertheless, the boat travels fairly well between strokes, and the impression given by the eight is that of a powerful one, capable of doing some very fast rowing.

Stroke and No. 7 are not an ideal pair—neither being a naturally easy oar—and No. 8 especially has to make an evident effort to keep his stroke long enough.

The crew averages now 170 pounds—not being, therefore, the "heavy-weight" eight it was popularly supposed to be—and is rowing in the following order: Stroke, Williams; No. 7, Niedecken; No. 6, Allen; No. 5, Brown; No. 4, Flint; No. 3, Griswold; No. 2, Wickes; bow, Greenleaf. Substitutes—Cross, Brock, Greenway, and Mitchell.

Under the coaching of Dr. Gallaudet the crew has been most carefully prepared for its final instruction; and with the assistance of Cowles and Armstrong—all advocates of the old school, by-the-way—we may be sure that whatever is in the Yale crew will be developed.

PENNSYLVANIA was rowing in such finished form in her particular style, two weeks ago, that the care of her coach will chiefly be in keeping her at that point, and in fitting her to the rougher water of the Hudson. There is nothing to add until we see the eight under such conditions; meanwhile all is going well, and the order of the crew remains unchanged—stroke, Gardiner; No. 7, Hall; No. 6, Busch; No. 5, Snover; No. 4, Flickwir; No. 3, Howell; No. 2, Evans; bow, Kintzing. Pennsylvania will go to the Hudson on the 15th.

CORNELL 'varsity has been rowing recently in the following order: Stroke, Robbins; No. 7, Dalzell; No. 6, Beardslee; No. 5, Sweetland; No. 4, King; No. 3, Smallwood; No. 2, Vanderhoef; bow, Hartley. But this is probably not the final make-up, though it is unlikely to be changed materially. Of these, four have before rowed in the 'varsity, and the remainder on one or another of Cornell's several crews. The 'varsity shell is not running so smoothly between strokes this year as last, but Courtney will coach that fault out of the men before they appear on the Hudson (18th), and meanwhile there is satisfying evidence of speed and strength.

COLUMBIA has improved considerably upon the blade-work displayed at Annapolis, the long stroke being now rowed through with much less clipping. But there has been no effort yet made to hit up the stroke for speed, and the capabilities of the crew are, therefore, unknown, except possibly to Mr. Peet. Thus far the pace revealed has not suggested a four miles under 22 minutes.

YALE'S pitcher—Robertson—had his turn Saturday (at Princeton) at losing control of the ball, and though the lapse was brief, it none the less largely aided Princeton to win (6–2) the second game of the Yale series.

Only one man had reached third at the end of six innings, and both pitchers were highly effective and well supported. In the seventh, however, with one man out, Sullivan made a three-bagger, which, followed by Waddell's grounder, fielded to first and muffed by Green, and Eddy's gift of first through being hit, filled the bases. Hillebrand was equal to the emergency, and struck out Robertson; but De Saulles rapped a sharp one to Hutchinson, who, instead of touching third, threw to first, and Green, standing in the runner's way, was run into, and both Sullivan and Waddell scored.

If the seventh inning had been lucky for Yale, it was now to prove fateful. Only one hit had previously been made off Robertson, but in this inning Princeton hammered out three singles, which filled the bases, whereupon Robertson hit two batters in succession, forcing in two runs, and Hillebrand's long low fly over third base brought in two more runs. In the next inning Princeton made certain her victory by other two runs—on a single by Hutchinson, a three-bagger by Kafer, and another error by Robertson, whose gifts to Princeton, all told, made seven bases and two runs, against three he struck out. Hillebrand was at his best, giving only one base on balls, and striking out seven. For the most part, it was first-class baseball. Princeton outplayed Yale, a result not unexpected on her home grounds, and has the advantage of a cool and experienced pitcher. Nevertheless, the chances of the deciding game next Saturday, on neutral grounds, seem to favor Yale.

HARVARD defeated Pennsylvania (7–6) in the second of their series, in a game that furnished excitement for the spectators but disclosed slovenly play by both teams. Through four innings, while Pennsylvania made five runs, Harvard made errors (four) and seemed all at sea. In the fifth, however, Harvard got on a batting streak, and Pennsylvania took a turn at error-making (eight). Harvard made three runs in the fifth and sixth innings, Pennsylvania tied the score in the eighth, and in the ninth his own three-bagger and Fitz's single brought in Dibblee with the winning run. Fitz pitched a strong game. It is remarkable what slovenly ball Harvard can play at times—a tendency which will surely cost the Yale series that opens on the 22d at Cambridge.

Other baseball reserved for next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—By Hamblen Sears.—Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.—Harper & Brothers

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To Augustin Daly

DIED AT PARIS, JUNE 6, 1899

LET down the curtain. Close the play-
house door.
The hand that ruled doth hold the
helm no more.
The voice that called the actor to his best
Is silent, and the tireless man's at rest.

"The world's a stage," the Bard of Avon
said,
And spoke his line without the slightest
dread,
Because he knew beneath the thought of
man
Was One who'd chosen well the guiding
plan.

The world may be a stage; the stage is not
the world,
Yet there was one whose banner, e'er un-
furled,
Defiance bade to all, from year to year,
For that in all he did he was sincere.

God give him rest! His work may be
The subject of both love and enmity.
Yet was he patterned on the goodly plan
Of him who does his best, and rules: a
Man! JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Diary of the Revolt

Sunday, May 28.—Lawton returned to Manila from San Fernando. Filipino forces, under General Mascardo, were noticed in the neighborhood of the latter town.

General Otis notified the War Department that the Spanish troops were withdrawn from Zamboanga, Mindanao Island, on May 24, "after battle with insurgents, with severe loss to latter. Spanish loss, nine killed, twenty-seven wounded—among whom was the commanding general Montero, who died from his wounds, and was buried at Manila yesterday. Insurgents used rifles, artillery, and ammunition captured from gunboats, expending major part of ammunition. Conference followed between General Rios, who went from Manila to withdraw troops, and insurgents. The latter stated to him that they would not oppose landing of Americans, but would accept conditions in Luzon. [In point of fact, however, they took possession of Zamboanga as soon as the garrison left.] Spanish troops withdrawn now here; depart for Spain to-morrow. A feeble attack by insurgents on inhabitants of southeastern portion of Negros necessitated sending a battalion of troops from Manila there.... Insurgent falsehoods circulated in southern islands, of overwhelming insurgent victories in Luzon, keep up excitement in that section among the more ignorant classes, although intelligent people know American arms have never met reverse, and they call for United States protection. Have turned over to navy for use on coasts of southern islands a number of purchased Spanish gunboats, from which excellent results are expected."

Monday, May 29.—The transports *Ohio* and *Senator*, having the Thirteenth Infantry and several hundred recruits on board, reached Manila.

Tuesday, May 30.—Memorial services were held in the Paco Cemetery, near Manila, and the soldiers' graves were decorated. A majority of the head-stones bore the epitaph, "Killed in action," but one was inscribed, "Comrades, he helped us to make this American soil."

The list of American captives in the hands of the Filipinos was increased by two from the hospital-ship *Relief*. Third-Officer Fred Heppy and Assistant-Engineer Charles Blandford rigged a sail on one of the ship's boats and went sailing along the shore opposite the Filipino lines. Some of the natives put out in canoes and captured the two men, who were unarmed. The monitor *Monadnock* sent a boat with a landing-party to their assistance, but the prisoners were rushed into the woods before the rescuers reached the shore.

Wednesday, May 31.—After a conference between President McKinley and Secretary Alger, a cablegram was sent to General Otis asking him if he needed a larger force. The enlisted strength of the regular army was about 62,500 men, distributed as follows: In the Philippines or *en route*, 24,000; in the United States, Alaska, and Hawaii, 20,000; in Cuba, 16,000; in Puerto Rico, 2500.

Thursday, June 1.—Replying to the inquiry of the Secretary of War, General Otis telegraphed that he was still of the opinion that 30,000 troops would be necessary for the effective control of the Philippines.

General Lawton was given command of the troops forming the lines east and south of Manila, General MacArthur remaining in command of those on the north.

Filipinos occupying the lines around San Fernando attacked the outposts of General MacArthur's command.

Captain Wren of the Seventeenth Infantry completed the enlistment of one hundred natives of Macabebe to act as scouts.

The United States Philippines Commissioners gave a ball at their residence in Manila. This was one of a series of entertainments designed to foster relations of friendship between the Americans and the natives.

Friday, June 2.—In order to understand the situation at this time, we must realize that there were three centres of influence on the American side, each of which had to be reckoned with. The commanding general at Manila, with his division commanders, consistently advocated a vigorous forward policy, trusting to this to compel Aguinaldo to accept the terms originally insisted upon —*i.e.*, unconditional surrender. Theirs was the argument of bullets. The civil members of the Philippines Commission consistently advocated the employment of friendly demonstrations and representations, promises, appeals, and entertainments such as we noted in the preceding paragraph. Theirs was the argument of balls. Mr. McKinley and his advisers at Washington inclined to favor the civil element of the commission, yet deferred to General Otis's judgment and placed the responsibility upon him, debating the question of calling for volunteers, even seeming to grudge the few thousands of regulars, and forever anticipating a peace which had not been earned. Theirs was the argument of bullets *and* balls.

Saturday, June 3.—An aggressive movement was begun by Lawton against the native forces under General Pio del Pilar. The latter held the territory beyond our lines directly east of Manila, along the northern shore of Laguna de Bay. Here a chain of towns — Cainta, Taytay, Antipolo, Teresa, and Morong—extends across the base of a peninsula which points southward into the lake and is terminated at Devil's Strait. The design was to dislodge the Filipinos whom del Pilar had stationed at or near these towns, to drive them southward into the peninsula, and so pocket this division of the native army.

Accordingly, at five o'clock A.M. a column under General Hall set out from the pumping-station, which lies well to the north of the lake. Eleven companies of the Oregon regiment, six companies of the Colorado regiment, three troops of the Fourth Cavalry, dismounted, and one troop mounted, eight companies of the Fourth Infantry, four companies of the Ninth, four companies of the Wyoming regiment, and four mountain guns—such was Hall's force, with its large percentage of volunteers. It was essential to the success of Lawton's plan that Hall should pass rapidly to the east of the Filipino position. Colonel Wholley and Major Haskell, with the Washington and North Dakota regiments and some of the Twelfth regulars, were held at Pasig, west of the chain of towns referred to, ready to advance from this quarter and close the trap. A similar plan had twice been tried in the campaign north of Manila (compare our "Diary," March 25 and April 22), and twice had failed, owing to the difficult nature of the country to be traversed, the opposition encountered, and the Tagálog's marked talent for evasion. And so in the present instance. Four miles out of Antipolo, Hall's column was fired upon from strong trenches high up on the mountain-side, and although the hostiles were driven from this position they kept up a running fight for several hours. The roads were found to be impassable for wagons, and it took seven hours to cover a distance for which the time allowance was only two hours. General Lawton ordered the troops at Pasig to advance about the middle of the afternoon. Cainta was shelled at three o'clock; Taytay was abandoned by its garrison soon afterwards; some of the Filipinos fled to Antipolo and Morong, others into the hills beyond, and still others changed their uniforms for civilian's dress, and passed freely and unquestioned through our lines. During the march four of our men were killed and nine wounded.

Sunday, June 4.—Two battalions of the Washington troops, under Colonel Wholley, on board *cascos*, were towed from Pasig to Morong, and landed under cover of the fire of army gunboats. The Filipinos were driven from their trenches in the outskirts of the town, and fled to the hills. Meantime Hall had continued his advance without opposition, occupying Antipolo and being joined by Major Haskell with a battalion of the Twelfth and two battalions of the North Dakota, from Pasig *viâ* Cainta and Taytay. The line across the peninsula was not quite continuous, though as nearly so as the roughness of the country would permit, when these united commands occupied the town of Teresa, midway between Antipolo and Morong. Transportation was so difficult that some of the wagons and ammunition were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

Monday, June 5.—General Hall's command marched from Teresa to Morong, exchanging a few shots with skirmishers on the way, but suffering principally from the extreme heat. The remnant of the southern division of the Filipino army escaped through the mountains after General del Pilar, dragging their battery by *carabaos* (water-buffaloes) at night. Only a few hundreds were left behind to take their chances of escape by discarding uniforms and disguising themselves as *amigos*. The head of Hall's column reached Morong at noon. Many were prostrated on the march, and the hospital tugs returned in the evening with five hundred men suffering from the effects of the heat.

Tuesday, June 6.—Returning from this fruitless excursion, General Hall marched westward, after establishing a garrison at Morong.

Thursday, June 8.—The situation was described in the following message from General Otis:

Result movements Morong province was to drive insurgents into mountains, capturing Antipolo and other towns in that section, with point of land projecting into bay. They retreated and scattered before our advance, leaving twenty-five dead on field; our loss four killed and few wounded, mostly slight. City of Morong on only land route around bay garrisoned; all other troops withdrawn.

Inhabitants of provinces profess friendship; ask protection; large number wish to enter Manila. Refuse, as city population increasing too rapidly. Leading natives throughout island, including active insurgent leaders, seek permission to send families to Manila; considered only place of personal security.

At recruiting stations in New York, Boston, Providence, and elsewhere steps were taken to secure a large number of recruits for active service in the Philippines. This was in compliance with an order from the War Department, dated Wednesday, and reading as follows: "Make all enlistments you can—infantry, cavalry, light artillery, and heavy artillery—for Philippines. Select men. Urgent." MARRION WILCOX.

Individuality

THE joy of being one's self, one's
very own,
The holding fast to one's inherent
rights,
Not for mere selfish ardors and
delights,
But for true nobility of soul alone.
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THE best regulator of digestive organs. DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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What is good soap?
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If you go into the Northwest this year use this route. In the meantime send to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., six cents for WONDERLAND '99 and read about that country.

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Staneri von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested at the station and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Voesburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric, after purchasing some photographs of the Queen of Holland, turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and the latter tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. At sight of it Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. Edric tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's opposition. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric. Hardy puts him under the protection of the American Legation. A scuffle follows. Edric is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOLDFISHERS.

Wherein two young people cast bread upon the waters, and one of them thinks to catch the wind in a net.

I AWOKE shortly after sunrise. Sparrows twittered a pretty subdued chorus under my window; overhead through the saffron haze a skylark winging swung, singing unceasingly. Bells sounded—mellow Belgian bells, chiming for new-born hours.

I opened the window and looked out over silent streets, down the leafy ravine where the Alzette sparkled through still verdure; and the incense of silver dew, exhaling in the first sun-warmth, sweetened every breath I drew.

Tall white viaducts spanned the ravine like arches chopped in snow; creamy towers and ramparts, veiled in the morning dimness, circled the gray-green landscape as a trail of melting frost rings meadow-vales at break of day.

Yet the beauty of it all left me unsatisfied; the chameleon color, the stillness, the frail enchantment, the scented silence, disturbed me. This was not the world; lights were too delicate, shadows too indistinct; the earth itself seemed fragile as crusted pearl inlaid with gemmed grass, enamelled in dainty flower patterns that troubled me all the more because of their perfume. The world is something else—it is rankly aromatic; it is wind and cloud and warm sunshine and the green juice of living leaves; it is bedded oaks and doubly bedded rocks; it is the rush and churning of swift waters; it is the roughened surface of gray lakes; it is the ceaseless swing and surge of seas, rocking forever from pole to pole.

But this land of dyes and tinted skies and silence, this exquisitely formal landscape, dainty, conventional, cunningly wrought with finer reproductions from nature's robust originals, disconcerted me. I felt out of touch with real things; I missed the strong odor of fresh earth and tree roots and healthy unfiltered streams and rotting forest mould.

"I suppose somebody shampooes the squirrels and curry-combs the rabbits out there in the forests," I thought. "Anyway somebody has dusted off the sky and varnished all the buttercups. Oh, this world of Dresden china!"

All day long Osborne sat in his den, busy with despatches, deciphering code messages from Washington and The Hague, copying memoranda, using a type-writer at times, until I objected to the eternal click-click, ting-a-ling scrape! click! click!

"Haven't you anything to do?" asked Osborne, irritably. "I wish you wouldn't keep looking at the back of my head."

"I've something better to do than to listen to your grunts and groans—if anybody should ask you," I replied. "I'm going out. Come on."

Osborne returned to his type-writer.

"Come on," I repeated; "let's do something."

"If you want something to do," he said, "go and inquire how Prince Edric is. You may see the Countess, you know," he added, maliciously.

Now that is exactly what I had been contemplating; but for the first time in my life I experienced a sensation that I had never before suspected myself capable of—timidity.

"Do you suppose it would be all right?" I asked.

"What? Oh, don't get an idea that there's any formality about this court! It's a free and easy aristocracy, and not as impressive as it might be. You'd never know the Duke was a duke nor the Duchess a duchess if the soldiers didn't present arms every now and again."

"Then you think I might present myself too?"

"Why not? In a week you'll be the Duke's aide-de-camp. I tell you, they are anything but formal. As for Edric, he's no longer a German prince."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Edric," I said, laughing, "though we once had a difference concerning a question of precedence."

As I went away down the stairs, Osborne called after me: "I forgot to say that the Duke's tailor is coming to measure you for six uniforms at five o'clock!"

Six uniforms for one aide-de-camp! It was almost enough to clothe the whole army. The cultivated distaste of a United States officer for anything but disreputable uniforms was as strong in me as in the dowdiest old colonel west of the Mississippi. I, who was so particular when in mufti, felt it a humiliation, almost a degradation, to be forced into a decent, tasteful, artistic, and reasonable military dress. It is one of our little Anglo-Saxon hypocrisies to cry "Vanity of vanity!" which is in itself but a sorry sort of vanity.

"Fuss and feathers, gold lace and braid," I repeated, just as I had heard my uncultivated countrymen repeat, "I won't be a guy to please the Duke or his Excellency or anybody else." And I went out into the street, conscious that my civilian wardrobe did me justice!

Before I entered the Boulevard des Curés, where, on the corner of the Rue du Gouvernement, the Hôtel de la Maison Royale stands, I felt little trepidation at the prospect of meeting the Countess of Wilverwiltz. Yet, when I came in sight of the palace, I experienced a distinct desire to stop. And I did.

"Suppose," said I to myself, "that Prince Edric has gently chided the Duchess for coming to the prison—the Duchess, who is absolutely innocent! What a row!"

An old apple-woman wheeled her push-cart up beside me and sold me six apples, which I paid for, and returned to her with a bow. I was quite willing to buy anything to gain time; she missed her fortune that day, poor soul.

"Suppose," thought I to myself, "that the Countess hears that it was I and not Edric who made love to her in prison!"

I took a stroll down the Place d'Armes to gain more time.

"Dear me!" I thought, "if time is money, and I gain time at such a rapid rate, I'll have a surplus in the treasury by evening."

A girl sold me a bunch of corn-flowers, and laughed prettily when I overpaid her. I told her to imitate the saints and shame the devil, and walked into the Rue de Génie to gain more time.

"Nevertheless," thought I, as a child sold me a dozen slate-pencils, "I'm none the richer for my avarice," and I gave the slate-pencils back to the child, and added all my loose coppers to the restitution.

"Little boy," said I, "never do work to-day that you can put off till to-morrow. I never do. And it is singular," I added, "how the work accumulates."

By that time I was in front of the palace again, where two sentinels paraded, bayonets fixed, chin-straps down.

I regarded my future troops with disapproval; then, remembering all the surplus time I had hoarded up, decided to spend a little of it in seeking Prince Edric.

"Not that I care tuppence whether or not the Countess knows I kissed her," thought I, "but it is disconcerting to be snubbed by somebody you know well enough to make love to and not to bow to."

"Fancy," I continued to myself, "people asking me, 'Do you know the Countess?' and my confessing that we were merely on kissing terms."

Thoughtfully, head chastely bent, hands clasped behind my back, I entered the palace court; and, as I strolled, I pondered on that strange encounter in the prison.

There were soldiers about—some sitting on stone benches outside the guard-house, sunlight shining full on their scarlet and blue uniforms, some patrolling the inner court-yards, bayonets fixed. A non-commissioned officer wandered into view, and I went to meet him. We saluted each other profoundly.

"I came," said I, "to visit Prince Edric of Prussia. Will there be any difficulty about obtaining admission?"

"Not that I know of," he said.

"Then I may see him?"

"Why not, monsieur?"

"I suppose it would not be possible to see the Duchess?"

"I don't know why," he replied, placidly.

"Or the—the Countess of Wilverwiltz?"

"Monsieur, you may go where it pleases you and you may see whom you please in Luxembourg," he said, indifferently.

As I climbed the broad palace steps, I thought to myself that when things were reorganized in Luxembourg I'd put an end to informality. The despotism of aristocracy is sometimes envied by those whose republican heritage has become tainted with license.

There were flunkies roaming about in every direction. One of these embroidered adjuncts directed me to cross a grassy inner court to the western wing of the palace, where doubtless the guards would know what was next to be done.

The inner court, bordered by gray arcades, echoed with the music of falling water, where two broad fountains splashed in the shadow. It echoed with something pleasanter, too—the melody of laughter and young voices chattering.

I saw them at once—the Duchess, the Countess of Wilverwiltz, and another, a very young girl with an orange sunshade. They stood close to the stone edge of the southern fountain-pool, greatly interested in the efforts of the Countess, who was attempting to fish for a goldfish with a bent pin and a thread. She had hold of one fat fish, brilliant as a live coal, who floundered and spattered among the lotus blossoms, and wound the thread around stem and root so tightly that the Countess, fairly outgeneralled, could do nothing but hold her end of the thread, while the Duchess poked the lotus-buds with her parasol to disentangle things.

The Countess saw me first, but pretended not to; it was the Duchess who apparently discovered me as I passed the southern arcades.

She did not appear to be surprised; she laughed prettily, and made a despairing gesture toward the fountain.

"Please, Lieutenant Hardy, aid us to reason with this disloyal fish! We wish to place him in the other fountain, and he won't go."

As I crossed the grass and joined them, the Countess glanced up at me with the faintest flush of recognition; but her voice and manner were cool to indifference when I was presented. The very young girl with the orange sunshade was Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, a distant cousin, who still bore traces of convent pallor on her face, and whose very skirts were fragrant with the scent of convent gardens.

"Prince Edric is asleep and quite comfortable," said the Duchess; "but it's time he awaked, and you may go and rouse him as soon as you disentangle our fishing-line."

"And catch that fish," added the Countess Amyce.

I took the line from her gloved hand, and stepped on to the curbed stone rim of the pool.

"Do be careful, monsieur," said the Countess, in a voice that satisfied me she would give every ring off her pretty fingers to see me tumble in.

I had to break off a lotus flower to get the line. After that it was not difficult, and in a few moments I drew the fat red fish up to the fountain edge, lifted it, carried it flapping across the grass, and plumped it into the other fountain, none the worse for the journey.

"Now," said the Duchess, sedately, "we can go for our drive with a sense of duty done—can't we, Amyce?"

"I shall not go," said the Countess Amyce. "I shall catch more fish—unless Lieutenant Hardy has ruined my hook and line."

"I don't see," said the Duchess, "why you would rather fish than drive to the Semois. Still, if you wish—"

"I like to catch things," said the Countess, examining the bent pin, and carefully baiting it with a crumb of bread.

The Duchess watched the process, pleasantly indifferent. I offered to bait the pin securely, and was told that I didn't know how.

"If you are amiable," said the Duchess, smiling at me, "you will come to us at Wilverwiltz next Monday. Do you care for boar-hunting? There are wolf-drives, too, next month. But of course you will come; my husband expects—"

She hesitated, with a significant glance at the others.

"I am to be fitted for my uniforms at five to-day," I said. So she understood that I had accepted the commission as aide-de-camp.

"I understand what you mean, too," said the Countess, without looking up; "it isn't a diplomatic secret, I hope."

"I do so wish to hear diplomatic secrets," cried Mademoiselle Bettina, with an enfranchised schoolgirl's appetite for actualities.

"Come, then; I'll tell you hundreds," laughed the Duchess, encircling the young girl's waist with her left arm, and nodding brightly to me as she turned away.

"Do you wish me to come?" asked the Countess, dropping her bent pin into the water.

"I don't know," said the Duchess, coloring a little; "I thought—in case you were not coming—Bettina and I would take a dog-cart and drive to the chase."

"And bring the Duke back with you?" asked the Countess, carelessly.

"If he has finished shooting," said the Duchess. Two rose spots glowed in her cheeks; she spoke indifferently; yet for a moment I saw in her blue eyes the shadow of a sorrow too hopeless for such young eyes.

So she went away over the grass, her arm clasping the sashed waist of the enthusiastic convent maid; and they entered the north colonnade, where footmen and flunkies stood in a stiff row, awaiting the behest of her Highness.

"Prince Edric's apartments are in the east wing," observed the Countess Amyce, without looking up.

The dismissal was certainly abrupt; I said what I should have said, a trifle stiffly perhaps, and turned towards the east wing.

"I don't believe he's awake," said the Countess, apparently to herself.

I hesitated.

"So you'll have to awaken him," she observed.

I moved on.

"Unless—" she continued.

I stopped.

"He's already awake," she added, maliciously.

I grew unpleasantly warm to the ears, perfectly conscious that I had been made ridiculous.

"Sometimes those who are awake need rousing most," I said, quietly.

She looked up with an innocent air of wonder.

"How quaint! It's an Eastern proverb, isn't it, Lieutenant Hardy?" she asked, moving her line gently to and fro in the limpid water.

I fairly ground my teeth.

"Suppose," she said, after a moment's thought, "that I should ask you a favor; what would you think?"

"May I hope for such fortune?" I replied, quickly, forgetting my resentment.

Her dark eyes rested on me; then she lowered them, saying,

"Fortune is a slave to the wise and a master to the stupid."

"But a man once planted pebbles and raised roses," I said, laughing.

She nodded gravely: "And pricked his fingers with the thorns. I have heard about that man."

She lifted her hook from the water; the bread crumb had been nibbled off. She permitted me to rebait the pin; I moulded the crumb on firmly and lowered it again into the water, offering her the string.

"You may fish," she said. "You are so wise and full of proverbs about fortune—has fortune been so kind that you celebrate her in proverbs?"

"Fortune is like one's sweetheart: if you neglect her to-day, do not expect her to be kind to-morrow."

"What constancy!" she said, apparently lost in admiration. "I could never be fortunate."

At that moment I caught a goldfish, lifted it, squirming, and dropped it into the other fountain.

"Let me—now!" she said, capriciously, taking hook and line and holding out the pin to be redecorated. My hand brushed the tips of her gloved fingers.

We stood there quite silently, intent on her still line, watching the plump, lazy goldfish nibble discreetly, and then wiggle away among the lotus stems.

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"The favor I ask," she said, abruptly, "is not a personal one."

"It is to me—because you ask it," I said.

Perhaps this displeased her; I don't know. At all events, she remained silent so long that I began to feel uncomfortable. And I have no doubt she knew it.

Once or twice we nearly caught a gold-fish, but both times the bread came off, and I drew up the pin and repaired damages.

"I suppose," she said at last, "that you have heard rumors of a slight estrangement between the Duke and the Duchess of Luxembourg. I speak of this because you are soon to be his Highness's confidant and aide-de-camp."

"Yes," I said, simply, "I have heard of it."

"From whom?"

"I don't remember."

She smiled, with a little gesture of approval.

"That is delightful! A man who doesn't remember has a career before him."

"Discretion is the alphabet of diplomacy," I said, much pleased with myself. Why on earth is it a man always prides himself on the quality he does not possess?

"Yes, discretion is the first law of success," said the Countess, gravely. "It was discreet of you, for example, to say that you had heard of trouble between the Duke and the Duchess."

I turned red and set my teeth. This was simply intolerable. I had been flouted to my face with a ridicule impossible to resent openly.

"It is this nice balance between justifiable discretion and useless secretiveness that inspires a woman's confidence," she continued, thoughtfully.

My face was burning; nevertheless, I looked at her steadily and said:

"If I am unsuspicious of others, it is perhaps because I am not inquisitive. I see no reason to conceal from you that I have heard it said the Duke and the Duchess misunderstand each other."

"That is exactly it," she said, quickly; "they do misunderstand each other. And I am going to ask you to watch every chance to influence the Duke. You can do it; I knew it as soon as I saw you. You are the kind of man he likes—men who are human and unspoiled—men who can spend all day prowling over malarial marshes after snipe—men whose household gods are bit and spur—men who have likes and dislikes, and whose hearts are open pages for all who choose to read."

"In other words, a tactless, well-meaning idiot!" I said, stung to the quick. "Doubtless I will suit his Highness to a T."

"You are very sensitive," she said, flushing. "You don't understand the compliment I pay you. Women find men who are adepts in that woman's weapon diplomacy a trifle unsexed and unworthy."

It was wonderful how her words could alternately sting and soothe. Again my resentment vanished, and I promised her that whatever I could do, if an occasion offered, I would do to influence the Duke as she desired.

"He is so young—about your age," she said; "he is obstinate and tactless, and horribly sensitive, although, like most sensitive men, he has hidden a finer nature under a selfish materialism. He seeks his pleasure in his hounds and wolf-drives, when, if he dared acknowledge it to himself, he'd give the head off his shoulders to be with his wife."

The delicate color in her cheeks deepened; earnestness and animation filled her eyes, and her voice too, with a sweetness irresistible.

"I say this to you," she said, "because you are the man to say it to. I knew it when I saw you yesterday. I am so glad you are to be his aide-de-camp. If you reform the Duke as well as I know you can reform the army, you may ask for what you will."

"From you?" I said, smiling.

"Oh, I am only Countess of Wilverwiltz," she replied, carelessly; "the Duke confers honors."

"There are honors," said I, lightly, "worth striving for. I have already received two, unmerited."

"And what may those honors be?" she asked, her eyes very bright.

"The honor of your confidence—the honor of receiving your commands," I said, looking into her eyes.

She stood silent, with that indefinite smile hovering near her parted lips.

"I am convinced you mean what you say," she said; "it was gallantly spoken for a courtier—it is the more to be prized from a soldier."

Then, with a return to the faintest mockery:

"Sincerity is so strange a visitor—one scarcely knows how to value it in these brilliant days of truth's decadence."

"I have noticed no decadence where I come from," said I.

"There!" she exclaimed, laughing; "I knew you were a celestial visitor—an angel of grace; and I'm quite prepared to believe that heaven is all you say it is! Be an archangel of common-sense to the Duke; make him new regiments, buy him new cannon, and teach him that the Duchess is a mistress worth the adoration of a lover—a wife worth the confidence of a husband."

"And keep Prince Edric away," I observed, carelessly.

Taken by surprise, she betrayed herself, and the next moment was furious for having done so. But she was not foolish enough to attempt evasion, although even as she spoke I saw that the wonder had not died out in her eyes—the utter amazement that I should suspect anything concerning the Prince.

"Yes, and keep Prince Edric away," she said, slowly. "I don't understand how you know what you appear to know, but it is evident you are well informed."

"Yes," I said, "I am well informed."

I placed one foot on the stone curb of the fountain, and resting my elbow on my knee, looked down at the goldfish. She also bent over the water; our reflected eyes met in the pool; then she looked away.

"What do you know?" she asked, presently.

"This," I answered: "that the Prince is in love—but not with the Duchess. If she for a moment supposes herself in love with him—and it is dangerous for a young wife to suffer a husband's neglect too long—she will learn very quickly that Prince Edric never had the faintest spark of that sort of love for her. This is brutal to say, but it is the truth."

"Yet he came here—for her sake," said the Countess, quietly.

"No. He came for another's sake."

"The old story of the peasant girl!" she said, scornfully.

"Yes, the old story of the peasant girl—the old, old story—Love."

The Countess laughed a little laugh that said, "Oh, you are so young—so distressingly naïve!"

"No," said I, "it is you who are deceived this time. I affirm it on my honor as a soldier—I affirm it on my honor as the man who has been doubly honored with your confidence and commands. The Prince has never dreamed of such a thing."

"And suppose I should affirm that he had declared his love for the Duchess?" said she; and again the carmine stained her cheeks and her eyes grew brighter.

"Listen!" I said, speaking distinctly, yet almost inaudibly: "You, Madame la Comtesse, are generous, impulsive, fearless, and—a little fond of the excitement of mischief—"

"What!" she cried.

"I beg you to listen—I beg you not to be offended. This is too important, and I must say what I have to say."

"With all the tact natural to you," she replied. "I beg your pardon."

"Tact or no tact," I said, "it is better for me to go on. And I wish merely to put a hypothetical question: Suppose that your dearest desire was to reconcile a young wife and her husband? Suppose that young wife, stung by neglect, tortured with misunderstanding, tried to find relief in making herself believe she could become interested in another man? Suppose that other man appeared in the vicinity, and was thrown into prison—"

"Prison!" echoed the Countess, nervously.

"Suppose the young wife went to him in prison—"

"She did not!" cried the Countess, crimson and pale by turns.

"Went to him," I continued, serenely, "and confessed she loved him, and gave him a ring—"

"This is ignoble!" said the Countess, with unconcealed passion and wrath flashing from her dark eyes. "If Prince Edric told you this—"

"He did not!"

"Who did?"

"Listen!" I said, almost impatiently: "I am presenting a hypothesis. But there is a better hypothesis than that, and it's this: Suppose the young wife's friend—you, for example—knowing that the man was in prison, should take it upon yourself to go and see him?"

The Countess, pale and breathless, stood motionless, staring at me, her hand clinched and pressed tightly to her hip.

"Suppose," I went on, "that—you, for example—but *only* for example—believed that the Prince might return after his release, and that the young wife might again be in danger? And suppose you, believing this, decided to assume the character of the young wife and impose on jailer and prisoner? And suppose you, for the sake of the young wife, permitted the prisoner to believe you loved him, and then appealed to him as a man of honor never to see you again?"

"Yes," said the Countess, in a clear, low voice, "I did this thing."

"I know you did," I said; "and that is not all. Because you are generous and loyal you went there; because you are young and daring you enjoyed it; because you love mischief and are a consummate actress you produced a scene that was a masterpiece. By your cleverness you apparently made it impossible for an honorable Prince to return to the Duchess; by your daring and exquisite appreciation of mischief you punished him for his apparent presumption. You did missionary work, and did it so that it was palatable to yourself."

Trembling with anger, the Countess faced me.

"If Prince Edric thought I was the Duchess, and told you—he is a scoundrel! If Prince Edric knew me through my disguise and paid me in my own coin, he is clever.





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But if he told you what you know, he is a dishonorable man!"

I said: "Will you accept my word of honor?"

She waited a moment, then nodded.

"Then I say to you that Prince Edric did not tell me."

"Who told you?" she asked, steadily. "Giroux?"

"Giroux thought you were the Duchess; you know he did. Not only was he certain that you were the Duchess, but he believed absolutely that his prisoner was Prince Edric."

"What do you mean?" whispered the Countess, eyes round with horror.

"I mean that the prisoner was not Prince Edric; I mean that Prince Edric has no idea that you or the Duchess ever entered that prison."

I thought for a moment she would faint; her pallor was frightful; but she steadied herself and swallowed desperately.

"So," I said, "you see that Prince Edric does not love the Duchess, nor does he dream that she thinks she cares for him. There is nothing to fear from him; he is absorbed in his own affairs. As for me, I will loyally second your efforts to bring husband and wife together; and if God wills it, it shall be done."

I bowed very carefully and stepped back a pace or two. The utter misery in her lovely face sent a thrill of remorse through me; I would have given my right hand if I had not kissed her in prison — I'd have given my head before I would have lost the memory of that kiss—or the chance to punish her.

"Who was—was the—the prisoner?" she stammered. "He told you this; he is a scoundrel!"

"I'm afraid he is," I said, remorsefully; "but I promise you that he will never tell another soul. And you know I keep my word."

For a full minute she leaned against the fountain-rim, looking at me. Then a terrible light flashed up in her eyes; she faced me swiftly, so close that I breathed the subtle perfume of her hair.

"It was you—in the prison," she panted —"you coward!"

At the word I simply turned cold to the tips of my fingers. When I could speak I said, slowly,

"That is not the word to use, Madame la Comtesse." I added, my anger scarcely under control, "You may thank yourself for what occurred!"

"For what occurred," she said, in a white heat, "you shall pay dearly, monsieur."

"I have paid dearly already," I said, soberly; for the hate in her eyes hurt me as nothing had ever hurt. "My bitter punishment is your anger; your punishment is far lighter—it is self-reproach — and I do not think you will be too hard on the Countess of Wilverwiltz."

Troubled, irresolute, I began to pace the greensward; she stood as though changed to stone, but her beautiful angry eyes followed me as I turned, retraced my steps, and turned again.

At last I resolutely came back to the fountain, and told her, as simply as I could, how sorry I was, how I regretted the folly that drove me to mischief, how hopeless I felt that she might ever come to forgive me.

And even as I spoke I could not help but remember the touch of my lips on her hair; and perhaps she divined that I could not regret all, for the red blood mantled her face and neck, and there was no mercy in her eyes. But her voice was like velvet when she said:

"The world, monsieur, is very small. Pray you keep as far away from me as God's measurements permit."

"Nevertheless," I thought, angrily, as I walked away toward the eastern colonnade, "I shall neither leave Luxembourg nor renounce the beginning of my career for you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Major Diggles

WHEN General Lawton was well advanced on his memorable twenty days' march toward the second insurgent capital at San Isidro, a reconnoitring party which he had sent out was attacked by Filipinos near San Miguel de Mayumo, and its commander was mortally wounded while gallantly leading his men. His death occurred at Manila on May 26. This commander was Arthur M. Diggles, Captain of Company B, First Infantry, N. G. S. M., Major Thirteenth Infantry, United States Volunteers. It should be recorded and always remembered that in the most aggressive movement of the campaign, in the spring of 1899, he fell at a point twelve miles nearer the goal than that which Lawton himself, with the main body of his troops, had then attained.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 18, 1855, Mr. Diggles was graduated at St. John's Military Academy, Sing Sing, New York, in 1886, and took a course at Yale University. He received his commission as Captain in the First Minnesota Infantry on March 10, 1891; volunteered for military service in the war with Spain; was mustered in May 7, 1898, as Captain in the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers; was commissioned Major on May 13, and after two months' recruiting service rejoined his regiment at Manila on September 2. His participation in several engagements prior to that at San Miguel had established his reputation as a brave and efficient officer. As a mark of respect to his memory, the national flag was displayed at half-staff at the armories of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

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ASSETS.

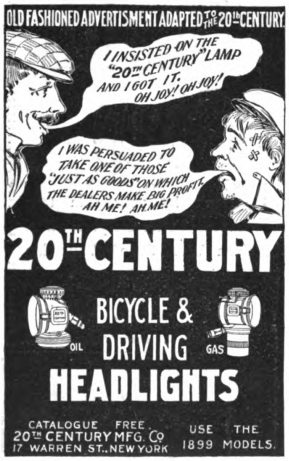
Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Life Insurance in force, $97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898, 16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, $ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, 14,532,359.52
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, 16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid, 324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, $ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, 22,464,596.75
Totals.
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, $ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, 36,996,956.27

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When a Man's Thirty

A Comedietta

BY CLINTON ROSS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

TOM LANDON. PRISCILLA DALTON.
BERTIE. DOLLY BLUNT.

SCENE.—*A conservatory at* Mrs. Van Mercer's. *Entrance R. Divan and seats. Waltz music.* Priscilla *and* Tom *on a divan.*

TIME.—*Thirty minutes.*

Priscilla. I didn't think it ever could be like this. You know, I didn't care particularly for you the first time I saw you.

Tom (*fervently*). I thought you, Priscilla, the jolliest girl I ever laid eyes on, from the very first.

Priscilla. Now, Tom, was there never anybody else?

Tom (*after some moments*). Never anybody —in the same sense.

Priscilla (*drawing away from him*). Oh, but there was, then, somebody in some other sense! Who were they?

Tom. What's the use?

Priscilla. I don't think we should have any secrets from each other.

Tom. And you, Priscilla?

Priscilla. Do you doubt me? A man must take me on faith. [*Coldly.*

Tom (*after some demonstration*). It seems to me that "on faith" really should work both ways.

Priscilla (*after a moment's silence*). Were you ever in love with any other girl so that you thought you couldn't live without her, and in such a way that you would be miserable forever if she weren't around? That's what you said to me. Now wasn't it, Tom dear?

Tom. Shall I say it again?

Priscilla. Oh, well, that's evasion—just evasion—that's all. You are not frank. You don't dare to be. Now tell me. The way matters have turned, we should have no secrets—should we, now?

Tom. No, of course not. Well—

Priscilla. Ah, well—there was somebody, then—somebody?

Tom. Priscilla, when a man's thirty he must have a bit of a past, so far as girls go. One would be scarcely human if he hadn't. You wouldn't care for me if I hadn't.

Priscilla. Ah! the man I care for must have no past—that I am not in.

Tom. But, you know, we have known each other scarcely six months.

Priscilla. But still, if you hadn't met me, since you have said that we were made for —predestined for—each other that really should make no difference.

Tom (*after deliberation*). But man is weak, you know, and there are people predestined for each other who never meet—and even marry other people.

Priscilla. But we have met—now! That's the difference. Now you must tell me, Tom dear; it's only fair.

Tom (*lightly*). Now if you were a widow, I should care for you just the same. What if I were a widower?

Priscilla. Your wit isn't very good. (*After a moment.*) That would be different. The matter with me is that I couldn't bear to think that some other girl could say, "She's taken him, and I threw him over." Oh dear no, I couldn't endure that, Tom! But that isn't all; it's just that since we are as we are toward each other, we shouldn't have a secret from each other. You should tell me all. [*Tragic intensity.*

Tom. I will—to-morrow.

Priscilla. Ah, there's something to tell—is there?

Tom. Yes, I believe there is.

Priscilla. Tell it.

Tom. This is no place. When I call to-morrow—

Priscilla. It must be now. I never could wait—never!

Tom. Priscilla!

Priscilla (*after a moment, in a strained voice*). Well, Tom?

Tom. Why are you so different from what you were a few moments ago?

Priscilla. You ought to know.

Tom. Is it that you care for me so little as to let a suspicion come between us? If that is so—

Priscilla. Well, if that is so? (Tom *hesitates a moment, glancing at* Priscilla, *and wondering if he dare put her to the test.* Priscilla, *insistently.*) Then there is something?

Tom. Yes, there is. I thought it better not to tell you. But you have insisted.

Priscilla. Yes, I have insisted. You have been as horrid as other men, then?

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Tom. In the first place, Priscilla, I don't believe a girl has a right to ask a man the question you have put to me. Isn't it enough that after he knows her she is the only girl? (Priscilla *holds her face averted.*) A man who isn't like that isn't worth a nice girl. But what he has done before meeting her he has an excuse for. That, at any rate, is my theory. A poor theory, you think. Since you think so, I must do as you wish. You seem inclined to imagine everything—to suspect everything; so I will tell you everything. (Priscilla *trembles a little.*) When I was nineteen—that's eleven years ago—I met a girl at a Junior german, to whom I was engaged three months.

Priscilla. Tom! You kissed that girl?

Tom. I was engaged to her, Priscilla. But there was another—

Priscilla. Tom—Mr. Landon—another!

Tom. Well, that affair was off after about two years. She married—

Priscilla. What's her name?

Tom. I don't think I ought to tell you that. It isn't fair.

Priscilla. Well, go on—the other?

Tom. That engagement extended over seven months.

Priscilla. Ah, that engagement!

Tom. Oh, there was one more.

Priscilla. Oh, was there?

Tom. That continued for two years and a half. She was a widow.

Priscilla. Well—well?

Tom. That's not the worst.

Priscilla. Is there more to be told?

Tom. Since you asked me to tell you all, Priscilla, there is. The fourth serious affair I had was with Mrs.—well, say "Mrs. Blank."

Priscilla. Oh, Tom, Tom—I mean, Mr. Landon—you flirted with a married woman!

Tom. We contemplated an elopement, but decided that it was not for the best. I see her—frequently.

Priscilla. Oh, you do—you do?

Tom. I think that's all.

Priscilla. I should think that's quite enough. I have—I have you to thank for your very great frankness.

Tom. But, Priscilla—

Priscilla. I think it would be as well if you didn't call me "Priscilla." It has all—been—a mistake—a mistake. I didn't understand you, it seems.

Tom. Priscilla!

Priscilla. I have asked you—

Tom. What, Priscilla dear?

Priscilla. Not to address me as Priscilla. Stop, or I shall cry.

Tom (*trying to take her hand, but she pushing him away*). Why, didn't you see—don't you see—that I wasn't in earnest; that I was only jollying you?

Priscilla. I consider it a weak kind of joke. Oh, Bertie (*who enters, R.*), your dance, certainly. Yes, of course—

Bertie. You know, Landon, you mustn't appropriate Miss Dalton entirely.

Tom (*ignoring him*). You won't forget my dances, Prisc—Miss Dalton?

Priscilla (*distantly*). Did I promise you another? I am ready, Bertie.

[*Goes out on the arm of the triumphant* Bertie.

Tom. What an ass! Now I was just trying her. She might have known. But there are some things you can't say to women—under certain circumstances. Oh, I'm such a fool—such a blanked fool! Well, well! Oh, hello! (Dolly Blunt *at door*), there's Dolly Blunt. I must talk to somebody. My dear Miss Blunt—

Dolly (*taking a chair*). Oh, how d'ye do? I'm so glad to see you for a moment away from Priscilla Dalton.

Tom. Oh, I say—

Dolly. Priscilla is such a pretty girl.

Tom. I think so.

Dolly. Oh, I know you do; that's evident.

Tom (*trying to change the subject*). Freddie Murton is going to lead next week, isn't he? (*Desperately.*) Oh, I hear you are to be at the Brilton's, in Far Westchester, over Sunday? So glad. If the country only keeps open we shall get some golf. Ah, there's Mrs. Sam Townley. Looks well, doesn't she?

Dolly. Sam married her for her money. I wish she wouldn't wear such hideous gowns. You know, Sam was engaged to—oh—hm—you know—

Tom. Well?

Dolly. You know, Sam and Priscilla were to be married.

Tom. Ah?

Dolly. You didn't know, I suppose. I believe it was before you met Priscilla. But they were both so poor it was declared off. Didn't you ever hear that?

Tom. No, never. Oh, I say, this dance is over. I have the next. Awfully sorry, you know.

[Dolly, *theoretically a handsome girl, practically never attractive to man, walks out, R.* Tom *pauses.* Bertie *and* Priscilla *appear in door.*

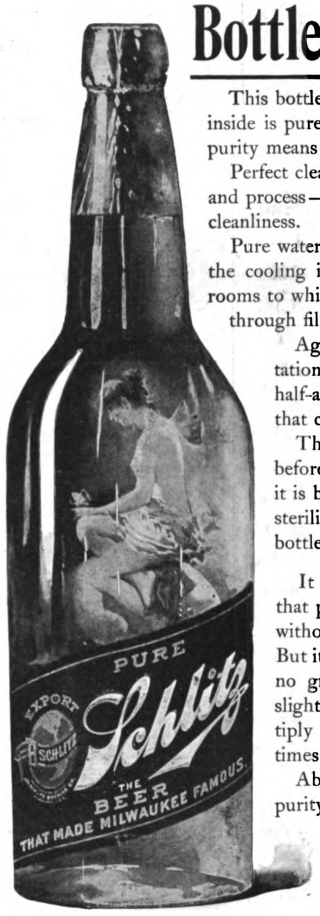
Tom (*advancing*). You know, this is mine—one of mine. (Bertie *bows himself away.*) Confound that fellow!

Priscilla. Yes.

Tom. You are sorry that it is?

Priscilla. I think that we are experienced enough to bear it out—for one dance. I think we'd better omit the other.

Tom. As you prefer—quite as you prefer. (*After some moments of strained silence.*) I have something to say. We might sit here.



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Priscilla (*fidgeting*). Well, Mr. Landon. Oh, isn't this house overheated?

Tom. I don't know, I'm sure. The fact is, Pris—Miss Dalton—I wanted to say that I have found out that you were right. We were mistaken—in each other.

Priscilla (*in a low tone*). I am glad you agree with me.

Tom. As for the stories I told you, they were just made up. I wanted to know what you would say.

Priscilla. You know—now. I hope you are satisfied.

Tom. Quite.

Priscilla. Mr. Landon—

Tom. Since I have heard of your affair with Sam Townley—that is.

Priscilla (*flushing*). Ah, I know. You've been talking with Dolly Blunt. She detests me. There isn't a word of truth in it—not a word.

Tom. I haven't asked for an explanation. You asked for my past. You didn't give me a word of yours.

Priscilla. What an odious creature Dolly is!

Tom. Oh, I don't know.

Priscilla (*fiercely*). You probably like her.

Tom. There's only one girl I ever could have liked—very much.

Priscilla. One of those?

Tom. They never existed, I've told you. That girl is Priscilla. But that's over.

Priscilla (*suddenly laughing*). Tom, I don't like you so well as I did a little while ago—if those stories are really lies.

Tom (*looking at her*). I thought you weren't going to call me Tom any more.

Priscilla (*demurely*). When a man's thirty he ought to have had some experience.

Tom. Perhaps I have—perhaps I have.

Priscilla. Ah, perhaps you have. Then they were not all lies?

Tom. Nor all truths, Priscilla. But Sam Townley?

Priscilla (*her head bent down*). I suppose we flirted—a very little.

Tom (*drawing nearer*). But it was all before we knew each other.

Priscilla. Tom!

Tom. Priscilla! [*The dance music stops.* Bertie *enters, R.*

Priscilla (*starting up*). Oh, you know, Bertie—can you ever forgive me? I've made such a mistake. This was promised to Mr. Landon.

CURTAIN.

The Wards of the Nation

MR. BLUMENSCHEIN'S picture on the front page of this number of the WEEKLY represents the result of the first stage in the effort of a paternal government to make good Indians by other than the time-honored process of weighting them with lead. No descriptive text can convey the good that results from the government's Indian schools throughout the country so well as a glance at the contrast between the primitive native and the neat, tidy children returning to the ancestral palace. Original sin may be ineradicable, but education seems in a fair way to remove the aboriginal kind from our first instalment of the "white man's burden." The vision of a Macaulay might see, several centuries hence, the last of the Filipinos and Sulus abandoning the hostile weapon and the inexpensive tropical wearing apparel for government food, clothes, and instruction.

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It looks like a country from which all life had departed forever; yet men come into this region with all their belongings, and proceed to fight the desert and drive it back, mile by mile. To make and maintain irrigation-ditches, to sink wells and bring water from the mountains, is the first and most important farming operation.

In many places in the State this is being done on a large scale, and gradually the desert is being conquered and transformed into valuable agricultural land.

W. A. ROGERS.

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OLD SALT (*recovering from the toss-up*). "Where in thunder be I?"
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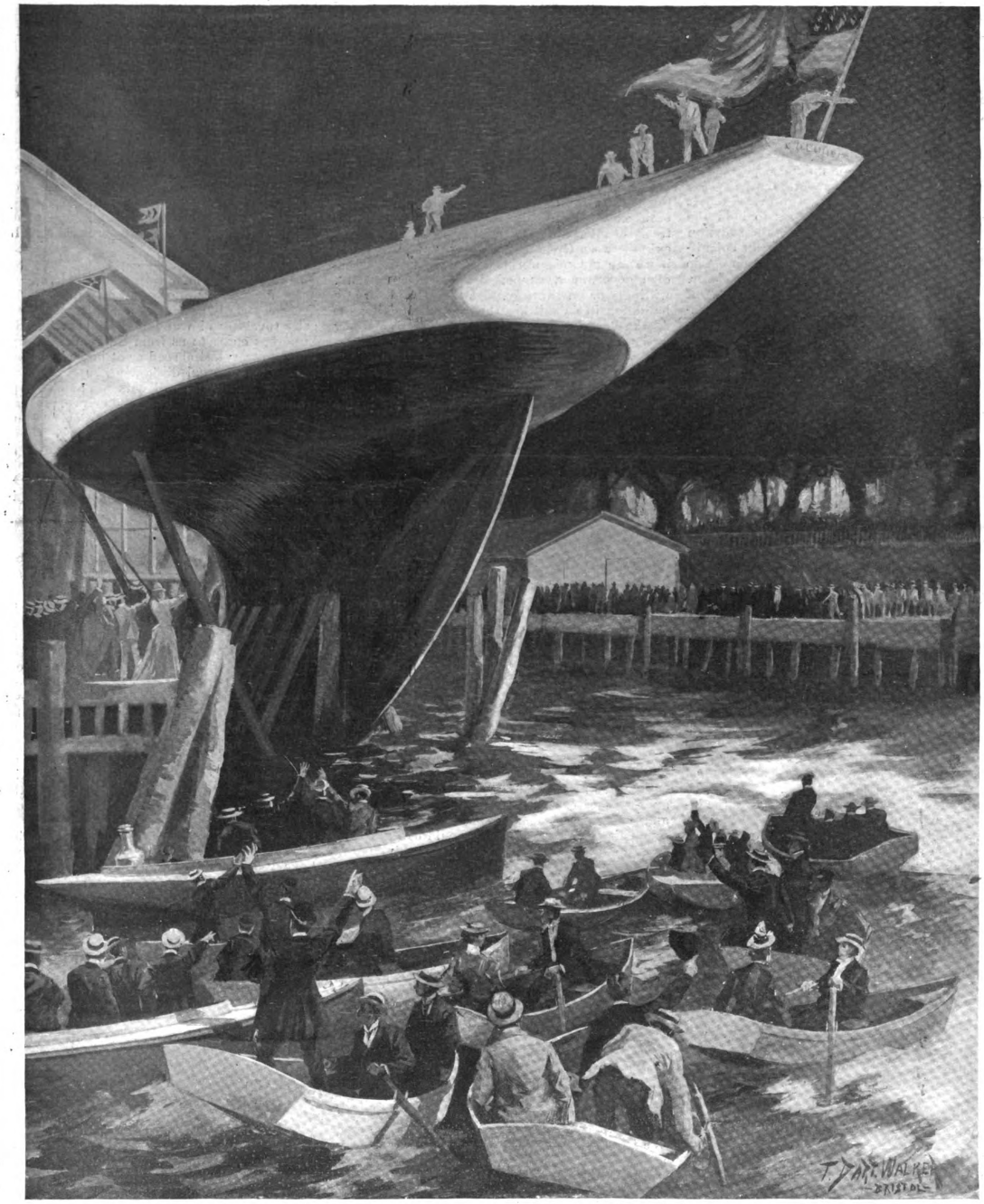
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Our Opportunities

THERE are two steps the taking of which by the civilized world will do more than anything else can possibly do to help along the cause of universal peace, and therefore to bring about eventually the disarmament which was the first professed object of the Tsar in inviting the powers to hold the peace conference. One is, of course, the adoption by the leading nations of the principle of submitting all international disputes to arbitration. The second is the bringing of the world into closer, more intimate, commercial relations. This last, of course, can be accomplished only by making commercial intercourse freer, by breaking down restraining and prohibitory tariff walls, and is therefore contrary to the policy of this country and of Continental Europe. It is, however, so clearly in the interest of the consumers of all the countries which have adopted the protective system—which is simply saying that it is in the interest of the great majority of their people—that any general and earnest movement in behalf of universal free trade is bound to receive serious and respectful consideration, and in the end, we believe, to win a signal and wholesome victory. The present weakness of the cause of free trade is that of late years its advocates in this country, where the examples of the injustice and folly of protection are most numerous and most striking, have been lukewarm in their cause, and have almost entirely ceased from their efforts. There is reason to believe, however, that there is soon to be an end to the halt of the revenue-reformers, or free-traders, who are now quite indifferent as to which descriptive title their antagonists prefer. Whatever Mr. BRYAN may think or hope on the subject, the silver issue is so nearly dead that its candidate in the coming Presidential campaign, if the Democrats are so foolish as to nominate such a candidate, would, on that single issue, carry on the mere ghost of a campaign. The inevitable result of the dropping of the silver issue would be the revival of the anti-protection movement which triumphed in the popular vote in 1874, 1876, and 1884, for the reform of the revenue system is essential to the increasing of revenues, while the abolition of high protective and prohibitive duties is necessarily involved in the movement against the tyranny and oppressions of trusts, as well as in the movement for the promotion of more friendly intercourse among nations.

It happens that this country and Great Britain are at present in a position to take the lead for the furthering of both these objects. It is strange that there should be any doubt as to the attitude of an American or a British administration when an opportunity is presented to it for the promotion of the cause of peace. The vast majority of Americans and Englishmen love peace. The institutions of our own country, too, recognize the virtue of peace and the barbarism of war. More than a hundred years ago we turned our faces towards a future—towards a civilization in which men should live together, governing themselves mutually by temperate reason, leaving their disputes to the arbitrament of justice, and not to the barbarous and cruel arbitrament of battle.

Guided and controlled by this spirit, the republic has done more for the advancement of the cause of international arbitration than any other country in the world. Its whole purpose has been the enlargement of the individual, the advancement of his interests, the extension of his liberty, the development of all his faculties by leaving him free of the restraints and burdens which military powers have always imposed, and which they continue to impose, upon their subjects. Again, the ideal of our race—an ideal which we inherit from our English ancestors—is the ideal of justice, of a justice which governs the state as well as the individual. In this we differ essentially, as Great Britain also differs, from nearly all the states of Continental Europe. In the courts of justice of both, the state stands on an even footing with the citizen who has a cause against it, and it and he ask simple justice. The state is but one of us when it comes to a question between us of right or wrong, while in France and in Germany the relation between the citizen and the government is very different. It ought to follow that the state here and in England should be willing to submit to properly constituted courts any question of dispute that may arise between the two, for the best method known to the world of arriving at justice is through the decision of fair and impartial minds, and there is no reason why an international dispute should not be settled in this manner, if it is the best manner for the settlement of disputes between the state and the individual.

THE two states, therefore, which can most naturally, and therefore most easily, adopt the principle of arbitration are the United States and Great Britain. And, as was to have been expected, these are the two states which have made the greatest approach to a general agreement on the principle. It is unfortunately the fault of the United States, the country from which perhaps most was to have been expected in this direction, that a general treaty of international arbitration does not already exist between Great Britain and ourselves. But, if we are not misinformed, it is due to the Canadian government, supported by Lord SALISBURY, willingly or unwillingly, that there has been any hesitation in submitting the dispute touching the Alaska boundary to arbitration. The world may well wonder what can be involved in that question which has caused either Great Britain or the American republic to delay in submitting it to judges. We confess that we cannot imagine the reason. And yet there stands something in the way.

The two countries which ought to turn naturally to arbitration are standing back from it, and, worse still, pulling away from it. We are bound to believe that this time the fault is Great Britain's, and that Canada is again influencing the home government, as she did in respect to the Paris award, to assume an unfair and hostile attitude towards this country. It is said that, yielding to the exigencies of Canadian politics, Sir WILFRID LAURIER and his associates demand, as a condition precedent to arbitration, that the United States shall surrender something which the administration regards as a right, and that Lord SALISBURY feels bound to sustain the Canadian contention. The result is that it is doubtful if arbitration will be agreed to by the two nations which have instructed their representatives at the Hague to favor the adoption of the general principle as a feature of international law, although it would be better for the cause of civilization for each of the two powers to disregard its own petty interests if in so doing the movement for universal peace could be advanced.

This country has another opportunity, also, in another subject of negotiation between our own and the Canadian commissioners. There is every economical reason why there should be reciprocity of trade—that is, free trade—between this country and Canada. The history of our early reciprocity treaty proves abundantly the material profit of such trade relations to the people of both countries; and, indeed, there is no argument for the protection of American producers against the competition of Canadian products which cannot be answered by an appeal to the experiences of the States in their commercial relations with one another. Besides, there is the greater reason which we have suggested at the opening of this article.

We have an opportunity, at the happiest moment at which it could be presented, when the world is discussing the advisability of closer and more friendly relations, to advance the cause by making our Northern neighbor our firmest as well as our nearest friend, thus making still closer the ties of friendship between ourselves and Great Britain. We fear that there is little hope that we shall be permitted to take this great step. Certainly we shall not take it if the two governments are left to themselves. What is needed is a stirring of the people on both sides of the water by teachings that shall lead them to a due comprehension of the fruitful consequences that may result from arbitration of the boundary question and from reciprocity between the two countries.

THERE is to be found an excellent illustration in the workings of the sugar-bounty laws of Germany and France of the enormous cost of the protective principle to the consumer. The protective duties on sugars exclude from these two countries the imported cane sugars, while the bounties on the beet sugars enable the growers to sell their products to foreign consumers at a very low price. Thus these growers have been enormously profited, and always at the expense of the domestic consumer. They can charge him what they will, because they control the home market almost, if not quite, exclusively, and being paid by the government—that is, from the taxes imposed upon their fellow-citizens—a certain amount on every pound of sugar which they raise, they are enabled to sell for export at very low prices—at prices even below the actual cost of production. Thus the French and the German consumer suffers directly from the protective tariff, while the Englishman benefits from the bounty to such an extent that beet sugar may be said to be bounty-fed by the French and German governments almost entirely for his benefit. An inquiry carried on by an English consular officer teaches a most instructive lesson, and shows, in a practical manner, the effect of the bounty system on the prices of sugar in England and France respectively. He finds that the Englishman gets his French sugar for four cents a pound, but that the Frenchman pays, for the same article, twelve cents a pound. It ought to be added that the United States government consistently denies to its citizens the privilege of benefiting either by the kindness of nature to the West Indies, or by the economic follies of France and Germany.

NOW that the holiday season is at hand, a word for the celebrator of his own name is timely, especially as news of a most important character touching him and his lead-pencil and pen-knife has come to us from England. Every one who has travelled abroad or at home has observed the devastating and disfiguring handiwork of the creature who writes and cuts his name in places which are insulted by its presence. His kind is international. He is known to every country, and it is a grave injustice to charge this particular form of self-glorification to the American, when most of the dirty pencillings on the once white back of the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican are of Italian names, while those in the spire of the Rouen Cathedral are the names of French men and women. He is universal—the being whose only hope of companionship with the great is by desecrating their monuments, and whose only chance of being known beyond the narrow sphere of his own acquaintance is by writing his name where tens of thousands must see it. He is either vain or imitative, a peacock or a monkey, and he defaces the works of nature or the monuments of men, as indifferent to the one as to the other. The information which we receive that touches him affects intelligent and self-respecting tourists more importantly than he can be affected by anything that can possibly happen to him. This information is to the effect that the English wardens of historic monuments are closing their most interesting places to the public on account of the depredations committed by this common nuisance and vandal. It is not only more difficult than it used to be to gain admittance to the treasures of art in English castles and manor-houses, or to see alone and deliberately the collections which continue to be shown, but many places formerly open have been absolutely closed. For example, the beautiful and historic keep of Warwick Castle is hermetically sealed. The part of the castle which is still inhabited may be seen, because the guardian of the place can keep his eye on his tourists and prevent depredations; but the keep, with its portcullis and its series of defences for the inner court, by far the most interesting part of the monument—we exclude, of course, the fine collection of pictures—cannot be shown, because of the incorrigibility of the vandal. What has been done at Warwick Castle is but an illustration of the last and most unfortunate achievement of the writer and carver of his own name. For a similar reason the garden of SHAKSPERE'S house at Stratford-on-Avon is now closed to visitors. The chief interest of the garden is due to the fact that it contains all the plants mentioned by SHAKSPERE in his plays, but the intelligent and sympathetic visitor cannot see them except from a distant window, because the violating public has destroyed so many of the plants. The men and women who break plants and chip off the edges of monuments are cousins of those who write their names where the sun may shine upon their unworthiness. Heretofore they have simply disgraced themselves; now they are injuring their betters.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE instalment of Senator Lodge's "History of the Spanish-American War" which appeared in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE includes the following passage (p. 846) about the part taken by General Henry M. Duffield in the land campaign in Cuba:

At only one point did the forward movement of July 1 fail. General Duffield, in command of a brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, was to move along the coast and take the Spanish position at Aguadores. He advanced under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, which shelled the forts and signalled again and again that they were entirely cleared. But General Duffield, reaching a stream about one hundred feet wide, and finding the railroad bridge destroyed, stopped, considered the situation, and decided to go no farther. The regiments, so far as is known, were of most excellent material, brave, and quite ready to fight, but although supported by the ships, General Duffield stopped at the stream, and that seems to be all that can be said, except that he had two men killed and fifteen wounded.

General Duffield says that this paragraph does him great injustice. Senator Lodge is in Paris; General Duffield's remonstrance has been sent to him there, but, owing to some delay in transmission, his reply to it has not been received. Inasmuch as General Duffield regards the statement of his conduct printed in HARPER'S MAGAZINE to be highly injurious, it seems proper to submit, without further delay, the reasons he gives for declaring it to be erroneous. He says, in a letter to the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

There are four positive misstatements in this paragraph:

First.—*I was not directed* "to take the Spanish position at Aguadores," but only to make a sufficient demonstration to keep the enemy there. General Shafter, in his report published in the Report of the Secretary of War for the year 1898, on p. 64, states: "In view of this I decided to begin the attack next day at El Caney with one division, while sending two divisions on the direct road to Santiago, passing by El Pozo House, and *as a diversion to send a small force* against Aguadores from Siboney along the railroad by the sea, with a view of *attracting the attention of the Spaniards* in the latter direction, and of preventing them from attacking our left flank." And on p. 67: "General Duffield, with the Thirty-third Michigan, attacked Aguadores as ordered, but was unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity."

Second.—I did not have my "brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts," but less than nine hundred men of the Thirty-third Michigan (the Ninth Massachusetts and two battalions of the Thirty-fourth Michigan came to Siboney on the *Harvard* after I had gone to Aguadores; Shafter's Report as above, p. 67), while the Spaniards had five hundred men in the rifle-pits and fort and block-house—nearly as many as were at El Caney. My estimate of five hundred was confirmed by a despatch to me from General Shafter, saying a Spanish prisoner reported that they had five hundred men at Aguadores.

Third.—The stream was more than one hundred feet wide, with no mode of crossing. The enemy had one set of rifle-pits directly in front of the fort at the crossing, and another with an enfilading fire higher up the hill to the north. My troops had Springfield rifles and smoky powder. The enemy had Mauser rifles and smokeless powder.

Fourth.—The forts were not cleared of men by the fire from the ships; on the contrary, my scouts reported, about 11 A.M., that the enemy were receiving re-enforcements. And at the very moment that the signal came from the ships, "There is not a man in the fort," two of my men were wounded by a shell from the enemy. It was impossible for any one on the ships to see whether there were any troops in the fort or in the rifle-pits, and if Admiral Sampson's description of the position is correctly reported in the newspapers (I have no copy of his report), he did not see the most troublesome masked battery, and only one of the sets of rifle-pits.

At the conference of generals at General Shafter's headquarters at the front, on June 30, General Shafter verbally directed me to take the Thirty-third Michigan along the railroad track to Aguadores and demonstrate against the Spanish position there, cautioning me that he did not want the enemy driven out of their position, as they might come upon his left flank, which was "in the air."

On July 1 General Shafter, either fearing I might not fully comprehend and carry out his verbal instructions, or intending to fix the responsibility upon me in case I did not strictly obey them, sent me the following despatch, which I received on my return to Siboney:

"11 P.M. 7, 1, 98.

"GENERAL DUFFIELD, Siboney,—I do not wish you to sacrifice any of your men, but to worry the enemy at Aguadores sufficiently to keep him there. SHAFTER."

My report of the action, a copy of which I send you, was forwarded to the War Department by General Shafter with a commendatory endorsement of my conduct in the affair, and he subsequently recommended me for promotion to a Brevet Major-Generalcy of Volunteers for "distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy at Aguadores." The Board of Officers appointed to pass on recommendations for promotion approved the recommendation, and the President sent my name to the Senate.

General Duffield tells his story so fully in his letter that it is unnecessary to add to it here. If he was explicitly ordered not to drive the Spaniards out of Aguadores, but carefully to detain them there, it is hard to see how his expedition, which apparently accomplished all that was intended, can be called a failure. General Shafter certainly did not so regard it; yet in the report from which General Duffield quotes, General Shafter speaks of Duffield as "unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity." In this case General Shafter's manner of expressing himself would seem to be misleading, since he implies that it was hoped that General Duffield might accomplish more than that. Yet that apparently was the express thing that he was sent to do. Every writer must know what it is to use the words and phrases of least resistance rather than those which convey the most exact meaning. It may be that in this case General Shafter used a handy phrase rather than an exact one.

It would seem as if Senator Lodge, when he wrote the paragraph to which General Duffield dissents, could not have had knowledge of the reports from which General Duffield quotes, but as to that it is best to leave Senator Lodge, in due time and in his own way, to speak for himself.

DOES every one remember how much our sympathy with the Cuban reconcentrados had to do with bringing on the war with Spain? Perhaps the sinking of the *Maine* really brought things to a head, but the reconcentrados and their sufferings were the cause behind that cause. Much has been done for the reconcentrados who survived. The Americans found Cuba in a state of collapse. Do you realize what that means? A New York man who went to Cuba with the peace commissioners, and did exceedingly valuable and effectual work there, and who went back afterwards to distribute relief supplies, saw as much of Cuba at her lowest point of exhaustion as any American did. He spent several months there, and got away barely with his life. He describes by what supreme exertions of Americans working with Cubans—with many Cubans of admirable sagacity and devotion—the wheels of life were made to turn again in that desolate island, and those prostrate people were propped up on their feeble legs and set to work. There is a vast deal still to do there, but life has been resumed, some crops are growing, hope has revived, and decency is reinstated.

THERE is one great work to be done that the Cubans can't do properly for themselves, and which our government has not undertaken. It is the care of the children who were orphaned by reconcentration. It is estimated that there are 50,000 of them in Cuba, some with widowed mothers living, but very many without either parent, and all in need. To raise and train these children is a matter of great importance. It is a very big job, too, and if it is done as it should be done it will cost a great deal. The Cubans will help. They will give work, buildings, and supplies, but money they have not got. The work has been begun already, largely on faith. The trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund have sent Miss Laura D. Gill to Cuba to map out and organize the work. Miss Gill has already made several informal reports. She has consulted with General Wood at Santiago, General Wilson at Matanzas, and General Ludlow at Havana. She writes of shocking destitution in the remoter parts of Cuba, of little children taking care of one another where all the grown-up people are dead; of women and young girls absolutely without clothes to cover themselves. "A million dollars," says Miss Gill, "can be spent to advantage in a year to help the Cubans help themselves."

To forward this work which Miss Gill has begun, the executive committee of the Cuban Orphan Fund has called for subscriptions. The chairman of the committee is General F. V. Greene; its secretary is Charles W. Gould; its treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be sent, is Robert Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York. Other members of the committee are Admiral Sampson, W. E. Dodge, C. N. Bliss, D. Willis James, L. P. Morton, H. L. Nelson, A. S. Hewitt, W. M. Sloane, and J. K. Tod. There are twenty-six members in all. There can't be a more important work still to do in Cuba than this, and no work could be in better hands. If we cared enough about the reconcentrados to spend four hundred millions in ousting Spain, it will be a pity if we cannot now find another million to keep the children of the dead reconcentrados alive and give them a chance to grow up.

ONE of the customs of the South which usually excites disapproval in the minds of Northern readers is that of pursuing fugitive criminals with hounds. The newspapers always say "blood-hounds," but doubtless any dog with a good nose answers the purpose, and as the object is merely to catch the criminal, probably smaller and less savage dogs than blood-hounds are usually used. Putting "blood-hounds" on the trail of a man sounds bad. But let us see. Near Stratford, Connecticut, on June 8, an elderly widow was found bound and gagged in a farm-house. She had been assaulted by a strange negro. The neighbors immediately wanted him, and turned out to beat the woods for him. They hunted all day for him, and continued at night with torches. If there had been dogs handy to put on his trail, would there have been any humane disinclination to do it? Who can think so? The man was finally caught, was arraigned, pleaded guilty, and was locked up in the jail at Bridgeport, much to the disappointment of a crowd which had other views about his disposition. Let us record our obligations to Connecticut for one good example set.

It is with regret that the WEEKLY records the impulsiveness of its neighbors of Cherry Hill, a stone's-throw from its front door, 500 of whom, on June 10, the papers say, chased Andrew Vera, a colored sailor, with sticks and stones across the Fourth Ward. He had done no wrong whatever, but our near neighbors here, under some misapprehension as to his conduct, clamored urgently to kill him. A policeman saved him.

Negroes may commit atrocious crimes, and innocent negroes may be chased by mobs, in the North as well as in the South. Here is the record of something that could hardly have happened in the North. A Georgia newspaper of recent date says: "Judge George Hillyer talked interestingly about the proposed lynching convention this morning. He remarked that public burning for the crime of rape, by the legal authorities, is not, in his opinion, too severe a punishment, and it may be that some effort will be made by the convention to have a law enacted to that end."

The convention which the judge speaks of will probably be held at Atlanta, and of course there is not the slightest chance that it will advocate public burning as a legal punishment for anything. But the suggestion is very interesting. Considering the effect of public burnings on the reputation of Georgia, and the damage they do, the fact that a citizen can advocate them in the newspapers and not be in danger of being lynched speaks very well indeed for Georgia's self-restraint and belief in free speech. What an example of the intellectual mastodon Judge George Hillyer of Georgia must be!

IF any one is afraid that our war in the Philippines is too far off to have due tonic effects, and that what Governor Roosevelt calls "swollen slothful ease and ignoble peace" has begun again to sap our masterful virtues, let him read the newspapers and reassure himself. Besides all that we are doing beyond the various seas that now roll between us and our responsibilities, and besides the strikes that are prevailing so briskly in Cleveland, Buffalo, and many other places, and besides the recent exhibition of hardy virtue at Coney Island, and besides some recent occurrences in Texas, we have on hand two parochial wars of an exceedingly stimulating quality. One is in Wyoming, and is an exemplary movement which deserves to be closely watched and applauded every time it comes in sight. It represents the efforts of the people of Wyoming and contiguous districts to catch the train-robbers who lately captured a Union Pacific train and carried off $100,000. Immediately after the robbery Sheriff Hazen of Douglas, Wyoming, got together a posse of earnest men with guns and started after the robbers. He caught up with them on Sunday, June 4, at Teapot Creek. There was a fight, and the robbers got away. There was another fight the next day, and the sheriff was killed, but the robbers got off. That made Wyoming angry. The pursuit went on. On June 12 three robbers were reported to be standing off thirty officers in the Big Horn Mountains, after a flight of 350 miles. That was a dramatic situation. Its setting was dramatic too, for the region is that of the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains, notorious as a refuge for outlaws. At last accounts the man-hunt was still going forward, the Federal government, the State of Wyoming, and the railroads having joined in the efforts to clean out the nest of outlaws. What a story this tale of crime and pursuit will make if the materials of it fall into competent hands! It makes one wish that Owen Wister were out on a horse in Wyoming instead of lying low in Rhode Island polishing rhymes for the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa.

The other contemporary parochial war is in Clay County, Kentucky, where the Whites and Howards have been trying to wipe the Bakers off the face of the earth. The Bakers have reciprocated, and the State troops have been out among the hills seeking peace and pursuing it, and arresting Bakers and Whites. Thanks to Mr. John Fox and other good story-tellers, we know something about the Kentucky mountaineers, and understand how different they are from other persons, and how necessary occasional feuds are to their comfort. The outsider wonders as he reads why the fittest in Clay County should not be allowed to survive, but the Governor of Kentucky thinks that that is not best, and is trying hard to stop the fight. So far as can be gathered from the biographies of the half-dozen Bakers, Whites, and Howards, recently deceased as a consequence of the feud, none of them was indispensable to the prosperity of the State of Kentucky. Circuit-Judge Brown says the chief trouble with Clay County is the incendiary quality of the moonshine whiskey that obtains there.

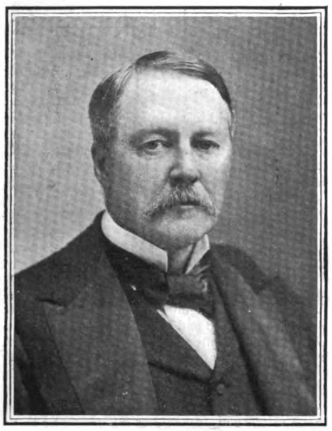
ON June 14 Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, appeared as a witness before the Industrial Commission at Washington, and read to the commission an essay on Trusts, which is pretty sure to receive attention from the American public. The mother of all the trusts, said Mr. Havemeyer, is the Customs Tariff bill. "The tariff bill clutches the people by the throat, and then the Governors and the Attorney-Generals of the several States take action, not against the cause, but against the machinery which the people employ to rifle the public's pockets." Mr. Havemeyer believes in protection, but would limit it to ten per cent. *ad valorem*. There is probably no industry, he said, that requires more than that. Where, for purposes of revenue, a higher duty than ten per cent. is collected on certain products, he would equalize matters by putting an internal revenue tax on similar products made at home. He declares that a higher duty than ten per cent. simply invites people to go through the pockets of the public, and in trusts he sees merely the instrument of a mischief the cause of which is an excessively high tariff. Abate the cause, and the instrument will be powerless for harm.

Incidentally Mr. Havemeyer remarked that refined sugar had less than four per cent. protection, and ought to have at least eight per cent. He grieved at the wasteful eccentricities of the present law, which, he said, puts into the pockets of a few individuals in Louisiana, Hawaii, and elsewhere $24,000,000 which ought to remain in the Treasury of the United States.

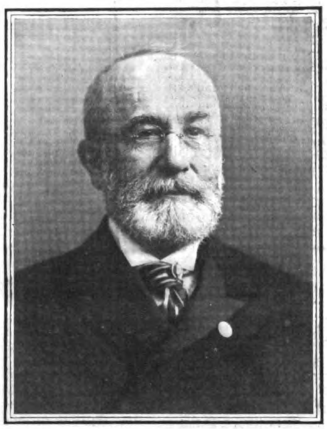
Mr. Havemeyer's disclosures and reflections are not especially novel, but they are well put as he puts them, and through the newspapers will come to the attention of a public which constantly forgets and needs to be continually reminded.

IN answer to a number of anxious inquiries, it is hereby disclosed that the Musical and Dramatic departments of the WEEKLY are not permanently extinct, but will be resumed next fall. Mr. E. I. Stevenson, the musical critic of the WEEKLY, is in Europe laying in new stores of musical erudition, by which the readers of the WEEKLY will profit in due time.

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A. J. CASSATT,
New President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.



W. W. KEEN, M.D.,
New President of the American Medical Association.



HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.
[See Page 613.]
From a copyrighted Photograph by A. Dupont.

Men of the Day

THE directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at a special meeting on June 9, selected for president of that corporation Mr. A. J. Cassatt, whose qualifications for the important office are regarded as exceptional, even by those who count backwards when reminding us that he is the successor not only of the late Frank Thomson, whom the WEEKLY characterized in its last issue, but of George B. Roberts, Thomas A. Scott, and J. Edgar Thomson.

Alexander Johnston Cassatt was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, December 8, 1839. He had the advantage of liberal courses of study in Europe, and upon his return to America entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, New York. Receiving the degree of civil engineer at this institution in 1859, he devoted his energies to the active pursuit of his profession. In 1861 he became a rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad; within ten years, by sheer ability, he had earned the promotion which was awarded to him when he was made general manager of all the Pennsylvania Railroad lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. Next, for several years, Mr. Cassatt served as third vice-president; in June, 1880, on the retirement of Colonel Scott, he became first vice-president, and in 1883 he was elected a director. Two years later he accepted the position of president of the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad Company. It is impossible in a brief sketch to do more than suggest the varied activities of a strenuous career extending through forty years, but it is interesting to note the employment of his talent in matters which are different without being wholly unrelated. For example, he was president of the International Conference appointed to report on the railway projected to unite the two Americas more closely; his neighbors have repeatedly elected him to the office of supervisor of Lower Merion township, in recognition of his service in improving the roads about Philadelphia; he was at one time a prominent figure on the American turf; he has been an efficient park commissioner; he is president of the Merion Cricket Club and the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia, and last year entered the field of street-railway management as a director of the Union Traction Company. As a railroad man his distinction may be said to rest upon the thorough technical education and large experience which make him an authority on engineering questions and financial problems; but quite beyond such acquirements, and vastly more significant, is the natural ability of the new chief executive, which may fairly be measured by his success.

ANOTHER Philadelphian, whose portrait appears in this issue, Dr. W. W. Keen, was elected to the honorable position of president of the American Medical Association at a general meeting of that body, held at Columbus, Ohio, on June 8. As the first choice of about two thousand delegates, the present incumbent of an office first held by Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, in 1847–8, received the acknowledgment of eminent service in his profession. Dr. Keen's skill as a surgeon has won for him an international reputation. In the city which honors especially two of the learned professions, he occupies the chair of surgery at Jefferson Medical College, has held numerous offices of trust, and written works on surgery which have already been characterized as standard. He has been professor of surgery in the Woman's Medical College and professor of artistic anatomy in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Johann Strauss

THE "Waltz King" died at his home, No. 4 Tyelgasse, Vienna, on June 3. He was seventy-four years old; in his life he had realized the greatest happiness—the full gratification of his artistic impulses and the perfect expression of his genius. Men like Brahms, who could not altogether express their larger conceptions, had frankly and heartily envied him; the Kaiserstadt had been at his feet; Paris had commanded its government to confer on him the cross of the Legion of Honor, and, after the other European capitals had been captivated by the sweetness of the music and the magnetism of the man, some of his greatest triumphs were still held in reserve for him by young hearts in America. He was one of the successes of the century, and one of its delights.

The father, also Johann Strauss, was a celebrated musician in his day and way; and his two brothers, Josef and Eduard, achieved fame through the composition and interpretation of dance-music. Eduard has for several years conducted the band which bears the family name. Josef died long ago. This is a dynasty plainly and confessedly circumscribed as to its subject, but in the number of its willing subjects limited only to those who are "moved by concord of sweet sounds": no more spontaneous tribute, we repeat, has been paid in this century, no more evident homage has been rendered than to these men; but, most of all, the world has delighted to honor the composer of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Women, and Song," "The Merry War."... Our readers will add the titles of their preference from the long-familiar list.

Richard P. Bland

A MAN whose strongly marked characteristics have at several periods in the last few years been impressed upon the imagination of the general public—though he never quite became a commanding figure in the national life, and when nearest to great popular success was still characterized as "*Missouri's* Farmer" and "*Missouri's* Silver Advocate"—died at his home in Lebanon, after a long illness, on June 15.

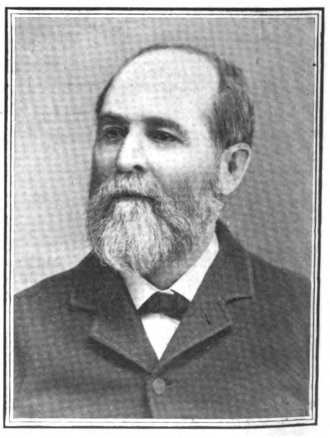
Richard Parks Bland was born in Kentucky on August 19, 1835, and was of a family which had settled in that region before Kentucky had been set apart from Virginia. In Kentucky he attended school as pupil and as teacher; he did not confide his fortunes to Missouri's keeping until 1865, and the intervening years were spent in California Nevada, and Colorado, where he taught, practised law, and fought Indians. In 1869 he opened a law-office in Lebanon, Missouri, establishing his home, memorably, on a beautiful farm near that town. First elected to Congress in 1872, he was re-elected continuously until 1894. Again at the last Congress he resumed his seat in the House, where he was regarded as a leader in the dangerous silver agitation prior to 1896. In the year last mentioned he was one of the prominent candidates for the Presidential nomination by the Democratic convention at Chicago. His defeat was a displacement; the leadership then lost was not recovered.



JOHANN STRAUSS,
"The Waltz King."
Born October 25, 1825. Died June 3.



CAPTAIN H. E. NICHOLS, U. S. N.
Commanding U. S. S. "Monadnock."
Died June 10.—[See Page 629.]
Photograph by Bushnell.



RICHARD PARKS BLAND.
Born August 19, 1835. Died June 15.
Photograph by Bell.

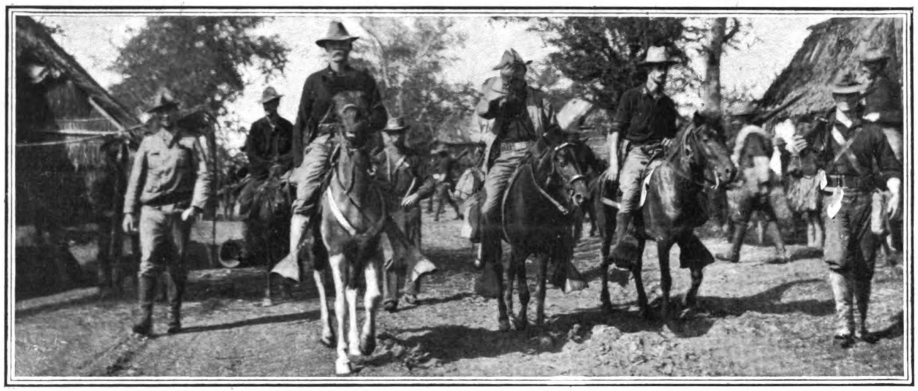
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GENERAL LAWTON AT THE BATTLE OF BALIUAG.



GENERAL MacARTHUR ON THE SKIRMISH-LINE.



COLONEL SUMMERS AND STAFF LEAVING BALIUAG WITH SIX BATTALIONS.



GENERAL LAWTON IN HIS FIELD HEADQUARTERS AT ANGAT.



COLONEL SUMMERS'S TROOPS ON THE MARCH.



COLONEL SUMMERS'S COMMAND ADVANCING TO THE BATTLE OF MOASIN.

THE PHILIPPINES—WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS FROM BALIUAG TO MOASIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE ISLANDS.—[SEE PAGE 616.]

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THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*The Santa Cruz Expedition*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

MANILA, *April 29.*

ON the Santa Cruz expedition General Lawton had under his command the following troops: Captain Gale's squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, 219 men; Captain Hasbrook's and Patton's two battalions of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, 601 men; Major Lincoln's battalion of the First Idaho Volunteers, 226 men; Major Frane's battalion First North Dakota, 246 men; two mountain-guns under Lieutenant Keehler, Sixth Artillery. Besides these forces there were 200 sharpshooters picked from the Fourteenth Infantry, First North Dakota, First Idaho, First Washington, all under Major Weisenberger of the First Washington. General King was to command the brigade, but as his sickness prevented him from discharging his duties, General Lawton took personal command in the field. The plan was to load these troops on cascos, pull them up the Pasig River with steam-launches late in the afternoon, in order to reach the lake at dusk; to cross the lake during the night under convoy of the three army tinclads; to land southwest of Santa Cruz at dawn, surround the city, and surprise the insurgent garrison into surrender. The nature of the river and the lake prevented the execution of this plan as to time. The Pasig River is very winding, and during the dry season the channel is shallow and narrow. It takes a skilled pilot to steer a single launch up river at this season of the year. It was a herculean task to take launches towing several cascos full of men into the lake. Night caught the expedition still in the river. Launches and cascos ran aground and bumped into one another. Chaos reigned. General Lawton's staff at one time got out into the water to shove his launch off. Had it not been for Captain Grant, in command of the squadron of tinclads, the expedition would not have been able to reach the lake that night. As it was, Captain Grant managed to get the launches and cascos safely on the lake at four in the morning.

Over the beautiful lake the expedition started, and by sunrise not half of the thirty miles to Santa Cruz had been covered.

What an ideal place the Laguna de Bay! The air was much cooler and more bracing than at Manila. As we went eastward the tree-covered hills rose more abruptly along the shore. The heavy growth of tropical vegetation in its perennial greenness gave an indescribable richness to the landscape, which filled one with a languid desire for rest. Here indeed was the paradise for the lazy man. To float about on the lake from village to village, to eat bananas and rice where they grow, to drop a line overboard and add a luscious fish to one's diet, without thought of the morrow or worry or work for one's daily bread—what more could the heart of man want? There was not an officer on the expedition who did not express a desire to have a summer-house on the Laguna de Bay.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the spot was reached where the troops were to land. Santa Cruz was four miles distant, around a promontory. We could just see the steeple of a church and the round white dome of the cathedral, which some took for a great white flag. They were to learn later that the garrison of Santa Cruz had no intention of surrendering. The spot picked for landing was an open field lined with woods.

Lieutenant Franklin, from the *Napadan*, with his rapid-fire guns, shelled the woods, and did it effectively. Such natives as we saw got out with great rapidity. The shells crashed through the groves of palms and bamboo with the slashing sound of a great sword. A drove of horses and carabaos ran about in the field in a distracted way.

Finally the little tug dragging the cascos with the sharpshooters pulled in-shore, and when the water became shallow the cascos were turned adrift, and natives with long poles shoved them towards the shore. When the cascos also ran aground the soldiers jumped out and waded ashore, where they drew up in a long line, waiting for the rest of the troops to land. Some of the cascos got loose and went drifting back, but at last all the troops except the Fourth Cavalry were landed. The latter were to land on the promontory nearer Santa Cruz and fight their way to the left of the line as it advanced. There was a further delay. General King endeavored to land and take charge of the advance, but was too ill to do so.

A few minutes before sunset the line stretching across the plain to the edge of the woods moved forward towards Santa Cruz. On the right wing, in the woods, from the top of a low hill, the insurgents opened fire, and our men, starting up the hill with their usual dash, easily drove them back. In the enthusiasm of the charge this end of the line, hotly pursuing the enemy, got separated from the main body, and night coming on found a gap of half a mile in our line. However, the connection was rapidly made, and the troops bivouacked about two miles out of Santa Cruz. The line did not join quickly enough to prevent an incident which might have had fatal results for the few persons concerned.

Captain Walcut of General Lawton's staff, and private McKenna, on special duty with him, started out to find the firing-line. As it happened, they walked into the gap in the line and passed through down the road towards Santa Cruz. Expecting every minute to run upon the American forces, they came at last to a nipa-hut, where they found an old man and woman. The man was armed with a bolo. They disarmed him, and told him to show them the way to the American lines. The old man willingly enough started out as guide. They moved on rapidly, and soon came to a street lined with houses. They thought this was strange, but as they did not know the way, they followed. In the dark they ran across four insurgents armed with bolos. They covered the natives with their revolvers and disarmed them. Then placing their four prisoners in line and making them join hands, the Americans moved on again. Soon they came into a street where several houses were still lighted within. The prisoners coughed violently, as if to attract attention, and Captain Walcut noticed that there was a great commotion in one of the houses, as if the natives were aware that something was wrong. There was not a moment to be lost, and the captain, picking the most reckless, and on that account perhaps the safest, line of action, ran to the fence about the house, shook it violently, and beat against the house walls, making an awful clatter. His object was to persuade the natives in the house that the whole American army was after them. The ruse succeeded, for there was overturning of furniture in the house, and the captain heard the natives scrambling out the back door. About this time the two Americans realized that they were actually in the town of Santa Cruz. They pointed their revolvers at their prisoners and explained graphically what would happen to the prisoners if they did not show the way into the American lines. Passing into a dark street again, they were challenged by an insurgent sentry. The white clothes of their captives must have saved them from discovery. For although no one answered the challenge, the sentry allowed the group to pass. Soon the end of the town was reached, and moving out into the brush, they found it extremely difficult to keep track of their four prisoners. Private McKenna was in favor of killing them, but Captain Walcut decided to let two go and hold the others. When the two Americans with their prisoners got a little further along, a very important question arose in their minds. It might be very easy to get through the insurgent lines, but how about getting back among their fellow-countrymen. Our pickets were instructed to fire at anything beyond our lines they might see. Captain Walcut and private McKenna stopped to discuss this matter thoroughly. Being well acquainted with the American soldier, they had a wholesome respect for American bullets. While they were talking over the possible means of getting back again without getting shot, a sturdy voice out of the darkness interrupted them:

"Say! you fellows had better quit talkin', and come in sometime before mornin'."

It was an American outpost who had been near enough to them to overhear their discussion. This is how it happened that Captain Walcut and private McKenna brought two Filipino prisoners into camp that night.

Next morning, bright and early, the advance began. There was a river to be crossed before getting into the town of Santa Cruz. Just east of this river, in the town itself, a peninsula juts out into the lake. On this peninsula the Fourth Cavalry landed. The insurgents had built trenches to cut off this point of land from the town, and from the deep earth-works running in front of Santa Cruz on the water side the insurgents could shoot at any one landing on the peninsula. The landing and advance of the Fourth Cavalry was covered by a heavy fire from the boat *Oeste* on the west and the *Laguna* on the east of this neck of land. At 6.30 A.M. the advance-guard of the Fourth Cavalry moved towards the town. Their object was to join on to the left wing of Lawton as it crossed the Santa Cruz river and swing with it into the town. The cavalry squadron met a severe fire, and it was not until 8.30 that the insurgents were driven back into Santa Cruz.

In the mean time, on the right, General Lawton moved down the main road into the town with a long connected firing-line from the shore, which on the right wing was gradually sweeping in back of Santa Cruz to cut off the insurgents' retreat. The general, in a great white hat, towering among his staff, was marching a little in advance of the firing-line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about thirty yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground, and a second after was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is this difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.

The right of the line got a heavy fire at first. This ceased quickly as our men advanced.

At last we came to the river. A bridge about one hundred yards long spanned it. On the farther side of the bridge a strong high stone barricade barred the way. The advance-guard reached the bridge, which was high, and so long as one kept well down on the near side there was no danger of getting shot from the barricade beyond. There was a short delay. More soldiers kept coming up. A sergeant of the Fourteenth Infantry crawled carefully along the stone-work and looked over at the barricade. Was there any one behind it? The sergeant jumped on to the bridge and shouted,

"Come on!"

It was a perilous dash. If there were any insurgents lurking on the other side every man who crossed that bridge would drop. As we looked over the top of the barricade we saw the insurgents disappearing down the road. Our soldiers now swarmed through the river. "Over the barricade and onward!" was the cry. If we could only get to the other side of the town we might cut off the retreat of the insurgents on the water-front. We ran down one street and across another. Five hundred yards off we saw the insurgents making for the opposite side of the town. They were between us and the sea. Then the American forces divided—part of them went right ahead to complete the circuit about the town; the rest went down towards the insurgents near the shore. There was no officer there to tell them; it was just the cool common-sense of the American soldiers that led them to do this. At last the eastern end of the town was reached. A straight road ran down that side of Santa Cruz, and beyond was an open field three-quarters of a mile broad. The insurgents came to this road about the same time we did. There were about 100 of them. Evidently they had retreated before the Fourth Cavalry, not expecting to find us in their rear. They fired down the road at us, and then made for the open. They strung along over the field, while our gunboats turned their Gatlings on them. It was absolute madness to try to get away between the Gatlings of the gunboats and the rifles of our soldiers. The Fourteenth stood about in wonder, and then opened fire. They stopped firing again, and some one said:

"Don't shoot, boys; those men are non-combatants."

But the insurgents, crossing the open at a slow dog-trot, stopped from time to time to fire at our soldiers. We opened fire again. Why did not these men surrender? Heaven only knows. It was an exhibition of stolid heroism, the like of which I shall not see again. These natives trotted slowly across the field, and one by one they stretched out along the ground and lay still, as if in sleep. Some of them were shot through and through, yet they never fell, but slowly stretched themselves out on the ground to die. There seemed to be no great nervous shock, as there is when a civilized man is shot. Some of them escaped to the woods. This merely shows that it is impossible to fill the air so full of bullets that a man or two cannot slip through somewhere. There was no panic in their retreat, and they continued to shoot after they were wounded. One might have supposed that men capable of such courage would have fought it out in their trenches, where they stood a better show. At least over the graves of these men, whose actions we cannot quite understand, should be written the word "heroes." Many of these men wore *ang-ting ang-ting*, or charms to preserve life. One poor boy had a short shirt on covered with cabalistic signs—pictures of saints and devils, with rude imitations of Latin phrases underneath: misspelled, meaningless words, the work of some padre or sacristan, dearly paid for by the victim. Through the crowning glory of that shirt, an elaborate picture of a virgin and some antediluvian beast, a shot passed into the boy's heart.

Santa Cruz was taken intact. Not a house was burned, and there were strict orders against looting. All the furniture and movable property had been taken from the houses. In the trenches were found some wooden imitations of rifles and some little cannon made of iron piping, which might have been children's playthings. These cannon, about a foot and a half long, muzzle-loading, and loaded with slugs, were pathetic indeed to look at.

That night I started back on the *Oeste* for Manila. As day dawned a small canoe came alongside the gunboat. In it was seated an American soldier. He was long from the hips up, and sat bolt-upright. By his side was a rifle, ammunition, and a canteen. He had a long narrow face, high forehead, eagle nose, and big eyes. We all looked at him in wonder.

"Where are you going?" asked Lieutenant Webb.

"Oh," remarked the soldier, in a pleasant conversational tone, "I'm out on a cruise, but I ran short of good water, and thought I would board you."

This man was on an expedition all by himself on the lake, which was filled with small insurgent boats. The American soldier is an unending source of joy.

Exactly what the original plan of the expedition to Laguna de Bay was I am unable to say, but I have reason to believe that it was bound first for Santa Cruz, then along the lake west to Calamba, and finally it was intended closing in from the south to catch the insurgent general Pio del Pilar in Parañaque. As a matter of fact, a division general, at the head of fifteen hundred men, or about half a brigade, was sent out to capture Santa Cruz, and then ordered to desert the place and return to Manila. Incidentally the general captured five launches which were in the hands of the insurgents. After three days' work, the general managed to get these launches over the obstructions and bar at the head of the Santa Cruz River. Aside from the capture of these launches, which were practically valueless to the insurgents, the expedition accomplished nothing except the killing of a few insurgent soldiers. Santa Cruz is one of the richest towns of the interior of Luzon. Its situation is such that it would make an excellent base of supplies for expeditions to the southern provinces. To have occupied this town and garrisoned it would have been an excellent strategical move. To take the place and then withdraw is in the nature of a piratical raid. General Lawton expressed his great regret, at the end of the expedition, that he could not leave a garrison at Santa Cruz. Why he was ordered to withdraw without completing the intended movement seems inexplicable. It is generally supposed, however, that General Otis thought it best to concentrate all his available forces for an immediate move against the strong position of the enemy north of Malolos.

General Lawton, in an interview after the Santa Cruz expedition, said that if the insurgents continued to fight, it would take one hundred thousand American forces to pacify the islands. By this he meant that it would be necessary to leave a garrison in every town we occupied. The fact is that there are not enough soldiers here to enable General Otis to carry on the war with that effective rapidity which is the only humane way to make war. He cannot at present spare a single man for garrison duty in Santa Cruz or any other town we take. With the line around the city to hold and the railway line to protect, he has only enough forces left to continue moving against the insurgent army on the north. It looks as if the war may last for another year.

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An English Mother

EVERY week of every season out of English ports
go forth,
White of sail or white of trail, east, or west, or
south, or north,
Scattering like a flight of pigeons, half a hundred home-
sick ships
Bearing half a thousand striplings—each with kisses on
his lips
Of some silent mother, fearful lest she show herself too
fond,
Giving him to bush or desert as one pays a sacred bond.
Tell us, you who hide your heart-break—Which is sad-
der when all 's done,
To repine, an English mother, or to roam, an English
son?

You who shared your babe's first sorrow when his
cheek no longer pressed
On the perfect snow and rose-leaf beauty of your mother-
breast;
In the rigor of his nurture, was your woman's mercy
mute,
Knowing he was doomed to exile with the savage and
the brute?
Did you school yourself to absence, all his adolescent
years,
That, though you be torn with parting, he should never
see the tears?
Now his ship has left the offing for the many-mouthèd
sea,
This your guerdon, empty heart, by empty bed to bend
the knee!

And if he be but the latest thus to leave your dwin-
dling board,
Is a sorrow less for being added to a sorrow's hoard?
Is the mother-pain the duller that to-day his brothers
stand,
Facing ambuscades of Congo or alarms of Zululand?—
Toil, where blizzards drift the snow like smoke across
the plains of death?—
Faint, where tropic fens at morning steam with fever-
laden breath?—
Die, that in some distant river's veins the English
blood may run—
Mississippi, Yangtze, Ganges, Nile, Mackenzie, Amazon?

Ah! you still must wait and suffer in a solitude untold,
While your sisters of the nations call you passive, call
you cold—
Still must scan the news of sailings, breathless, search
the slow gazette,
Find the dreaded name . . . and, later, get his blithe
farewell! And yet—
Shall the lonely at the hearth-stone shame the legions
who have died,
Grudging not the price their country pays for progress
and for pride?
—Nay, but England, do not ask us thus to emulate your
scars
Until women's tears are reckoned in the budgets of your
wars.

NEW YORK CITY. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

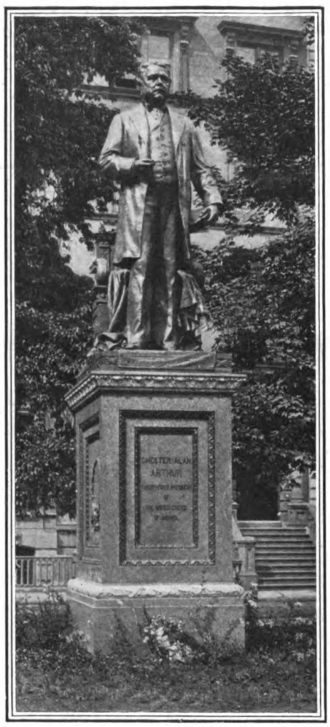
The Mohonk Conference

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

MOHONK LAKE, ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, *June 2, 1899.*

SOME things cannot be described, and some places cannot. Mohonk is one of the places, and a Mohonk conference is one of the things. Observe, dear reader, that in the first use of our word thing, it meant a parliament. A Mohonk conference is a parliament. But it differs from the parliament of Carlyle in this, that his parliaments and many others meet to consider everything, and bring together in cars, cabs, vans, or otherwise, many wind-bags. A Mohonk conference is strictly held to one subject; it tries to bring together specialists on that subject, and among them there are few wind-bags—none on purpose, as is in other parliaments. The presence of any is an accident.

The conference of last week is the fifth Mohonk Peace Conference. The company was about a hundred delegates, often accompanied by their wives, who sit with them as a part of the parliament. The law of selection works well. Year by year more and more men of affairs appear, and year by year the president finds that he has not to hold the speakers in hand. It goes without saying that any man of sense wants a chance to speak to such an assembly. Time rules have to be enforced when your session lasts only from Wednesday morning to Friday night. By consequence, the gushes of rhetoric are very few, and the amount of square sense and information given is very large. Senator Edmunds always presides when he is here. Last year, in his absence, Colonel Waring presided. His martyrdom, as I need hardly say, in the great cause to which the conference is pledged, is tenderly remembered by every member.



STATUE OF PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR, Unveiled in Madison Square, New York City, June 13. George E. Bissell, Sculptor.

Your readers will readily understand that the contemporaneous session of what future ages will regard as the great Eirenical Council of The Hague is the central subject of thought, conversation, and discussion. Now that we know that the American plan is based on the proposal made by the New York Bar Association in the winter of 1863, we know where we are, and we are only afraid that the statesmen at The Hague may get ahead of us. Mr. Logan, the president of the Bar Association, and Mr. Martin Jones, of Rochester, are both here. To these two gentlemen was intrusted by the Bar Association the draft of the original plan now celebrated through the world. Mr. Everett Wheeler, of this State, and several of your judges and those of other States, are present, so that we have legal knowledge and ability of the first rank in the discussions of the permanent tribunal, which have now happily come to be considered not as the dreams of idealists, but as the business of the lawyers.

All the same, the men of commerce have found out, as well as the Czar of Russia, that the "maintenance of general peace is an ideal" towards which their endeavors may well be directed. Not all of them have found this out. The majority, perhaps, are too busy in cutting off coupons. But we have had speeches from Mr. William J. Coombs, of Brooklyn, the only merchant in Congress, from General Barnes of Brooklyn, from Edward Atkinson and Samuel Capen, of Boston, on the part, seen and unseen, which the commerce of the world and the finance of empire have to play in the great symphony of peace. What if it should prove that the whispers of Rothschilds and Belmonts are written in sympathetic ink between the lines of the formal documents laid before the tribunal of The Hague?

The committee indicates every morning the line of remark which it wishes the speakers to consider. It is taken for granted now that the world will insist on creating a permanent tribunal. To compare the different methods proposed, to lay out squarely the difficulties, and, on the other hand, to express the prospects and hopes for the future—these have been the subjects assigned for different sessions. Of course they overlap each other. But the comparison of notes of information, of hopes, and of fears is intensely interesting.

And it is easy to see that two hundred men and women of the first intelligence will go home from this conference to-morrow much better prepared than when they came here, to lead the public opinion of all parts of the United States in favor of The Hague treaties when they shall be formed.

The leaders of the conference are the brothers Smiley, at whose invitation it is called, Judge Edmunds, Mr. Logan and Mr. Jones, Judge Gilbert, Judge Ashman, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. George G. Mercer, and an executive committee of ten from all parts of the nation. From the press of the country we have Colonel Church of the *Army and Navy Journal*, William H. Ward, Lyman Abbot, Major Bright, Mr. Wells of the *Christian Endeavor*, and myself of the *Peace Crusade*. Several distinguished clergymen have spoken, and the cities of Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are represented by formal delegations.

I enclose the testimony or programme agreed upon at the close of the conference.

PLATFORM OF THE FIFTH ANNUAL LAKE MOHONK ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

We urge the establishment of a permanent international court, which shall be open to all nations, for the adjudication of whatever controversies may arise between them, and which they are unable to settle by diplomacy of mediation.

In the constitution of this court we urge the application of the same principles which experience has shown to be most conducive to the ends of justice in judicial controversies among individuals.

In this highest of human tribunals, the judges should be selected solely for their recognized ability, learning, and impartiality.

During the past few years the cause of arbitration has made wonderful progress. Since our last meeting, the treaty between Italy and Argentina has been negotiated. This marks a great advance over all former arbitration treaties in that it provides for the settlement of all disputes that may arise between them, questions of honor not being excepted.

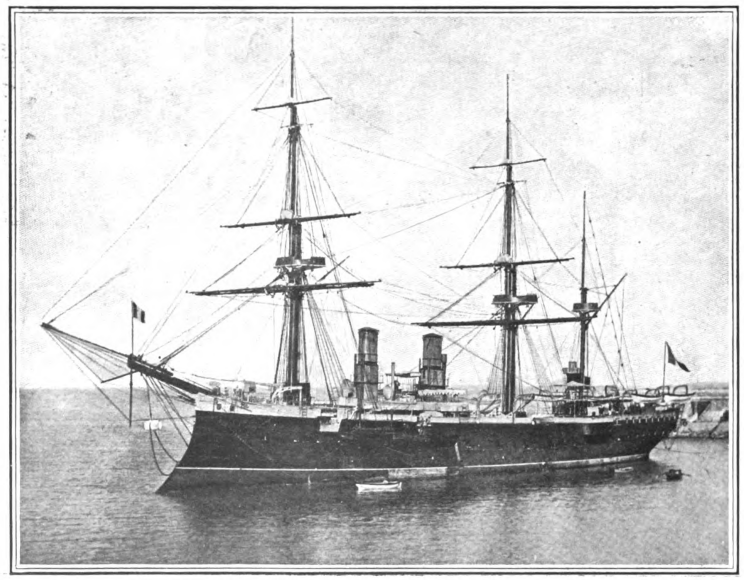
Within the past year another event of transcendent importance has occurred, in the summoning by the Czar of Russia of a great international conference to consider how war may be avoided and its burdens alleviated. This conference at The Hague marks an epoch in the history of the world. It is the first great step toward the federated peace of the world. The Czar is entitled to gratitude and respectful admiration for his noble initiative.

Earnestly do we hope that the work so auspiciously begun at The Hague will go forward, until at last, and at no distant day, the peace of the world shall rest on the sure foundation of justice, and nations be relieved from the wellnigh intolerable burdens of war.

We must not forget, however, that the work of that conference is only preliminary, and that the results of its deliberations must be submitted for ratification to the several governments there represented.

We therefore here earnestly resolve to do what we can to promote popular intelligence and quicken the popular conscience, to the end that when this subject comes before our representatives at Washington there shall be no doubt as to what the people demand in this time of supreme opportunity.

We believe that the gratifying progress already made, and the inspiring hopes which we confidently entertain for the future, are because men are learning the moral righteousness of peace, and because God rules the world.



THE REHABILITATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS—THE FRENCH CRUISER "SFAX," WHICH IS BRINGING HIM HOME FOR RETRIAL.

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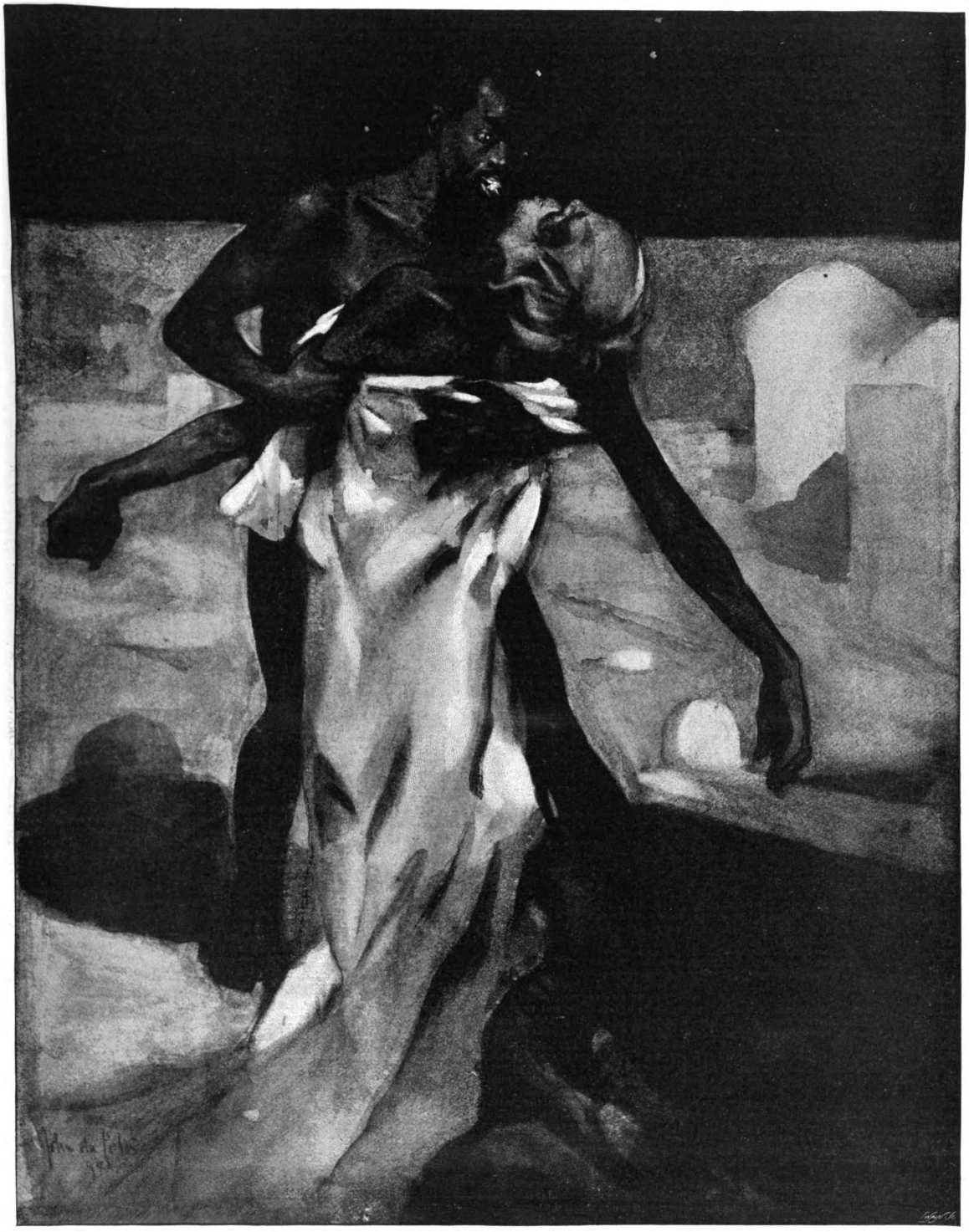
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A FARO GAME AT EL PASO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 633.]

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A Curious Coincidence. *By E. F. Benson*

Luxor, as most of those who have been there will allow, is a singularly charming place, and boasts many attractions for the traveller, chief among which they will reckon an excellent hotel, containing a billiard-room, a garden fit for the gods to sit in, any quantity of visitors, at least a weekly dance on board a tourist steamer, quail-shooting, a climate as of Avilion, and a number of stupendously ancient monuments for those archæologically inclined. But to certain others, few indeed in number, but fanatically convinced of their own orthodoxy, the charm of Luxor, like some Sleeping Beauty, only wakes when these things cease—when the hotel has grown empty, and the billiard-marker has gone for a long rest to Cairo; when the decimated quail and the decimating tourist have fled northwards, and the Theban plain, Danaë to a tropical sun, is a gridiron across which no man would willingly make a journey by day, not even if Queen Hatasoo herself should call his name from the terrace of Deir-el-Bahari. A suspicion, however, that the fanatic few—for in other respects they were men of estimable opinions—might be right, induced me to examine their convictions for myself, and thus it came about that two years ago certain days toward the beginning of June saw me still there, a confirmed convert.

Much tobacco and the length of summer days had assisted us to the analysis of the charm of which summer in the south is possessed, and Weston, one of the earliest of the elect, and myself had discussed it at some length. Though we reserved as the principal ingredient a nameless something which baffled the chemist, and must be felt to be understood, we were easily able to detect certain other drugs of sight and sound, which, we were agreed, contributed to the whole. A few of them are here subjoined:

The waking in the warm darkness just before dawn to find that the desire for stopping in bed fails with the awakening.

The ferrying start across the Nile with our horses, who,

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like us, stand and sniff at the incredible sweetness of the coming morning, without apparently finding it less wonderful in repetition.

The moment, infinitesimal in duration, but infinite in sensation, just before the sun rises, when the gray shrouded river is struck suddenly out of darkness and becomes a sheet of green bronze.

The rose flush, rapid as a change of color in some chemical combination, which shoots across the sky from east to west, followed immediately by the sunlight, which catches the peaks of the western hills and flows down like some luminous liquid.

The stir and whisper which go through the world—a breeze springs up; a lark soars and sings; the boatman shouts, "Yallah! yallah!" the horses toss their heads.

The subsequent ride.

The subsequent breakfast on our return.

The subsequent absence of anything to do.

At sunset the ride into the desert, thick with the odor of warm barren sand, which smells like nothing else in the world, for it smells of nothing at all.

The starry curtain of the tropical night.

Camel's milk.

Converse with the fellahin, who are the most charming and least accountable people on the face of the earth, except when tourists are about, and when in consequence there is no thought but backsheesh.

Lastly, and with this we are concerned, the possibility of remarkable experiences.

The beginning of the things which make this tale occurred four days ago, when Abdul Ali, the oldest man in the village, died suddenly, full of days and riches. Both, so we thought, had probably been somewhat exaggerated, but his relations affirmed constantly that he had as many years as he had English pounds, and that each was a hundred. The apt roundness of these numbers was incontestable, the thing was too neat to be true, and not before he had been dead for twenty-four hours was it a matter of orthodoxy. But that which turned an event which must soon have been inevitable into a source of blank dismay instead of pious resignation to his relations was that not one of these English pounds, not even their shady equivalent in notes—which, out of the tourist season, are looked upon at Luxor as but a doubtful variety of philosopher's stone, though certainly capable of producing gold under favorable circumstances—could be found. Abdul Ali with his hundred years was dead, his century of sovereigns—they might as well have been an annuity—were dead with him, and his son Mohammed, who had previously enjoyed a sort of brevet rank in anticipation of the event, was considered to be throwing far more dust in the air than the genuine affection even of a chief mourner wholly justified.

Abdul, it is to be feared, was not a man of stereotyped respectability. He drank wine whenever he could get it; he ate food during the days of Ramadan, scornful of the fast, when his appetite desired it; he was supposed to have the evil-eye, and in his last moments he was attended by the notorious Achmet, who is well known here to have practised black magic, and has been suspected of the much meaner crime of robbing the bodies of those lately dead. For in Egypt, while to despoil the bodies of ancient kings and priests is a privilege for which advanced and learned societies vie with one another, to rob the bodies of those lately dead is considered the deed of a dog. Mohammed, who soon exchanged the throwing of dust in the air for the more natural mode of expressing chagrin, which is to gnaw the nails, told us in confidence that he suspected Achmet of having learned the *exche* his father's money was in; but it appeared that Achmet had as blank a face as anybody when his patient, who was striving to make some communication with him, went out into silence, and the suspicion that he knew where the money was gave way in the minds of the heirs of Abdul to a but dubious regret that he had not found out.

So Abdul died and was buried, and we all went to the funeral, at which feast we ate more roast meat than one naturally desires at five in a tropical afternoon, in consequence of which Weston and I, not requiring dinner, stopped at home after our return from the ride into the desert, and talked to Mohammed, Abdul's son, and Hussein, Abdul's youngest grandson, a boy of about twenty, who is also our valet, cook, and house-maid. They together wofully narrated of the money that was and is not, and told us scandalous tales about Achmet and his weakness for cemeteries. They drank coffee and smoked—for though Hussein was our servant, we had been that day the guests of his father—and shortly after they had gone, up came Machmout.

Machmout, who says he thinks he is twelve, but does not know for certain, is kitchen-maid, groom, and gardener. He has to an extraordinary degree some occult power resembling clairvoyance. Weston, who is a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and the tragedy of whose life has been the detected fraudulence of Eusapia Palladino, says that it is all thought-reading, and has made notes of many of Machmout's performances, which may subsequently turn out to be of interest. Thought-reading, however, does not seem to me to fully explain the phenomena which followed Abdul's funeral, and with Machmout I have to put them down to white magic, which should be a very inclusive term, or to pure coincidence, which is even more inclusive, and will cover all the inexplicable circumstances of the world, taken singly. The method of procedure is simple, being the ink mirror known by name to many, and it is as follows:

A little black ink is poured into the palm of Machmout's hand; or, as ink has been at a premium lately, owing to the last post-boat from Cairo which contained stationery for us having stuck on a sand bank, a small piece of black American cloth about an inch in diameter is found to be a perfect substitute. Upon this he gazes. After five or ten minutes his shrewd monkeylike expression is struck from his face, his eyes wide open remain fixed on the cloth, a complete rigidity sets in over his muscles, and he tells us of the curious things he sees. In whatever position he is, in that position he remains, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth, until the ink is washed off or the cloth removed. Then he looks up and says, "Khalás," which means, "It is finished."

We only engaged Machmout's services as second general domestic a fortnight ago, but the first evening he was with us he came up stairs when he had finished his work, and said, "I will show you white magic; give me ink," and proceeded to describe the front hall of our house in London, saying that there were two horses at the door, and that a man and woman soon came out, gave the horses each a piece of bread, and mounted. The thing was so probable that by the next mail I wrote asking my mother to note exactly what she was doing, and where, at half past five (English time) on the evening of June 12. At the corresponding time in Egypt Machmout was describing, speaking to us of a "sitt" (lady) having tea in a room, which he described with some minuteness, and I am waiting anxiously for her letter. The explanation which Weston gives of these phenomena is that a certain picture of people I know is present in my mind, though I may not be aware of it—present to my subliminal self, I think, he says—and that I give an unspoken suggestion to the hypnotized Machmout. My explanation is that there isn't any explanation, for no suggestion on my part would make my brother go out for a ride at the moment when Machmout says he is doing so (if indeed we find that Machmout's visions are chronologically correct), and that I am prepared to believe anything. Weston, however, does not speak quite so calmly or scientifically about Machmout's last performance, and since it took place he has almost entirely ceased to urge me to become a member of the Society for Psychical Research, in order that I may no longer be hide-bound by vain superstitions.

Machmout will not exercise these powers if his own folk are present, for he says that when he is in this state, if a man who knows black magic was in the room, or knew that he was practising white magic, he could get the spirit who presides over the black magic to kill the Spirit of White Magic, for the black magic is the more potent, and the two are foes. And as the Spirit of White Magic is on occasions a powerful friend—he has before now befriended Machmout in a manner which I consider incredible—the boy is very desirous that he should abide long with him. But Englishmen, it appears, do not know the black magic, so with us he is safe. The Spirit of Black Magic, to speak with whom is death, Machmout saw once "between heaven and earth and night and day," so he phrases it, on the Karnak road. He may be known, he told us, by the fact that he is of paler skin than his people, that he has two long teeth, one in each corner of his mouth, and that his eyes, which are white all over, are as big as the eyes of a horse.

Machmout squatted himself comfortably in the corner, and I gave him the piece of black American cloth. As some minutes must elapse before he gets into the hypnotic state in which the visions begin, I strolled out on to the balcony for coolness. It was the hottest night we had yet had, and though the sun had set three hours, the thermometer marked 105 degrees. Above, the sky seemed veiled with gray, where it should have been dark velvety blue, and a fitful puffing wind from the south threatened three days of the sandy intolerable khamsin wind. A little way up the street to the left was a small café, in front of which were waxing and waning little glowworm specks of light from the water-pipes of Arabs sitting out there in the dark. From inside came the click of brass castanets in the hands of some dancing-girl, sounding sharp and precise against the wailing bagpipe music of the strings and pipes which accompanied these movements, which Arabs love and Europeans think so unpleasing. Eastwards the sky was paler and luminous, for the moon was imminently rising, and even as I looked the red rim of the enormous disk cut the line of the desert; and on the instant, with a curious aptness, one of the Arabs outside the café broke out into that wonderful chant:

> I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon!
> Far is thy throne over Mecca—slip down, O beloved, to me!

Immediately afterwards I heard the piping monotone of Machmout's voice begin, and I went inside.

We have found that the experiments gave the quickest result by contact—a fact which confirmed Weston in his explanation of them by thought-transferrence of some elaborate kind, which, I confess, I cannot understand. He was writing at a table in the window when I came in, but looked up.

"Take his hand," he said; "at present he is quite incoherent."

"Do you explain that?" I asked.

"It is closely analogous, so Myers thinks, to talking in sleep. He has been saying something about a tomb. Do make a suggestion, and see if he responds. He is remarkably sensitive, and he responds quicker to you than to me. Probably Abdul's funeral suggested the tomb."

A sudden thought struck me.

"Hush!" I said; "I want to listen."

Machmout's head was thrown a little back, and he held the hand in which was the piece of cloth rather above his face, As usual, he was talking very slowly, and in a high staccato voice, absolutely unlike his usual tones.

"On one side of the grave," he piped, "is an atl [tamarisk] tree, and the green beetles make fantasia about it. On the other side is a mud wall. There are many other graves about, but they are all asleep. This is the grave, because it is awake, and is moist and not sandy."

"I thought so," said Weston. "It is Abdul's grave he is talking about."

"There is a red moon sitting on the desert," continued Machmout, "and it is now. There is the puffing of khamsin, and much dust coming. The moon is red because of dust and because it is low."

"Still sensitive to external conditions," said Weston. "That is rather curious. Pinch him, will you?"

I pinched Machmout; I might as well have pinched the moon.

"In the last house of the street and in the doorway stands a man. Ah! ah!" cried the boy, suddenly. "It is the black magic he knows. Don't let him come. He is going out of the house," he shrieked; "he is coming—no, he is going the other way, towards the moon and the grave. He has the black magic with him, which can raise the dead, and he has a murdering knife, and a spade. I cannot see his face, for the black magic is between it and my eyes."

Weston had got up, and, like me, was hanging on Machmout's words.

"We will go there," he said. "There is an opportunity of testing this. Listen a moment."

"He is walking, walking, walking," piped Machmout. "Still walking to the moon and the grave. The moon sits no longer on the desert, but has sprung up a little way."

I pointed out of the window.

"That, at any rate, is true," I said.

Weston took the cloth out of Machmout's hand, and the piping ceased. In a moment he stretched himself and rubbed his eyes.

"Khalás!" he said.

"Yes, it is khalás."

"Did I tell you of the sitt in England?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes," I answered; "thank you, little Machmout. The white magic was very good to-night. Get you to bed."

Machmout trotted obediently out of the room, and Weston closed the door after him.

"We must be quick," he said. "It is worth while going and giving the thing a chance, though I wish he had seen something less grewsome. The odd thing is that he was not at the funeral and yet he describes the grave accurately. What do you make of it?"

"I make that the white magic has shown Machmout that somebody with black magic is going to Abdul's grave, perhaps to rob it," I answered, resolutely.

"What are we to do when we get there?"

"See the black magic at work. Personally I am in a blue funk. So are you."

"There is no such thing as black magic," said Weston. "Ah, I have it. Give me that orange." Weston rapidly skinned it, and cut from the rind two circles as big as a five-shilling piece, and two long white fangs of skin. The first two he fixed in his eyes, the two latter in the corners of his mouth.

"The Spirit of Black Magic?" I asked.

"The same."

He took up a long black burnoose and wrapped it round him. Even in the bright lamp-light the Spirit of Black Magic was a sufficiently terrific personage.

"I don't believe in black magic," he said, "but others do. If it is necessary to put a stop to—to anything that is going on, we will hoist the man on his own petard. Come along. Who do you suspect it is—I mean, of course, who was the person you were thinking of when your thoughts were transferred to Machmout."

"What Machmout said," I answered, "suggested Achmet to me."

Weston indulged in a laugh of scientific incredulity, and we set off.

The moon, as Machmout had told us, was just clear of the horizon; and as it rose higher, its color, at first red and sombre like the blaze of some distant conflagration, paled to a tawny yellow. The hot wind from the south, blowing no longer fitfully, but with a steady increasing violence, was thick with sand, and of incredibly scorching heat, and the tops of the palm-trees in the garden of the deserted hotel on the right were lashing to and fro with a harsh rattle of dry leaves. The cemetery lay on the outskirts of the village, and as long as our way lay between the mud walls of the huddling street the wind came to us only as the heat from behind closed furnace doors. Every now and then, with a whisper and whistle rising into a great buffeting flap, a sudden whirlwind of dust would scour some twenty yards along the road, and then break like a shore-quenched wave against one or other of the mud walls, or throw itself heavily against a house and fall in a shower of sand. But, once free of obstructions, we were opposed to the full heat and blast of the wind, which blew full in our teeth. It was the first bad khamsin of the year, and for the moment I wished I had gone north with the tourist and the quail and the billiard-marker, for khamsin filches the marrow out of the bones and turns the body to blotting-paper. We passed no one in the street, and the only sound we heard, except the wind, was the howling of moon-struck dogs.

The cemetery is surrounded by a tall mud built wall, and sheltering for a few moments under this, we discussed our movements. The row of tamarisks close to which the tomb lay marched in pairs through the centre of the graveyard, and by skirting the wall outside and climbing softly over where they approached it, the fury of the wind might help us to get near the grave without being seen, if any one happened to be there. We had just decided on this, and were moving on to put the scheme into execution, when the wind dropped for a moment, and in the silence we could hear the chump of a spade being driven into the earth, and, what gave me a sudden thrill of intimate horror, the cry of the carrion-feeding hawk from the dusty sky just overhead.

Two minutes later we were creeping up in the shade of the tamarisks to where Abdul had been buried. The great green beetles which live on the trees were flying about blindly, and twice or thrice one dashed into my face with a whir of mail-clad wings. When we were within some twenty yards of the grave we stopped for a moment, and looking cautiously out from our shelter, saw the figure of a man, already waist-deep in the earth, digging out the newly turned grave. Weston, who was standing behind me, had adjusted the characteristics of the Spirit of Black Magic, so as to be ready for emergencies, and turning round suddenly and finding myself unawares face to face with that realistic impersonation, though my nerves are not precariously strong, I could have found it within me to shriek aloud. But that unsympathetic man of iron only shook with suppressed laughter, and holding the orange-peel eyes in his hand, motioned me forward again, without speaking, to where the trees grew thicker, and not ten yards away from the grave.

There we waited, I suppose, for some five minutes, while the man, whom we saw to be Achmet, toiled on at his impious task. He was entirely naked, and his brown skin glistened with the dews of exertion. At times he chattered in a cold uncanny manner to himself, and once or twice he stopped for breath. Then he began scraping the earth away with his hands, and soon afterwards searched in his clothes, which were lying near, for a piece of rope, with which he stepped into the grave, and in a moment reappeared again with both ends in his hands. Then, standing astride the grave, he pulled strongly, and one end of the coffin appeared above the ground. He chipped a piece of the lid away to make sure that he had the right end, and then, setting it upright, wrenched off the lid with his knife, and there faced us the small shrivelled shape of the dead Abdul, swathed like a baby in white.

I was just about to motion the Spirit of Black Magic to make his appearance, when Machmout's words came into my head, "He has with him the black magic, which

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can raise the dead," and sudden overwhelming curiosity which froze disgust and horror into chill unfeeling things came over me.

"Wait," I whispered to Weston. "He will use the black magic."

Again the wind dropped for a moment, and again in the silence that came with it I heard the chiding of the hawk overhead—this time nearer, and there were more birds than one.

Achmet meantime had taken the covering from off the face and had undone the swathing-band, which at the moment after death is bound round the head to close the jaw, and which the Arabs always leave there, and from where we stood I could see that the jaw dropped when the bandage was untied, as if, though the wind blew towards us with a ghastly scent of mortality on it, the muscles were not even now set, though the man had been dead sixty hours. But still a rank and burning curiosity to see what this unclean soul would do next clothed all other feelings in my mind. He seemed not to notice, or, at any rate, to disregard, that mouth gaping awry, and moved about nimbly in the moonlight.

He took from a pocket of his clothes, which were lying near, two small blue objects, which now are safely embedded in the mud at the bottom of the Nile, and rubbed them briskly together. By degrees they grew luminous with a sickly yellow pallor of light, and from his hands went up a wavy phosphorescent flame. One of these cubes he placed in the open mouth of the corpse, the other in his own, and taking the dead man closely in his arms, as though he would indeed dance with death, he breathed long breaths from his mouth into that corrupting cavern which was pressed to his. Suddenly he started back with a quick-drawn breath of wonder, and perhaps of horror, and stood for a space as if irresolute, for the cube which the dead man held, instead of lying loosely in the jaw, was pressed tight between clinched teeth. After a moment of irresolution he stepped back quickly to his clothes again, and took up from near them the knife with which he had stripped off the coffin lid, and holding this in one hand behind his back, with the other he took out the cube from the dead man's mouth, though with a visible exhibition of force, and spoke.

"Abdul," he said, "I am your friend, and I swear I will give your money to Mohammed if you will tell me where it is."

Certain I am that the lips of the dead moved, and the eyelids fluttered for a moment like the wings of a wounded bird, but at that sight the horror so grew on me that I was physically incapable of stifling the cry that rose to my lips, and Achmet turned round. Next moment the complete Spirit of Black Magic glided out of the shade of the trees and towered before him. The wretched man stood for a moment without stirring, then turning with shaking knees to flee, he stepped back and fell into the grave he had just opened.

Weston turned on me angrily, dropping the eyes and the teeth of the Afrit.

"You spoiled it all," he cried. "It would perhaps have been the most interesting . . ." and his eyes lighted on the dead Abdul, who peered open-eyed from the coffin, then swayed, tottered, and fell forward, face downwards, on the ground close to him. For one moment he lay there, and then the body rolled slowly on to its back, without visible cause for movement, and lay staring into the sky. The face was covered with dust, but with the dust was mingled fresh blood. A nail had caught the cloth that wound him, underneath which, as usual, were the clothes in which he had died, for the Arabs do not wash their dead, and it had torn a great rent through them all, leaving the right shoulder bare.

Weston strove to speak once, but failed. Then, "I will go and inform the police," he said, "if you will stop here and see that Achmet does not get out."

But this I altogether refused to do, and after covering the body with the coffin to protect it from the hawks, we secured Abdul's arms with the rope he had already used that night, and took him off to Luxor.

Next morning Mohammed came to see us.

"I thought Achmet knew where the money was," he said, exultantly.

"Where was it?"

"In a little purse tied round the shoulder. The dog had already begun stripping the body. See!" and he brought it out of his pocket; "it is all there, in those English notes, five pounds each, and there are twenty-five of them. His money was even greater than his years."

Our conclusion was slightly different, for even Weston will allow that Achmet hoped to learn from dead lips the secret of the treasure, and then to kill the man anew and bury him. But that is pure conjecture.

The only other point of interest lies in the two black cubes which we picked up, and found to be graven with curious characters. These I put one evening into Machmout's hand when he was exhibiting to us his curious powers of "thought-transferrence." The effect was that he screamed aloud, crying out that the black magic had come, and though I did not feel certain about that, I thought they would be safer in mid-Nile. Weston grumbled a little, and said that he had wanted to take them to the British Museum, but that, I feel sure, was an afterthought.

A Queen's Charity

WE hear less about Portugal than about Spain at any time, and of late have heard less than usual. The Queen of Portugal is a sovereign deserving a long mark for her interest in hospitals and hygiene, and also in the welfare of the children of poverty. At Alcantara she founded, in 1893, a dispensary peculiarly for meeting the demands of childish invalids, as pleasantly situated as possible, and spaciously planned, combining a diet-kitchen, consultation-rooms, surgical halls, and much of the departmental work of a hospital. Almost every day the Queen herself goes to the establishment and takes a personal share in the labors of the charity—now waiting in the kitchen distributions, and again assisting in the surgery. Several well-known women of her court are equally practical. The general charge of it is committed to a religious order, a favorite of the Queen's, but the eminent Portuguese physician, Dr. Silva Carvalho, heads the staff of medical workers. In one year (1895) there were given in the building 8559 consultations, 63,704 rations from the diet-kitchen, 32,521 bandagings, 76,480 prescriptions, and 470 vaccinations. The milk and vegetables are furnished gratis by the Queen, and the medical supplies are also defrayed by her. Fifteen hundred babies were treated in one twelvemonth. It is said that there is not any royal charity of the sort in Europe so efficiently managed, with the additional active co-operation of the founder.

LONDON

June 5, 1899.

THE brightest time for London in the whole year is the fortnight between the Derby and Ascot races. London grows in favor as an international pleasure centre. Foreigners flock to London for a holiday who formerly went to Paris; and the foreigner is in welcome evidence everywhere. At the beginning of June British weather is on its good behavior. The parks are gay with flowers, and foliage has not lost its spring freshness. From early morning "Rotten Row" is full of riders. The "Liver Brigade," as the eight-o'clock equestrians are styled, is larger than ever, and priceless hacks ridden by modern millionaires are as common as blackberries. Pretty girls gallop up and down "the ladies' mile" to get an appetite for breakfast, and to shake off the fatigues of last night's ball. Everybody in the West End of the town seems to be in continual fête, and the serious side of life falls into the background. English statesmen, unlike ministers in France or Russia, are in society, and social claims during May, June, and July take up all the time they can spare from their public duties. Many important affairs of state are arranged at brilliant gatherings in private houses or during Saturday to Monday hospitalities in country houses within reach of town. Historic decisions on matters of high policy, which are popularly believed to be settled secretly in Downing Street by overworked ministers, are really made under more pleasant conditions and amid less conventional surroundings.

A GREAT deal of interest is aroused in both political and financial circles by the appeal for assistance now being made by Russia in the London money-market. For many years to come Russia will require large financial resources to carry out her vast plans for railway development in China, Persia, and Siberia. Unless London comes to the help of M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, the building of these railways, which bulk so largely in the scaremonger's eyes, is likely to be postponed for an indefinite period. It seems odd that Russia should come to London to borrow money for the advancement of schemes which are openly designed to thwart the political and commercial interests of England and the United States in the Far East. It is unusual, to say the least of it, to invite prospective victims to subscribe for the expenses of their own interment. The only ground on which the application is to be justified is the cosmopolitan character of modern finance, which knows neither country nor patriotism. Every shilling subscribed in England or America for the building of Russia's strategic lines in Asia will be used against them. The spirit in which that portion of the Russian government which is hostile to Anglo-Saxon development administers the affairs of the interior of the empire and will administer the Far East, is shown in the arrest and exile of thousands of students, and in the closing of nearly all the principal universities and colleges in Russia.

IF Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton universities were closed after the male students had been clubbed and cowhided by Irish policemen, and if the prisons of New York and Boston were full to overflowing of incarcerated American college men, we should have an exact equivalent of what has recently taken place in Russia in consequence of the quarrel between the students of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa and the Minister of Education in the Interior. The latter, M. Goremykine, is strongly denounced by the excellent Russian correspondent of the *Times*. I have had the pleasure of meeting M. Goremykine, and have found him to be a man of humane ideas, but strongly imbued with the mediæval doctrines associated with the name of M. Pobedonostseff. To represent M. Goremykine and M. Bogolepoff as "stupid" seems to me as unjust as it is inaccurate. They may be brutal in their methods, but it is impossible fairly to describe them as "stupid." On the contrary, M. Goremykine has a definite idea, which he pursues with vigor and purpose. He is hostile to education.

THE power of the Tsar system rests on the ignorance of the people. Dissipate ignorance, and the power of ministers disappears like cigarette smoke. The immense recent annexations of Russia obviously increase the demand for educated administrators. There is, therefore, sharp contradiction between the policy of annexation and the policy of educational repression. From Moscow alone 2160 students have been expelled. The other universities, teaching institutions, and polytechnic schools have suffered in the same way. Thirty thousand students at this moment are debarred in Russia from pursuing their education. The effect of banishing these students from their studies is to maim Russian administration for many years to come. Still, no one can deny that the policy of publicly horsewhipping the undergraduate population and of divorcing thousands of law-abiding students from their studies is in strict accordance with the policy pursued by the Russian government in destroying the Finnish constitution, and in the official persecution of the Jewish subjects of the Tsar. The social welfare and political stability of the future Russian state are visibly undermined by the Pobedonostseff policy, and no efforts of M. Muravieff and his diplomatic subordinates in the Asiatic department of the Foreign Office to acquire vast territories at the expense of England or of China are likely to atone for losses involved in following the advice of the modern Torquemada. But it is scarcely fair to describe his ministerial instruments as "stupid."

THE meeting between Mr. Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner is not regarded hopefully in South-African circles. One of the principal mining magnates, who knows President Kruger intimately, informs me that his Honor's willingness to discuss all matters not connected with the independence of the South-African republic is misleading. Little dialectical skill is required to bring all the demands of the Uitlanders within the proscribed limit. President Kruger, for example, may argue, with a show of reason, that he cannot discuss the dynamite question, because the manufacture of dynamite and other explosives is a matter directly affecting the defence, and therefore the independence, of the republic. In like manner no negotiations on the subject of franchise are possible, because the concession of the enlarged franchise, or reversion to the electoral conditions that existed at the time of the London convention, would menace the independence of the Transvaal, because the first use that would be made by the Uitlanders of the powers sought for would be to dispossess President Kruger of office and to replace his government by rulers in sympathy with the alien population. Even as regards the purity of the High Court, President Kruger may plead that he is unable to take action, because it is necessary to protect the burghers against their foreign enemies by securing the loyalty of all salaried officers of the republic, and that self-preservation is a higher law than judicial independence.

THE debate that took place in the Raad before the meeting at Bloemfontein is a further obstacle to reform; and just as Mr. Chamberlain might plead the powers of the House of Commons, so President Kruger in the conference may declare his inability to override the convictions of his constituents. The influence of corruption and ignorance is an element in the problem of even greater importance than the personality of the old President. There is no limit to the ignorance, the obstinacy, and the corruption of the Boers. According to the weightiest opinions that I am able to gather, the following course of events is probable: The meeting between the British and Boer representatives will be seemingly fruitless. England, however, will declare no war on behalf of the mining magnates, but matters will be allowed to drift, and a further object-lesson afforded to the Dutch populations of the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State of the real character of the Boer government. Only when public opinion of the Dutch in South Africa has ripened, and the patience and good faith of the British government demonstrated beyond cavil or dispute, strong measures will be taken to secure changes that could now only be attained at a cost of a racial war.

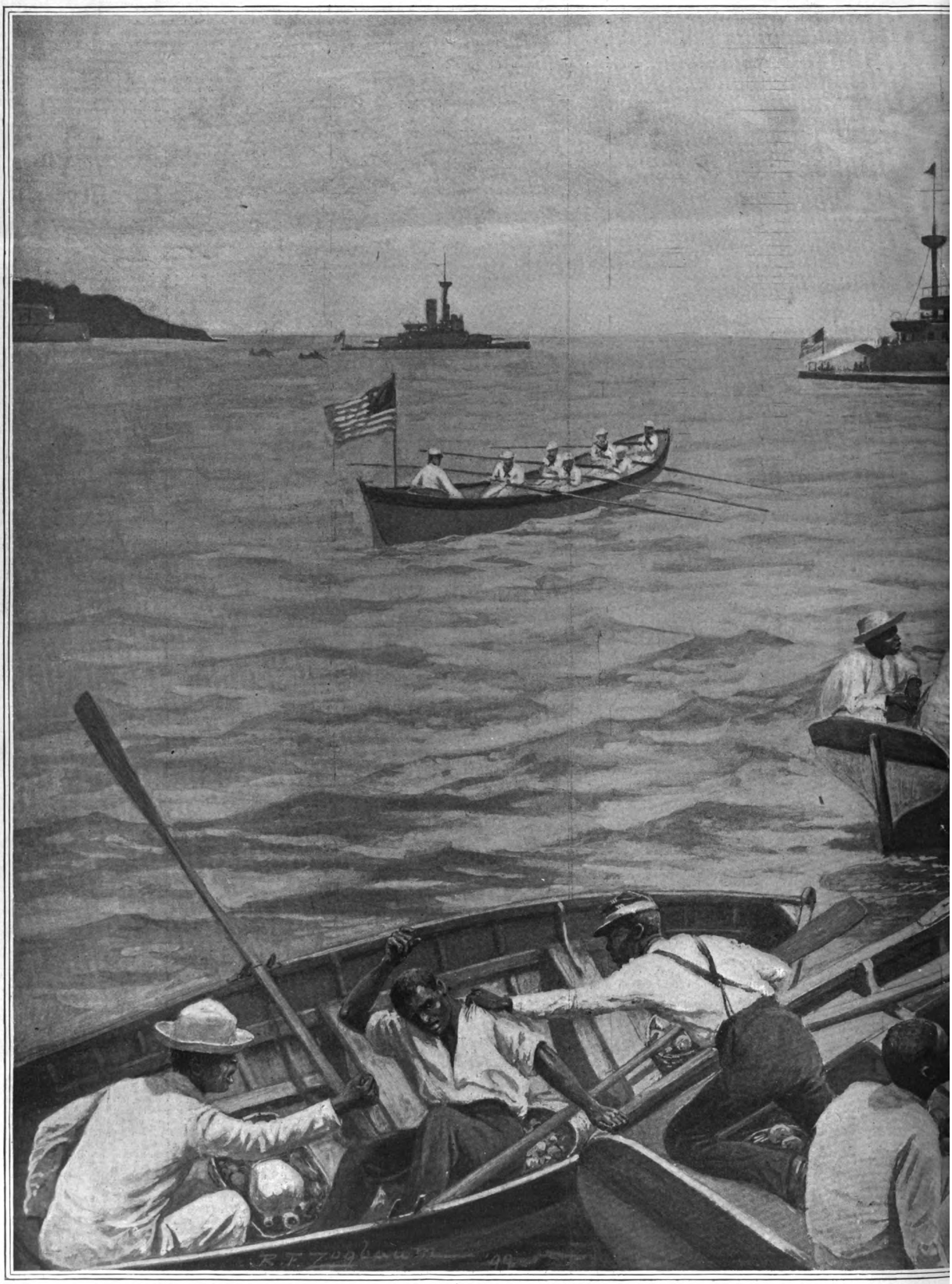
THE brightest spot in the whole situation is the general confidence displayed in Sir Alfred Milner. His personality is remarkable. One of the most brilliant of the band of scholars educated at Balliol who divide between them the government of the British Empire, Alfred Milner has a singular power of attracting every one brought in contact with him, while maintaining his own view with determination. When he was a writer on the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of his Oxford friends, acquainted with his great qualities, and who had formed a high estimate of his future career, asked him, with melancholy foreboding, as to whether he was not throwing away his life by earning his bread as a journalist. Milner's answer was characteristic in its tranquil conviction that the future would open and that his career would take care of itself. Shortly afterwards Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, offered to make him his private secretary. Then came the Egyptian appointment, where he advanced at once into the front rank of administrators. Sir Alfred Milner is believed will be the successor of Lord Cromer, whose period of labor in Egypt is thought to be drawing to a close.

THE rumble of the coming storm on the Church question, which promises to divide society and shake political parties to their foundations, begins to be heard more clearly. I learn that Lady Wimborne, the sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, a lady who has had more to do with the foundation and success of the Primrose League than almost any one else, has founded a Ladies' League for the Defence of the Reformed Faith of the Church of England, to oppose the doctrines of the Ritualist party, and to countervail the teaching of the modern clergy on confession, penance, and priestly absolution. Lady Wimborne is supported by many of the "great ladies," including the Duchesses of Grafton and Wellington. The invincible courage and determination of Lord Randolph Churchill are characteristic of his sister, and I venture to predict that we shall hear a great deal more of this anti-Ritualist league before many years are over. It is in the hands of English women who read history and bear historic names, and who have already organized one of the strongest influences in English social and political life.

OF the many exacting parts being at present played in London none, perhaps, involves such a strain upon the exponent as that of the Manicurist in "The Gay Lord Quex." A few weeks back there was grave rumor that Miss Irene Vanbrugh (who is a daughter of H. Gordon's friend, Prebendary Barnes) was breaking down. The arduous task of constant and severe rehearsal; the anxiety as to whether the result would be failure, mediocrity, or success; and the subsequent reaction—all told upon the highly strung, ultra-sensitive nature. To those (and they are not a few) who have watched Miss Vanbrugh's progress up the dramatic ladder this success at the Globe is not altogether unexpected. From her first appearance in "Alice in Wonderland" she proved herself to be of the stuff from which ultimate triumph is drawn. A marvellous grasp of character, an insight into the feelings and lives of others, sympathy with all manners and classes—this is the keynote to the hold she has upon us. We have had nothing like the third act in "Quex" on the English stage for many years.

MR. HARE intends taking Mr. Pinero's masterpiece to the States next year. As arrangements stand at present, he will, in all probability, visit America in October, 1900. But as yet nothing more definite has been decided. That Miss Vanbrugh goes with him is a certainty, and he will also be supported by his son, Mr. Gilbert Hare, who is fast following in his father's footsteps. "Quex" (as the play is familiarly called) is also to be done into French, and will before long see the light in Paris. ARNOLD WHITE.

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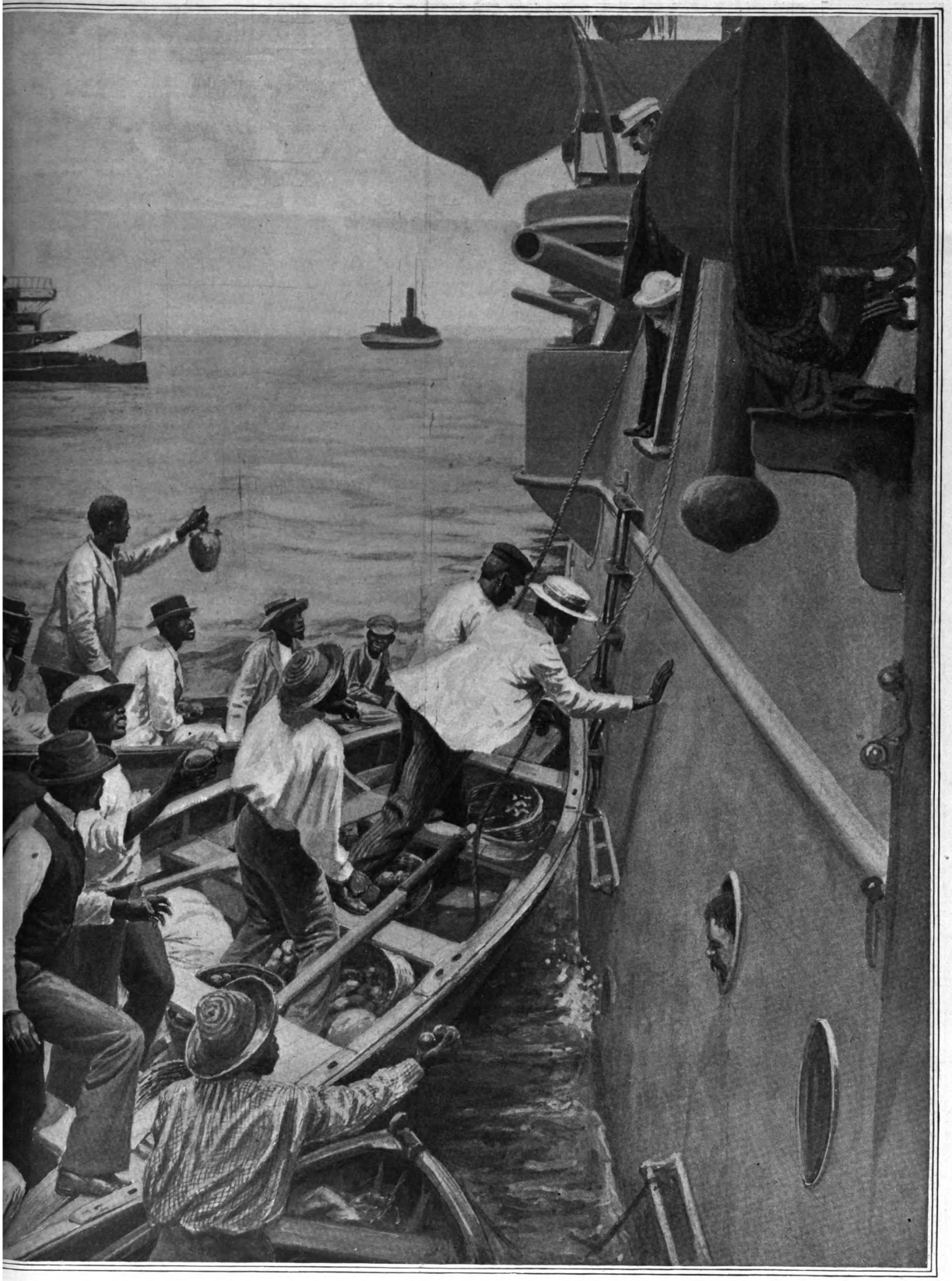
THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN THE HARBOR OF C

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM, SPECIAL ARTI

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HAITIEN, ISLAND OF HAITI—A VISIT FROM THE NATIVES.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE FLEET.

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

X.—FROM OAHU TO HAWAII

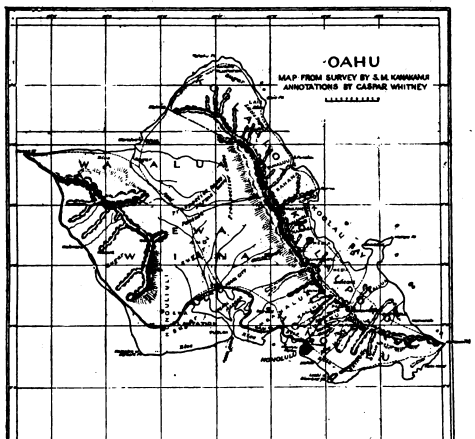
ALL Hawaii centres around Honolulu; therefore it is fitting we begin our tour of the islands at Oahu—of which, however, I have already said so much, that little remains to be added.

The Hawaiian group, including a chain of coral islets reaching into the northwest, numbers about twenty islands—all of volcanic origin—the principal inhabited ones being, in order of size, Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe; the smaller and uninhabited, Molokini, Lehua, Kaula, Bird, Necker, and about ten others.

As I have said, Oahu, in my judgment, is the most attractive of them all, the peculiarity of its beauty being verdant hills rising abruptly out of fields of taro and rice, to end in minarets and domes of gray rock veiled ever now and again by the always moving clouds of multiple shadings.

But you may see all of Oahu that is worth viewing by short excursions from Honolulu, and you will find nothing novel aside from the scenery. There is little left of native life; the island is completely Americanized.

With the exception of the sterile ground around the several points, Oahu is one great sugar-plantation, though



desirable soil on the northeast side is scarce, with patches of rice and taro here and there on the very fertile wet lowlands. To no one man is this extensive sugar cultivation so much due as to Benjamin F. Dillingham, whose unshaken faith in the possibilities of the island and undaunted enterprise built the railroad which made possible utilization of land otherwise unprofitable for planting. It is not saying too much to declare that the Oahu Railroad, tapping all the sugar-land, has been the making of industrial Oahu.

In the centre of the island are some 60,000 acres of pasture-land, not rich enough for sugar, but possibly good enough for farming under irrigation—and nowhere is there land not already owned or under long lease.

Oahu is no island for the immigrant.

You may have the choice of two routes to the island of Hawaii, but only one company owns the steamers—which, by-the-way, is one of Hawaii's chief grievances and most certain handicaps to its industrial development.

I chose to make my first landing on the leeward, or dry, side of the island, and set sail from Honolulu at ten o'clock in the morning, on the *Kinau*, a propeller of about nine hundred tons, with clean, comfortable cabins and a general trig appearance. Passing close to Diamond Head, on the southeast end of Oahu, we had a satisfying view of this famous extinct crater—a veritable bowl, with edges so narrow one can barely circle its very rim on foot.

Shortly we were crossing Kaiwi Channel, which was rather rough, as most the Hawaiian channels are, and soon came off the south (leeward) side of Molokai, the island of the lepers' home, although we had sighted it halfway across the thirty-mile channel. The west end of the island, where herds of the little Chinese spotted deer and some cattle and horses seem to thrive on the dry grass, looks a dreary waste; it is treeless and mountainless, although leased by an American company, which is beginning to plant in cane some of the southerly sections. We could see them working where a sugar-plantation is starting, and the soil looked rich and red; it is claimed enough water can be obtained from wells sunk near the sea, catching the rain-water which drains from the back country. There is no other available water here; little, indeed, from any source on the south side, and hanging fortune and hope on so slim and uncertain a supply seems risky. But the very rich soil is too tempting.

Far back could be seen the precipice which divides the lepers from the world.

To the east of the plantation the steamer stopped off a little fringe of cocoanut-trees and a few houses, which combine to make the settlement of Kaunakakai, to pick up native passengers rowing out to meet us.

A few fields of taro seemed all the agricultural industry in sight. Beyond, the bare sterile hills come abruptly to the shore, and, except for one little spot farther on, where the rift in the hills has permitted the escape of some good soil, there is no spot where living thing grows. The one little spot is Kanolo, where some rice and taro are growing, and a church stands square and solemn and white against a rugged grayish background. Eastward from here the mountains come down to the water, with only two spots where foothold may be had, so to say, until the high point, the extreme eastern point, of Molokai, is rounded.

The north, or windward, side of the island, with a few small fertile valleys, is as bright and fresh looking as the south side is barren.

Crossing Pailolo into Auau Channel, we arrived off Lahaina (Maui) about four in the afternoon, having viewed the small barren island of Lanai, which is given up entirely to sheep, except for a small bit on the northeast side, where a sugar-plantation, depending on wells, is about to be started.

Maui is second in size to Hawaii, and consists of two mountains split into deep beautiful valleys. East Maui is much larger, and, besides having Haleakala, the largest known crater in the world (height, 10,000 feet; depth, 2000 feet; length, 7¼ miles; circumference, 20 miles), has quite the greater share of arable land. And all that is available for cultivation is already under lease. West Maui's chief attraction is its scenery, with its steeper mountains and more picturesque valleys. There are no immediate opportunities for settlers on this island; the land not in use is sterile, and the soil at best is expensive to cultivate, because irrigation is almost generally needful.

The two settlements of importance are Wailuku, on the windward, or north, side, and Lahaina, on the leeward side of the neck of land that connects East and West Maui. Wailuku's chief claim to distinction rests in its being the centre of the sugar-planting interests, and the starting-point of a railroad that runs back a dozen miles towards the mountains and the sugar-mills. It has a court-house, several shops and churches, and an exalted opinion of itself.

Lahaina is a relic of departed glory. It was a famous town in ancient days—a commercial centre when the whaling interests flourished, the residence of the King—the chief city, in fact, of all Hawaii. But all the old buildings have gone, and there remains nothing now to suggest one-time importance. It is a sleepy little port—a restful, mildly tempered haven for invalids. The best idea of industrial Maui can be gained from the map opposite, upon which I have made copious annotations.

From Lahaina to Maalaea Bay is a couple of hours' steaming; but there is no settlement here, and the port exists chiefly as the landing-place on this side of island for Wailuku on north side. There are no docks at any of these ports, and no harbors. The steamer lies out in an open roadway, often quite rough; and passengers and freight are rowed ashore by natives, who are expert watermen, and take the boats through the heavy choppy seas, in and out of the jagged, half-moon indentations that answer for harbors, with exceeding skill.

It is a rough-and-tumble trip across the Hawaii Channel from Makena (Maui) to Kawaihae (Hawaii), and therefore you do not mind the unseemly hour of arrival (2.30 A.M.), but, until daylight comes to reveal the unattractiveness of the immediately surrounding country, you wonder at the number of people that greet you at such an hour. You understand later. Once, many years ago, Kawaihae was a thriving port, where the whalers came for the potatoes raised on the hills directly back of the settlement, and people lived here and prospered. Now the settlement owes its life to the weekly arrival of the steamer from Honolulu. Small wonder the handful of residents shake off sleep to view this periodical deliverance from utter stagnation!

Kawaihae is a bite out of the coast, with high rocky hills standing immediately back of the bay, and a narrow shore-line fringed with cocoa-palms and algaroba-trees. The algaroba is the mesquite of Mexico and Arizona, whose large, sweet, and fleshy pods provide the most fattening fodder for cattle and horses; but it does not grow above an elevation of 300 feet in Hawaii, and therein differs from the mesquite of our Southwest. The cocoa-palm is to the Hawaiian what the caribou is to the Northwest Indians—it furnishes milk, oil, food, rope, matting, and each tree produces about one hundred nuts annually. They are, besides, the one most pleasing object in all the islands, with their rakish beauty and long slender wrinkled trunks topped with a crown of feathery leaves.

Kawaihae's one remaining point of interest is the ruins, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kamehameha the Great. It is the very last of the Heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—for into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in parallelogram form, about 220 feet long by 100 feet wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is laid off in terraces and paved with smooth flat stones. The wall uphill is 8 feet high, and on the downhill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base.

It was my good fortune that W. G. Irwin, one of the leading men of affairs in the islands, and Samuel Parker, a descendant of native nobility and Minister of Foreign Affairs under the monarchy (Liliuokalani), had also been on the *Kinau*, the former bent on a tour of his plantations, the latter returning to his cattle-ranch home at Mana.

So we sat together under the trees until daylight, and then started for the house of Paul Jarrett, manager for Mr. Parker, at Waimea. As we toiled up from the water's edge, a beautiful view was disclosed of Hawaii's three great mountains—Mauna Kea (13,805 feet), Mauna Loa (13,675 feet), and Hualalai (8275 feet).

Waimea is thirteen miles from Kawaihae, and the road in that distance climbs 2700 feet, through a rocky, barren country that seems fit for nothing but goats and sisel. But as you approach Waimea, the rocks disappear and the country opens out into a valley about five to seven miles wide, which extends for fifteen miles, until it runs down to the sea above Honokoa on the north side of the island. There is no running water on this tract, and practically no trees until half of its length has been traversed, except where it touches on either side the edges of the mountain forest which are receding so rapidly.

It is a pleasing country, this valley, covered with quantities of nourishing *manienie* (Bermuda) and Hilo grass, and broken into numberless knolls and swales, that afford shelter from strong and frequent winds. Unluckily the Hilo grass (which was introduced by a doctor of Hilo only twenty-three years ago, and has now spread all over the islands) is crowding out the Bermuda, which is much the thicker and more nutritious, and was brought to Hawaii from South America.

En route to Mana we fell in with the schoolmaster for that district, who, in addition to tilling the young mind, maintains a truck-farm and a dairy, and is the government assessor as well. He was quite the most enthusiastic granger I encountered. He placed no limit on the agricultural possibilities of Hawaii, and was as ready to practically illustrate the fruit-canning prospects as he was to dig potatoes to convince me of their average size and number to the hill. We side-tracked to have a look at his little farm, where he had growing strawberries, cucumbers, asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, though none properly cared for, and therefore not looking very well. There was also a small patch of corn, not of cheerful appearance. Last year he raised some wheat hay, and sold it for $45 per ton. Hay costs $30 here, and is all imported, as it is on the islands generally. He claimed to get eighty pounds of butter a week out of thirty cows—which are given one feed a day of corn-stalks, and no middlings—and sells it for 50 cents per pound.

Having discoursed glowingly on Hawaii's great opportunity to supply California with fruit in its between season, and dug up some fine large potatoes, for which, he assured us, he got $1 per bag of one hundred pounds, this pedagogic jack-of-all-trades retired within his house and proceeded to serenade us with cornet and piano, relying upon the former and his right hand to carry the air, while his left did chord duty on the piano. Later he shot some plover, which we ate next morning, and found fat and excellent.

While this man has made no especial agricultural success, at least what he has accomplished suggests the capabilities of the soil under intelligent cultivation. Just at the time of our visit he was making and canning guava jelly, and as the fruit grows wild everywhere, there would seem to be some money in the venture.

This entire tract from Waimea running north, which is controlled by the Parkers, includes six to seven hundred thousand acres, about two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand being excellent land, and, under irrigation, fit to raise anything. At present it is an ideal cattle ranch, with water piped from the mountains into drinking-tanks. Parker has about thirty thousand head of cattle, and owns about one-third of this immense tract; the balance he has on lease, which expires in 1913, and as it is the finest land of the kind on the island, it will probably have several bidders at that time. In return for extension of his lease in the last days of the monarchy, Parker gave up, in the centre of the tract in the valley, 1000 acres to the government to be made into homesteads, allowing twenty-five acres per male capita. Riding through these homesteads, which are on either side the main road, one sees what care and water can do in the way of producing flowers and garden-truck. Generally speaking, there is rain enough for crops in this district, although it is uncertain. The country was very dry on my visit, and, from what I heard and saw, I judge the condition was not unusual.

A worm peculiar to all these islands is deadly on vegetables, and must be destroyed before certain crops can be depended on. The Japanese beetle also is destructive to flowers and plants of all kinds. There are some peach and orange trees here, but neither seem to flourish in this locality. Bananas and figs could be raised lower down. Mangoes, alligator-pears, bread-fruit, are to be found; but it is really astonishing how little fruit there is, considering the quality of the soil. And the same comment is true of vegetables; all kinds can be grown, yet rice and taro only are produced in abundance.

The schoolmaster thought wheat could be raised, and there is no doubt of it, up to the limit of local consumption, but not beyond it, in sufficient quality or quantity.

The noticeable features of this part of Hawaii are the rapidly receding forests and the treeless valleys. It has come to pass that one must ride deep into the forest to get beyond the belt of dying timber. Cattle, it is said, are responsible for this denudation, and perhaps their trampling of the tender roots does in part account for it; but it seems more likely the roots strike rock and die for lack of nourishing soil and rain.

There are only left in abundance the *ohia*—the native apple-tree, with gaudy crimson blossom and somewhat tasteless fruit—the tree which furnishes the lehua flower—dear to poetical Hawaii—and the magnificent tree-ferns, that stand so high as twenty-five feet. The mamani—a wood so hard that fence posts of it last six years, is also

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disappearing, and, indeed, the forest in this section seems to be composed principally of ohia, tree-ferns, and creepers and underbrush. And the creepers are in greatest profusion, varying in size of stem from whip-cord to a man's arm, and climbing over and entangling the tallest trees.

Mana was the most entrancing spot I found in all Hawaii, irresistibly appealing after a day in the saddle. It is the soft-toned name by which the immediate site of Mr. Parker's ranch home (3500 feet elevation) is known, and a little care and much water—rain in sufficient quantity being lacking—have made of it a veritable flower-garden. There is a rambling old house of one story, extended and added to until two wings run out at right angles, like a double-headed L. Honeysuckle, under a great row of Norfolk pines, assails your nostrils at the rear of the house, and at the front the deliciously balmy air is heavy with heliotrope. There are daisies (which cannot be raised at Honolulu), pansies, roses, hydrangeas, and clumps of iron-wood trees, with their dainty feathery branches traced against the sky. There are also the eucalyptus and a tree quite like the California redwood, all imported and flourishing.

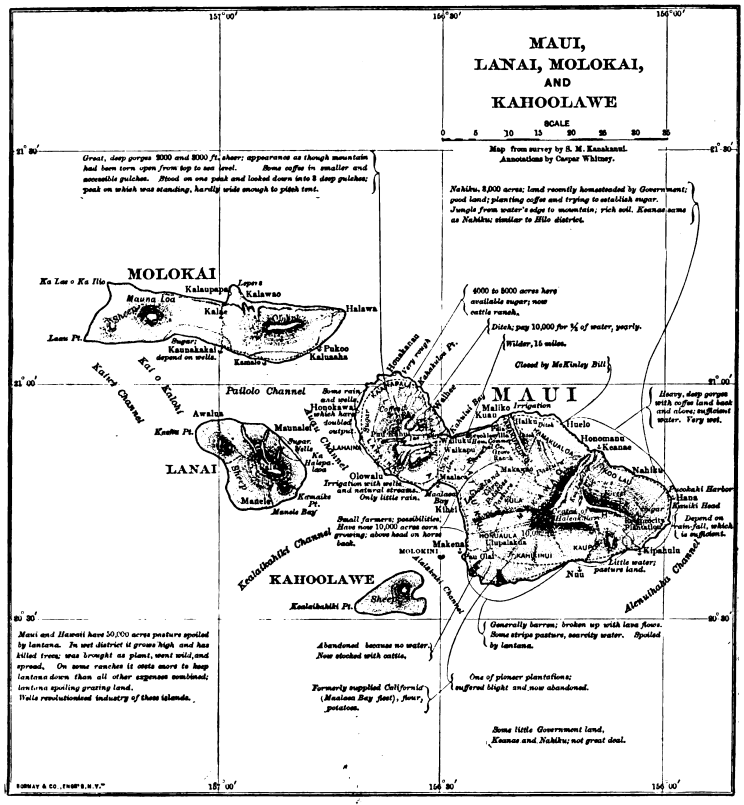
Next morning, before setting out for a cattle round-up, our hats and necks were encircled, as the pretty custom of the country is, with *leis* made from the plentiful and sweet-smelling flowers of Mana.

There are considerable numbers of wild cattle and wild pig in Hawaii—*i. e.*, the domestic variety gone wild after years of running loose in mountains—and whenever there is a round-up for branding, ranchmen drive in as many of the former as possible. We rode across the hills and for six miles through the dead timber that lay thick in pitiable array before we came to the live forest, and eventually to where Jarrett had corralled some thirteen hundred head of cattle. Both native cattle and horses are smaller and somewhat weedier than our Western species, but all looked in very fair condition, which speaks rather well for Hilo grass—about the only kind found deep in the forest.

Weediness of cattle would prevent this country from putting native butter into open market competition until a much better breed had been developed or introduced.

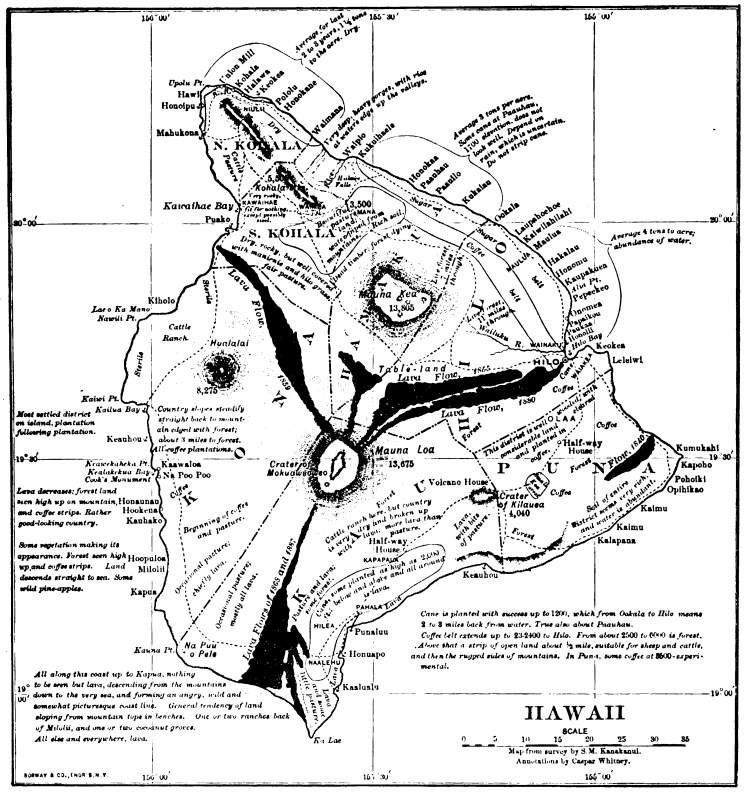
From the cattle-pen, where there was ample evidence of the native making an excellent cowboy, we rode through the forest, across the mountains, and towards the sea, where the forest ceases and the upland is considered coffee-land, down into the Paauhau sugar-plantation's uppermost fields (1700 feet elevation), where the cane was too dry to look well. For several miles we rode through field after field of cane, waving above one's head and shutting out view of everything save the water at the foot of the slope we were descending, before we eventually reached the house of Mr. Irwin's manager, Mr. Moore, where we were all entertained for the night. The hospitality one receives in travelling about the Hawaiian Islands is as generous as it is spontaneous.

The great business of running a sugar-plantation must be studied to be fully appreciated; there are railroads with cars and engines, and flumes, and trestles over one hundred feet high and thousands of feet long, to carry the cane from the field to the mill; there are cables and cars and engines to put it on ship, and landing-places, merely for plantation use, that cost $30,000. The Paauhau mill has a capacity of sixty tons of sugar a day, and cost $250,000, but there are some costing twice that amount.



Apropos of Hawaii's "legalized slavery"—which I discuss in another chapter—I talked with one Japanese sugar-boiler in the Paauhau mill who had saved over $3000.

This, the windward side of the island, differs very materially from the other in appearance, being greener and therefore brighter and more fertile. From the two majestic mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, whose rise is so gentle it is difficult to realize their great height, the country descends quite abruptly to about six to seven thousand feet elevation, then with an open strip, followed by forest, it comes down with a gradual slope, broken by innumerable gulches, until it terminates at the sea in a bluff that may be from fifty to three hundred feet in height. The map gives no idea whatever of the broken shore-line—it is a succession of deep indentations and sharp protruding tongues of rock. In the final thirty miles from Laupahoehoe to Hilo there are 65 gulches, from 125 to 750 feet deep, each with water, each beautiful in the wild vagaries of tropical verdure. I know them every one—I had my bicycle with me.


HAWAII
SCALE
Map from survey by S. M. Kanakanui.
Annotations by Caspar Whitney.
N. KOHALA
S. KOHALA
HILO
Mauna Kea
13,805
Mauna Loa
13,675
Table-land
Lava Flow, 1855
Lava Flow, 1880
Volcano House
Crater of Kilauea
4,000
Half-way House
Kaiwi Pt.
Kawaihae Bay
Puako
Kohala Mill
Hawi
Honolpu
Mahukona
Waimea
Waipio
Waikilauia
Honokaa
Paauhau
Pauulo
Kukaiau
Laupahoehoe
Kolekole
Honomu
Kaupakuea
Pepeekeo
Hakalau
Honomu
Kaupakuea Pt.
Pepeekeo
Waiakea
Waiakea Bay
Kuikuiula
Kukuau
Keokea
Lelelwi
Kiholo
Lae o Ka Mano
Hunlalai
Cattle Ranch
Kaiwi Pt.
Kaiwa Bay
Keauhou
Kaawaloa
Na Poo Poo
Cook's Monument
Honaunau
Hookena
Kauhako
Hoopalca
Milolii
Kapua
Na Puu o Pele
Kauna Pt.
Punaluu
Honuapo
Kaalualu
Ka Lae
Kapoho
Pohoiki
Ophikao
Kalmu
Kalapana
Kaalualu
Kaalualu Pt.
Kaalualu Bay
Kaalualu Forest
Kaalualu Plains
Kaalualu Pasture
Kaalualu Pasture
Kaalualu Pasture

right angles and very properly filled with shops fashioned after the severe architectural lines of New England. As at Honolulu, there is nothing except the foliage to suggest the tropics. Hilo has a population of about 13,000, a hotel, electric-light, a small wharf, and a prospective trolley line to the volcano.

During the time of my visit the town was convulsed by views of its expected prosperity—real-estate values inflated, and agents innumerable dealing in coffee futures. It seemed on the verge of a boom, which I fear would do it more harm than good. All kinds of rumors were afloat of large investments in coffee-planting, and all kinds of reports rampant as to profits and yield, most of them unreliable and greatly exaggerated. Fancy figures were being asked for land, and unlimited speculation indulged as to prospective yield—all of which can only be decided by experience. Considerable harm has already been done the industry by inexperienced men rushing blindly into it and failing. So far as making big money is concerned, the industry is yet experimental, but there are many successes where comparatively small patches have been worked carefully and thoroughly.

From Hilo to the volcano (Kilauea) the road runs through the Kau and Puna districts, two of Hawaii's most favored coffee-growing localities. This entire section is covered with forest and jungle, and almost all of it carries a deep rich soil of decomposed lava that will produce anything. As usual, the natives neglect their opportunity, but the Japanese have not, and their vegetable-gardens are to be seen in every direction from Hilo. There is surprising scarcity of fruit; one can get more variety, and as cheap, in almost any large American city. The pressing need of Hawaii is more roads. There is now but the single road around the island, very poor in many parts, and impassable in some.

The character of the soil and country changes entirely after passing the volcano and going through Kau district towards Punaluu on the south. The soil is sand and reddish dirt, with stifling dust half a foot deep—for here there is no rain. The road winds over and around lava all the way to Pahala, twenty-six miles. Sometimes you travel over solid lava, and again it opens a little, and grass struggles to live here and there in patches. Some cattle manage to exist on a ranch crossed midway of the distance, but could not except that up in the mountains they may get better grass and some water. And this is the general character of the country from the forest edge on Mauna Loa down to the very water.

Pahala is headquarters for a very large sugar-plantation, which extends along the coast for a number of miles, taking in a good strip of land that is to be found between the lava flow, which runs from the sea-coast inland about three miles, and the forest belt. But above and below and at both sides is lava, which runs straight down to the water's edge, to make a wild-looking coast. This lava fringe skirts the southern coast from Punaluu east for fifty miles, and west and north of Punaluu to Hookena.

Punaluu is quite the most desolate-looking place I beheld, with its handful of houses set upon bare black lava banks, a solitary prim little church, and angry waves lashing themselves into foam against the jagged shore-line. The scene is even more cheerless farther along towards the northwest. From the southerly point of Hawaii to Hoopuloa there is nothing but lava and a shore-line jagged and fantastic.

Passing Hoopuloa, which is nearly as dreary looking as Punaluu, the predominence of lava lessens, and occasional coffee in patches here and there is seen, until we reach Hookena, a cheerier-looking little place on a low piece of land, which seems to be especially bright against the black lava surroundings. It is a little fertile tongue of land. A grove of cocoanut and half a dozen clean-appearing houses.

Now we are in the famous Kona district, where coffee was first grown and where more natives of pure blood are now to be found than on any of the islands. The country steadily improves from here, showing strips of lava here and there, but in the main being a great rolling hill-side, running back gradually until at the very top, where it rises more steeply for about three miles to four, and is covered with some forest—small timber—however, and coffee and pasture, and the same rich soil found wherever the volcanic matter has decomposed.

Farther on, Kealakekua Bay is a rather pretty wedge-shaped inlet—the right arm a high sheer bluff (200 feet), which, at its outer end, slopes down to a low broad flat point. Just where the flat reaches up to join the bluff are a few houses, a grove of spreading trees, and Captain Cook's monument. The other arm of the bay is low land edged with lava, with twenty scattering houses and two groves of cocoanut-trees. A church stands higher up on the side hill. But the prettiest place, the only attractive one, on the lee coast is Kailua, on a small crescent-shaped bay, and the old-time residence of kings. The country slopes straight back for three miles to the forest, and the hill-side is dotted with coffee and houses. It used to be a very populous district, and remains now the most populous on the island; indeed, I believe it is the only one in Hawaii where the natives are increasing a little; elsewhere there are three deaths to one birth. Kailua is quite a cattle-shipping point also.

I embarked here for Honolulu, and with me quite a number of natives. It is always easy to distinguish the departing ones by the simple, pretty custom that prompts their friends to hang *leis* about their necks and around their hats. Good-natured, easy-going people that they are, it takes very little to make them happy.

KAUAI—"THE GARDEN ISLAND."

I MADE my landing on Kauai at Nawiliwili, a very pretty crescent-shaped bay with high bold land at the points, disembarking from a smaller steamer than those running to Hawaii and Maui, after one of the roughest trips in my experience. Hawaiians call Kauai the Garden Island of the group—and in so doing raise expectations at Honolulu which will not be realized by a trip across the disturbing channel. It is the oldest of the islands—and therefore freer of lava—but it is also the least picturesque and, I must add, with the least agricultural possibilities for immigrants.

In point of fact, there are no possibilities at all. Not for lack of arable land, indeed, but for lack of any kind worth cultivating. The island is practically owned by about six plantations, and has never been surveyed in whole by the government. Some of these plantations are on very rich soil—and one of them, at Lihue, just inland from Nawiliwili, has stretches that yield nine tons of sugar to the acre; but the majority do not yield more than half that amount. Physically the island is somewhat like the others, save that its centre, rather than ragged mountains, is occupied by high (3000 feet) table-land densely covered with forest, and it has in the Hanalei and Waiua rivers two fair-sized streams.

From Lihue the road goes east over a rolling pasture country, through a gap in the mountains, until it comes to Koloa, where is a considerable sugar-plantation owned by Germans. This is the dry side of the island, and here and all along this coast water for irrigation comes from wells or is piped from the mountains, where is the only timber to be found on the island, which even at its largest is not big enough for lumber. The general character of the country in this section is not unlike some of our Western stretches of grass-land, dotted with single widely separated trees and clumps. There is not so much lantana on this side the island as on the other, but the Japanese beetle is very active and destroys vegetables, flowers, leaves, and trees.

Continuing east over more rolling pasture country, extending from the sea up to the mountains, we cross several small valleys filled with rice-fields, in token of Chinese industry; and wherever is a valley there also is a little shop kept by a Japanese or a Chinaman. You never see a shop kept by a native, and only rarely find them working in the plantation fields. They are not even cultivating their own little patches of taro, as formerly they did, but instead leave all the hard soil-tilling to the Chinamen, and themselves work on the steamers and docks, where spells of hardest endeavor are followed by periods of entire relaxation. Or they work well about horses and sometimes at piece work in the fields, but rarely at daily labor. The native does not mind a scolding, but is very sensitive to ridicule.

The cattle along this section all looked well, although I was told much distress is given them by the horn-fly. At all events, it is a beautiful grazing country hereabouts, until we reach picturesque Hanapepe Valley, eight to nine miles deep, and cultivated up about four miles in rice, which, in various stages of growth, gives many shadings to the valley. The many and sometimes ingenious methods employed by the Chinamen to keep the birds from the rice are amusing if not instructive; the common manner is the planting of innumerable little white flags throughout the fields, but there are also windmills working wooden ratchet wheels, sentinels with guns, and women walking and shouting and beating empty tin cans.

At Hanapepe Valley the cane belt begins and runs on past Makaweli and for a few miles beyond Waimea, until there is no cultivation, and only a poor trail leads up over a broken plateau.

The north side of the island is also dry, although water is to be had in the mountains. Except in occasional spots it is an uninteresting country riding north from Lihue and then east toward Hanalei. There are stretches of pasture, some very rocky, and now and again a long deep valley filled with rice-fields. Practically no trees are to be seen on the pasture-land, though here and there, as a valley is approached, one encounters a bunch of kukui-trees—the tree which supplies the candle-nut formerly burned by the natives in their primitive stone lamps. These trees, seen now and again, and the hau, often thickly covered with its yellow poppies, that is too crooked even for firewood, but makes an ideal arbor, are, with lantana, the most frequent growth on the rocky pasturage-lands.

The plantation settlements against the bare landscape are a relief to the eye, with all their houses cleanly whitewashed, banana and papaya trees surrounding little patches of cultivation, and once in a while a tiny garden of flowers attempting to give a homelike appearance.

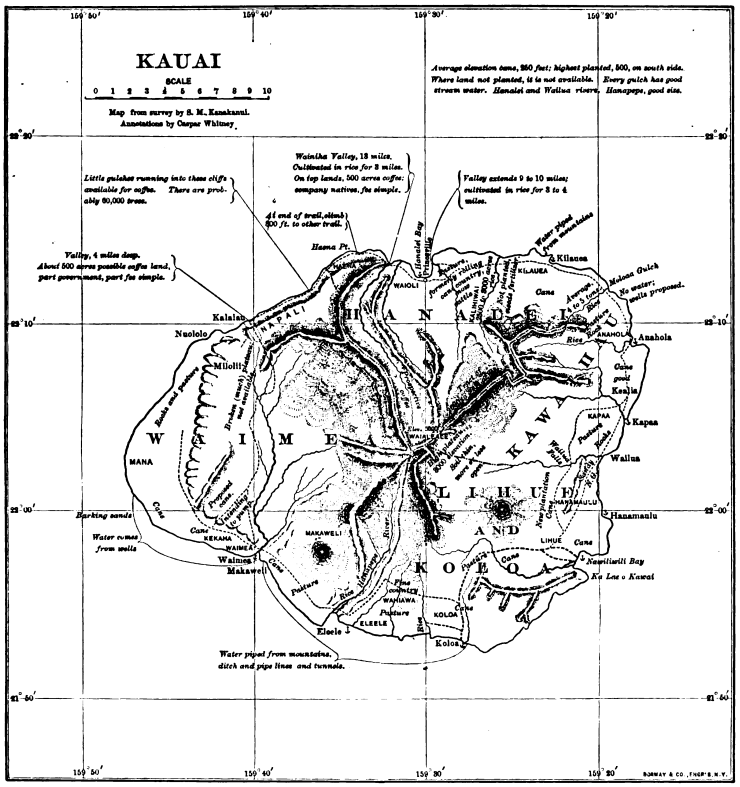
Each little valley is very bright and beautifully green and refreshing, and Hanalei, on a deep bay with high surrounding land, is one of the most attractive spots on any of the islands—a cool and picturesque haven for a few days. Here the wagon road ends, and a horse trail continues for twelve miles, when that too ends, and if you wish to circle the island you must climb 800 feet to the top of a cliff, on which is another trail leading to Waimea. At the east side the mountains come down to sea in three sharp ridges; beyond there is only a horse trail leading over to Kalalau, the only stretch of arable land being in Wainiha Valley, although several little gulches running back from the sea are considered available for coffee.

Hanalei Valley is about ten miles long, and cultivated in rice for three to four miles.

Other than a few little shops to supply local needs at the several small settlements along the coast, there is no commercial activity on Kauai apart from the sugar industry, which appears to absorb all the enterprise of the island. And, truth to tell, there is no room for enterprise on Kauai. There is no land not already taken up, and none that could be bought. The island is divided into cane, pasture, and valleys. In the latter rice and taro are grown by Chinamen; the cane-land is all held by several long-established companies, and the pasture by a few individuals, who have about 20,000 head of cattle and 2000 head of sheep. On the small island of Niihau, which is owned by one family, are other 25,000 sheep. Cane is planted at an average elevation of 250 feet, though there is some at 500 feet, and yields on the average about five tons of sugar to the acre. It may be set down as a fact that, under the present exceptionally high price ruling for sugar, all the land available for cane is planted, so there are no possibilities in this direction beyond what are presently realized. There are, however, some coffee-growing possibilities in several of the gulches running back from the sea on the northeast side of the island, especially between Wainiha and Kalalau, where there are already about 60,000 trees. Kalalau Valley extends four miles, and has some 500 acres of prospective coffee-land, held partly on government lease and partly in fee-simple, while there are 500 acres of coffee-land up Wainiha way owned in fee-simple by a company of natives.

Small as is the local demand for fruit and vegetables, not enough of either is grown to supply it; bananas, pineapples, oranges, grapes, figs, strawberries, watermelons, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, pease, beans, onions, sweet-potatoes, carrots, beets—all can be and are grown on the island, but in so desultory fashion that the hotel must frequently resort to canned goods or send to Honolulu for supplies.

Of native life there is practically none; a grass hut is indeed a novelty. The natives and the forest seem to be passing together.


KAUAI
SCALE
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Map from survey by S. M. Kanakanui.
Annotations by Caspar Whitney.
Average elevation cane, 250 feet; highest planted, 800, on south side. Where land not planted, it is not available. Every gulch has good stream water. Hanalei and Wailua rivers. Hanapepe, good size.
Waiuiha Valley, 13 miles. Cultivated in rice for 3 miles. On top lands, 500 acres coffee; company natives, fee simple.
Little gulches running into these cliffs available for coffee. There are probably 20,000 trees.
Valley extends 9 to 10 miles; cultivated in rice for 3 to 4 miles.
41 end of trail, climb 800 ft. to other trail.
Valley, 4 miles deep. About 500 acres possible coffee land, part government, part fee simple.
Water piped from mountains
Kilauea
Makaua Gulch
No water; wells proposed.
Kalalau
Nualolo
Mulolii
Anahola
Kealia
Kapaa
Wailua
Hanamaulu
Nawiliwili Bay
Ke Lae o Kawaii
Makaweli
Waimea
Eleele
Koloa
Water piped from mountains, ditch and pipe lines and tunnels.
Barking sands
Water comes from wells
Cane
Pasture
Rice
Taro
Bananas
Pineapples
Coffee
Fishponds
HANALEI
WAIMEA
MANA
KAWAIHAU
LIHUE
KOLOA
HANAPEPE
WAIMEA
MAKAWELI
KEKAHA
WAINIHA
KOLOA
ELEELE
LIHUE
HANAMAULU
KAPAA
ANAHOLA
KILAUEA
WAIOLI
NILAUEA
Hanalei Bay
Hanalei River
Waiuiha River
Hanapepe River
Waimea River
Waiuiha Bay
Hanapepe Bay
Nualolo Trail
Kalalau Trail
Waimea Canyon
Olokele Canyon
Hanapepe Valley
Waimea Valley
Hanalei Valley
Wailua River
Kapaa Valley
Anahola Valley
Kilauea Valley
Hanamaulu Valley
Lihue Valley
Koloa Valley
Makaweli Valley
Waimea Valley
Hanapepe Valley
Nualolo Valley
Kalalau Valley
Waiuiha Valley
Hanalei Valley
Wailua Valley

AMATEUR SPORT

PERIODICALLY, when there happens to be a dearth of topics more exciting, some one holds aloft for adoration the fetich of four-mile eight-oared boat-races won invariably at the three-mile post.

Recently the Harvard *Bulletin*, in a thoroughly up-to-date effort to extend its circulation, has been agitating the question of a change from four to three miles for the annual university boat-race, and has sought widely for opinions of Harvard men.



ROBERTSON (YALE).
Beginning of his Delivery.



ROBERTSON (YALE).
Midway in Delivery.

It matters not what the majority of these views are, for they are neither entertaining nor commanding; but a few of those published were logical and convincing, and those of Messrs. Mumford and Richards forcibly expressed and straight to the point. The closing paragraph of Mr. Richards's opinion is worth reprinting. He says:

> The real rub is not the length of the race, but the "first-class" qualification. If we sent up more first-class crews we should hear less of races decided at the end of the third mile. The exacting qualification is precisely the thing we have been blindly striving for these many years. Let us amend our rowing standards, and the length of the race will take care of itself. HENRY RICHARDS, Harvard, '61.

BUT the most incontrovertible testimony against the need of altering the present rowing distance for the reasons advanced was given by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, whose twenty years as oarsman and coach in England entitle his statements to entire confidence.

The two objections raised by imperfectly informed or prejudiced men against four-mile rowing are (1) that four-mile races are always won and lost in the first three miles, and (2) that the extra mile, therefore, has no influence on the result, and is severely, injuriously exhausting on the men. Or to put it in the language of President Eliot, the most illustrious advocate of the shorter course—

> I favor a three-mile race instead of a four, because the fourth mile adds nothing to the interest of a race, while it does increase the chances of injury to the rowers. I can imagine no possible pleasure or advantage derivable from a four-mile race which a three-mile race would not yield as well, or better.
>
> Very truly yours, CHARLES W. ELIOT.

Now Mr. Lehmann, in the fulness of his practical experience in the shell and in the coaching launch, during twenty years' observation, says that "to any one not experienced in boat-racing it would seem reasonable to expect exhaustion would decrease in proportion to the decrease of distance traversed. The practical oarsman, however, knows that this result by no means generally follows, for his experience convinces him that a race over the Henley course is often more distressing than a race from Putney to Mortlake (4¼ miles). For instance, in the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley last year (1 mile 550 yards), Gold, who stroked the victorious Leander crew, was much more distressed and exhausted than he was after losing the long race against Cambridge last March."

COURTNEY could also add, if he so chose, that never in his career as coach has he seen a Cornell crew, rowing three or four miles, so completely done up as that one which, a few years ago, was beaten over the Henley course of 1 mile and 550 yards. So too could Mr. Cook say that no Yale crew had ever in his remembrance shown distress at the end of four miles equal to that of the Yale crew which was beaten over the short Henley course.

Any man of intelligent observation and practical experience can bear testimony that the longer race, either in foot-racing or rowing, is nothing like so punishing, so exhausting, as the shorter race. Except where crews were badly overtrained, there have been no cases of collapse in American 'varsity four-mile rowing. On the other hand, collapse of individuals at the end of two miles has been somewhat frequent.

Whoso studies this question deeply, and brings to bear upon his investigations experience gained on the track or in the boat, learns that a man starts in a race—afloat or ashore—with a certain amount of speed, endurance, vitality, which he distributes throughout the space of his endeavor according to his judgment. He can exhaust this fund in one mile as surely as in four. The shorter the race, the faster the pace, the harder on the heart and wind, and consequently the more distressing.

ALL hard racing is exhausting, but the longer distances are not so punishing. For instance, the most exhausting distance in foot-racing is the quarter-mile, in which the athlete maintains top speed from start to finish. It is more trying than the half mile, and the half-mile is severer than the mile or the two miles. I cannot recall the collapse of a runner at the finish of a one, two, or three mile race, whereas collapse at the finish of a quarter is very frequent. The 1 mile and 550 yards, the Henley distance, is the quarter of boat-racing, and infinitely more distressing than the four miles.

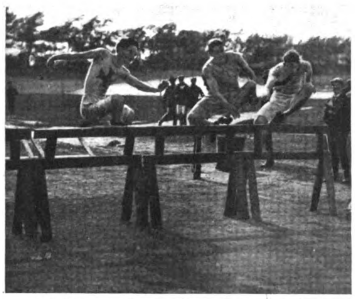


McGINNIS (MICH.).



BLENCOE (MICH.).

Of the alleged injuries gained by distance-rowing, President Eliot, and others whose words carry less weight, talk glibly of the harm four-mile rowing has done; but their deductions are pure surmise, prompted by unfriendly prejudice, and a university President at least should be less reckless of statement.



C. F. Fisher (Grinnell). J. F. McLean (Mich.). P. J. O'Dea (Wis.).

WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE HURDLES.
Three men tie for first place. Time, 16 1-5 sec.
Photograph by Charles L. Bliss.

There are no facts or figures to corroborate the claim that four-mile rowing is harmful. I have been quite as diligent a student of this subject as any one—and have failed to unearth them. There are not any to be found. I ask those who can do so to contradict my statement, and I will gladly publish what substantiated facts they bring to the discussion.

On the other hand, there are books of facts, based upon expert investigation, proving that four-mile rowing is not harmful. There has been nothing but sensation and prejudice and ignorance to support the agitation for a reduction of the four miles to three.

AS for the crew leading at three miles being invariably the winner—it is a fact that such has been the general case in American university boat-racing, and frequently the case also in the annual race between Oxford and Cambridge. But that is no more convincing of the advisability of cutting off the final mile than the fact that the usual leading at two miles of the winner of a three-mile foot-race is convincing argument that all three-mile races are always won at two miles, and should be cut down to that distance.

If that kind of argument were to prevail, we might bring the distance down to three, then to two, to one, and so on *ad absurdum*, to conform with the ideas of men who are governed by unreasoning bias.

Mr. Lehmann cites some half-dozen races between Oxford and Cambridge that were lost by the crew which had been leading at three miles, and as many other races that remained unsettled until within a few lengths of the finish-line.

Let us have either an end of this pointless agitation over reducing the distance to three miles, or else more intelligent discussion of the question by those who object to the present distance.

There are not many sportsmen who would favor such a change, and those of us familiar with our athletic shortcomings would deeply deplore any action lessening development of our enduring qualities.

We are already too much a race of sprinters; there are today but two first-class two-mile runners in our colleges, and not more than four of good second-class quality. We need more two and three mile events on our athletic programmes, more 'cross-country running, and a continuation of four-mile rowing.

"COLUMBIA," appropriately named defender of the *America's* Cup, and product of Commodore Morgan's sportsmanship and Herreshoff's design, on the evening of June 10, slid from her cradle in the shop where she was built, into the waters of Narragansett Bay. The launching had been made the occasion of a holiday at Bristol, and when Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin christened and started the new yacht on her ways at quarter after eight, there were perhaps five thousand people on the water before the shops and crowding the immediate shore. A fact in itself suggestive of the obviously increased interest in the cup races this year, for not half that many witnessed the launching of *Defender*, which defeated *Valkyrie* in the last international contest (1895) for this famous trophy.

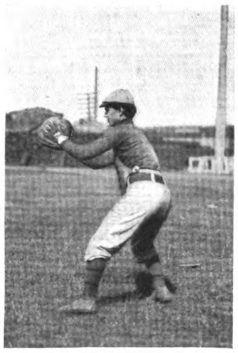
Columbia is no disappointment at first sight. She looks



MILLER (MICH.).
Beginning of Delivery.



MILLER (MICH.).
Finish of Delivery.



LUNN (MICH.),
Captain and Catcher.



DAVIES (MICH.),
Short stop.

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to be what she probably is—the racing-machine type in perfected detail. It does not require great study of her lines to note that she is of lighter and yet more powerful design than *Defender*; that with a smaller under-body and shorter keel, she is yet larger and deeper and stronger, and amply qualified to stand up under the 1100 or 1200 more square feet of canvas it is proposed to put on her than the '95 defender carried.

HERRESHOFF has more nearly approached the true fin-keel type with *Columbia* than he did with *Defender*, but in so doing he has, so far as one may presently judge by mere appearance, gained a great deal in stability and in windward qualifications.

Defender had a decided and speed-deterring tendency to carry a lee helm; she did not equal fullest expectations in working to windward, and experts have agreed that the character of her keel, which was of the bulbed and rocker type, and 35 feet long on top, was largely answerable for the failing.

Columbia's lead keel, which weighs about 95 tons, is a plate rather than a bulb, about 30 feet long on top, 6 feet deep at its heel, and 7 ft. 6 in. deep at its forward end. From the heel forward for about 18 feet the keel is flat—parallel with the water-line—then in an easy curve it rounds upward into the straight line of its forward end.

The top of the keel is 20 inches wide at its widest part, which is 10 feet from the forward end, and then it gradually tapers to 4 inches at the after end, while rounding to a point forward. The thickest part of the keel at bottom is 34 inches—under the thickest part of the top.

The lines of the keel are much easier than those of the bulb pattern, and suggest in *Columbia* ease in slipping through the water, sail-carrying power, and extreme quickness in stays.

IN model the new boat is indeed the very nearest approach to the out-and-out fin-keel type we have seen in a large yacht. The under-body is cut away to the last possible inch. The overhang forward is longer, but the upward turn of the stem, from the water, is not so sharp as *Defender's*. The midship section shows a sharper hollow at the turn from the keel into the body, a rounder side, and flatter floor.

Columbia's backbone is a bronze keel-plate, to which the lead keel is hung by lag-screws, as in *Defender*, and from which the boat's frames rise. The rudder is hung on the stern-post, and not clear of the fin as in the 30-footers.

Her dimensions approximately are—length, 131 feet over all, and 89 ft. 6 in. on the water-line; beam, 24 ft. 2 in.; draught, just under 20 feet—about 19 ft. 10 in. The vertical depth of the yacht midships from the plank-sheer to the bottom of the keel is 24 feet. From the water-line to plank-sheer is 4 feet. *Defender* is about 124 feet long over all, 89 feet water-line length, beam just over 23 feet, and draught about 19 feet.

Columbia is constructed of nickel-steel frames and deck beams and Tobin-bronze plating, and frames and beams are bulked on the web for greater strength, as they are in torpedo-boats. The bronze plating varies in thickness from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch on the lower parts of the yacht to $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch on the extreme ends of the boat; the average thickness of plating above water is $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch.

The deck will be of white, and the cabin-floor beams of yellow pine, bolted to steel brackets on the frames.

The mast is 107 ft. 6 in. long; 22 feet being in the mast-head, and about 8 feet buried below deck, leaving 77 feet from deck to hounds—about 5 feet more than *Defender* had. Its diameter at the hounds is 22 inches.

The topmast is 64 feet in the rough, and will probably be about a foot less in measurement for sail area. The bowsprit will extend outboard 27 feet, making the distance from the fore side of the mast to the farthermost point of measurement about 73 feet.

The steel boom is 109 ft. 8 in., and the gaff about 69 feet long. *Defender's* boom was 105 feet; therefore those extra lengths on *Columbia* show an additional strip of canvas of about 4 feet in favor of the new boat. *Columbia's* longest club-topsail pole is 58 feet, and its tip will be nearly 175 feet above the water, or 35 feet too high to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge.

This will give the new boat a spread of canvas close on to 13,800 feet, which is about 1200 feet more than *Defender*, and about 800 more than *Vaikyrie III.* carried, and, in fact, the largest sail area ever given a racing-cutter.

That *Columbia* will defeat *Defender* in the forth-coming trial races is certain; by how many minutes she will defeat her over a thirty-mile course is pure conjecture. If she does not prove at least five minutes faster there will be great disappointment among American yachtsmen; and on the other hand, it will not be surprising if the new defender leads the old defender across the finish-line full ten minutes over her time allowance.

MICHIGAN appears to have developed a right to precedence in Middle-Western college baseball, though three straight victories from Illinois were required to make the demonstration convincing,—for Illinois had previously won a game from Michigan, besides twice defeating Chicago.

Chicago and Michigan, it is remembered, have nothing to do with each other in athletics at present, the result of disagreement over the disposition of gate receipts.

But perhaps the best work Michigan showed in the West was the recent defeat (7–1) of Notre Dame, which has won more games than lost from almost every leading Western college. Miller struck out ten of the Notre Dame men, and against Wisconsin made the record of fifteen strike-outs. Though it must be added that Wisconsin is not very strong at the bat.

While it may be questioned as being worth the money it cost, Michigan's record on the Eastern trip was very commendable, showing defeats of Cornell (8–7) and Pennsylvania (4–1), and a game lost to Lafayette (2–4). Of these the best work was shown against Pennsylvania, which at that time was playing fast though only fairly accurate ball. The game was practically a contest of pitchers, and Miller and Brown broke about even.

The important revelation Michigan made in the East concerns her intelligent grasp of the game's possibilities. In the field and on the bases Michigan showed fast, accurate work, quite above average college baseball. She is not especially strong at the bat, but plays a heady game, and makes the legitimate most of her opportunities. Snow, Flesher, and Lunn particularly distinguished themselves for the Western team. Miller, her pitcher, has great speed, a limited repertory of curves and drops, and is lacking in the finesse of his position; none the less, he is a strong man in the box. Had he pitched against Lafayette, the chances of a Michigan victory would have been greatly enhanced.

HARVARD squared accounts with Brown last week by a 9–0 beating at Cambridge, in a game devoid of error-making on either side, and followed it up by defeating (1–0) Holy Cross with only one error. A week of play deeply gratifying to Harvard men, for the crimson nine really showed first-class ball. Coming so soon and lasting so consistently after the rally which snatched victory (7–6) from defeat in the second Pennsylvania game, raises hope that Harvard has finally reached her level, and one which will disclose the nine's real capabilities. There is no doubt the Harvard team contains good baseball material and knows the game. But it seems to have had an overdose of coaching, to have been given more instruction than it could well digest—like those football elevens with their flying evolutions of a few years ago, that used to be sent on to the field literally crammed to bursting with a formidable list of intricate plays, half of which there was never time to bring off, and the other half the eleven had been given no time to thoroughly master.

If indeed Harvard has attained her real form, we shall view some interesting play in the Yale series beginning on the 22d, and the crimson should win their home game; and though it seems unlikely—baseball is so uncertain—Harvard might even win the series. Yale, however, has the stronger nine, and should win the series.

Harvard's greatest improvement is noticeable in freedom from error-making and in batting. In the first Brown game she made seven hits to Brown's ten, but thirteen to Pennsylvania's seven; seventeen to Brown's four in the second game, and five to Holy Cross's two.

BROWN has given some exhibitions of first-class baseball, notably in the third game she lost to Holy Cross (2–5) and in her brilliant play against Harvard; but on more frequent occasions the errors of her in-field have marred the general team-work, and lost games which there was at least fair prospect of winning.

PENNSYLVANIA is ending her baseball season weakly, after some excellent earlier work. Unless she improves on her second Harvard game, and on those against Michigan and Chicago, both lost (1–4 and 3–9), the team's closing play will fall considerably short of its potential strength. Its development was consistent and steady, and in the closing weeks of May its play thoroughly first-class. But the first week of June seemed to bring reaction and a period of loose work, for which there appeared no excuse. Added to which the captain's (Gillender's) muckerish yapping from first base *à la* Hutchings, the ex-third-base man of Princeton, remains a highly offensive feature to non-partisan spectators.

PRINCETON defeated Yale in New York on Saturday, in the final game of their series, by a margin so wide (11–4) that there can be no questioning the final award of honors in the college baseball season. Yet the outcome was a considerable surprise; not that Princeton should win, but that she should win so easily. None familiar with the play of both nines would have ventured to suggest such a reversal of Yale form or so one-sided a contest. But we should always be prepared for the least expected in this game, where the uncertainty of form makes it impossible to accurately judge the merits of college nines. The score-cards this year offer brilliant examples of inconsistent play. Yale and Harvard both defeated Brown; Brown defeated Princeton; and Princeton defeated Harvard and Yale. Cornell took a game from Princeton, but lost to Harvard and Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania beat Georgetown, which has defeated all the other colleges, and then succumbed to Michigan, which in turn was laid low by Cornell! etc.

Yale was fairly beaten Saturday by a nine that outplayed her at all points of the game. Princeton's work was clean and snappy in the field, fast and well judged on the bases, and hard and timely at the bat. To be sure, Yale's three errors and some very poor base-running contributed to Princeton's run-getting, but the real explanation is furnished by the ineffectiveness of both Yale's pitchers, whom Princeton batted when and where she chose. On the other hand, Princeton's pitcher, Hillebrand, had strength and control, as his striking out three men with the bases full in the second inning indicated. The hits made off him were scattered, and in addition, his own batting was the best of his side. Both teams batted rather freely throughout the game, and while Princeton had some luck, she showed also more judgment than Yale, who appeared unable to place hits at all.

Each side had six men left on bases, and Hillebrand struck out eight to Robertson's one and Cook's three. Each side made three errors.

THERE will be some desperate racing next Tuesday (27th) on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, in the Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania-Wisconsin four miles, and if the crews fulfil present promise, the struggle is likely to be as protracted and close as it was last year in the three miles at Saratoga. I doubt if the three-mile mark will see the final disposition of the contestants. Cornell, one week before the race, has perhaps the least finished crew that has come from Ithaca in the last three years or more, but on the 27th, I doubt not, it will paddle to the start fully up to the Cornell average.

There is no doubt, however, that the usual abundance of first-class material has been lacking, and therefore the veterans of a previous year missed this season more than hitherto. Courtney has been obviously dissatisfied; but Courtney's standard is very high, it should be remembered, and those who expect the difficulties of this year to mean the difference between a winning and losing crew are apt to undergo disappointment on Tuesday.

Cornell's 'varsity is rougher in appearance than some of her crews have been, but it is a good crew, averaging 161 pounds, with plenty of power, and I think will develop speed. At this writing the boat is running less smoothly than has been customary with Cornell shells, but this will likely not be an apparent shortcoming on the 27th.

No change will probably be made in the present order of the crew, which is—stroke, R. W. Robbins; No. 7, W. C. Dalzell; No. 6, R. W. Beardslee; No. 5, E. R. Sweetland; No. 4, A. C. King; No. 3, S. W. Wakeman; No. 2, H. E. Vanderhoef; bow, S. W. Hartley. Of these, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are old 'varsity oars, and the fact that Wakeman, who has not been regularly rowing this year, was called into the boat only two weeks before the race indicates the measure of Courtney's dissatisfaction and Cornell's need.

PENNSYLVANIA unquestionably has a strong, enduring crew, and one capable of very good time under fair conditions. On Saturday, with a strong tide and wind in its favor, I caught it in 21 min. 3 sec. for the four miles—the first two being done in 10 min. 13 sec., at a thirty-two-to-the-minute stroke, which was raised to thirty-four and maintained to the end. The Freshmen were picked up at the mile, and held the 'varsity to the three-mile post, when the 'varsity pulled away and won by fully six lengths.

Ward has coached this crew to a high degree of perfection in his stroke, which depends so largely on the leg drive, to the slighting of the catch, and the men send the boat along with surprisingly little checking between the strokes. There is good reach, though no immediate grip of the water follows, but the leg drive on the finish of the stroke is strong and speed-giving.

The essential difference between this stroke and Cornell's lies in the latter's immediate application of power at the catch. Cornell not only puts on the power at once, but carries it clear through to the finish, and I have not seen any other stroke this year on the Hudson or Thames which in my judgment is good enough to beat it.

With the exception of putting in Davenport and taking out Evans, there has been no change in the personnel of the Pennsylvania crew for weeks, and six of the men now rowing were also in the boat which did three miles in 15 min. 51 sec. at Saratoga last year and defeated Cornell. The remaining two—Davenport and Howell—rowed on the '98 Freshman, the former at stroke.

Stroke, J. P. Gardiner; No. 7, J. H. Hall; No. 6, J. A. Busch; No. 5, J. B. Snover; No. 4, A. H. Flickwir; No. 3, F. L. Davenport; No. 2, W. R. Howell; bow and captain, L. Kintzing. The crew's form is fully up to its best of '98—perhaps it even gets a better run on the boat. The average weight is 158 lbs.

COLUMBIA has the best crew she has had, certainly since the victorious eight of '95, and win or lose this year, the return of Dr. Peet to the coaching launch gives assurance of a fixed rowing policy, which is sure to bring in season a fair share of successes to the blue and white. The features of the stroke Columbia is rowing to-day are a very quick recover, the hands getting away instantly and with great rapidity, and a hard snappy catch; these are accentuated more by Columbia than by any other crew on either river, and if the stroke was pulled through as hard at the finish, and with the leg drive at the end, such as Cornell gives, Columbia would have a combination that we look for in winning crews. As it is, there is a very fair leg drive at the finish of the stroke, and the run on the boat is smooth. There is a suggestion of speed in Columbia's work that promises well, but there is also apparent, on long stretches of rowing, a tendency to shorten the stroke that must be corrected, or prove costly on Tuesday. Then, too, occasionally there is indecision in the work of No. 4 that jars on the rhythm of the eight. The men are a clean-limbed, hardy-looking lot, averaging 166 pounds, and, with the exception of No. 2, are all definitely seated. Stroke, B. M. Falconer; No. 7, O. W. Erdal; No. 6, Captain J. W. MacKay; No. 5, S. P. Nash; No. 4, L. F. Le Prince; No. 3, C. N. Meyer; No. 2, F. B. Irvine and A. N. Lawrence; bow, H. Thomas. Substitutes—W. E. Mitchell, Robert Maclay, and J. W. Southack. Bow, No. 6, and No. 7 were on the '98 'varsity, and all the others sat in the '98 Freshman boat, save Irvine, who was a substitute on this year's Freshman crew until taken on to the 'varsity.

IT is quite possible, of course, that Cornell may not obtain the necessary finish in the remaining week of practice, and be defeated on Tuesday, but I confess I shall be surprised if the masterful stroke Courtney has given his pupils does not pull them to victory. Yet it must be acknowledged that Pennsylvania is a formidable opponent, and one that will contest the race to the very finish. Hers is a stroke, however, that visits heaviest penalty upon the slightest break in the boat, and in a driving finish Columbia might beat her out. On present form and revealed speed, however, it looks as though the finish would be Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia. Wisconsin is an unknown quantity, and though the Western crews have shown power and some speed, they have not yet been in such fast company as will be found on the Hudson this year.

Of the Freshman crews, Columbia's and Cornell's have shown the best form and speed, and Columbia particularly has an exceedingly good No. 8, whom I should not be surprised to see stroke his crew to victory.

YALE is beginning to give some indication of the speed which a veteran eight of such undoubted power should show, and yet at this writing no rowing has been done to alter the impression that the crew is slow—slower than last year's, which pulled in excellent form, but was by no means fast.

The trouble seems not so much inability to row well, but lack of lift and drive. The men are wanting snap on the catch, and the fierce drive through the water that has been characteristic of victorious Yale crews. On short stretches in the past week there have been signs of obtaining that very needful quality; but anon there is return to the gentle art of pushing the boat through water that looks pretty, but will bring no glory on the 29th.

Meanwhile Harvard is still seeking that absolutely necessary drive at the end of the stroke, and does not appear to find it with any degree of constancy. The crimson crew is certainly faster than that of last year—is, in fact, the best Harvard has sent to New London for many a year—but the men must get that final leg drive, otherwise Yale, even slow as she is now, will have power enough to overbalance her rival's greater dash. Already Yale is gaining, and for a half-mile the crews seem about equal in speed, which means that if that strong finish does not come to Harvard in this her last week of practice, she will finish second, whereas she has the chance of a lifetime to finish first.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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Diary of the Revolt

Preliminary Note on the Situation.—During the week ending June 10 the scene of certain events, little noticed at the moment, but actually of great significance, was the town of Cabanatuan, which lies twelve miles north of San Isidro. At this point Aguinaldo had established his headquarters when Lawton, after taking San Isidro, turned southward. The first of the significant events was the (reported) murder of General Antonio Luna when applying for admission at Aguinaldo's headquarters; the second was the dissolution of the Filipino Congress by Aguinaldo, who proclaimed himself Dictator. General Luna had long been regarded as a rival of the Filipino leader. A chief source of the enemy's weakness had been division of authority, consequent dissension, and inability to adhere to a common plan of action; the concentration of power in the hand of a single man, suggested as a probability, even though not accepted as an accomplished fact, was therefore a menace on the north. On the east, in the neighborhood of Morong, the enemy was very active, and the American garrison left at that town was employed in throwing up intrenchments. But on the south the danger came nearest; as we have noted from time to time in this Diary, the Tagálogs of Cavité province were ready for aggressive action, and had already tried to rush through our lines and reach Manila.

At Washington the authorities were slowly realizing and reluctantly admitting that Otis needed more men.

Saturday, June 10. — General Lawton's third campaign against the Filipino armies surrounding Manila began to-day. We have seen him leading the advance on San Isidro, and then, immediately after his return from the north, directing a movement from our lines on the east, which resulted in scattering the forces of the enemy in the Morong peninsula; now this rugged Indian-fighter, taking command of Wheaton's and Ovenshine's brigades, attempted to dislodge the well-organized bodies of Filipinos south of the capital, along the shore of Manila Bay — at Parañaque, Las Piñas, the Zapote River, Bacoor, and Cavité Viejo.

At daybreak the column set out from San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River. Instead of marching directly on Parañaque, Lawton feinted with a movement toward the southeast, as though meaning to strike some point on Laguna de Bay. When abreast of Las Piñas, but far to the east, Wheaton's brigade was swung to the northwest, and Ovenshire's due west—a characteristic Lawton movement, which, if it had been executed very rapidly, would have placed the main body of the natives between two fires. But again, as at Morong and San Fernando, there was delay, which no skill or strength or bravery could prevent; and in this instance the archenemy was the fierce heat of June in the tropics. During the day nearly six hundred of the Americans were prostrated. At noon the column was halted for an hour to allow the men to rest. When the advance was resumed (Lawton leading with his escort) enough resistance was offered by intrenched Filipinos to interrupt the steady progress towards Manila Bay; accordingly our men bivouacked at nightfall in the fields near Las Piñas, and through the opening thus left between our outposts and the beach the Filipinos escaped during the night, marching southward along the shore to the Zapote River and Bacoor.

The monitor *Monadnock* and the gunboat *Helena* shelled Parañaque and Las Piñas all day. For the former vessel this was the culmination of an experience which had been protracted through two months, during all of which time she had been lying off Parañaque under fire. Captain Henry Ezra Nichols, of the *Monadnock*, was overcome by the heat at noon, and retired to his cabin, where he received reports of the operations and the advance of the Americans, who were closing in upon the towns. He continued to give directions until he lost consciousness. At five o'clock in the afternoon he died.

Sunday, June 11.—A despatch from General Otis to the War Department stated that the terrific heat yesterday did not permit our troops to reach their positions at the hours designated, and that, owing to this circumstance, a majority of the native soldiers were enabled to escape in scattered organizations during the night. "Movement great success, however; enemy disorganized and routed, suffering heavy loss; troops resting to-day at Las Piñas and Parañaque. Navy did excellent execution along shore of bay; but many insurgent detachments retired in that direction, protected by presence of women and children, whom they drive along with them. Our loss, four killed and some thirty wounded. Conservative estimate of enemy's loss, about four hundred."

Our men entered Las Piñas and Parañaque early in the morning, without firing a shot. The native soldiers had all retreated, or disguised themselves as "friends."

Monday, June 12.—A day devoted to forwarding supplies from Manila, resting, and securing information in regard to the enemy's movements. General Lawton went aboard the *Helena* and examined the coast south of Las Piñas. General Pio del Pilar's secretary, who had deserted his master on Saturday, informed General Otis that the Filipinos would make their stand on the banks of the Zapote, at a point where a Spanish battalion was destroyed in 1898.

Tuesday, June 13.—The hardest battle of the war occurred to-day, although in the official despatches weaker terms were employed, and it was said that Lawton had had "severe engagements" with the enemy in strong intrenchments at the crossing of Zapote River, and that he had "driven the enemy," inflicting a loss of nearly 1500, either killed, wounded, or captured, while our casualties were ten killed and forty wounded. "Insurgents in this southern section," General Otis added, by way of explanation, "were not molested until they *threatened attack in strong force on Manila.* They are now scattered and in retreat; it is doubtful if they make a further stand."

A few details of the fighting follow:

Early in the morning a battery south of Las Piñas opened fire on our lines. Six guns of the First Artillery replied, and the warships also took part. While this exchange of shells at long range was going on, Lawton took out two companies of the Twenty-first Infantry to make a reconnoissance over the mud flats between Manila Bay and the road connecting the several coast towns which have been mentioned. This party was attacked by an overwhelming force and driven back, but Lawton rallied his men and carried the enemy's first position. Again they were exposed to a fire which decimated their ranks, and again sought cover, while re-enforcements were ordered up. The engagement thus precipitated lasted until noon. Marines from the *Monadnock* and *Helena* were landed. The Americans finally succeeded in forcing their way, literally through fire and blood—through bayous and against an enemy fighting with desperate courage—to Ovenshine's brigade. The main attack in the afternoon was directed against the native soldiers splendidly intrenched near the Zapote bridge, but, though this was the key to the situation, the enemy's riflemen seemed to be everywhere, and even the "friends" in the houses of the towns, by one of their sudden shameless transitions, becoming hostiles in an instant, fired on our men from the rear. The planking in the middle of the bridge had been burned to prevent the Americans from charging across; it became necessary for Lawton's and Ovenshine's men, occupying an exposed position, to drive the Filipinos from their trenches on the opposite bank by dint of heavy and continuous firing. At last this was effected; the enemy broke and ran across an open field, few of them escaping unhurt. The Fourteenth Infantry swam the river; the Ninth and Twelfth made a détour and came upon the left flank almost at the same time; the marines with Maxim guns rendered good service at this juncture; finally the bridge was repaired, and the Twenty-first crossed on it. This, however, was just before dark, and there had been hot fighting ever since sunrise.

MARRION WILCOX.

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, professes her love for the supposed von Elbe, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and he tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. He tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's opposition. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric, who is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army. He meets the Countess, and promises to use his influence to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, who, though loving each other, are drifting apart. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, out of friendship for the Grand-Duchess, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS EXCELLENCY RETURNS.

In which two young men insist that there is no more balm in Gilead, and a woman declares war.

"THERE is no balm in Gilead!"

We pass the first part of life in desiring the second; the second, in regretting the first; the third, in longing for immortality. "God knows what we'll want after that!" said I to myself.

"There is no such thing as being satisfied."

It was clear that I was not satisfied.

"Do I care whether a silly young girl finds me detestable or delectable?" said I to myself.

Nobody replied. It is true I was alone.

"Is there such a thing as satisfaction in existence?" I asked myself, irritably. "Even celestial conditions are mirages; 'Heaven, the *vision* of fulfilled desire'—"

By this time I was climbing the curved marble stairway in that section of the Hôtel de la Maison Royale that lay directly over the east colonnade. At the head of the stairs stalked a filigreed flunky, who proved docile enough to announce me; and presently another servant, who apparently served the Prince as valet, ushered me into an exceedingly rococo morning-room, full of sunshine and the odor of Flemish tobacco. Prince Edric, swathed in a kimono, his head tied up in bandages, sat by the bay-window, rocking vigorously in an American rocking-chair.

"Hello!" he cried; "have you a decent cigar?"

"Hello!" I said, much amused; "I've a caseful."

"This is delightful!" he rattled on, in that same eager, boyish voice. "I'm half crazy with ennui and rocking-chairs—one of your insidious Yankee inventions. You sit in it, and it rocks—then you rock it yourself—then you get tired of it; but it has some damnable infatuation for you that keeps you rocking, until you're ready to smash it. But you don't; you keep on rocking!"

I was as glad to see him as he was to see me; I felt that warmth of comradeship, that subtle sympathy, that must be mutual to exist at all. And straightway we began chatting like old friends long parted.

"That whack on my head hurt like the devil last night," he observed; "but to-day it's healing. Want to see it?"

I examined it, redressed the wound, and prepared him a long glass of Rhine-wine and Schwepps, for he still felt a trifle feverish. Incidentally I made a similar cooling draught for myself.

"Can't stand this hospital atmosphere," he said, drinking deeply, and touching his mustache with his handkerchief; "I'm going out to-morrow—I've got to go—"

"No, you haven't," I said; "I'll do whatever is necessary."

"You can't," he rejoined, faintly amused—"not in this case."

His face had changed; again that careworn shadow fell deeply under his handsome eyes.

"What a worry life is!" he said, petulantly; "boyhood is the happiest time."

"It's a pity we have to become men before we know it," I added.

"'Le vieillard est un homme qui a dîné et qui regarde les autres manger,'" he quoted, gloomily. "I'm getting on in years."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't tell unless it will do you good."

"Oh, I want to tell," he replied, laughing, yet a little vexed at his unconcealed necessity for a confidant. "I'm awfully tired of dining on my own misery. Do you mind? It's a woman, of course."

Perhaps I should have discouraged confidence under other conditions. A healthy-minded man seldom sympathizes intelligently with a lovesick comrade. But the episode by the fountain had worked in me a fresh-water "change into something rich and strange"—what, I no more suspected than Bottom suspected his ass's ears. I merely knew I was miserable myself, and, desiring company, I said, "Go ahead."

He tied the tassels on his bath-robe tighter, rocked solemnly, stopped, rocked again, sighed, and continued rocking as he spoke.

"It's this—there's no use in blinding myself any longer: I'm hopelessly in love with a young girl whom I never saw but once in my life, and unless I marry her I don't want to live!"

"The forester's niece?" I asked.

"Yes—and no. She was not the forester's niece—that's the puzzling part of it; for the Duchess told me this morning that the late head forester had no niece. Yet he certainly told me at the time that she was a niece or something of his or somebody's."

"Can't you find her?" I asked, curiously.

"No, I can't. How am I going to, when I don't know her name? At least, I believe that her first name is Helma; but that doesn't count, because it was merely a baby name, she said."

"Oh, she said so?"

"Yes. She wouldn't tell me any more. She laughed at me in the prettiest, shyest way—only I felt at times that she was enjoying something or other at my expense. I don't believe she spoke a dozen words to me, all told."

"Did you tell her or the head forester who you were?" I asked, much interested.

"No; I called myself von Elbe—it's a family name. Then I went away, after giving her the ring."

"But next day—didn't you go back?"

"No, confound it! I left Luxembourg an hour later. You know, there was some talk of my betrothal to the Queen of Holland? She came to Wilverwiltz with the Queen-Regent that very morning—poor little innocent—ignorant that our gracious Emperor had decided to mate us, as you and I mate pigeons! So when I learned that the little Queen had arrived to be exhibited with me I took pity on her first, and I took pity on myself next, and then I took 'the key of the fields.'"

"You ran away?" I exclaimed, delightedly.

"I ran away from Wilverwiltz the very day that her petite Majesty arrived. I never saw her; she never saw me. But when she learned the Emperor's plans she snubbed us all around—and here's to her! *Prosit!*"

We emptied our glasses to the youthful Queen of Holland.

Edric began to rock again, staring absently at the sunny window-curtains.

"You see," he said, "I can't waste time nursing a damaged noddle; I must get out—I must try to find her. Hardy, I simply can't be happy without her." He pointed at the wall, where he had carefully nailed a group of a dozen photographs—the photographs I had seen him buy—all pictures of the lovely little Queen of Holland.

"They remind me of her," he said, looking somewhat silly, as men always do under such circumstances. "But she was much more beautiful," he added.

"Love is like a climbing rose-vine—the more you check it, the faster it grows," I said, trying not to speak sentimentally.

Edric looked up.

"Now don't tell me *you* are in love!" he cried—"you, the prudent, the cool, the practical—"

"In love!" I retorted, startled. "Pooh!"

Edric regarded me with a mocking smile; then he hummed aloud a couplet that certainly had no meaning for me:

"Ne cherchons point un vain détour
Pour excuser notre faiblesse;
Les premiers soupirs de l'amour
Sont les derniers de la sagesse!"

An hour later I left him, promising to call again next day; and as I descended the marble stairway and traversed the deserted court, I glanced wistfully at the two splashing fountains. The silence was accentuated by the mellow echoes of falling water; nothing of life remained there, save two dusty little sparrows, demurely drinking, side by side, at the fountain rim.

"They are on better terms than the Countess and I," said I to myself, with needless bitterness; for what did I care?

When I reached the Legation and went up stairs to my apartments, I found the Duke's tailor in the anteroom. It depressed me.

The process of being measured for anything is maddening. Add to this the presence of a servile tailor, who skipped when spoken to and lisped in Teutonic-French, and the result is enough to upset Patience—and her pedestal into the bargain.

At last he skipped roguishly away, leaving me in a mood for crime.

"Oh, how beautiful you will be!" said Osborne, looking in at the door. "My! my! all gold and feathers and precious stones and pearls of wisdom! A perfect aide-de-camp!"

"Come, Victor," I said, wearily, "let me alone, or there'll be a vacancy in the diplomatic service."

He noticed I was out of humor.

"See the Countess?" he inquired, sympathetically.

"None of your business," I answered, more in anger than in sorrow.

"I told you so," he said; "I told you what she did to nice young men. Now, next week you'll prudently fall in love with the Duchess. We all do."

"Did I say that I was in love with the Countess?" I asked, indignantly.

"No—you didn't say so," replied Osborne, with an irritating drawl.

I threw myself on the bed and pretended to yawn.

"Mad?" inquired Osborne, in a mincing voice that roused me to fury.

He patiently dodged both pillows, ducked at a hair-brush, and placing his eyes at the door crack, observed me fondly.

"We're all like that at first," he said. "Symptoms: hot head, sick feeling in cardiac muscles, peevishness, and a desire for assassination."

I had to laugh.

"Hysteria, too," he murmured; "crisis rapidly approaching. Remedy: a teaspoonful of philosophy in a pint of the milk of human kindness."

"Don't, Victor," I said; "I'm not in the humor for it."

He came in and sat down on the edge of the bed beside me.

"Seriously," he said, "don't let that little Countess double you up, Gilbert. She's absolutely cold and heartless, as far as that sort of thing goes. She's played the mischief with everybody in Luxembourg."

"You don't fancy I'm in love with the Countess of Wilverwiltz, do you?" I asked, weakly.

"I don't know; are you?" he demanded.

I said "Pooh!"—a favorite expression of mine when I wished to compromise with truth. A moment later, realizing what "pooh" meant in my vocabulary, I started to add something else. But all I could think of was "Bosh."

"Am I in love?" I asked myself, incredulously. Instead of a strong, vigorous mental denial, my vacillating will conjured up a single word—"Pooh!"

"Anyway," I said, looking up at Osborne, "she hates me."

"Then you are in love?" he reiterated, unrelentingly.

"Yes, damn it! I am," I burst out.

The sudden mental illumination was perhaps so bright that it gave a lurid tinge to my language. No—there was no longer any doubt about it; I had caught fire from her eyes, and the smouldering cinder flared up with my wrath at Osborne's chaffing.

As for Osborne, once he saw how seriously I took it he became perfectly decent and unobtrusive. He merely wished me success, and said it in a way that left a warm spot in my heart for him for all time.

I remember he said, standing by the bed:

"It is the things one says to a woman that leave her indifferent; it is the things one leaves unsaid that make her understand that she is loved. Go it, St. George!"

After he had gone away it occurred to me that his dubbing me St. George left an inference that was scarcely flattering to the Countess.

"It will be a tougher battle than fighting dragons," I said to myself.

Late that night his Excellency unexpectedly returned from The Hague. Osborne and I were asleep, but the racket the porters made with his Excellency's luggage in the marble-tiled hallway awoke us both.

"It's the old man," said Osborne, disrespectfully, coming into my room in pajamas and slippers. "He'll want to see us, so you might as well get up."

"And dress?" I asked, much annoyed.

We found his Excellency in the dining-room, applying himself earnestly to cold fowl and Rhine wine. He was, to my horror, enveloped in a badly creased duster; a travelling-cap lay on the table among the wineglasses; a Baedeker's *Guide to Luxembourg* rested beside it.

As I first set eyes upon his Excellency I understood at once that he was not a man—he was an institution: the embodiment of statesmanship as understood in village stores; the symbol of patriotism as worshipped in a rural metropolis; the apostle of culture as she is taught.

Osborne said that when his white chop whiskers were neatly brushed forward he appeared very impressive; at present he resembled a hungry buck-rabbit which had been rained on.

He was most civil to me—a trifle ponderous, perhaps, but kind. He said he was sorry I was not to remain a member of his official family—he said it with his mouth full of chicken.

Being above all conscientious, he spoke French, when he could, because it was the language of diplomacy, and he scorned to shirk it.

"I've been mostly all over 'le continong' since I saw you," he explained to Osborne; "Paree, Munich, Antwerp, Rome—fixing things up all round." Turning on me, he looked at me through the sides of the goblet from which he was drinking, dried his featureless mouth, cleared his throat, and said,

"Ever been to Rome?"

I said I had.

"See that wolf with Romeo and Juliette deriving nourishment? Ain't it grand?"

"Yes," I said, gravely, not daring to look at Osborne.

"You remember the inscription, sir?" said Osborne, wickedly—"*Homo homini lupus*—what's born of a wolf will nurse wolves."

His Excellency nodded, thoughtfully, as though briefly reviewing his college days. It was a shame to chaff him.

Yet, to look at him, he appeared to be a *fac-simile* of the accepted type of cultivated colorless prosperity. His mouth was absolutely faultless and expressionless, his features regular, his head benign.

"I guess I'll go to bed; I've got to see the Dook at ten," said his Excellency.

We accompanied him to his apartments, where he bade us sit down until he returned from his dressing-room.

I looked pathetically at Osborne, who shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Don't be shocked; he's uncultivated, if you like, but he's too kindly to be vulgar, and too upright to be ignorant. His honesty confuses the diplomats; he is fearless and direct; he says exactly what he thinks; he never lies, never flatters, never hesitates. And the root of his success is his sublime faith in the greatness and justice of the country he represents."

"I wish he wouldn't speak French," I said.

"It is not affectation; it is an honest desire to shirk nothing that may confirm the dignity of his position and the infallibility of his country."

A moment later his Excellency appeared in a long night-shirt and pink slippers, a bottle in one hand, a corkscrew in the other.

Osborne uncorked the bottle of American rye; his Excellency sat down, gravely acknowledging our raised glasses; then we silently crooked elbows and took our nightcaps without a shudder.

"Seen the Dook?" asked his Excellency, looking at me over his eye-glasses and licking his lips.

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I replied in the negative.

"Been in prison, haven't you?" he continued, calmly.

I turned crimson to the root of every hair on my head. How on earth did he know I had been in prison? Osborne looked at me in astonishment.

"Why didn't you report to me, my son?" said his Excellency, kindly.

"I promised Giroux not to," I muttered.

"It ain't your dooty to make promises," he said; "you let me judge."

He did not speak harshly; he simply told me that he had been informed about my being mistaken for Prince Edric, and that my conduct in prison had been neither prudent nor dignified.

"A complaint came to me concerning your behavior," he said. "I'm requested to have the government recall you, Hardy."

"Recall me?" I stammered.

"But I ain't a-going to," he continued. "I guess the young lady got her deserts that time."

Mortified and miserable, I could not bear to meet Osborne's eyes; I sat staring at the carpet, too unhappy to even wonder at his Excellency's knowledge of my prison romance.

"I got the letter an hour ago," he said. "I guess I needn't say who the lady is; but she's mad clear through, and wants you out of the country."

So the Countess had declared war, and hostilities had begun! And this was the Countess's vengeance—a denunciation that might disgrace me, and send me where I would never again offend her eyes, where the sight of me or the mention of my name would never evoke the souvenir of her humiliation.

"It seems," continued his Excellency, "that she went to see another prisoner. Who was he?"

"You know, sir," I replied, in a low voice.

"Yes, I guess I do—and I guess I know why she went, too. No use in discussing that; she told me long ago she meant to keep him out of Luxembourg. That young man may get us all into trouble. But you did quite right, Lootenant, in claiming right of asylum in our Legation. *C'est notre droit*, eh?"

So he even knew about the riot!

"Are they going to extradite him?" I asked, in alarm.

"I guess not, Hardy. The Emperor knows he can't make omelets without breaking the eggs. There's no treaty between Prussia and Luxembourg that covers political offences; and the United States won't allow bullying."

His Excellency rose; Osborne lighted the bed-room candles and extinguished the lamp.

"When you're aide-de-camp," said his Excellency, winking at me, "you'll find it safer to smoke in a powder-bin than to make love to a certain young lady we know of."

I bade him good-night with a heavy heart, and followed Osborne out.

"But who the deuce is the young lady?" inquired Osborne, devoured by curiosity.

I replied, "Go to Guinea!" and entering my bed-room, double-locked the door—as if keys and bolts could keep out care!

They could not.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Detailing some emotions peculiar to the lovelorn, and treating of a young man's relapse into the barbarism of superstitions.

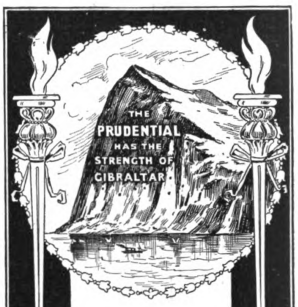
ON Monday I went to Wilverwiltz—alone, for his Excellency was obliged to remain in Luxembourg until his note to Berlin, concerning the incident at the Legation, had been answered. Osborne remained with his Excellency, and the callow *personnel* of the Legation, the second secretary, the interpreter, and the non-com. staff, of course, remained also.

I took with me my six new Luxembourg uniforms, my United States uniforms, and all the civilian clothes I possessed, including a serviceable shooting-suit.

As I inspected my luggage piled up on the station platform I felt like an entire theatrical troupe, especially as my banjo crowned the top of the heap and Osborne's curly hunting-horn lay beside it.

The railway journey to Wilverwiltz took three hours, although it is not more than thirty miles from Luxembourg. I wished it had taken all day, for the single narrow-gauge track ran through a fairyland of the most captivating forest scenery I had ever looked upon. From the open window of my compartment I breathed the incense of the woods, the aromatic spice of evergreens, the fresh exhalation from brook and fen, the perfume of sun-curled fern. Where the sunlight fell strong and hot the odor was sweetest; I sniffed like a caged thing at the free world. Hints of ripe raspberries in the pungent puffs of wind thrilled me with that sudden home desire that is not entirely painful. From the slow train window I could look into cool moss-grown depths where every tree was an invitation, every leaf a promise. The slow-flowing streams tempted me; the sudden tumbling rivulets singing with foam set my ears a-tingle; the flutter and glance of feathered wings, the visions of startled wild things, the continuous escort of clouds of butterflies, and everywhere the blessed sunshine and the million leaves—these are my memories of that morning through the Ardennes Forest.

(*Continued on page 632.*)



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(*Continued from page 631.*)

Nature never betrayed a heart that loved her; Nature, "ye Vicar of Almightie Godde," teaches us to love our friends—and were it not for religion, that teaches us to love our enemies, we might not know we had any.

And the old song came to me:

From Wilverwiltz to Wiltz—
Whenne skies be grey
And Maydes away,
Godde's angels walk the woodland
Until the mouthe of Maye,
In happy holliday.

From Wilverwiltz to Wiltz—
When skies be fayre
And Lovers pair,
The deyvil haunts the woodland
Where Cupid sets hys snare.
Pray Godde that we be there!

And the quaint lilt of the chorus, set to the swing of sounding hunting-horns:

The red deer sleepeth deep at noon—
Kneeling on velvet knee;
The red deer wakes with the crescent moon,
Seeketh hys love perdie!
The wild bee favors the rosemarie;
Doth the bud that he savours close, Amie?
Douce Amie?
Halali-i!
Halali-i!
Pray you may kinder be!

That the lovely Ardennes woods should make me silly did not surprise me, for "this is the forest of Arden," and every wild rose breathes of a perfumed past, and every pebbled stream babbles of Rosalind.

If I chose to be sentimental, the sentiment was healthy; everything here in the forest was sweet and real, and reeking of good rank earth. That mirage city, with its softened lights and shadows, its delicate tints, its quiet, its demi-slumber, weighed upon me as mist weighs down the sedge-grass with a million iridescent drops.

"Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, "I'm out of that enchanted cobweb;" for while I remained in Luxembourg I had felt like a fly in amber. "Perhaps," thought I, wistfully, "the tonic of the woods may cure my fever too."

But that fever was not to be cured by thinking; I knew that.

I was deep in a reverie, dreaming of the Countess of Wilverwiltz, when the train whistled, signalling the distant station; and my heart began to beat out the long-roll, warning me to arm for a battle already lost.

"One battle does not make a war," said I, aloud; "I'll call out re-enforcements." So I drew a heavy draft on my stock of courage, and as the train came to a standstill I opened the compartment door, ready to face the devil himself—or even the Countess Amyce, if necessary.

There was nobody on the station platform except a red-capped official and a groom in the Duke's livery of light green and gold. The former took charge of my luggage; the latter conducted me to a dog-cart standing under the trees behind the little wooden station. So we left the deserted station, I driving, the mute groom, decorous, spotless as a green caterpillar, decorating the lower cushion beside me.

There was no sound in the forest; our wheels and hoofs made no noise in the soft bark road. But there was movement everywhere around us, glimpses of disappearing rabbits, apparitions of startled deer, flocks of forest birds rising and scattering into flight before us as we swept on through the woods in silence.

Then all at once the gray château appeared through the larger trees on the right, and we swung into a broad macadamized avenue, through the three great gateways, and up the oak-bordered approach to a lodge, where some foresters lifted their felt hats as we whirled by.

The Duchess and her young kinswoman, Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, were sitting on the flowered terrace as I drove up. They greeted me very prettily when I advanced to pay my respects, regretting that the Duke had been called to Luxembourg, but assuring me he would return on a special train at two o'clock, and saying that I was to find fault with everything that did not suit me and have it as I wanted.

"You see, monsieur, how my husband spoils you," she said; "but we are not at all metropolitan, and we are much interested in our very grand aide-de-camp."

"And so anxious to see you discipline the soldiers," said Mademoiselle d'Yssel. "When will you begin, Monsieur Hardy?"

"He might begin by disciplining young ladies who ask questions," said the Duchess, laughing.

At her Highness's invitation I went away to inspect my apartments, guided by a major-domo whose coat tails hung heavy with bullion. The apartments were gorgeous—not too gorgeous for me, for I liked magnificence, and took to it with the naïve gratitude that a duck experiences afloat on a comfortable pond.

I dispensed, however, with a valet, who was included in the furnishings; I never could bear to have a man-servant touch me.

When I had dressed and superintended the unpacking, and when my orderly had unfolded and hung up my six new uniforms, I left him to finish his duty, and went down to the flower-terrace.

The Duchess and Bettina d'Yssel were on the lawn below, finding much amusement in knocking golf-balls as far as they could send them, digging up the turf at times, at times swinging over impotently, and laughing so that even the diminutive Luxembourg caddy smiled like a discreet cherub in a Louis XVI. wood-cut.

They nodded merrily to me and offered to teach me; but there was no time then, for luncheon, served under the trees, was announced by a human ornament in green and gold; and Bettina was hungry, and said so.

It was the simplest luncheon, faultlessly served by more human bric-à-brac. Bettina ate everything, and drank very little Moselle, and looked very hard at the champagne. The Duchess ate nothing. She sat smiling at Bettina's undisguised appetite, her white hands twisted over the arm of her chair, the sun streaming through the splendid ruddy coils of her hair. I could understand how everybody fell in love with her; she was so sweet, so sympathetic, so free from the consciousness of a beauty that had made her famous over two continents.

"You eat nothing," she said, looking up at me. Perhaps she read in my eyes the sincere compliment that my lips withheld, for she smiled, and said, with heightened color: "My husband will be very glad to have a companion who is so fond of English sports. You know, he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and, later, at Woolwich."

"Do you fox-hunt?" asked Bettina, in solemn English, looking critically at me.

"'Fox' is superfluous, dear," said the Duchess. "Your vocabulary is not yet in condition for the Quorn."

I observed the chagrin of Mademoiselle Bettina with amusement, saying that the Duchess knew more about hunting than I did.

And all the while, even when fascinated by the grace and beauty of the Duchess and the youthful innocence of Bettina, I was wondering where the Countess might be. It came out a little later.

"You know Prince Edric has taken van Tassel's house—our former head forester?" inquired the Duchess.

"Yes," I said. "Is it near?"

"It is half a mile," observed Bettina. "We will show it you after luncheon."

"There," continued the Duchess, "he is going to live all alone. It seems sad; he is so young—to be alone."

"He is going to collect birds and insects, and I am going to help him," said Bettina, incidentally helping herself to a glass of champagne, which the Duchess pleasantly deprived her of.

"There is something very touching in a young man leaving all—wealth, career, everything—to live alone in a foreign country," said the Duchess, dreamily.

That was where my rôle began. I saw the danger of the situation, the natural sympathy of this young wife, herself sick for a husband's sympathy. So I said:

"It is very natural, after all. Prince Edric cares more for quiet, more for freedom, more for his birds and beetles, than he does for a window in the Brandenbourg Palace."

"So would I," said Bettina, picking up a bunch of grapes.

"But the loneliness of it!" said the Duchess.

Ah, the loneliness! Who but she should know what loneliness meant—she whose heart's hopeless isolation roused her to pity at the thought of others who might suffer what she suffered?

And that was dangerous too.

"No man is lonely whose thoughts are free," I said. "The Prince is happiest when alone—now that he is no longer Prince."

"So princes are slaves, even in their thoughts?" asked the Duchess, faintly smiling.

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

I quoted, in English, and added, "As there is nothing about foxes in that, Mademoiselle d'Yssel may find it stupid."

"I do," began Bettina, cheerfully, but was restrained by the Duchess, who laid two white fingers on Bettina's wrist and rose from her chair.

"Come," she said to the young girl; "remember Exercise 109; you didn't learn everything in the convent."

Bettina apparently disagreed with her Highness, but only said, wistfully, "I thought we were going to show Monsieur Hardy Prince Edric's little house."

"Perhaps Monsieur Hardy would rather find it for himself," said the Duchess, teasingly. "Really, Bettina, do you believe that everybody enjoys your company as well as I pretend to?"

"You do, don't you?" asked the young girl, looking at me with round hazel eyes, in which, through all their innocent frankness, I caught the faintest glimmer of coquetry—only a glimmer, that came from somewhere deep in the hidden womanhood within her.

"Exercise 109," said the Duchess, musingly.

I laughed.

"I think the Countess of Wilverwiltz must have driven Prince Edric to Saint-Yssel; she has been away so long," said Bettina, making conversation an excuse to linger.

"Come, dear," said the Duchess, pleasant-



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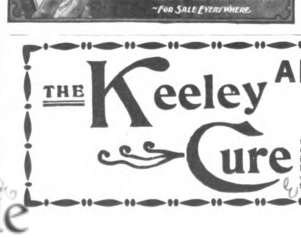
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ly, linking Bettina's arm in hers, with a little *moue* of despair at me.

I attended them to the terrace, then retraced my steps across the lawn, and entering the wood road, sauntered on into the forest.

A keeper, passing, gave me good-day, and pointed out the road that leads to Wiltz, where Prince Edric had established himself. I walked a little way on the Wiltz road, then turned back, for I was not yet ready to see Edric—or was it Edric I shrank from?

"Pooh!" said I; "let her drive him all over Belgium; what do I care?"

I sat down on a grassy bank and lighted my pipe—a sign of trouble; for I never smoke pipes unless distressed in mind or body.

"I fancy she won't drive me about in her trap," I thought, bitterly. "If she drives me at all, it will be across the frontier."

The forest was very still, save for those sudden dropping sounds that always come in forest silence—perhaps nuts falling before their time, perhaps twigs and leaves too early ripe.

A hedgehog, gliding by like a sea-urchin on invisible wheels, poked his pointed snout at me, and backed away with that half hiss, half grunt, indicative of hedgehog alarm and wrath. I tossed a pebble at him to make him curl up in a ball; and he did, lying there in the underbrush like an enormous chestnut-bur.

A lithe stoat, slipping past, stopped to sniff at the prickly inert mass, then glided on, sinuous as a sleek snake. Many a pheasant had nourished his glistening body; many a partridge's brains had furnished that marauding woodland epicure with best of cheer.

The sight of the stoat irritated me, although I do not have the inborn hatred that a keeper has for the enemies of his charges—badgers, polecats, stoats, weasels, otters, hedgehogs, hawks, kestrels, owls, herons, and magpies. On the contrary, I love them all—judiciously—and I fancy that kestrels and badgers seldom indulge in forbidden food when small birds and insects and vegetables are plenty. But a stoat—ugh!—it is as repulsive to me as a red-eyed ferret; and it's quite as murderous too. And as I sat thinking there under the trees, smoking to dull the pain in my heart, until the hot pipe bit my tongue, far away through the forest I heard a whip-lash snap. Then I heard a fresh girlish voice singing in the distance, and the crack of the whip sounded nearer; and presently a trap came into view, driven by a young lady, who carolled away in high spirits and cracked her beribboned whip, oblivious of everything—of sky and wood and the stolid groom with folded arms behind her—oblivious of me, too, until I rose, red as fire, and took off my hat to Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz.

That my apparition was both surprising and unwelcome was evident. The Countess looked me full in the face, reining in her horse mechanically; then, with an inclination which was more cutting than a lash from her whip, passed on. A whiz of wheels, a vanishing sparkle of brightly shod hoofs, and the countenance of the moon-faced groom diminishing in a flurry of dust.

But her song had ceased at sight of me. I listened intently long after she had gone. Perhaps she was tired of singing.

"The deuce take it!" said I, stepping out into the road, where a shoe, flung from her horse's left hind foot, lay glistening in the dust.

"The deuce take it!" I repeated; but I took it myself, and handled it as better men than I handle holy relics.

"An imbecile superstition," said I, aloud. Nevertheless, I dropped it into the pocket of my jacket and looked guiltily around.

And I was greatly mortified to discover a young man, faultlessly attired, standing in the road behind me, examining me through a single eye-glass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Faro in El Paso

WHETHER you understand the fine points of the game or not, faro is always interesting to look at. The table is picturesque with the chips and counters and ever-changing piles of coin on the thirteen inlaid cards, and there is fascination in watching the sharp-eyed dealer draw out the fateful card from the box and lay it on the first, second, or third pile, never losing his head for a moment, in spite of the feverish excitement about him.

Faro has always been a favorite game in the new towns of our Western plains and mountains. In what is now quite a sober, steady-going Western city, there used to be a faro bank in the building where the county court was held; and I have seen lawyers and witnesses stroll out of the court-room and through an open door over to the faro table, where they occupied their time so busily that the honorable court had occasionally to wait until the right or the wrong card turned up before the case could proceed. Down in the Southwest, on the Mexican border of Texas, the game still flourishes with open doors, but not, I imagine, with the patronage of the old days. As late as the early part of the present year you could still see the drawings of lotteries openly advertised in Texas. Fences and bill-boards were plastered with their announcements. This is about the "last ditch" of the lottery as a great business in the United States, and a move, I am reliably informed, will soon be made which will drive it, once for all, across the border.

Gambling of one kind or another is pretty sure, however, to flourish awhile longer in a State where there are so many adventurous spirits.

There is probably not a place in the country where such a variety of characters could be found around a faro table as at El Paso. Mexicans and American ranchmen, Chinese (who will put their last penny on any sort of a "gamble"), professional gamblers, railroad men, and an occasional tourist, all sitting elbow to elbow on terms of perfect equality. A game of faro is the one thing that seems to disturb the masklike smile of the Chinaman. He becomes positively animated, and on his wrinkled yellow face can be noted every change in the tide of his affairs.

Probably the thing that makes a game of faro so fascinating to watch is that the varying fortunes (good or bad) of so many men all depend on the turn of a single card as the dealer draws it from the pack.

In strong contrast with all the excitement around the table is the expressionless face of the dealer. Looking at nothing apparently, the sharp eyes are alive to every play, yet never entirely leave the great pile of coin to the right that grows, generally, as the game proceeds—the pile that every player at the table firmly believes will be his before the end of the evening.

W. A. ROGERS.

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Mississippi in June

THE blithe breezes croon through forests of June,
And the swallows skim on through the sky;
Then the goldfinch comes and the wild bee hums,
While the martins go sailing on high.
The indigo-bird in the hedge is heard
As he seeks for his sweetheart and sings,
And the tanagers flush and the redbirds blush
Like a legion of tulips with wings.

The cotton-field heaves with its glossy green leaves,
With its blossoms of crimson and cream,
While the corn's sharp spears, with their juicy ears
And their tassels of silk, are a-stream.
The cantaloupe swells, and the cantaloupe smells
Like a gold-carven casket of musk;
On the watermelon-vine is a flagon of wine
In the rosy-red heart of the husk.

The blackberries lush hang ripe on the bush
Like a gypsy-girl's ebon-hued eyes,
While the strawberry-bed is sprinkled with red
For the barefooted truant's surprise.
The apricot glows like a yellow rose,
And the apple a globule of gold,
While the damson's dark blue and the cherry's red hue
Stain the beak of the woodpecker bold.

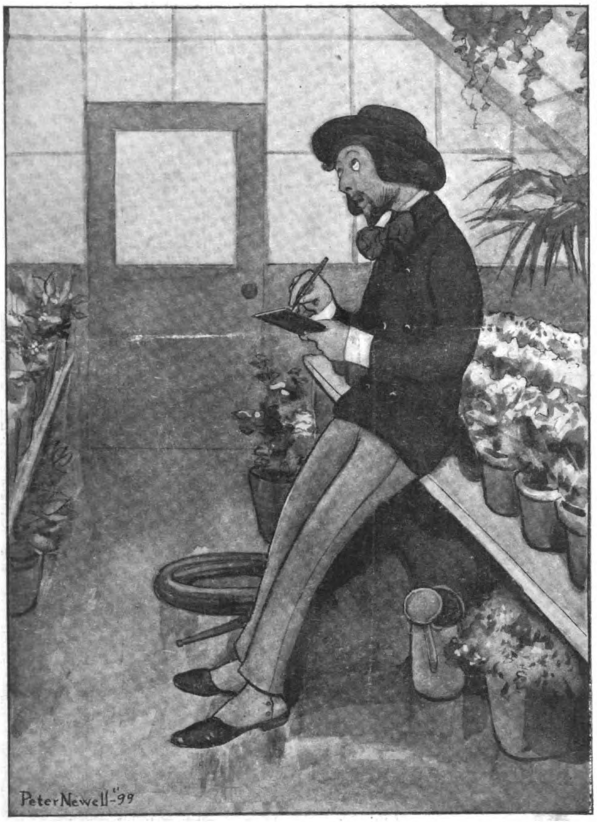
With pansies aglow, peonies ablow,
Cometh June in her maidenhood sweet,
And I see her glide where the crape-myrtles bide
With their petals as pink as her feet.
The magnolia bloom, like an ostrich plume,
Is a-waving to welcome the queen,
And the iris rears through its serried spears
Like a banner through bayonets keen.

WALTER MALONE.

The Musical Heart

OCCASIONALLY there have been allusions of late to "the man with the musical heart," as it was called, and some of the accounts given of a sad and strange disorder are so incorrect as to justify taking from an old scrap-book the real facts and names in the matter. "The man with the musical heart" in this country—for there have been others abroad—was Mr. Oliver Lindsay, of Kansas City. He had been intemperate, and a coalition of diseases gradually assailed him. At length the valves of the heart came to a contraction, and presently to a lesion, of such a sort that each pulsation produced a loud noise, day and night, occasionally harsh, but most frequently of a musical note's quality, varying according to his physical condition. It was a mystery for a time to his acquaintance, who supposed it a ventriloquial device. But it was literally death to Lindsay, and he died of the disease that it indicated.

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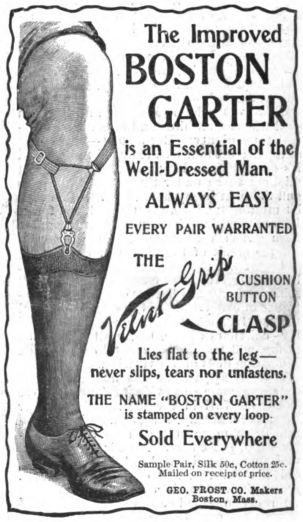
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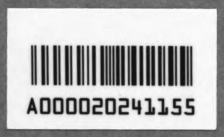
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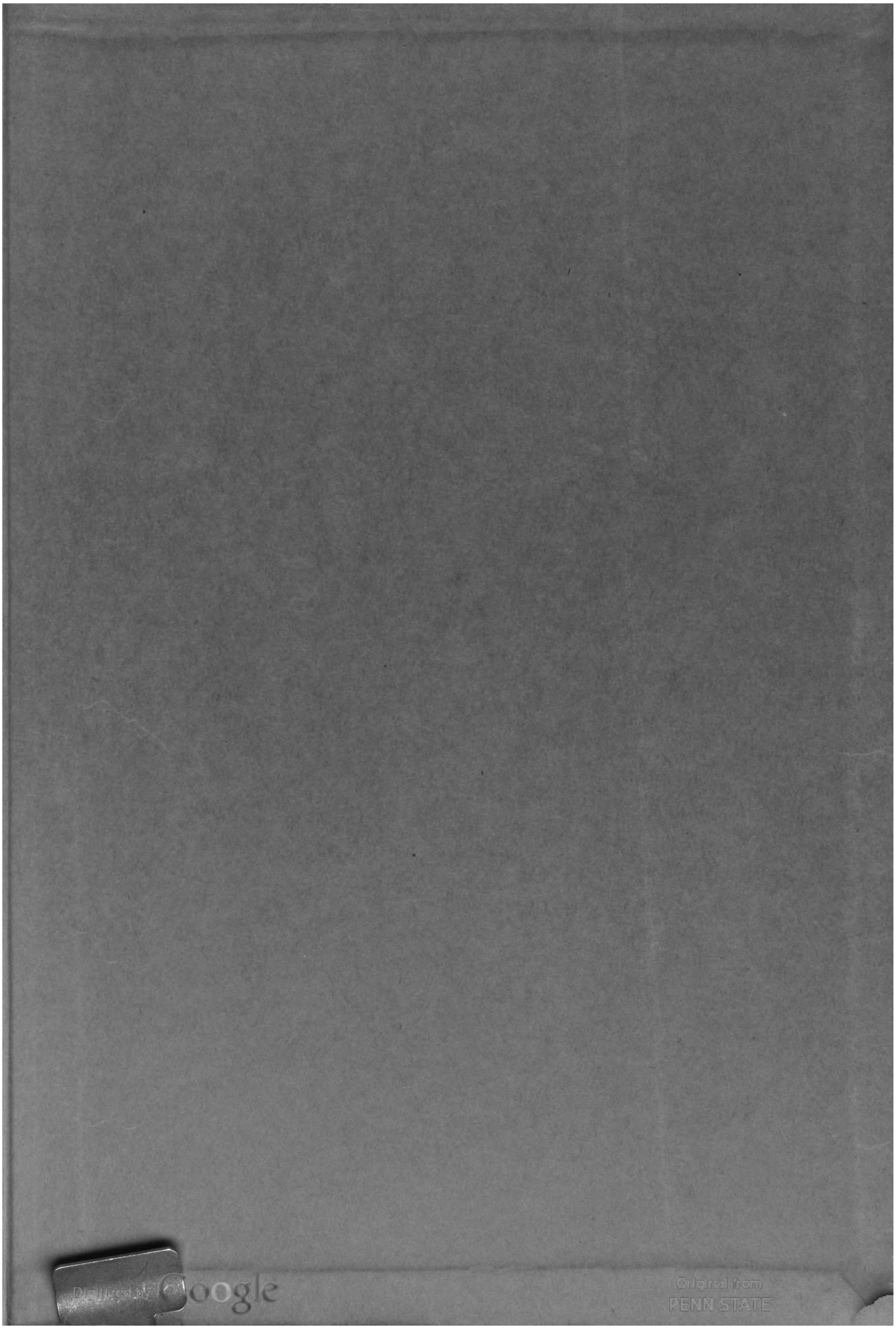

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